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The Song Journal.

A REPERTOIRE OF MUSIC AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME I.

DETROIT, JANUARY, 1871.

NUMBER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

In laying before the public the first number of the SONG JOURNAL we have no apology to offer for the multiplication of musical papers. This is eminently an age in which success is measured by merit, and in the competition for superiority we see no reason why we should not enter the lists as well as others. If we are able to equal or excel our contemporaries our success will equal or surpass theirs, and we shall duly have earned it. If we fail to make a paper that meets the public taste and approval the fault is ours alone, and we shall blame only our own incompetence. The day is past when papers come into the world supplicants for popular favor and support. So we ask no odds of anybody. We neither solicit nor expect that any one will buy the JOURNAL out of sympathy for its publishers or to help along a "good cause."¹ If they don't want it, we don't wish to force it upon them. If they are not interested in it we don't expect to be able to compel them to read it, and if they don't want it to read, it will be money thrown away to buy it.

But we intend making a prodigious effort to give the public, in the SONG JOURNAL, something attractive, wide-awake, readable—something that they will want, and will have for its own sake. We aim to make it a paper that shall be looked forward to each month with eager interest and expectancy. It will probably take a short time to get all our departments organized and in smooth working order, but we never expect to get out so perfect a number that we shall not attempt in the next to improve upon it. Primarily we purpose giving the reader a clear and complete digest of all the musical news of the day. Next we shall publish liberally of that class of matter that serves to awaken our interest in the beautiful art of music and stimulate all its developments. Lastly, the SONG JOURNAL will be a free medium of intercommunication between people of musical tastes. Persons having anything to say (and not otherwise) are solicited to write for its columns. The severest criticism of anything contained in it will be entertained and published. (We have no editorial pride to maintain.) Persons wishing any information upon musical subjects will not only be cheerfully answered but will confer a favor by presenting their inquiries. We shall only be too glad to spend a day's time of arduous labor in satisfying the mind of some honest inquirer—or for that matter we don't care a snap whether he is honest or not—let him send on his queries.

On the whole we propose to make things lively in the musical circles of Michigan, and contiguous States and territories, and if we cannot, we are ready to surrender the field to some one who can. With so much by way of introduction we launch our barque (perhaps some envious minded persons will say it is only a "bark"—well we shall see if even a bark cannot be harmoniously introduced.)

CHRISTINA NILSSON.

Each century gives to earth but a few of the great queens of song. Each generation of men listen to a number sufficient to perpetuate the glory of the human voice, by nature and education elevated almost to perfection. There are always many good singers; strangely few who are truly great. Of good singers this century and perhaps this generation, with its general development and education, possesses more than any century or any generation which has preceded it, but of the singers who stand pre-eminent above all comparison, of the fortunate ones to whom have been given the voice of an angel and the genius which gives to music its highest expression, we, like our predecessors, can glory in but one or two, who sing to the world at the same time.

Vocal music has found its most perfect development in this century, and its great singers have passed in succession before the world, as the glory of one has faded and faded, another taking the place left vacant and keeping alive on the earth the ideal of music. The great compositions of the latter part of the eighteenth and of the nineteenth century have, too, given us a new musical world of which our ancestors had little or no conception. Malibran, Pasta, Jenny Lind, Sontag are of the past, with others who won fame and fortune in their hour, but whose laurels are not destined to continue green through the centuries. In the present are Adolina Patti, Parepa and Christina Nilsson. Of the passionate music of Italy, Patti stands foremost among all modern singers; in oratorio Parepa is grand; but in music of exquisite sentiment, in the portrayal of *Ophelia*, of *Marguerite*, in the expression of the purest, holiest aspirations to which the soul of pure womanhood soars, Christina Nilsson has no living rival.

She is a product of the North, born in Sweden. She is the embodiment of the guileless maiden, of trusting faith in all that is innocent and good, of a tender and loving heart. To the Nilssons, peasants of the hamlet of Hussaby, in the south of Sweden, was given an eighth child on the third of August, 1843, a fair child with blue, northern eyes. Nilsson, himself an accomplished musician and the leading singer in the little church, taught the child the elements of music, as he had taught her brothers and sisters. Her voice, even when she was very young, attracted attention, and she was carried about by her brother Carl to fairs and rustic gatherings, where she won both liberal applause and generous gifts of money. Various proposals were received for her musical education and one from a magistrate, Thorenlielm, a man of good family, was accepted. The child gained wondrously under the instructors provided for her and one evening, her singing being heard by Mademoiselle Valerius, a noted vocalist, the latter besought her protector for permission to take the child to her home and educate her more thoroughly. It was granted, Christina herself being an eager pupil, and for a time Mademoiselle Valerius had the exclusive charge of the girl. Afterward she was sent to Gothenburg to school for two years and then to Stockholm, a city which has always been one of the European centers of music.

Franz Berwald was her instructor there and under his guidance Christina acquired unusual skill as a pianist and still further perfected her vocalization. By a sister of Mademoiselle Valerius she was taken to France and placed under the instruction of Professor Wartel, one of the most thoroughly educated musicians in Paris. For three years Christina pursued her studies with him and at the end of that period, recognizing the genius of his pupil, he earnestly suggested her adoption of a dramatic career. The girl gladly embraced the opportunity, being convinced that music was the true vocation of her life, and so great was the reputation which she had gained among musicians, that she was at once tendered a three years engagement at the Theater Lyrique, to receive two thousand francs the first year; twenty-five hundred the second; and three thousand for the third. Her debut upon the Parisian stage was made October 27, 1864.

On the evening of February 23, 1865, Christina Nilsson appeared in Mozart's "Magic Flute" and her reputation was thenceforth assured. Her soprano voice displayed wonderful qualities in its purity, its compass, its melody and its capacity of expressing the most varied sentiment, while her transcendent ability as an actress was at once universally acknowledged by both musicians and critics. During 1866 and 1867 three other operas were interpreted by Nilsson, "Don Juan," "Sardanapalus" and "Les Bluets" in all of which she displayed undoubted genius and gained in confidence and fame. It was not, however, until M. Ambrose Thomas had produced his great opera of "Hamlet" that the full power and beauty of Christina Nilsson were recognized by the world. It seemed as though she had been created to embody the character. No other songstress living was equal to its representation, nor can anyone among the great singers of the past be recalled to memory, whose genius so well suited the portrayal of *Ophelia* as does that of Christina Nilsson. She fully apprehends and can fully portray the *Ophelia* of Shakespeare, the maiden of the North, the victim of hopeless affection. Her singing was thoroughly adapted to the character. It was the perfection of nature, free from all false ornament and distinguished by entire truthfulness and simplicity. The success of the songstress was immense, and ever since that time her personation of *Ophelia* has been characterized by the same merits and has produced the same enthusiasm and admiration. While *Ophelia* is one of the great characters in the representation of which Christina Nilsson stands unrivalled, her "*Marguerite*" in "Faust" has also no equal. The satisfactory portrayal of the character is one of extreme difficulty. Nilsson alone has succeeded in expressing the innocence, the trusting affection and the despair of the hapless peasant girl.

In 1867 she sang in England, appearing in "Traviata," "Martha," "Don Giovanni," the "Magic Flute" and "Faust." She also sang at the Birmingham festival in the same year in the oratorio of "Judas Maccabeus" and in the subsequent year at the Handel festival in London, appearing meanwhile in operas at Drury Lane Theater and gaining new laurels by her representations of the "Marriage of Figaro" and "Lucia di Lammermoor." Her reception

at the great Handel festival was such a one as is only awarded to the great singers of the world, and she has ever maintained the same lofty rank with the English public. After a concert tour through the leading cities of Great Britain, a sojourn in Paris, and visits to some other cities of Europe, Nilsson came to America in 1870, under the management of Max Strakosch, who has introduced to the public of this country many of the greatest singers to whom we have listened. Her career in the United States has been one uninterrupted triumph throughout. In New York, Boston and Chicago her success exceeded that of any singer who has appeared since the time of Jenny Lind, and in the smaller cities handsome audiences have invariably greeted her. For the manager, and all the members of the strong troupe which Strakosch has gathered together, the American tour is certain to be a brilliant success, both in increased reputation and in the profits realized. Seventy-five thousand dollars gained in America by his Nilsson venture will decide *impresario* Max in favor of his project of bringing to our shores, during the coming season, the charming Adelina Patti, with whom he proposes to present the most perfect succession of operas which have been heard in America.

We have spoken of Nilsson's greatness in those operas which are suited to her northern temperament and of her success in oratorio, in which her capacity of portraying emotion far exceeds the ability of Parpa, who surprises by her volume of voice and accurate vocalization rather than charms and delights by those refined beauties of voice and soul which distinguish Nilsson. It remains to say that the latter is equally eminent in her singing of beautiful English and Swedish ballads. Indeed, in all those departments of song which are characterized by the expression of sentiment Nilsson is without a living rival. In private she is a lady of high culture, of refined taste, of gentle manners and her whole life is animated and directed by the influence of a pure, beautiful soul. Her personal appearance demonstrates her northern descent; blue eyes, fair yet rich, warm hair, a face of wonderful expressiveness, though not regularly perfect, and a form of rare grace and maidenly beauty. Her future cannot fail to be glorious. It is the earnest wish of all who have seen her that it may also be happy.

Musical Events at Home.

THE NILSSON CONCERTS.

The advent of Christian Nilsson no lapse of time can erase from the memories of those whose good fortune it was to be present at her concert at the Opera House, December 16 and 17. Words fail to convey, even faintly, any appreciation of the matchless combination of melody and pathos, in voice, of art and nature, in manner, and grace and self-consciousness, in action, of this northern enchantress, this rival of the lark and nightingale. The language of enthusiasm means no excuse with such a theme. Music abides not in his soul who feels no thrill responsive to her notes. Not more cold and senseless the snows of her native land than her pulse beats no unequal measure under the influence of her genius. All attempts at criticism fail in the loathe-like spell she weaves over all. Her presence enchains the attention, her tones enchant the ear, her expression engages the sympathy, while speaking eyes and changeable features captivate the heart. The matron and the maid, the cynic and the sage, alike, held by mesmeric bonds, become willing exponents of applause at each entrance or exit of this gifted cantatrice.

The selections for the first evening were:—*Una voce poco fa* from "The Barber," *Forse e lui* from "Traviata," and "The Last Rose of Summer." To say that they were given with rare perfection of tone, vocalization and expression, is but to repeat the verdict of all who have preceded us. To state that their rendition was such as no other living singer could rival conveys no hint of the marvelous sweetness, brilliancy and apprehension, which combined to make new songs of old ones to those who listened to her pronounced realization of the inspiration of the composers. Enthusiasm ruled the hour; *encore* were insisted upon by the delighted auditory, and accorded by her with charming complaisance. To the first she gave a Swedish love song with an inimitable grace which could not have failed to complete the conquest of the most indifferent lover. For the second she produced a ballad, in her native tongue, which she has made her own by her exquisite rendering. Words and music gush from her parted lips with a rapid-

ity and absence of effort truly astonishing; and if all northern maids invite to the dance as archly and sweetly there be few to say them nay. Her final triumph, however, was achieved with that most unexpected selection "The Old Folks at Home"; though the sins of negro minstrelsy be not few, yet are they all atoned for that it has given to the world that song, to live in memory evermore with the unfathomed depth of tenderness and expression, the spirit of love and affection, breathed into every strain by this Queen of Song.

Her numbers upon the last programme were "Angels ever Bright and Fair," from "The Messiah," the Mad Scene from "Hamlet," and "Auld Rector Gray." The first and last were remarkable for that peculiar smoothness and ease of execution which characterizes all her efforts, but it was in the second number that the truly great artist stood revealed. Her delineation of a character the most difficult on the lyric stage proclaimed her a finished actress, and the flexibility of voice and mobility of features disclosed were decidedly unique. True genius alone could furnish the inspiration which could so put on, in grand unconsciousness, a new being, for whose misfortune the fountains of pity, in all hearts, were opened. When the last cadence died away and the dail creature who had wrought out the grand inspiration, had disappeared, the auditory rose in demonstrative applause. Twice she appeared to acknowledge the ovation, and emphatically, but decidedly declined further effort. She had already responded to an *encore* by singing "Home Sweet Home" most charmingly, and again returned, to take farewell, in that joyous, rippling, captivating "Invitation to the Ball" which had so won all hearts the previous evening; and with its good-by kiss bade adieu to an assembly of which each individual will ever remain her devoted admirer.

Recalling the eleven pieces comprising her part of these performances, we find a variety of subjects, requiring different treatment, yet measurably connected by that sympathetic character which is Nilsson's strong point, and in which is due, almost entirely, the reputation she has attained. True she is a voice of surpassing sweetness, rare compass, remarkable purity; full, even, mellow, clear, powerful, pathetic, and under the most perfect control; an enunciation so wonderfully distinct that her lightest planissimo penetrates every ear; and a brilliancy of execution equaled by few. These, with a genius peerless in chaste comprehension, an art whose every portend seems but the reflection of nature, a native grace and quiet self-possession that throws a charm into every action, impart symmetry and elegance to all her impersonations. Prepossessing in appearance, though not handsome, the genial good nature which prevades every feature wins from all hearts a cordial welcome for the fair, flaxen-haired Smoland maid.

The glamour of youth casts a halo over the past, and, in the warm, pure heart, our first enthusiasm, has photographed the calm features of Jenny Lind on our memory. Her resonant notes still vibrate in our ears, while down the vista of years since, as in some gallery of art, shine forth the pictured faces of successive *donnés*. We forget none of these, nor in aught disparage, when we speak thus warmly of the present *diva*. Each with her talents well improved, still claims and receives our homage; still holds a vantage ground against the assaults of any rival. Less expert, perhaps, in vocal gymnastics than some of these, the reigning queen has more numerous and pleasing gifts than her immediate predecessors, and, already, in our memory, her form nestled lovingly beside her great countrywoman, and the soft, sweet tones of the younger harmonize and blend with the strong, pure tones of the elder.

Of the other members of her troupe, little is required to be said; they all occupy positions in the front rank of their profession.

Anna Louise Cary, the contralto, is a native of Maine, and returns from her studies abroad as second of Nilsson, a connexion of which she may justly be proud. Her attainments are of a very high order, as was amply evidenced by her rendering of the numbers assigned her. She was received with universal favor, being re-called after each appearance, and responding, in a manner which added largely to the pleasure of her auditors. The attraction from "Semiramide" taxed all her resources, but was given with a truthfulness and purity of tone which unmistakably attested her ability, and was supplemented, in response to a most enthusiastic *encore*, by the favorite Irish ballad "Kathleen Mavourneen" delightfully distinct in articulation and faultless in intonation. Her *Nobil Signor*, the second evening, was a superb rendition, resulting in a rapturous demand for a re-appearance at which she brought out a most sweet and charming "Lullaby." It was in the trio from Rossini, *Messe Solennelle*, and other concerted music, however, that the true character and quality of her voice was most apparent.

Brignoli, foremost of tenors, needs no word of commendation from us. His silvery voice, so widely known, still retains most of its pristine beauty, and in the romance *La Mia Lelia* from "L'ombra" filled his hearers with a desire which was only to be satisfied by the incomparably sweet *Com e gentili* with which he responded to the storm of applause. His voice, alone, has raised him to prominence, for he is notably deficient in other desirable qualifications. For this reason he appears best in concert while we think the reverse true of Nilsson and regret she did not appear in Opera.

Of Verger, the baritone, we can only speak words commendatory, for, though in no sense great, he executes every part assigned him with truthfulness and *aplomb*. In all his performances he gives evidence of training and conscientiousness.

Without any remarkable characteristic, his singing was at all times pleasing and satisfactory, and in connection with other voices, the clearness and precision of his vocalization proved particularly acceptable.

Vieuxtemps, last, but not least of the attractions, holds a deservedly high place in the esteem of all lovers of the truly artistic in music. As a violinist he stands scarcely below Ole Bull, and the affection he displays for his instrument promises speedy removal of any disparity. The versatility of his genius was shown in his treatment of subjects diverse in character, and whether his themes were from classic compositions, or the simple ballad grown tame by familiarity, his wizard bow constantly extorted new forms of beauty and brilliancy from the "tortured strings." One delicious morceau was no sooner concluded than another was demanded, and each succeeding number seemed to have whetted the thirst for more.

Taken as a whole these concerts were of an order of merit rarely met with outside the world's great centers, and those who failed to attend, came short of a realization, the memory of which would have remained with them through life, a constant source of pleasure.

THE TRIBE OF JESSE.

The well-known Hutchinsons, whose migrations for over a score of years have brought them within the limits of every conceivable town throughout the country and made their melody and eccentricities familiar to household words, gave one of their old time popular entertainments before a very good audience at Young Men's Hall, on the evening of December 27. The baby of the family—by no means a puny infant—put in an appearance which will be provocative of smiles for months to come in those who listened to his pathetic recitations.

THE RUSSIANS.

This company, who come from a land which has not furnished us with a long array of excursionists, gave two very enjoyable concerts at Young Men's Hall, December 16 and 17. Notwithstanding the presence of the Nilsson Troupe at the Opera House, on the same evenings, they attracted a numerous auditory whose manifestations of satisfaction attested the rare quality of the music presented. They are without doubt the best chorus combination now traveling and should be heard by all lovers of the full, rich harmonies of the best concerted compositions.

GRACE (EPISCOPAL) CHURCH.

This new and beautiful edifice was thrown open to the public for the first time on the evening of the 19th, a concert being given by the Choir for the benefit of the organ fund. The affair was a success throughout and realized a handsome sum. The ladies and gentlemen who performed, the splendid organ, and the elegant interior of the building shared the encomiums of the assemblage.

RE-OPENING OF FORT STREET (PRESBYTERIAN) CHURCH.

The extensive repairs and improvements which have been made without and within this structure having been satisfactorily completed it was opened on Tuesday of Christmas week (the 29th) and a large audience was present to enjoy the entertainment devised for the occasion. The Continental Singing Society, of Buffalo, under the direction of Mr. Carl Adam, assisted by Miss Mathilde Toedt, of New York, violinist and contralto, and Misses Anna, Mischka and Felsinger, of Buffalo, furnished vocal music, while Mr. W. Kauffenberg, of Buffalo, and Mr. H. Meakin, of our city, presided at the organ, which has shared largely in the general improvement. All the numbers of a lengthy programme were given with great acceptance, the choruses being very effectively sustained and the solo of the leading performers eliciting decided demonstrations of appreciation. The violin solos by Miss Toedt were bewitchingly executed and received their just tribute of applause. The organ solos by the gentlemen named above were artistically played and were received with favor. As an amateur performance it was deserving of the highest commendation, and our sister city may well be proud of the musical accomplishments of her representatives on this occasion. We trust that they may repeat their visit, as has already been intimated.

MINOR EVENTS.

Prof. Bendix, and his Opera House Orchestra, gave the first of a series of subscription concerts at Kanter's Hall, December 16, which was well attended despite other attractions. The selections were good, the instrumentation creditable, and the financial result encouraging.

An amateur concert was given at Young Men's Hall, in aid of the Women's Hospital and Foundling's Home, which was liberally patronized, and passed off very smoothly.

Johnny Allen's minstrels gave two of their African entertainments at Young Men's Hall, December 13 and 14, presenting the usual conglomeration of extravagant nonsense. We are not at all sorry to learn, by reports from all sources, that this style of performance is finding fewer supporters, and hope the day may not be far distant when negro minstrelsy will be numbered with the things that were.

From the foregoing resume it will be seen that musically we have been highly favored during the past month. Could the various entertainments have been somewhat more evenly distributed it would perhaps have been more agreeable to our citizens and profitable to some of our visitors.

Toronto prides itself on its superior musical taste, and facilitates itself that Boscovitz, late pianist to the king of Portugal, and a pupil of Liszt, has decided to take up his abode there, permanently.

BEETHOVEN CENTENNIAL.

Since the dispersion at Babel mankind have been divided into nations and tribes with tongues so diverse that the study of a lifetime by men of the broadest intellect suffices to master comparatively but few of them. It would seem, however, that, the Divine anger being somewhat softened, the Father of all peoples resolved to temper the severity of his decree by providing a means for universal heart communication, and to that end implanted in the souls of men the principles of harmony, that through the influence of the "concord of sweet sounds" a language might grow by which should he know and read of all men. Whether the theory advanced above have any foundation in fact is entirely immaterial, for certain it is that in music, as written, we have a means of expression and communication as wide-spread as civilization, and which, when made sonant, hath a power to reach the hearts, even, of those barbarians devoid of algebraic systems. What Shakespeare, Goethe and Schiller were, as related to literature, that Beethoven was to the grand science, the literature of the heart. The number and beauty of his works has given him a reputation more wide-spread than the combined trio named above, and wherever harmony finds appreciative souls there his name is uttered with reverence and affection. For the past year musical people throughout the world, both amateur and professional, have united to honor his name on all prominent musical occasions by introducing his compositions largely into all their programmes. A great festival occupying four days has been held in Vienna at which all accessible musicians of note have congregated either as performers or auditors, while the principal composers of Europe have written few works for performance at the celebration. During the month just closed, in all the principal cities, at home and abroad, special performances of his music have been given, in order fully to observe the centennial of his birth. To such an extent has this been the case that it would, we think, be hard to find anything in the list of his writings that has not been produced somewhere.

In the year 1770, on the 17th of December, in the little Rhine city of Bonn, was born Ludwig Van Beethoven. His father, a musician of dissipated habits, seems early to have observed the precocity of the child, and at the age of four years commenced that musical education which resulted so gloriously. He soon acquired the limited knowledge of his progenitor and was transferred to other teachers for advancement in that science of which he was to become the master, passing from one tutor to another as he progressed. At the age of ten he was a proficient on the harpsichord. At eighteen through the liberality of Count Waldstein he was sent to Vienna to take instruction of Albrechtsberger, and was also for a time the pupil of Mozart and Handel. Aided by his native talent he made rapid progress and before attaining his majority was already known as a composer. Recalled to his birthplace by the death of his mother he remained for a time, but at the age of twenty-two returned permanently to Vienna, where he commenced his career as a virtuoso on the piano. From this time forward his career was one of brilliancy and success, marred, however, by an affliction which to him was most trying—the loss of hearing. Notwithstanding his infirmity he worked on with untiring energy and most of his great compositions were written after this time. Shut out from social communication he became after a time morose. Other maladies attacked his weakened system and insidiously undermined his strength, and despite the efforts of the best physicians of his time, finally terminated his existence on the 26th of March, 1827.

His published works embrace compositions the most varied and are unequalled in beauty of form and expression. Mainly instrumental, as being better adapted to the display of the vast resources of which he was master, there are nevertheless among them a few works in which he displayed equal genius in the arrangement of vocal parts. The Sonatas for Piano and Violin are probably the best known of his compositions, but it is in the symphonies, of which he has left us nine, that the full measure of his powers is displayed and the grand conceptions of his truly poetic mind wrought out. He wrote but one opera, "Fidelio," which is a *chef d'œuvre* of art in music; its requirements are such, however, that it is infrequently produced. The *Massenchor* of New York, however, presented it at its sea music on the 16th city, on the 16th ult., as their tribute to the memory of the master. The performance was a highly successful one.

The universality of the celebration of this centennial anniversary has been the subject of general remark, and has led to a comparison which has resulted in the general recognition of the fact that, of all the arts, music stands at the head, and, as a consequence, that he who is the recognized head of all the great tone masters stands pre-eminently above the high priests of poetry, of painting, and of sculpture, as being brought nearer to the hearts of all mankind by reason of the world-wide appreciation of that language of sound the divine authorship of which we conceive to be fully established. As in keeping with our subject we quote the following lines recited at the inauguration of the Beethoven statue in the Boston Music Hall.

"Mid the jarring din of traffic, let the orphic tone of art
Lull the barking verberus in us; soothe the cares that
gnaw the heart
With thy universal language,—that our feeble speech
transcends:
Wing our thoughts, that creep and grovel, come to us
while speaking ends,
Bear us into realms ideal, where the cant of common
sense
Dins no more its heartless maxims to the jangling of
its pence."

Taper Lines.

RICHARD HOPKINS, the pianist, is in Brooklyn.
MR. CLEMENS heard the Hutchinsons on the 29th.
ROMEO was visited by the Hatch sons December 28.
MCCHESNEY the popular song-writer has settled in Pontiac.
The Berger Family visited Pittsburgh with their bells on the 25th.

MADAME ROSE CECILIA appears in opera in New York this week.

The Handel & Hayden Society of Boston have rehearsed the "Messiah" to two generations of Habiles.

WASHINGTON observed the Beethoven centennial; so did not Detroit.

MASTER RALPH TIERSTORY, aged five, was the attraction at a Caspoggio Concert on the 23d of last month.

"CAPTAIN JENKS" LINGARD commenced an engagement at the Mobile theatre on December 12.

The Female Minstrel troupe of Ford & Perkins were at Hamilton, Ont., on the 13th of December.

The Milwaukee press bewail the fact that their two musical societies cannot agree to a consolidation.

ARTHUR C. MCKNIGHT brought out the "Naiad Queen" at Saginaw City on the 28th of last month.

ELIJAH is being rehearsed by the Oratorio Society of Chicago preparatory to its presentation.

OUR Northville friends were treated to some enjoyable music on the 20th. by Miss S. E. Smith, and H. R. Clark of East Saginaw.

DR. CHAS. B. SCHUTLER, formerly of Buffalo, has been delighting the Brooklynites with his organ music.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG sang in the "Messiah" at Cincinnati Christmas eve.

MRS. RICHINGS BERNARD and her English Opera Company have just closed a successful season at Boston.

E. B. PHELPS, violinist, is engaged at present in the Brooklyn Conservatory.

THE Benzonia Musical Union gave a concert at Manistee on the 26th ult.

GALEBURG takes pride in the progress of her Brass Band. Serenades are in order there just now.

THEODORE THOMAS with his magnificent Orchestra have been delighting the Trojans with their classical performances.

The Ladies Relief Society of Saginaw, derived substantial benefits from a concert given in their behalf by Miss E. J. Sweet, December 17.

LE FRANK, the tenor, took part in a concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, December 16. Several frames were exacted from those who attended.

EMMA CELIA TERRE is the name of a new soprano who made her debut under favorable circumstances at New York, December 20.

THE Buffalo Sengerbund will perform "Das Nachtlager in Grauden" on the 30th inst. After which they will take more lager.

M'LE AMEE, a recent importation from Paris, made her first appearance in New York, December 21, as *Bodolite* in "Blue Beard" and seems to have created a very favorable impression.

RANDOLPH, the baritone of the Kellogg troupe, pleased the Indianapolisans immensely at his recent appearance in their city, and the papers want him to come again.

ANNIE PEAKS of Bell-ringing renown has been ringed herself; as it was done privately we hope she will not be piqued at our mention of the fact.

EMMA HOWES sang in one of the Saturday Popular Concerts in New York on the 17th ult. How soon she will do it again is not stated.

BUCHANAN has been having an eight day musical convention under the direction of Prof. E. Cook, which closed December 24th with a concert which was well spoken of.

BLIND TOM, that wonderful exemplification of the eccentricities of nature is still on his travels, and gave one of his phenomenal entertainments at Tweedle Hall, Albany, December 16.

AT Buffalo on the 17th ult., the Continental Singing Society gentlemen gave an entertainment of rare comicities; if we may judge by the programme and comments of the *Express* turgon.

RONCONI assisted by his pupils gave a representation of "Crispino e la Comare" in which he sustained the title role. It was spoken of as a very excellent performance, and others of the same character are to follow.

MARTHA.—This beautiful opera was presented for the enjoyment of the denizens of our national capital on the evening of the 14th December, by a company of amateurs. Financially, it seems to have been very successful, and was honored with the presence of the President and family, and most of the other high dignitaries, both national and foreign. It seems to have been well appointed, well rendered, and altogether praiseworthy. It might be well if amateurs elsewhere would make an effort to follow so good an example.

C. J. WHITNEY & CO'S.
MONTHLY BULLETINNEW AND POPULAR MUSIC.
JANUARY, 1871.

EXPLANATION OF LETTERS AND FIGURES.

The Letters indicate the *Key* in which the piece is written. The Figures indicate the degree of difficulty: 1, very easy; 2, easy; 3, medium; 4, difficult. DK. different keys.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Angels are waiting for me,
Song and Chorus, F. 2. M. F. H. Smith. 35

The Angels are waiting for me,
How swiftly, how surely time flies.
I'm bidding farewell to this earth
And going to my home in the skies.
Full of pathos and beauty. One of the author's best efforts.

Lilly of the Lea.
Song and Chorus, G. 3. Jas. E. Stewart. 35

"How Love thee none can tell,
In my heart thou e'er shalt dwell.
More than life thou art to me,
Darling Lilly of the Lea."

This beautiful song has already reached a large sale and is written in a thoroughly artistic manner, we predict that it will become a standard popular song.

*Mary Lee.
Song and Chorus, Bb 3. F. H. Pense. 50

The brook goes tinkling down the hill
Singing toward the sea,
While in the shadow of the mill
Sits modest Mary Lee.

One rosy cheek, one dimpled hand,
A smile and then a dream,
Come sailor lover, seek the lassie
Sleeping by the stream.

One of sweetest pieces ever written. The sentiment of the poetry and the music are in perfect sympathy, and the movement is peculiarly graceful.

Only a little while longer.
Song and Chorus, Eb 2. M. H. McChesney. 50

"They are gone, they are gone, not a friend have I here,
One by one dropping like leaves in the sere,
Till the last one has passed o'er the river so cold,
Leaving me friendless and lonely and old."

Wait but a little while longer,
Wait but a little while longer,
Visions of glory will dawn on my sight
If I wait but a little while longer.

The above is one of the most exquisite songs yet written by this talented author, and all who love good sentiment, combined with beautiful music, should order the piece at once. We are sure it will please.

Raking it in.
Song and Chorus, G 2. M. H. McChesney. 35

As sung by the Pixley & Grannis troupe. It hits everybody.

Rose of the Valley.
Song, J. R. Thomas. 35

This author has been so long before the American public, that any recommendation of his songs is not needed. The above is fully up to the standard of his very best.

Time and Fate.
Duo and quartette for male voices, G 4. C. C. Coffinberry. 40

Full of fun and sentiment, and very effective.

Sweetly Dream Villetta.
Song and Chorus, D 2. I. V. C. Wheat. 40

O'er the tropical seas, on a beautiful Isle,
Villetta is dreaming 'neath the angels soft smile,
Where hymns of the breeze, with murmuring streams,
All mingled in one, like the sunlight's soft beams.
One of the most dreamy, graceful melodies ever published. Is already a great favorite and is destined to reach an immense sale.

Instrumental.

*Bird in the tree.
Polka, Eb 3. W. Hewitt. 40

A vein of singing birds and murmuring trees is heard throughout the entire piece.

Western gems, for little fingers.
No. 1 Robin Waltz, Oleghorn. 20

No. 2 Bright Day Mazurka, J. M. LeBeaum. 20

No. 3 Fanny Fern Galop, J. M. LeBeaum. 20

The above are classed in grade 1 and are in great demand by teachers. We are glad to see our little friends take to them so kindly.

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JANUARY, 1871.

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What Next.

We shall give in our next issue an article written expressly for the SONG JOURNAL by Dudley Buck Esq., one of the leading organists of this country.

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The publishers of the SONG JOURNAL offer an Estey organ, value \$200, to the agent who sends in the largest list of subscribers before the first of April next. Send for circular containing full list of premiums and all particulars.

Our Music.

The new and beautiful song which we publish in this number, "Take Father's Advice, Willie Dear," will we think become a favorite at once. Its author M. H. McChesney is one of the most popular writers of the present time and this will be found fully equal to his best efforts.

Write for the Song Journal.

There are thousands of people who will read these pages, who never in their lives wrote a line for publication. Now we wish them to commence. We don't expect in consequence a redundancy of finished magazine articles at the start, and we may have to honor a few productions with a place in our waste paper basket (for we have one) and shall certainly publish no trash, but we know that there are hundreds of people who have good, sensible thoughts and shrewd opinions that would not only look well in print but would be read with interest and profit, and it is a duty they owe to themselves, to the world, and to the age they live in, to express such thoughts and opinions in the SONG JOURNAL. Long and labored communications are less wanted, short and pithy ones more so, mere snatches of thought and opinion most of all. Is there anything of a musical nature you want to know, write "Mr. Editor, please tell us in the SONG JOURNAL so and so." If you don't like one of our articles write, "Mr. Editor your article on such and such a subject is all bosh," and then proceed to show wherein. If there is any musical convention in session, or any other musical event pending, in your neighborhood, send us a brief notice of it. We shall not despise the mites of musical literature that find their way to our table. Then Modesty, Bashfulness, Procrastination, Laziness all of ye avant, and let the great crowd of music lovers have their say! We hope some of the "says" will reach us in time for the next number. If anything comes that does not itself sufficiently repay the writer in the practice and chance for development it affords, we have an ample coffer of ducats at hand, wherewith to reward his labors. We ask no one to work for naught. Send in the manuscripts!

COL. JIM FISK proposes to get even with the King of the Belgians, for his refusal to let the celebrated Brussels Guides, — said to be the finest military band in the world, — come to America under a contract with him, by organizing and equipping a band of 100 pieces under the direction of Carlo Patti. The first public performance of the new organization is expected to take place at an early day.

Gossip About the Opera.

WHAT IT IS: HOW IT IS; WHY IT IS; TOGETHER WITH SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW IT SHOULD BE, AND WHEN IT WILL BE SO.

The Opera is easily defined as a musical drama. It is but this and nothing more. Its presentation necessitates a combination of vocal powers and dramatic talent, and its action, generally more intense than that of the drama, depicts the passionate emotions in appropriate strains. Thus the wailing of grief, the tender pleadings of love, the defiant utterance of hate, the temulous ecstasies of fear, all find a natural voice in the music with which the skillful composer dresses the text of the play; and this is one of the great charms of the Opera.

To say that the opera is in its infancy, is to give it reputation as one of the oldest infants ever placed on record; for it was born,—if it was born at all, and is not, like Topsy, of spontaneous growth,—four or five centuries ago. It calls for the very best that music can supply; its music is the distinctive feature which characterizes it from all other devices calculated to please and amuse the people of this world; and music is one of the greatest delights in which our race indulges,—a delight peculiar to no nation but as universal as air and light. Music, then, a never ending and universal pleasure, is the distinctive feature of the Opera; and it is therefore a strange part of the story, that it has been struggling these hundreds of years to gain a footing in the world, and is scarcely yet successful in that struggle. The infant however is beginning to walk, and has made sensible progress in the later years; but it is not yet able to take the firm, decided, confident step of vigorous youth. It is an encouraging fact that it has become able to stand, now let the melodious youngster go forward, gaining strength as it progresses, until the Opera shall become one of the popular and reliable sources of our enjoyment.

To continue the simile, the Opera has always been, until in its recent years, the weakest of infants. It has required hundreds of years of careful, expensive nurture to bring it to its present standing. Its fathers, and its godfathers, and its nurses, have, with a liberality unequalled in the history of amusements, fed its ravenous stomach with gold and silver, and still the puny body, with wonderful voracity, never ceased to call for more. The story of its career, like the history of a dangerous sea, is a record of shipwreck and disaster; yet no one who has made new ventures there-away, has been deterred by the failures of those who preceded him, any more than the navigator of that dangerous sea feared to trust the waves which had already strewed the beach with the wrecks of the gallant ships of his predecessors. Men who believe themselves qualified to conduct an operatic season successfully are nearly as numerous as those who believe themselves capable of conducting a newspaper in a manner superior to any now in the trade; and disaster does not convince them otherwise, for in both enterprises the hopeful self-confident men fail, reiterate, try again, and fall again, until the last stage of their eventful history. The Opera was really transplanted from Europe to America, by Palmò; — poor Palmò, once the pride of the aristocratic amusement seekers of New York, their operative Wallack so to speak—who ruined himself by the enterprise and died, a year or two ago, the obscure cook of a restaurant in that great city for whose musical delectation he had ventured all his fortune and had lost. In him, as in his predecessors, a line line of successors. Maretzky has hung to the tempting delusion, for years, with an obstinacy and persistence that has at times, really threatened success. His ups and downs at the New York Academy are proverbial and have often served the New York critics to point a musical moral, or adorn a musical tale. He was the most liberal of managers and never allowed expense to interfere with the gorgeous setting and appointment of a play. And yet he failed, and failed, and continued to fail to get that generous support from the public to which his liberal management entitled him. An exceptionally prosperous season would encourage him to renewed endeavor but the renewed endeavor invariably brought new disaster to the over sanguine impresario.

To the general run there have been exceptions, scarcely enough to prove the rule. There have been isolated cases where men have gone through an operatic speculation and come out whole-skinned where their predecessors had been wholly skinned. Mr. Bateman brought the *Opera Bouffe* to this country, ran it awhile, made money, and sold out. But Mr. Bateman's *bouffe* was a novelty, consequently attractive, and consequently again, remunerative; and when it began to be an old story—for it lost its bloom in a little while,—he slid out from under his burden and let it down upon the shoulders of the unlucky wight who succeeded him in the management. Mr. Bateman, finding his expensive troupe failing to keep the enthusiasm up to profitable heat, was the sagacious man to sell out. His successor was not so sagacious when he took the troupe, but he soon gathered sagacity and sold out to another. The new manager also ran and sagacity, in return, equally as he lost money, and he sold out; and so this elephant had no master long at a time, but was passed along from one to another who passed it to another still, and he in turn to still another, until the unwilling animal was shipped back to France, leaving some feeble imitators of its kind behind. A later instance of such exception is the English Opera season of the Parepa-Rosa troupe last year. It is currently reported, and commonly believed, that that winter's work was worth over \$100,000 to Madame. This figure may be large, but Parepa's figure always is large, and it is certain that she had a wonderful success.

The cause of this precarious livelihood of the Opera, is not a secret. It is not an eternal pecuniary failure because people care nothing for music, for they do care,—even hunger after it; but it is an eternal pecuniary disaster because it is too expensive for the general public to stand the monetary demand which the manager deems necessary to assess his patrons for the upholding of his enterprise. The entertainment which he offers to give for their money is nothing beyond the moment's fleeting gratification. It has no substance, and is followed by no benefit except the thin vapor of a pleasing recollection. The actual pleasure dies with the song,—as is evanescent as the singer's breath. The Opera over, there is a memory of clear notes, of the crash of the orchestra, of the glitter of the stage, and that is all. For this, men cannot bring their minds to spend their money lavishly. The money is a substance; the opera, in comparison, but a shadow.

All this is no news to the manager. He admits the fact, but pleads that necessity creates that fact. His *prima donna* requires an astonishing salary, and insists on an accomplished tenor, a cultivated bass, a well trained chorus and an effective orchestra as accompaniments; and the accomplished tenor, the cultivated bass, the well trained chorus, and the effective orchestra, are expensive adjuncts. The tenor, considering his voice a rarity, prices it accordingly. The bass looks down into the gloomy depth of his tones, and the time and money he has employed in getting it to the Operatic standard, and makes his figures correspondingly. The chorus is a numerous unit, individually, charges but little, and gets it, but aggregates astonishingly. The orchestra is made up of skillful musicians, subjected to severe training, which brings them, like one man, to obey each movement of the conductor's wand, and they must be paid for all this skill and patience. Thus the manager makes out his case, and is discharged. He convicts the singers and musicians. The latter, probably, are not overpaid; but before the opera can be made popular in the widest sense of the word,—so that all who desire to hear it can afford the gratification,—the *prima donna* must sing for a salary that does not exceed that of the President of the United States, and the tenor must follow suit. Then prices of admission will be reduced to a level with the ability of the public; and when that is done, then the tottling infant, just getting on its legs, will grow into healthy youth, quickly pass to a vigorous manhood, and become a permanent, profitable, and useful in the world. Other conditions may be important, but this is one of the most imperative.

Alabama,—here we rest. The subject grows upon our hands, and it is necessary to reserve for succeeding numbers of the SONG JOURNAL, a ramble among the various topics comprised in this one of the opera; to overhaul its history and find its birthplace, if we can; to relate the narrative of the most famous of the melodious plays; to make the acquaintance of those who have made themselves illustrious in song; and to listen to anything that may make the story of the opera pleasant and instructive.

DER FREISCHUTZ.

Foreign Notes.

FERDINAND HILLER is directing the performances of the Societe des Concerts, at Berlin.

BARNY'S "Rebekah" has been performed in York, England, conducted by the composer.

The members of the Leipzig-Sing Academie recently gave a performance of Spohr's oratorio, "Der Fall Babylon."

JENNY LIND has at length been compelled to come out in a card and deny that her husband has squandered any part of her money.

OFFENBACH, of Opera Bouffe notoriety, is said to be on the point of establishing comic opera at Milan or some other of the Italian cities.

CZERNY, formerly conductor at the Augsburg Theater, has sent in a new opera, "Das Testament," to the Royal Opera House at Munich.

MINNIE HAUCK is winning golden opinions abroad, being received with enthusiastic cheers and shouts of *Viva la Prima Donna Americana*.

Two performances of Schaeffer's oratorio, "Israel's Heimkehr," were lately given at Augsburg. The soprano part was sung by the Countess Gatterburg, of Salzburg.

A "grand evening concert" was lately given in St. James' Hall, London, in aid of the Ruffegee's Benevolent Fund. Madame Viardot was one of the singers, and M. Gonnod the conductor.

THEODORE BOHM, formerly a member of the orchestra of the Royal Opera, and well known throughout the world of music, as a composer, virtuoso, and inventor of the flute bearing his name, lately celebrated his "Golden Wedding."

WAGNER has been lately suffering very badly from a nervous complaint. He is better now, and is working away at the third part of his "Nibelungen Trilogy." Herr Klindworth is preparing the pianoforte arrangement of the second, "Sigfried."

THREE curious musical scores have been found at Milan, among the old papers of a family named Castelli. The scores which are autographs, are—"La Scale Rapita," by Zingarelli, performed at La Scala, in 1793. "Un pazzo ne fa cento," by Mayr, performed in 1794; and "La Fortuna Comminazione," composed by Mosca.

TAKE FATHER'S ADVICE, WILLIE DEAR.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

MODERATO.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY M. H. MCCHESENEY.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time, marked 'MODERATO'. The piano part consists of two staves. The vocal part is written on a single staff with lyrics. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the piano introduction. The second system contains the first line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The third system contains the second line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Father's ad - vice, now Wil - lie my dear, Be hon - est in all that you / Father's ad - vice, - dear Wil - lie now do, Don't go with the i - dle and / sure you can't tell our sor - row, my boy, To find you were go - ing a -'. The piano part provides harmonic support for the vocal melody.

1. Take
2. Take
3. I'm

Father's ad - vice, now Wil - lie my dear, Be hon - est in all that you
Father's ad - vice, - dear Wil - lie now do, Don't go with the i - dle and
sure you can't tell our sor - row, my boy, To find you were go - ing a -

do-----, In passing through life there's nothing to fear, If
 wild ----, Seek virtue a - lone as on - ward you go, 'Twill
 stray---, For surely we thought you'd bring to us joy, When

you are but man - ly and true----, No matter if frowns on your
 bring greater joy to my child ---, Don't taste of the wine, for it
 we had grown a - ged and gray ---, None oth - er will love you in

la - bor are cast, No mat - ter if no one will cheer, You'll
 maddens the brain, Drink wa - ter a - lone bright and clear, And
 weal or in woe, Though friend - ly they now may ap - pear, From

reap the reward when tri - als are past, Take father's advice, Willie dear. ...
 all will go right If you will a - gain, Take father's ad - vice, Willie dear. ...
 dangers we'd shield your path - way below, Take father's ad - vice, Willie dear.

CHORUS.

Sop.
Take father's advice my dear....., Take father's advice my dear..... 'Twill

Alto.
Take father's advice, Take father's advice, 'Twill

Ten.
Take father's advice, Take father's advice, 'Twill

make you a bet-ter and hap-pi-er man, Take father's ad-vice, Willie dear.

make you a bet-ter and hap-pi-er man, Take father's ad-vice, Willie dear.

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And go to it with delight."

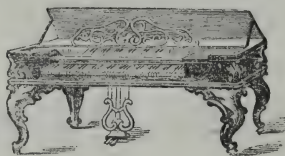
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VOLUME I.

DETROIT, FEBRUARY, 1871.

NUMBER II.

THE SIRENS.

Look down—far downward! Are not those the Sirens?

Do not their white arms gleam,
Where wavering sunbeams light the depths of ocean,
Like some sweet doubtful, dream?

Listen, oh listen! Is not their singing?

That low, sweet, murmuring sound,
Sleeping both soul and sense in slumbrous music,
That, ever-eddying round,

Now sinks and pauses, dying, and then rises,

Most like an organ's swell;
And if the words be theirs that fill my fancy,
Or mine, I cannot tell.

"Come down," they sing, "come down, oh, weary mortal,

With heart so ill at ease!
Come down, and taste the cool, calm rest that waits
you,

Below the changeful seas!

"Above, the fiery summer sunbeams scorch you,

And the hard winter chills.
Below, is neither burning heat of summer,
Nor yet the cold which kills.

"Above, your eyes are blinded by the sunshine,

Or look in vain for light.
Below, a soft green twilight reigns forever,
Of equal day and night.

"The earth is full of care, of wild endeavor,

That seldom brings success,
Of griefs that sap the strength, and dim the eyesight,
And joys that do not bless.

"There all things change, your very griefs pass by you,

And fast your joys decay,
And the strong passions of your hate and anger
Die fruitlessly away.

"Life fleeth fast, and felleth quickly from you;

Your once warm loves grow cold;
Your youth is full of toil; your age is weary;
And so your tale is told!

"But, down with us, no weariness nor labor,

Shall stir your dreamful ease.
And the fierce fire of passion, and of longing,
Grows cold beneath the seas.

"For here, perpetual pleasures steep the senses

In deep unbroken calm.
Closing the wounds you bring from life's wild struggle
With its soft, healing balm.

"Come down! You love to feel the tiny wavelets

Steal round about your feet.
If 'tis a joy to feel their sportive kisses,
Will not their clasp be sweet?

"Come down! come down! The lulling voice of ocean

Shall drown earth's harsher noise;
And you shall taste how rest that is unbroken
Outweighs her chiefest joys."

Oh, cease, sweet voices! cease your witching music,

Cease ere your song prevail!
Ah!—it is over!—and I was but dreaming
Upon the ancient tale,

Where yet lies hid a truth of subtle meaning,

By noblest hearts confessed;
Except as he becometh beast, or angel,
Man may not find his rest.

And though in truth we hear no Siren voices

Luring to shameful ease,
Yet yearnings rise within us as we listen
Unto the murmuring seas;

For there is something in the sound of waters

Sweeter than sweetest mirth,
Uttering aloud the souls' unspoken longings,
Sought and unfound on earth.

From Frank Leslie's Illustrated.

HINTS FOR YOUNG ORGANISTS.

The musical growth of the West, although necessarily of later date than its rise into commercial importance, has been so rapid as to excite the astonishment of all those who have given the subject any consideration. While a vast deal yet remains to be done, especially in the way of establishing any reliable standard of Art and Criticism, still by looking back upon the past, and that through no long vista of years, we cannot fail to perceive the real stride which music has taken.

In America the first musical interest of which the majority of persons are conscious, is apt to be awakened by Church music and the practice of it. This interest has received a powerful impetus during the last few years, by the introduction of pipe organs into many small churches; the members of which, but a few years previous, would neither have been willing to admit the desirability of such a purchase, or have been made to believe that they could be induced to contribute toward the funds required. The expression "pipe" organ is here employed because it has come into use in contradistinction to the "Melodeon in disguise," entitled by its manufacturers "Cabinet" Organ. These have been greatly improved of late years, it is true, and are susceptible of many good, and a few charming effects, these latter however, only when used in combination with other instruments. The best use to which Providence has called these instruments—their moral effect so to speak, seems to be in this fact, that as far as their employment in church is concerned, they soon create a sort of musical hunger for something better, which culminates sooner or later in the purchase of a "pipe" organ. If we may be permitted to regard the former as so much seed sown, what a crop of the real article we shall reap by and by! But joking aside—this is as it should be; for the very first characteristic an instrument should possess which is to accompany the Choral Service of the house of God, is that of dignity—not to say solemnity of tone, and this the Cabinet organ never can possess by the very nature of its construction, no matter of what size—hundreds of advertisements to the contrary notwithstanding.

Now the number of those who "graduate" from the Cabinet to the pipe organ, through the chain of circumstances mentioned above, is quite large, and increasing, and for such these informal notes are more especially designed.

And first then, let us note the fallacy often expressed thus: "I have never taken any regular organ lessons, but I know the touch because I have a Cabinet organ at home."

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Piano

practice is worth tenfold more. And why? Simply because the modern organ, with its present quick speech and improved mechanism, requires the same high and accurate lifting of the fingers, the same thorough fall of the key struck, as does the piano.—Whereas the touch of the Cabinet organ is, to say the least, *sui generis*, only like itself. The actual touch of the fingers on the organ is somewhat different from that on the piano it is true, although not to the extent generally supposed—the percussion principle is lacking to a certain extent, still the necessity of approaching the study of the organ with a fairly accurate piano technique, is very important and far too frequently ignored. The technique of all three instruments mentioned is the same as to scales, arpeggios, etc., and is far more easily and thoroughly learned in the first place upon the piano. Coming then to the study of the organ proper, it becomes possible for both pupil and teacher to devote themselves to the peculiarities of the instrument, which alone require much time, and passing by (except incidentally) those traits which both possess in common.

By all this it is not designed to say that much good organ practice may not be extracted from a Cabinet organ, provided always, that a person has sufficiently frequent opportunity of playing upon a real organ, as not to be troubled by the difference.

With the many who find themselves called in the absence of an experienced organist to play in church, the question which invariably first arises is this,— "what in the world shall I do with my feet?" Now the organ never sounds so well as when the bass of a composition is played by the feet alone, leaving the left hand free to control the Tenor or even assist the Alto part. Very many have no desire to study the organ thoroughly as an instrument, but whose ambition is fully satisfied if they can satisfactorily accompany average church music. This end can be best attained by a study of organ works which go a step farther as to difficulty. When this is not practicable, the following will be found useful. In playing most plain anthems and tunes, play the bass on the pedals, and by the way, *not an octave lower than written*. This holds good when voices are not singing but the piece played as a study. The two hands will thus be left free for the remaining parts, and the bass must not be touched with the fingers. In case of some sturdy tune of the "Duke street" stamp, the bass may be played as before, coupled to the Swell, the Alto and Tenor with left hand on the Swell, and the Melody with strong eight-foot stop on the Great organ. The point of this does not lie in the combination, but in the independence required between feet and fingers, and will be sufficient if persisted

in to give a certain command of the pedal key board. How great the sympathy is that exists between fingers and feet, and what a life-study it is to overcome the same, is known but to comparatively few. The results however reward the trouble, for once the pernicious habit of the left hand following the feet, and *vice versa*, having been broken up, the use of both feet measurably gained, the scope of execution is largely increased, so that an expert player may literally cover the same spread of harmony, as two inexperienced performers playing a four hand piece.

One great abuse exists among many otherwise well skilled organists, and that is the too constant use, not of the pedals necessarily, but of the sixteen-foot basses. It greatly heightens the effect if the eight feet tone be occasionally substituted, which may easily be obtained by coupling, even when the separate stop does not exist in the Pedal organ. The same persons who are most open to this criticism would call it an outrage to their musical susceptibilities they hear, in an orchestral piece, the double basses kept *constantly* at work. An excellent sixteen-foot effect, of a soft character, totally distinct from most pedal basses, may be obtained from the smallest two manual organ by playing the vocal bass an octave below upon a second manual with an eight-feet stop. So gentlemen "spare your melodious thunders."

In supposing that the first interest will center in the pedal organ and its use, it was assumed that a certain limited knowledge as to combinations had somehow been previously obtained. It is all important that a clear idea of the relative pitch of different stops be gained from some instruction book or otherwise, and this in relation to each other and then to a given tone upon the piano, whether it be a unison or one or two octaves higher or lower. This once thoroughly understood for both manual and pedal organ, the principle of stop combination is at once deduced—viz: that for accompanimental purposes the tone of those stops which are *in unison* with the human voice should predominate. The exceptions to this are but few, and are found mainly in concert playing, or at least in compositions for organ Solo performances. Should brilliancy be wanted stops speaking an octave higher are then to be added, and here it may be said that the art of combination may be taught to the same extent, and no farther, than the painter teaches his disciples to mix colors.

A given blue and given yellow produce with given quantities a certain green, but the first time the novice is called upon to paint the shade his picture requires, he finds the conditions vary, but fortunately not the principle. So with organs; the same stops produce quite different shades of color in different instruments, but this need not lead the beginner astray if he will hold fast to the *principle* of building up tone, and let his ear be alive to the contrasts of tone color. To this end organists should know more of the internal economy of their instruments; whether they are playing on a stop of wood or metal, etc., what its best points are, and to what special end it is put in the organ, were this frequently the case, such an incident as the following could scarcely have occurred.

At an exhibition of a new organ some time since, an amateur organist said to the writer of this article—"Well, one stop in that organ is a failure anyway!" "Which is it?" was the question. "Why, the cornet—is no more like a cornet than a Chinese zong!" The stop in question was a three rank mixture, with a somewhat old fashioned name.

The best teachers cannot furnish a series of recipes for the combination of stops, as if they were so many drugs, and sufficient to last a pupil the greater part of his natural life, for the conditions will always be re-presenting themselves under altered phases. Each one must gain an insight into the fundamental law of the art, and then (and not before) he need not

be afraid to rely upon the judgment of his ear. But this subject is truly one of the "Webster Unabridged" class, and utterly beyond the scope of an article of this nature, with no pretensions to a methodical treatment, yet the author trusts it will fall into the hands of a few who may profit by his hints.

DUDLEY BUCK.

Saverio Mercadante.

The subject of this sketch was born in 1798, at Naples, and was, therefore, 72 years of age at the time of his death, which occurred at Florence on the 2d of January.

At the age of twelve years he entered the Conservatorio San Sebastiano, where he received instructions from Zingarelli. For six years he was principally engaged upon instrumental studies, playing the violin and flute with equal facility and great skill, and despite his youth was raised to the position of *chef d'orchestre*. His own predilections were strongly in favor of adherence to that branch of the profession, but, at last, owing to the urgent solicitation of his instructor, who had become deeply interested in his pupil, he was induced to devote his energies to the composition of vocal music.

His earlier compositions, consisting of overtures, military airs and ballet music, were succeeded, in 1818, by his first considerable vocal composition, a grand cantata styled "L'Unione delle belli arte," which was presented to the public at the Teatro Fondo and met with decided success. Having secured an engagement from the Teatro San Carlo, he soon after brought out his first Opera under the title of "L'Apoteosi d'Ercole" which was received with favor, as evincing a talent which would ultimately insure fame to its possessor. At its first representation, and after the repetition of a beautiful terzetto had been insisted on, the audience called for the youthful composer and his appearance was made the occasion of the most enthusiastic applause. Encouraged by this success he proceeded at once to the production of a Comic Opera, for the Teatro Nuovo entitled "Violenza e Costanza," and again secured public approval. Returning to the San Carlo, in 1820, he wrote the "Anacreonte a Samo." With a view to enlarging the field of his operations he went to Rome and gave, at the Teatro Valle, another comic Opera, by name "Il Geloso ravveduto." For the carnival of 1821, he announced the tragic Opera "Scipione a Cartagina" at the Teatro Argentino. All his efforts having been attended by general approbation, he next appears at Bologna, and before the close of the year both, "Maria Stuart," and "Elisa e Claudio" were performed. Going thence to Venice, in time for the carnival of 1822, we find him at the Teatro Fenice with another tragedy called "Andronico."

Other compositions followed in quick succession, for he wrote with great rapidity, though frequently at the expense of originality, but were not all marked with the success which attended his earlier efforts. His "Il Giuramento" is probably the best known and most successful of his later productions, many of which contain gems of melody and beauties in harmony which fully display the rare art of the maestro.

His works are characterized by an easy, natural grace of movement and melodies replete with sentiment, and are likely to retain their popularity for many years to come.

In 1839 he was made Director of the Conservatory of Naples and has since maintained that position in the world of music to which his eminent abilities fully entitled him. His departure, from the scenes of his triumphs and trials, creates a blank which will not speedily be filled.

The Composer Balfe.

The recent past has taken from the world two of the greatest composers of music, Balfe and Rossini, and the places of those masters, whose works have become the established favorites of musicians and of the public, have yet to be filled. Their successors are unknown. Though the reputation of Michael William Balfe was not equal to that of Rossini, yet he was one of the founders of English Opera, as performed to-day, and his compositions have given delight to countless thousands not only in England and America, but also in Germany. His death on the twentieth of October last, at his country seat in Hertfordshire, England, saddened the hearts of lovers of music throughout the world, and carried gloom to a great circle of personal friends, by whom he was tenderly loved.

Balfe was born in Dublin, May 15, 1808, and displayed the same musical precocity which has distinguished most of the eminent composers. At the age of five his talent for music was easily discernable and from that tender age his education was so directed as to develop the genius which alike friends and musicians recognized. Mr. Bourke instructed him in the use of the violin at Dublin and Alexander Lee in thorough bass and composition. When but nine years of age he wrote a ballad called "The Lover's Mistake" which was sung by Madame Vestris and became decidedly popular. His father dying in 1823, Balfe went to London and was the articulated pupil of Mr. Charles Horn for seven years, during which period he received a thorough instruction in composition and became so skillful a violinist that he was the principal performer upon that instrument in the Drury Lane oratorios and in the Drury Lane Orchestra under Mr. T. Cooke.

Balfe possessed a peculiarly rich baritone voice, which had been highly cultivated, and in 1825 he essayed the career of an opera singer in Norwich, England, but utterly failed in "Der Freischütz" through excessive timidity. Count Mazzara, however, took the youth to Rome and for several years his studies were prosecuted in Italy under the best masters. His attention was in a great degree directed to composition throughout all this course of preparation and a ballet presented at Milan and called "La Perouse" gained him no little repute. Having greatly enlarged his musical education in Italy, he proceeded to Paris where hopes of an engagement at the Italian Opera were held out by Rossini. For several months he studied there and at last appeared as *Figaro* in the "Barber of Seville" with Sontag as *Rosina*. The performance of the Opera was a triumphant success and the reputation of Balfe as a singer was assured. His farther career in Italy and France was entirely successful and in 1835 he returned to London, accompanied by his wife, previously Mademoiselle Lina Rezer, who had been noted as a *prima donna* in Italy and Sicily. For several years he sang in Italian and English Opera and in concerts in London and throughout England, always meeting with success; and continuing his labors of composition during part of this period. In 1839 he essayed the management of the English Opera House in London, but the event proved as uncertain as have many other managerial ventures in the world of music and pecuniary loss resulted which induced him to resume his labors as a composer and these characterized the remainder of his life.

No composer of English Opera has gained a higher place in the affections and esteem of the musical public at large than did Balfe. His compositions at once appealed to the tastes of the masses of operatic admirers in England and in this country and filled a want which had long been felt, but which had been little supplied, of music of a high order and suited to the stage, yet accompanied by English words and chiefly sung by English artists. It would be unnecessary to enumerate all his works, some of stan-

dard reputation and others fugitive pieces which have rarely been performed. The chief among them, and those upon which his renown mainly rests, are his "Siege of Rochelle," "Maid of Artois," "Keo-lanthie," "The Bohemian Girl," "Daughter of St. Mark," "The Enchantress," "Maid of Honor," "Rose of Castile," "Satanella" and "The Puritan's Daughter." He also produced an Italian Opera called "Falstaff" at her Majesty's Theater, which is highly esteemed by musicians, though now only selections from it are usually heard. The "Siege of Rochelle" was first brought out at Drury Lane Theater in 1835, the composer singing in it himself, and it gained a great and deserved popularity, being one of the best of Balfe's compositions. The "Maid of Artois" was written for Madame Malibran and in it she won one of her greatest triumphs. His "Bohemian Girl," "Enchantress" and "Satanella," "Rose of Castile" and "The Puritan's Daughter" have always commanded popularity and usually produced a well filled treasury, wherever performed.

Opera undoubtedly had its birth in Italy, the land which is the natural home of music, and a musical education has always been deemed imperfect without study in the Italian schools. Italian Opera has always, too, surpassed that of all other nations in dramatic power and usually in the quality of the music. It is but natural, however, that this development of the combined love of music and the drama should find expression in other tongues, in other styles, and as the exponent of other ideas. To the child of the North the passion of the Italian productions presents but a shadowy picture; his thoughts, and emotions, not different in nature, are yet so different in degree, that his taste demands a musical world far separated from that of the impassioned Italian. The great oratorios are the productions of Germans mainly and within recent times have arisen French, German and English Opera. The former have both won very widespread popularity and each possesses some undoubted merits, but to Englishmen and Americans, at large, there was something lacking in all, not only the want of the home tongue, but also of the home thought and sentiment, the music which appeals directly to the national taste and national heart.

These circumstances have led to the foundation, within the last forty years, of English Opera, which, notwithstanding all the reverses it has encountered in America, we cannot help thinking is destined to become the favorite entertainment upon our musical stage. As a composer of English Opera, Balfe stands at the head of all his competers and to-day his works enjoy a brilliant fame wherever the English tongue is spoken. They are sparkling and effective and especially distinguished by melody, while the solos and duets are among the most popular and truly beautiful to be found in English music and are sung by Englishmen everywhere. The Operas, too, are admirably arranged for dramatic purposes and their proper exhibition, with strong choruses and orchestras, have been among the most brilliant effects ever seen upon the English or American stage.

As with the other divisions, the career of English Opera in America has been full of vicissitude and it can hardly yet be said to be fairly established here. Yet the successes of the Parepa troupe and the triumphs of the company led by Mrs. Richings-Bernard have clearly demonstrated that this sort of Opera is already the first favorite before the American public and with the general increase of population and wealth and the growth of our larger cities, the season of greater operatic successes than ever before must be drawing near. Although it is announced already that the great operatic attraction of the succeeding winter is to be the advent of Adeline Patti in Italian Opera, yet it will not be surprising to find a strong English Opera company in the field in the advance or dividing the honors and emoluments in our large cities, and it is certainly to be hoped that

in the future English opera may worthily be sustained during each musical season. If so, while the more recent composers are presenting works of decided merit, which are gaining favor and already hold the stage both in England and in America, yet for many years the music of no composer will so generally be sung as will that of Michael Balfe.

It remains only to add that he wrote a great number of fugitive pieces, as they are termed, ballads and songs, which are also distinguished by melody and have become such favorites that for many years they were sung in England in preference to similar music from any other author. Their popularity has been hardly less in America. Balfe's generous, kindly nature was thoroughly appreciated by a great circle of friends in England and it is probable that no modern composer and musician has possessed a wider or deeper popularity. His daughter, Victoria Balfe, inherited much of his talent and was noted in the English concert room as a singer of far more than usual ability.

Death of Carl Anschuetz.

The long and painful illness of this well known musician was terminated by death on the 26th of December. His funeral obsequies on the afternoon of New Year's called out the largest assemblage of musical people which New York has witnessed for a long time. The combined musical societies of the East were represented, those located in the Metropolitan turning out *en masse*. The music rendered consisted of a variety of funeral chants, by the various vocal societies present, while a very fine orchestra produced the "Totenmarsch" of Mendelssohn. Discourses were delivered by Dr. Heidenfeldt, at his late residence No. 151 East Twenty-sixth street, and Gen. Sigel, at Greenwood Cemetery.

Anschuetz came to this country in 1857, under an engagement with Mr. Ullmann, as conductor of orchestra for Italian Opera, since which time he has been prominent as an orchestral leader and connected with many of the best operatic and concert troupes which have been before the public.

He was at one time manager and director of a German Operatic Company which performed at the little Broadway theater which was located near Broome street. In fact it might not be amiss to style him the founder of German Opera in this country. He presented at that time a most admirable succession of the best German Operas, the most notable among which was Mozart's "Magic Flute" and, for the first time in America, "Entführung aus dem Serail" by the same composer.

He ranked high as a musician and though his compositions are not widely known they nevertheless are characterized by marked ability. The principal one of these, styled "The Mass" was brought out under his leadership at the Christmas services of St. Stephens Church in 1869, his wife being one of the leading chorus singers.

He was a native of Coblenz, a city of the Rhine, and had by his talent obtained distinction in musical circles before bidding adieu to the "Fatherland."

Earnest and painstaking in his profession he soon brought any orchestra, under the guidance of his baton, up to a high standard of excellence. The extreme nervousness of his physical organization caused him to become at times highly excitable, and on some occasions seemingly phrenzied. When in this state he would frequently indulge in gesticulations which were not only superfluous but often grotesque. He has appeared in public but two or three times during the past year, the last occasion being the concert of the Northeastern Sängerbund in July last.

He has suffered greatly during his illness, his disease being cancer in the throat, and may be said to have starved to death, owing to his inability to take proper nourishment. His wife has been most devoted

in her attentions during his entire sickness and resigned her place in the choir in order more fully to attend to his needs.

He will be sincerely mourned by the large circle of friends and acquaintances which he had made by his ability and fine social qualities.

"Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine."

From that primeval hour when the fiat of the Eternal became operative through Adamic transgression, each fleeting moment hath seen entered on the roster of the spectral host new levies from the sons of earth.

The grave, the gay, the aged and the young, each at his appointed time, summoned by the invisible messenger, has passed through the portal to the infinite.

All ranks and conditions of men, having fulfilled the mission whereto they were sent, pass on, each giving place to his appropriate successor.

To our circumscribed judgment it oft appears a loss irreparable when one goes hence who has particularly well-filled his station here.

We have, however, but to turn from the present to a retrospective view to be assured that the man for the hour is ever at hand, and that no emergency is like to arise which will not be fully met.

We are led to this train of thought by the fact that within a comparatively short time quite a number of the most valued and prominent laborers in the field of music have been transferred to that choir which shouted the grand unison chorus to the song of the morning stars.

In another article in this number we give a sketch of the career of Michael William Balfe, who rested from his labors on the 20th of October last, and propose herein a brief account of one who in a different line has improved the talents entrusted him by the Master.

Carlo Bassini,—da Cueno,—as he was wont to sign himself, (thus evincing his continued love for his boyhood's home), was ushered into life at Cueno, Italy, A. D. 1815. His musical education was obtained, primarily, at the conservatory of Naples, San Pietro a Majella, where he enjoyed the fellowship of many who have since attained a wide reputation in the harmonic world, among whom we may name Bellini, Costa, Petrello and the two Ricci.

In accordance with the custom of the conservatory that each pupil shall devote himself to the study of some instrument, in order that he may be made useful in replenishing its coffers, Bassini turned his attention to the violin. Meantime he was instructed in vocal music by Crescentini and in the science of composition by Zingarelli.

At the end of ten years, having completed his studies and attained a considerable degree of proficiency as a violinist, he left the college and launched out into the great ocean of life to seek his fortune, and a name.

Having traversed Europe as a soloist he turned his face westward to new and untrodden fields and visited in succession the principal cities of South America.

In pursuit of farther enlargement of reputation and purse he embarked at Callao for New York, on an American vessel, but was shipwrecked in the harbor of Valparaiso during the great hurricane of the 23d of March, 1837, which also caused the destruction of a large number of other ships. Attempting to go thence overland to Buenos Ayres in company with Don Joaquin J. Perez, then an Ambassador but now President of the Republic of Chili, a journey at that time particularly hazardous, they were attacked by Indians while crossing the Rio Quarto and came near losing their lives, notwithstanding a spirited resistance, escaping only by reason of the superiority of their horses. Having reached the desired haven and recovered from the fatigues of his journey over

the Andes and Pampas, augmented by the dangers we have rehearsed, he took ship again for the United States and finally reached his future home in safety.

During 1838 and 1839 he was conductor of Italian Opera in New York and being ensnared by cupid married Paulina Josephine Monesca, daughter of John Monesca a noted instructor in Modern Languages and inventor of the "Oral System" of teaching them. He returned soon after to Europe and finding the violin unremunerative, as well as injurious to his health, he determined to make the culture of the Voice his future profession.

With this end in view he commenced the study of Physiology, especially of the vocal organs, in the Medical College of Montpellier, France. Thoroughly careful in his studies, and aided by his previous musical experience, he was not long in discovering the fallacy of the then prevailing methods in vocal training, ignoring as they did all reference to physiological conditions.

Becoming involved in 1853 in the troubles at Rome, he found it impossible to remain longer in France and again returned to America.

Soon after his arrival at New York he made his first report of the discoveries of his later studies which was published in the *Musical World*. His "Art of Singing" was soon after issued and has been supplemented from time to time since by his methods for Soprano, Tenor, etc., and other works of like character.

The merit of his discoveries has been attested by the success of his system of instruction and his various works have become acknowledged standards.

Rather below the average stature and with a countenance marked with amiability he was most highly esteemed by his pupils and beloved by his friends.

Death found him on the 25th of November, 1870, and he has gone to render the account of his stewardship.

Recognising fully the great loss sustained by his removal we nevertheless trust that time will soon develop, from among his many scholars, one who shall worthily succeed his master and extend the valuable system which he inaugurated.

Gossip About the Opera.

THE ORIGIN OF OPERATIC MUSIC.—THE STORY OF THE FIRST OPERA IN THE WORLD.—THE SIMPLICITY OF ITS PRODUCTION.

Before we go farther with this matter of the Opera, it will be well to give an account of its commencement; and to this point the present communication will tend:

On the shining Mayday of , a band of rustic maids and matrons, with husbands and lovers in attendance, gathered in front of the little inn of the town of , in Italy.

That reminds me, by the way,—speaking of Italy,—that the *SONG JOURNAL* for January, gave us a pleasant story of the life of Nilsson. It was exactly the thing to do, for Nilsson is the freshest musical novelty we have on our hands. It seems to the undersigned, that it would also be proper to record the career and give utterance to the views of one of the notabilities of her troupe,—an artist who has been upon the stage for twenty years, and has given sixteen years, with but a single break, to the Opera in America. Of course I refer to Signor Brignoli; and considering that it is thus appropriate, I will give an outline of his career and an inkling of his views as I have gathered them, from time to time, in sundry interviews with the distinguished tenor.

To begin, biographically, Signor Brignoli was born in Naples, where his father was engaged in trade. The remarkable gift which was located in his throat, was not made particularly manifest during his college life. When that college life was

drawing to a close Signor Brignoli—who, to see him now, would think it of him?—was in such delicate health that his physician suggested that he give up his studies and visit Paris for recreation. His father did send him to Paris, but with the double purpose of seeking recreation and continuing his books, and of looking about and selecting the profession of his life. Neither of his parents, his brothers or his sisters, had any of the musical gifts; but the young Signor, passionately found of it, gave himself up to its severe study, under the master Bordogni. Encouraged by a circle of musical friends with whom he had sung as an amateur, and particularly by some of the musical notabilities of the capital, who had incidentally heard him, he decided to make his appearance on the stage, and made his *début* in the Italian Opera in Paris, in "Linda." His success was marked, from the first, and at the end of the triumphant season he was at once engaged to sing in Berlin, Brussels, and several of the German cities, whither his fame preceded him. On his return to Paris, he received an offer to sing in the Grand Academy of Paris,—an honor accorded only to those who passed the severest tests. He was subjected to such tests by Meyerbeer and by Auber, was accepted, received an engagement and appeared in Rossini's "Moses in Egypt," with the famous Bosio.

As this engagement was drawing to a close, Maurice Strakosch, who was on a visit to Europe in search of artists for an American tour, was presented to Brignoli, and asked to hear his voice, Brignoli consented, and Strakosch himself accompanied him, the selection being the last *aria* of "Lucia." Strakosch was charmed and commenced negotiations, but he had all the negotiating to do, as Brignoli did not care to negotiate. Paris had now his esteem, and he was suspicious that he would not find things to his liking in New York. But Strakosch persisted, guaranteed him the greatest success here, and at last prevailed. The contract was signed for four months, as Brignoli would consent to leave Paris only for a short time; and in pursuance of it, in March 1855, Signor Brignoli made his first appearance in Opera in the New World, in "Lucia di Lamermoor, at the New York Academy of Music.

Brignoli found this country endurable, on trial. Scalping by the savages was a rare occurrence, comparatively, in the more thickly settled portions of New York city, and howling hyenas and round shouldered buffaloes did not, as a general thing, disturb the silence of the wilderness on Broadway. Result, Brignoli took a fancy to his new field, and the four months contract was extended. Then it was extended again; and one extension followed another, until it was nine years after he reached America before he visited Europe again. Then he went back for a couple of seasons on the Continent and a couple in London, under an engagement to sing in Opera with Adelina Patti, this over, in 1865, Mr. Bateman made him the most flattering offers to return, with Parepa, to our shores. He accepted, and he again appeared in his American field, which country he now declares he has adopted as his, and which he has taken steps to stay with, as a citizen.

This is "the short and simple annals" of Brignoli. It tells the hard, dry story of his life, but it gives no token of the brilliance of his career, and says nothing of the splendor of the talent which has served with him upon the mimic stage. The greatest of the *prima donne* of the two last decades have been associated with him in his art. Standing somewhat down in the corridors of Time, are Piccolomini Gazzaniga, Frezzolini, La Grange, Medori, and a score of others we cannot recall; Kellogg, Patti, Parepa and Nilsson are his more recent associates from that glittering throng. In that double decade, he has had the fiercest of rivalry to meet, and has vanquished it. There is no gainsaying the assertion that he has vanquished it, for in all his operatic tours, of late years,—better still in his present asso-

ciation with the Nilsson troupe,—he never fails to find favor with the public, and his appearance is ever greeted with a generous applause. In the sixteen years which he has given to us in America, his success has been so pronounced that Europe has sent one after another contestant for his well earned laurels, but they still adorn the brow of him who originally won the wreath. There were no less than thirty-three of the most pretensions of these contestants, and Brignoli has their names at his belt, even as the noble red man carries his scalps at his girdle to terrify his foes and encourage himself to farther deeds of valor. The list includes names which were made familiar to us all for a short season, and then passed away. We can scarcely recall one of them; but the name of Brignoli comes instantly to mind when the name of a tenor is in request; and in spite of the grand array, Brignoli retains his place, the favorite tenor of them all.

But if Brignoli has conquered the situation, and gained his place at the head of the list of tenors, he has not done so without meeting some severe and adverse criticism. His voice was always admired, but his manner upon the stage in the early part of his American career, gave mortal offense to the critics. He was not, they declared, sympathetic enough. He took no pains to conform to the action of the play. He treated the people,—so the indictment read, with contempt. There was some foundation for this complaint if he was to be judged only by his manner upon the stage; but acquaintance with him reveals the fact that his ways are nature's ways, that he is not the scornful individual that has been described, and that he only withholds dramatic action upon the stage because he has none to bestow. In later years, however, he has greatly improved in this regard, though it can never be expected that his talent as an actor, will overtake his excellence as a singer. When Edwin Forrest becomes a great tenor, Signor Brignoli will become a great actor.

America is not, as we have already intimated the most profitable soil for the cultivation of operatic enterprises, but Brignoli, conversant with it in Europe and America, is full of faith in its future here. Every year improves it; and, with added years of experience, he believes that America will improve upon Europe in appreciation and support of Opera. Here, it is, comparatively speaking, young. In Europe, its years have gathered into centuries, as we will now proceed to show by resuming our historical sketch which we left almost before we had fairly started with it. I was saying,—for I will begin anew:—

On the shining Mayday of , a band of rustic maids and matrons, with husbands and lovers in attendance, gathered in front of the little inn of the town of , in Italy. Brignoli, full of enthusiastic admiration for that sunny clime, is eloquent in recital of her operatic glories; yet strange as it may look to us, he locates the foremost musical city of Europe, not under her gorgeous skies, but beneath the smoky canopy which hovers over London. Next to London he classes Paris, then St. Petersburg. In America, Boston is, to his mind, the leading musical city, then New York, then Philadelphia, then Baltimore. Then on a sort of dead level lie all the cities of the West. Chicago is the most progressive of them all, and Detroit, so far as population will warrant trudes along closely upon her. Counting the number and talent of her musicians, Detroit is entitled to a front rank, relatively; but all condition banished, Chicago he believes to be the leading musical city of the west. Give her a good artistic attraction and she will support it. In this respect, he does not consider the two other large cities, St Louis and Cincinnati, reliable.

Boston is the foremost musical city in America, in his mind, because Boston is so like unto a gigantic family in the make up of its people.

New York falls short because she is such a composite work; with a community of Spaniards, a community of Germans, a community of French, a community of Italians, and with other communities innumerable, all in duling in a diversity of musical as well as other tastes. In this respect, Boston is akin to London, and Paris is like unto New York.

Grand as our Operas appear to us in the larger American cities, we have nothing like the mounting of the Operas brought out in Europe. We may have the same leading *artistes* brought to us at times, but the scenery, and the costumes, and the chorus, and the orchestra, and the *ensemble*, bear poor comparison with those of Europe. It is to be said of this, however, that in Europe, the opera is sustained by the Government, while here, the voluntary patronage of the people is depended upon for a remuneration. A stormy night makes the American manager desperate. In Europe the manager's gains are assured whether anybody comes to hear his music or not. In Europe, voluntary patronage is more to be depended on than here, because the people of Europe are educated to regard the Opera a necessity of life. In Europe, the man who has \$2 will pay 50 cents for his dinner and \$1 for the Opera; whereas, in America, where men feed their stomach before they do their ears, the dinner would take the precedence.

Detroit audiences have good reason to know that "Lucia" and "Lucretia Borgia" and "Don Pasquale," stand high in Brignoli's estimation. It is generally well known, too, that his first choice of all, is "Il Trovatore." And it may well be his favorite: for in this his first important successes were achieved. He is an enthusiast in the matter of its sweet airs, its choruses, and its dramatic capabilities. It is peculiarly an outgrowth of the music and legends of Italy where, as I remarked not long ago, on the shining Mayday of —, a band of rustic maids and matrons, with husbands and lovers in attendance gathered in front of the little inn—but it is too late to tell of this now, and we will take it up and end it at another time.

DER FREISCHUETZ.

Von Bulow The Pianist.

As it is intimated that this musical celebrity will soon pay us a visit it may be of interest to our readers to learn something of the man and his characteristics in advance. The following extract from the correspondence of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* was evidently written by one well qualified to pass judgment both on the individual and his manner of instruction.

"Von Bulow is a small man, with a thoroughly Prussian look, and, as all fine orchestral leaders, has a military martinet air. His head is that of a soldier more than that of an artist, small, compact, hard-looking as a hickory-nut. His eyes are large—a *Neur de la face*, as the French say—he wears a heavy brown moustache, a little Vandyk beard, which hides the shape of his mouth; his forehead recedes; the crown of his head is a little bald; the ears incline back, adding to the rather sharp belligerent expression of his keen little head and face.

"Von Bulow's manner of teaching is very earnest. A finger slipping on a note, a misunderstood expression of a passage, a timid execution, any slowness of comprehension, gives him exquisite, keen suffering—a look on probably seems more than a pupil—sometimes I thought the large, round eyes would roll out of his head with anguish, but the next moment the expression changed, and the face was as pleased as it had been an instant before displeased. He is extremely conscientious. It surprised me to see a man whose reputation, not only as an executant but as an orchestral leader, is so distinguished, take such real, vital interest in every detail of the mere lesson of the hour. Each pupil is treated with the same rigid, severe manner, also with the same individual interest. One of my pupils, who has been with him several years, and followed him from Munich to Florence, tells me that, for the first year or two, she shed tears at almost every lesson.

"I do not know what is the reason my pupils are all afraid of me," Bulow says; "I am sure I am very amiable—assez bon diable."

"Amiable he may be *au fond*, but as a teacher he is an exacting, sensitive one. He is not irritable nor impatient. He loves and honors his work too much, evidently, to be either. His demand upon his pupils and nervous sensitiveness are the causes of his great influence over them; they may not like him individually, but they cannot help following his lead; he seizes upon their minds, and carries them along with him. It would be impossible to miss gaining benefits from such lessons.

"He began the hour on the day I heard him, by writing off some difficult scale form. In thirds, and made the pupil take it through every mode and key. This uninteresting exercise was listened to as patiently and carefully as if it had been a fine Nocturne; indeed, no patience seemed to be required—it was done *con amore*; and with every correction there poured from his full mind the mathematical reason in harmony, the true grammar rule.

"Then followed an Etude of Moscheles, which he criticised, praised, took to pieces, put it together again; then, when he found that his pupil could not put out in it by his severe testing, he swept it aside quickly, saying 'I had been studied well, with true artistic industry.' A Polonaise of Chopin had been prepared for the lesson, but after the first movement he turned the leaves swiftly, and selected a fresh one. Von Bulow loses no time; the main thing he keeps always in view; when he sees that a pupil has caught the spirit, thoroughly comprehends the meaning of the composer in a piece, that is enough. This Polonaise had been taught to his pupil carefully in preceding lessons; he saw by the first movement that she stood firm in it, so he swept it aside for a new labor.

"His pupil preferred the Polonaise, Opus 26, No. 1, Von Bulow bowed and ended her having both to prepare. Opus 26, however, was taken in hand at the lesson. At the playing of the first chords he stopped her, of course, and after showing how they should be struck, he walked up and down the room imitating with both hands in a comical, unconscious way, the manner of attacking them, crying 'bravo!' when his pupil did as he wished, and at the slightest shadow of wrong looking as if life was at an end for him. These chords by the way, he strikes with an inward movement, as if he was driving the sound into the piano instead of drawing it out, as he did in the succeeding passages; at these following measures he stopped the player with a sharp air, and played the whole of the first movement with a delicious expression.

"That is the true expression," he said, 'and to get it you must do this.' Then he took the music all to pieces, made little sums of addition on a sheet of music paper, out of the fractions of notes. Von Bulow uses his pencil a great deal in teaching. He illustrates every direction on a bit of music paper, and then pokes the pencil over his right ear, as a counting-house clerk might; his rapid, hasty writing of groups of notes is no scribbling; it is as neat and precise as if carefully, or rather slowly, done; little, clear, fine notes, no blurring, and made with sharp stems.

"He must be studied carefully," he continued, 'to the smallest fraction. There may be musicians who get the expression by the grace of God and not by the grace of labor. I never did; the safest way is through hard work.'

"Then he again walked up and down the room, and, while his pupil played, he sang the exquisite melody of the Polonaise with an expression full of pathos and passion, his hands swinging about all the while, beating time and rhythm; sometimes his fingers went as if playing on an unseen piano, and his droll, full eyes rolled about as those in Maelzel's Chess Player.

"He has been thus exact in my description, because the manner in which such a master as Von Bulow teaches must be interesting to every musical student and professor. Liszt said of Von Bulow to a friend of mine:

"He is the finest executant, the finest leader and the finest teacher I know of."

Foreign Notes.

GROUND is unwell. The English climate does not agree with him.

OFFENBACH has arrived at Vienna, where he is expected to make a prolonged stay.

THE members of Riedel's Verein, at Leipzig, lately gave a performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solennis."

OLE BULL is not at present giving concerts, being engaged in writing a book, which he is to entitle, "The Soul of the Violin."

A NEW Comic Opera "Der St. Nicholas," music by M. Kopkoschay, words by M. Sabina, has been favorably received at the National Theatre, Prague.

MISS NELLIE HOLMAN, of the Holman Opera Troupe, was lately presented with a diamond cluster ring worth \$360, by some of her Toronto friends.

THE opening of the Lyceum Theater, London, with an Opera Bonito company, is announced. Signor Botteini's Opera, "Al Balu," is promised for the first night.

AN English Opera Company, in progress of formation by M^{me}. Parpa-Rose, will commence a series of performances in London, on a large scale next autumn.

THE oldest musician was Signor Galmih, who died in 1825, at the good ripe age of 138 years. He was a tenor singer, and the leader of the band to Pope Benedict the XIVth.

DR. VON SONNLEITNER, the only surviving musical friend of Beethoven, sent an invitation to some resident professors in London to assist at the centenary festival of the illustrious composer at Vienna.

WAGNER'S "Meistersenger," has been successfully produced at Leipzig, and "Lohengrin" has been given in German and French at the Hague. This is a favorite march with the Prussian bands at Versailles.

SIRMS REYES was again unable to keep his engagement at the recent Beethoven festival in Manchester. His place was supplied by Herr Stockhausen, who sang "Knowest thou the Land," and the "Liederkreis."

THE first concert of the Mozart at Salzburg was highly successful. The band fully sustained its reputation as one of the best in Germany, and, under the conductorship of Herr Bach, performed Mendelssohn's overture, "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt."

PRINCE PONIATOWSKI coquetries giving a performance of one of his sacred works very shortly, with the aid of M^{me}. Patti and other vocal celebrities. During the London season the Prince will give a selection from his lyrical productions, with orchestra and chorus.

ON Christmas Day and the two following Sundays, the use of other instruments beside the organ was introduced in the accompaniment of certain portions of the service at St. Albans, London. The Rev. H. A. Walker conducted the choir at this church with a baton or cantoral staff.

A COLOSSAL bust of Beethoven, by Professor Conrad Knoll, has created a great sensation at the exhibition of the Art Association, Munich. Franz Lechner, who, in his youth, was on intimate terms with Beethoven, says that the bust is the finest and best likeness he ever saw.

THE London Musical World, quoting a Boston opinion of M^{lle}. Nilsson, says: "Musical criticism in the United States seems to demand manifold qualifications. At all events it embraces considerable knowledge of millinery and dressmaking, as well as facility in pen-and-ink sketching."

AT the Russian Opera House, St. Petersburg, the first Opera of a young composer, by name Affanajeff, is in rehearsal, the same is true of Meyerbeer's "Prophete." At the Italian Opera the artists newly engaged for this season have appeared, but only two, M^{me} Sass and Signor Corsi, have produced anything like a favorable impression.

THE Australian musical societies seem to be conducted with considerable enterprise. From the programme of the Melbourne Philharmonic Society for the present season, we learn that Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and his "Reformation" Symphony, Molique's oratorio, "Abraham," and Verdi's "Ernani," will be among the works performed.

THE last violinist honored by the Tulleries was Lauterbach. The court concert at which he appeared, the final one of the season, took place in April, and at the end of the performance the Emperor sent him a golden snuff-box with the friendly message, "An revoir next spring." Ominously enough, the last choral number sung at this concert was struck up just as the message was delivered. It was a "Misereere!"

HARRISON MILLER, the American composer, according to *Brooklyn's Musical World*, "is diligently engaged on a work, which if completed, will mark an era in the annals of American music, as it will be the first four-act Italian Opera ever composed by an American, and if the two last acts to be written prove to be as meritorious as the first two, now published, we think his contribution to art will meet with an appreciative reception on the part of his countrymen, who will be proud to claim him as an American."

AMONG the papers of a well-known historian, lately deceased, there has been found at Schwerin, a broad octavo manuscript volume, in good condition, with Latin and German hymns, set to music, and presented by the first Saxo *Capellmeister*, Johann Walther, in 1530, to his friend, Martin Luther. This fact is proved beyond a doubt by a memorandum in the great Reformer's own hand, and the orthography of the time on the title page. The memorandum runs as follows: Hat my verehret meyn guter Freund Johann Walther, Composist Musica zu Torgaw, 1530. Dem Gottegeden Martinus Luther. (Presented to me by my good friend Herr Johann Walther, musical composer, Torgaw, 1530. May God bless him. Martin Luther.) The present owner of this manuscript treasure has submitted it to Herr Kade, musical director, with a view to its publication. Among the hymns contained in the collection are the two great features of the Lutheran hymn-book, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," and "Vater unser im Himmelreich."

The Song Journal.

FEBRUARY, 1871.

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Our Barque.

Progress is the key-note to success; the bugle-call which is marshaling the rank and file of this work-day world to the contest for wealth, power, place; the impelling force which animates all science; the end and aim of every human ambition, by which it oft-times outstrips the inspiration of genius; the finger-post to destiny; the beacon light which ignis-fatuus-like lures on to the unknown; the moveable fulcrum to a more than Archimedean lever. He who at the close of day can show no record of progress must be registered either as a brute or fool.

As an evidence that we do not belong to either of the classes last named we call attention with becoming pride to the self-evident proof of progress furnished by our present issue. Encouraged by the very cordial reception which greeted our initial number the publishers of the SONG JOURNAL have determined to meet liberality liberally, and to show to our numerous friends and the public, that we not only appreciate their favor but that the promise contained in our Introductory was not simply an idle tale. Having therein "declared our intentions" we propose to give strength to the faith already manifested in our words by our works. In our original prospectus we announced our intention to issue an eight page paper, we now propose to furnish double that number, without additional charge, and, should we meet with continued success, shall make such other additions as shall be warranted by the increase of our subscription lists. Our increased space will enable us more fully to carry out our designs and to furnish to our subscribers double the quantity of music and a largely increased amount of reading matter which we shall endeavor to make both attractive and instructive. We intend that the SONG JOURNAL shall occupy a prominent position in the front rank of musical serials and no effort on our part shall be spared to attain it. We expect to prove that our present enlargement is but the first step in that progressive march which shall speedily lead us to the end we seek, — a place at every Michigan fire-side.

Ye Olden Time.

Our esteemed friend, S. C. Coffinberry, has sent us a very acceptable article which we are obliged to defer until the next number. His manuscript is accompanied by a copy of the *Universal Magazine* for February, 1785. Though necessarily somewhat the worse for its eighty-six years of usefulness it is nevertheless entirely legible and presents a very quaint appearance, while the texture of its paper

and the antiquated style of its typography add to the interest which naturally attaches to any relic of the past. We find in its pages several articles on musical subjects and people, some of which it is our design to place before our readers; as near as may be in the style of the original.

Our Music.

In this number we give a pleasing polka, by J. H. Simons, entitled "Dripping Waters Polka" which will we think be found quite useful to young players; and also a song, by James E. Stewart, called "The days of Yore." Mr. Stewart's music has been so generally well received that his name is a guarantee of its worth and we anticipate a large demand for his present effort. The song published in our first number "Take Father's advice Willie dear" by M. H. McChesney is already becoming a favorite; an edition in sheet form is having a large sale.

Correspondence.

We are in receipt of several communications from friends in different parts of the State which we are unable to find a place for in this issue. We desire to express our thanks however to those who have favored us and trust that their example will be generally followed by those who have thoughts to express or queries to propound.

The Harmonies of every-day Life.

"There's music in the air." So says the old song and it is literally true for there is nothing more certain than that every vibration of our atmosphere, by whatsoever cause produced, brings to the listening ear, more or less distinctly, harmonic sounds. The majority of men, however, preoccupied by more engrossing subjects give them no heed, but the true musician with his finer susceptibilities kept keenly alive by the constant practice and requirements of his profession recognizes the tone-voices which are borne on every breeze and oft-times derives therefrom the inspiration of his most charming themes. In the busy hum of the work-day world the constant recurrence of certain sounds, and frequently the dire discord of their combination, causes them, by excess of familiarity, to pass unheeded, but a careful examination will soon demonstrate the fact that, in strict conformity to the laws of harmony, they blend with each other to produce ultimate harmonic resolutions, thus proving beyond the peradventure of a doubt the universality and all pervading existence of music throughout the realms of space. We find in the Boston *Transcript* a communication illustrative of this subject so entirely *a propos* that we give it place.

"When singers such as Nilsson are entrancing every listening ear within our city, the papers devote whole columns to lengthy and varied criticisms; but there is a band of vocal performers who are daily and hourly giving free and public concerts to the million, yet I cannot call to mind a single instance when I have heard a word of commendation or otherwise spoken of them; in fact, I do not believe the musical critic, so called, walking up Washington street from his business on an afternoon, is even conscious that the little newsboy, standing on the corner, is crying 'Herald! five o'clock!' to the exact concert pitch of A; neither when his companion across the way strikes in, pitching his tone to C, that it ever enters his mind that it is a perfect minor third; and again, when the third and last young penetrating voice adds his 'Times, two cents!' taking shrilly the upper E, that he ever feels an almost irresistible desire to make up the lacking part, by lifting his voice on the tenor A, and thus complete the chord. Then for a moment they are silent; but soon the boy on the corner commences again with his A, closely followed by the C, but this time our E is busy making change for a customer, and in his place a still younger and sharper voice brings in his 'Great battle in Europe!' on high F. Does our friend, who without doubt has the whole vocabulary of musical expressions on his tongue's end, drop his voice to the lower F and bring out the harmony of

the resolve, and by taking the bass complete this strange quartette?

"In one of the greatest and most masterly compositions of Beethoven, the Ninth Symphony, he brings in almost the precise change. In fact it is one of, if not the most magnificent resolve in the whole symphony; and I doubt not many an exclamation of surprise, many a word expressive of the greatest enthusiasm, will be uttered of those thrilling chords, 'Fore God, fore God!' They fill one with such a feeling of awe that you could, and without profanity, almost imagine it the harmony swelling and vibrating through the courts of heaven, the conductor the Savior of mankind, and the chorus the multitude of angels assembled round the throne of the Most High, praising with heart and soul the Creator of all sounds, God himself. To a person who, as Shakespeare expresses it, bath music in himself, who is moved with concord of sweet sounds, it requires not such combination, such grandeur as one finds in the Ninth Symphony, to start the magnetic current so susceptible to sound existing within him.

"There are many little and accidental instances happening almost every day wherein he can see and find pleasure; though to those differently constituted such occurrences would exist only as an unnoticed or an unappreciated noise. I remember a circumstance of this kind which I observed, and was, to some extent, connected with, which took place not many months ago.

"Four of us were seated around a small table, our 'Arions' in our hands and our tuning-fork beside us. Our books were opened to that beautiful minor composition of Kreutzer's, 'Hark! above us on the mountains'; our tenor took the fork in his hand, struck it against the edge of the table and held the end on the marble stand of the lamp, that we all might be benefited by its note. Instantly a clear, strong, deep tone filled the whole apartment. We looked at each other with surprise and wonder distinctly written on each countenance. What could it mean? Was it our little tuning-fork which we had listened to so often that was thus singing forth its C? Our tenor lifted it from the lamp, but even then, for a minute, the tone continued. Then, I presume, that the engineer, enough steam having escaped, turned the crank and the friendly whistle of the engine on the Boston & Maine road ceased—nothing but the whistle of a locomotive. Yet the simple coincidence of its blowing on the same pitch, and at the same time that our fork was sounding, gave a greater glow of pleasure to the whole hour; and although I have since passed many an evening in a similar manner, yet of them all this, and this only, stands out clearly and distinctly against the musical horizon of the past year; such power has the harmonious mingling of sounds."

"Die Wacht am Rhein."

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that many if not all of the most popular national airs have been the compositions of men not otherwise noted for their musical works. The subjoined account of the resurrection, so to speak, of the long neglected author of the song which has filled not only Prussia but all Germany with enthusiasm, is by a correspondent of the London Times.

"For two days Berlin has been suffering from a violent attack of Carl Wilhelm on the brain. Passing by the Hotel du Nord on Friday evening, I was surprised to find the broad expanse Unter den Linden so thronged that the five roads which together form the finest thoroughfare in Europe were all impassable. Immediately in front of the hotel a space was kept clear for a compact body of men, each of whom carried a kind of Chinese lantern at the top of a stick. A huge banner floated in the center, and as a *baton* was raised aloft a stream of full rich harmony burst upon the ear. Carl Wilhelm had arrived to conduct a concert, and the singers of Berlin had improvised a serenade in his honor. Of course he had to appear, and he was also compelled to accept the customary 'Sangerkuss'—an osculatory salutation which he seemed not at all to expect. After many cheers and many part songs the mass of torchbearers broke up into separate groups; the tiny line of colored lights gradually fading away in different directions, until they were ultimately lost in the damp, foggy air. The entertainment had the double advantage of being cheap and harmless; and its spontaneousness must have much gladdened the heart of the recipient, as he is said to have been bewildered by so many emphatic proofs of his sudden popularity.

"Byron's assertion of himself, that he awoke one

day and found himself famous, may be applied with stricter accuracy to Carl Wilhelm. If, four months ago, you had canvassed the thousands who, the other evening, encumbered the chief artery of slowly circulating Berlin, you would probably not have found one person familiar even with the name of the hero of to-day. I have not met with anybody who had heard of the man before the present war. I suppose a few yellowed copies of a certain old song of his lay hidden in some forgotten shelf in a music seller's warehouse; but the masses wasted their dust upon the desert air, and the composer was buried in the heart of the Thuringian Forest. Suddenly the Rhinish frontier is threatened. Somebody recollects an old song suited to the emergency; it instantly strikes the popular fancy, and 'Die Wacht am Rhein' becomes the motto of a new crusade. The stirring melody is carried from town to town; it flies along with every train that carries troops to the front; it is re-echoed in every public assembly; and, in a few days, it resounds through the length and breadth of Germany. Not till everybody knows the song by heart does any one think of inquiring about the composer, and for some time it is doubtful if he be still alive. At last he is unearthed in Schmalkalden—an old town on the way from Cobourg to Cassel, known to the manufacturing world as one huge smithy, and familiar to the historical inquirer as the place where the Protestant League was established by Luther and Melancthon. The composer seems to have remained hidden in his quiet Thuringian home while his winged melody was leading his countrymen on from victory to victory until they reached the very heart of Imperial France. Happy the man whose muse can stimulate his brethren to such noble deeds; happier he who lives to witness the extent of his influence, and to receive a ready tribute to his power.

"At last Carl Wilhelm has been enticed *aus seiner Heimath*—to quote the advertisements which refer to his 'home' as though it were in Australia, instead of being within easy railway distance—to conduct a performance of his famous hymn. The great event was fixed for to-night; every place was sold days ago, and it was only from those hateful speculators, who seem to thrive in Berlin now as well as they used to thrive in Paris, that tickets were to be had. The Circus Renz, an area about as large as the Cirque de l'Imperatrice in the Champs Elysees, but holding many more people, was crammed to suffocation long before Carl Wilhelm was announced to appear.

"When the time had arrived for a certain triumphal march of his composition, he came forward in the likeness of a good tempered, not very clever or bright-looking man, on the shady side of fifty. His thin hair and scanty beard are iron-gray, his complexion is sallow, his eyes are somewhat dull and heavy, and his general appearance is unquestionably commonplace. If you noticed him in the street, you would take him to be a village schoolmaster. I am quite accustomed to be disappointed by the personal appearance of men whose published works have led their readers to form involuntarily an idea of their own; but I cannot call to mind any man who has made for himself a name in the world whose face is so destitute of expression as that of Carl Wilhelm. He is very diffident in manner, and seemed utterly bewildered by the storm of applause that burst upon him on every side when he was led upon the platform. I dare say nobody is so much surprised at his sudden elevation to popularity as Carl Wilhelm himself.

"Lastly came 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' and the familiar strains seemed to take new meaning from the composer's presence and direction. It is rather the fashion here to sneer at the song of 1870, and it may be well that the Berliners have heard somewhat too much of it. It may be, too, that, as I first heard it in the very heart of actual war, the melody speaks to me through the memory no less than through the ear. But it cannot be denied that in 'Die Wacht am Rhein' music and meaning are most happily married. In the facility with which it may be remembered, the song fulfills one of the first conditions of a truly national lyric; and the plaintive character of the piano passage 'Lieb Vaterland magst ruhig sein,' renders the hymn much more susceptible of variety of expression than the majority of patriotic compositions. A song must have something in it to become the exponent of a nation's chivalry. When the hymn had been twice repeated, some enthusiast called out for a 'Hoch' to Carl Wilhelm; and the composer had again to stand on the platform while the singers all around him thundered 'Er lebe hoch!' When he goes back to homely Schmalkalden, the echoes of the voices he has heard to-night will surely often come to cheer him a vacant, dreary, desolate day."

Which are the best Pianos.

From a recent number of the *New York Commercial Advertiser* we make the following extract in order to show to our readers the opinions expressed by two of the most eminent pianists now in this city:—

"Mr. Hoffman very candidly acknowledged that a large portion of his success was due to the magnificent Chickering grand piano upon which he performed, and we have faith in his acknowledgment, for we have never heard a piano tell out so wonderfully in so large a hall. Even after the full orchestra, its entire scale sounded full, sonorous, and richly melodious. It answers to every demand of the player. In the forte passages, nothing was lost; there was no confusion of sounds, but every note of the execution, no matter how rapid, or whether in the middle or lower register, every note was heard with perfect distinctness. Its full power was really grand, and its treble so penetrating, and yet so round, rich, and sweet, was melodious as the rippling of water. In the sadante, the higher qualities were perceptible to all. Its rich, tender, sympathetic, and almost vocal beauty, gave tone and delicious coloring to all that the artist uttered, or, in other words, it responded to the emotions of his soul, giving back sentiment to sentiment, as heart responds to heart. If a piano can speak, that splendid Chickering grand spoke last night, and with an eloquence that touched and delighted every hearer. There was but one universal expression of admiration for its surpassing beauty. Mr. S. B. Mills played upon this same piano, at Irving Hall, a few evenings since, Tausky's enormously difficult waltz, and after creating a perfect *furor* among the most fashionable audience of the season, he said emphatically, 'that for the first time, on any piano he has ever heard of, a greater compliment or a more valuable opinion could hardly be paid or given to a piano-forte. That both were thoroughly deserved, every one who listened to it last night under Mr. Hoffman's hand will fully endorse. With such instruments to work with, higher or more emotional interpretation of music is possible, and the piano may now be said to have a voice with which all expression is possible.'"

The name of Chickering's has for half a century been identified with the manufacture of pianos in this country, in such a manner that a history of the operations of the house would give a fair record of the history of American piano-making. They were the first to make pianos in America; they have always stood first in successive improvements which have rendered the American piano famous in the Old World, and to-day enjoy in both hemispheres the same prominence which they have always held, although from time to time other manufacturers have introduced specialties of greater or less importance.

This house dates back farther than any other in the United States (for the Chickering's are known to be the oldest makers in this country) they have sent out more pianos than perhaps any other two makers; and have stood pre-eminent during all this time, and overcome all competition, both in this country and in Europe, until they finally received the originating triumph at the Paris Exposition, the "Cross of the Legion of Honor."

Of the particular merits of the Chickering pianos it is not necessary to speak in detail. Their qualities have been judged by men from whose decision there is no appeal. The first pianists in the world have, after full trial, given them the preference over all others. The manufacturers are resolved that the world-wide reputation already acquired shall be preserved, and they are fully aware that this can only be done by the exercise of constant skill and skill, and by the adoption of such well-tested improvements as will tend to maintain the superiority of their instruments.

Their uniform success has been due to legitimate causes. Inventive talent, thoroughness in every detail of work, the use of the best materials, constant attention to the latest advances of the applied sciences, liberality in the pay of competent workmen and in the purchase of stock, and a long and accumulated experience, have accounted for the success of the Chickering's. These, more than the deserved honors bestowed at the French Exposition have contributed to build up and sustain the confidence which is everywhere felt in the Chickering pianos. It is for this reason, that not only have their instruments taken prizes innumerable on both sides of the Atlantic, but that un instructed purchasers feel such a degree of assurance in the splendid and enduring qualities of any instrument which bears the name of so trustworthy a house.

Tager Lines.

NILSSON was at Cincinnati and again unwell at last accounts. PONTIAC has a Choral Union which bids fair to become a success.

The Lang family of Cleveland have been concerting at Sandusky.

The Orphans Society of Cincinnati have fitted up a new hall recently.

ELLIAR.—The Cleveland Harmonic Society is engaged in the rehearsal of this oratorio.

PHILIP PHILLIPS was to give a sacred concert in Knoxville, Tenn., January 30th.

OTYD was treated to a concert by the Baptist choir and other musical talent January 18th.

The Russians have been giving their excellent concerts at Cincinnati and other points south for the past month.

CARL FEININGER is the name of a rising violinist in New York. His wife is also favorably mentioned as a soprano.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS had the good fortune to find the Chicagoans in an amiable mood and was consequently received with favor.

CLARA PERL has been engaged by Max Maretzek for the German Opera Troupe which is making a tour of the Eastern cities.

MRS. KRESS the pianist has been playing in matinee at New York. She was assisted by her mother, who is an excellent vocalist.

DULUTH is to have a musical, literary and dramatic society, the Germans of that rising city having taken the matter in hand.

The Brooklyn, N. Y., *Exile* asserts that the Swedish orations to Nilsson have been gotten up by Max Strakosch as an advertising dodge.

KALAMAZOO COLLEGE.—The musical department of this institution is in charge of Mrs. L. H. Trowbridge, whose qualifications we can endorse.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP made her appearance in Philadelphia for the first time since her voyage around the world on the evening of the 14th ult. MADAME BISHOP, who has been recently lecturing in Boston on the rise and progress of dramatic music, dates its origin as far back as the ninth century.

ST. PAUL.—This oratorio was produced by the Toledo Mendelssohn Union at a public rehearsal on the evening of January 11th in a highly successful manner. We congratulate friend Hahn.

STANTON was invaded by the Greenville Cornet Band and subjected to the indignity of a concert December 30th. The citizens seem to have escaped serious injury and have dared them to do it again.

MADAME VARIAN-HOFFMAN sang at an afternoon concert in New York, January 14th, and was warmly applauded. Miss Tedeska the violinist appeared at the same time and is spoken of as a finished performer.

PAW PAW was enlivened by the sessions of the Van Buren Musical Association on the 13th and 14th of last month. The exercises were under the direction of Prof E. Cook and terminated with a public rehearsal.

The Leslie Brass Band is said to be in full blast. The resident editor quotes Milton and requests them to delay serenading him from which we judge that their performances are more energetic than entrancing.

JAMES G. CLARK, author of "The Beautiful Hills" and other popular music is giving a series of concerts at the East for the benefit of the National Orphans' Homestead at Gettysburg, Pa. He appeared in Buffalo on the 12th ult.

LEXINGTON.—The musical citizens of this place have united in the formation of a society for the cultivation of their talents; a fact which we are pleased to chronicle. We trust they will prosper and persevere, and that other towns in the State will do likewise.

L. O. ERKINSON, well known as the author of much excellent church music, conducted the exercises at the Annual Convention of the Chautauque County Musical Association, which commenced its sessions January 31st. We should be delighted to hear of his coming to this State on a similar mission.

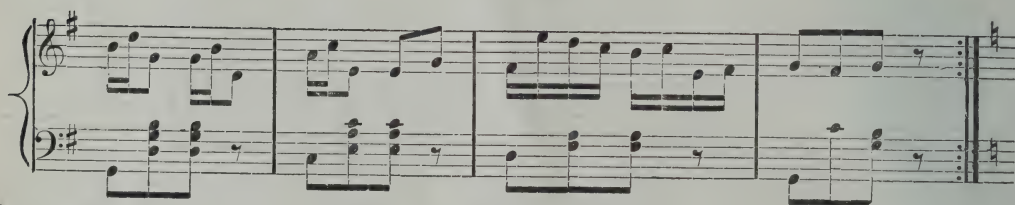
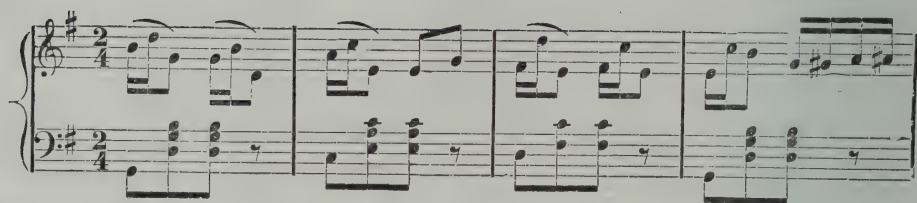
CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG has "struck it." She visited Titusville, Pa., on the 5th ult., and was so delighted with her reception and the net results that she declared herself the happiest of mortals and distributed oriental favors to guests of the Crittenden House after the close of her concert.

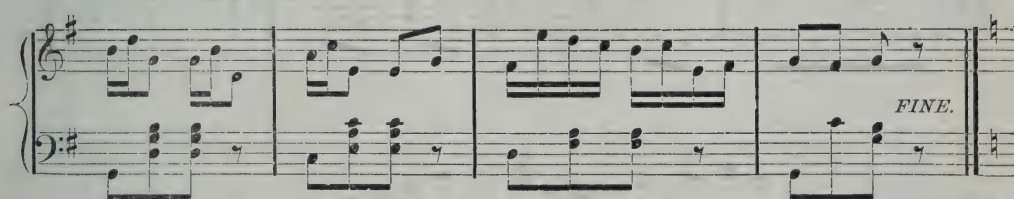
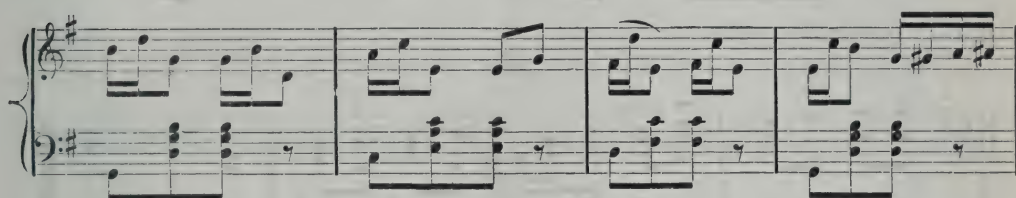
HAYMAKERS.—This popular cantata was presented by the Musical Association of Erie, Pa., on the 18th of January, and was received with such favor as to warrant its repetition which took place on the 18th. We are, pleased, to notice that our quondam friend Little carried off his full share of the honors.

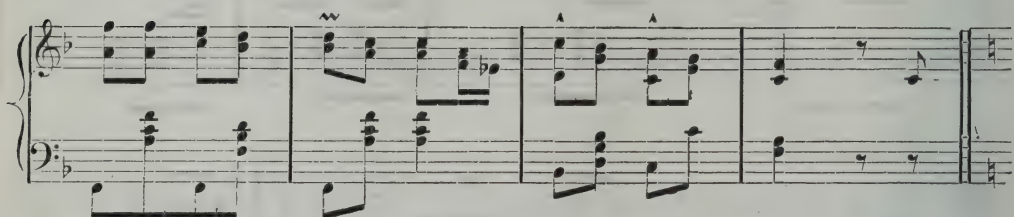
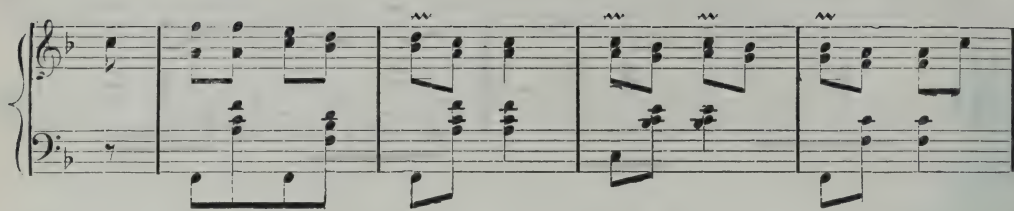
The Ninth Regiment Band, the new organization instituted by Col. Jim Fluke, has already given several public performances, which have been generally well spoken of by the New York press. It numbers over one hundred first class performers, under the direction of Carlo Patti and is doubtless the finest military band on this continent.

DRIPPING WATERS POLKA

J. H. SIMONDS.





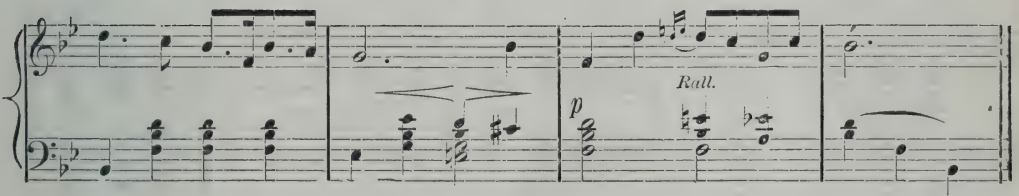
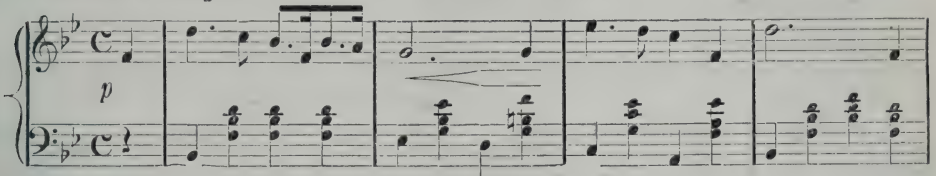


THE DAYS OF YORE.

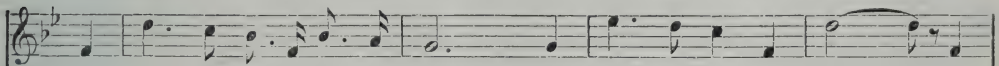
Words by R. DOWNING.

Music by JAS. F. STEWART.

Moderato e con affetto.



4. I'm think - ing of my youthful friends, To me so loved and dear, Whose



1. I'm think - ing of my hap - py home, Near by the babbling stream— Of

2. I'm think - ing of the crys - tal lake— So calm, so smooth, so fair— Whose

3. I'm think - ing of the old oak - tree, Where con - stant by my side, Sat



mirth and jokes oft cheered my heart, But now no more shall hear; For

childhood's gay and mer-ry scenes, And whim of youth-ful dream; When
wa-ters swept my boat a-long, 'Neath moonlight beam-ing there; While
she the ob-ject of my love, The one I made my bride; 'Twas

ma-ny of them rest and sleep, *mf* Be-neath the churchyard sod; But

life seemed glid-ing down its brink, With calm un-ruf-fled flow, And
near its banks the cow-slips grew, With such be-witch-ing spell; When
there with her en-dear-ing charms, She made me feel so blest; Hope

O, I'm sure they're gone to dwell Where lives their friend and God.

Rall. dolce.
sweets of love within my breast, Made all things bright be-low.
wan-ing night sent forth a kiss, The dew-drops trick-ling fell.
crowned the dreams of fu-ture bliss, And calmed my heav-ing breast.

CHORUS.

5

Soprano. mf

I'm think - ing of my hap - py home, Near by the bab - bling stream—

Alto.

I'm think - ing of my hap - py home, Near by the bab - bling stream—

Tenor.

I'm think - ing of my hap - py home, Near by the bab - bling stream—

Bass.

mf

mf *Sotto voce.* *f* *Rall.*

Bab - bling stream— bab - bling stream—Near by the bab - bling stream.

Bab - bling stream— bab - bling stream—Near by the bab - bling stream.

mf *Colla voce.* *f*

p *Rall.*

The musical score is written for four vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "I'm think - ing of my hap - py home, Near by the bab - bling stream—". The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment is written below the vocal staves. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment is written below the vocal staves.

C. J. WHITNEY & CO'S.
MONTHLY BULLETIN
OF
NEW AND POPULAR MUSIC.
FEBRUARY, 1871.

EXPLANATION OF LETTERS AND FIGURES.

The Letters indicate the Key in which the piece is written. The Figures indicate the degree of difficulty: 1, very easy; 2, easy; 3, medium; 4, difficult. DK, different keys.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment

Take Father's advice, Willie Dear.

Song and Chorus, G 2. *M. H. McChesney* 30

Take Father's advice, now Willie my dear,
Be honest in all that you do,
In passing through life there is nothing to fear,
If you are but manly and true.
No matter if frowns on your labor are cast,
No matter if no one will cheer,
You'll reap the reward with trials are past,
Take Father's advice, Willie dear.

This new song is already meeting with great success, its melody is simple, but pleasing, and the sentiment of the words is A. 1.

Annie's Violets.

Song and Chorus, F 3. *C. Hints* 35

I walked to-day in the ancient wood,
With a brooklet flowing through;
And I thought that again sweet Annie stood,
On the brook where the violets grew.
And again I gazed in the clear blue eye,
And held her hand in mine;
While the little streamlet murmuring by,
Made melody divine.
A composition of rare merit.

Coquette (The)

Song, A 3. *Coffinberry.* 35

Let Love weave his garlands for those that will wear them,
And sigh while they wither away;
Let Love bind his fetters on those that will bear them,
Let others still wear them that may;
I will laugh in Love's face, I will ever be free
From the hands that entangle the heart,
No lover's soft sigh, no Cupid for me,
I've broken the point of his dart.

A charming song for Soprano. Is already very popular.

Cuckoo's Song (The)

Song and Chorus, D 3. *F. H. Pease* 35

Chill blows the Autumn wind,
Through leafless trees;
We go, fresh fields to find,
Brighter than these;
Where 'neath a cloudless sky,
Blue waters gleaming lie,
We shall repose
Where the wind's perfumed sigh
Just waves the rose.

As sung by the favorite American Prima Donna, Miss Florence Rice. The chorus is a masterpiece of effect. Just adapted to the concert room.

Ellen Dear.

Scotch Song, C 2. *M. H. McChesney* 35

Ellen is my apple ripe,
Ellen is my pear,
Ellen is my heart's delight,
I love her as 'the year;
Ellen is my bonnie lass,
Fairer than the May,
Ellen's cheek is like the rose,
I love her as 'the day.
When the dew's a 'glomin' fa'
On the budding flowers,
Ellen's lips are sweeter far,
I love her every hour.

It's just the prettiest thing out, and has the true Scotch ring.

From out the Darkness.

Sacred Song and Chorus, B 3. *M. H. McChesney.* 35

The words by Prof. J. M. B. Sill, of Detroit. The music is of a high order, and we can safely recommend the piece to all lovers of good music. Equally adapted to parlor or church use.

earth and Home.

Song, Duett and Chorus, G 2. *Lizzie Bross.* 30

Whistle the bleak winds, Allie,
Oh! but it's good to be warm!
Many a March we've weathered,
Many a wild, wild storm.

Could we be young again, Allie, dear Allie,
Love would be prized alone,
We would count none of earth's treasures, dear Allie,
So dear as the home hearthstone.

Just the thing for festive use. You will like it if you try it.

Little Bessie.

Song and Chorus, B 2. *Porter.* 30

Fold me closer, closer, mother,
Draw your arms around me tight,
I'm so cold and tired, mother,
And I feel so strange to-night.
Something hurts me here, dear mother,
Like a stone upon my breast,
Oh! I wonder, wonder, mother,
Why it is I cannot rest?
Young people all like it.

Maggie O'Roan.

Irish Song, A 3. *M. H. McChesney.* 35

"Dennis O'Casey make yourself aisy,
Don't think for love o' ye will die soon:
Sne all the bathory of your swate bathery
Niver will win for ye Maggie O'Roan."
Faith, I can tell to ye, all that befo to ye
Yesterday courtin' Miss Pat McGoon;
So just take your blarney and jog to Killarney
And don't waste your swateness on Maggie O'Roan.
The melody is truly an Irish one, and the sentiment is full of fun.

Over and over Again.

Song, F 2. *G. D. Herrick.* 35

A good sensible song, with a fine moral tendency.

*Rose of Springwells (The)

Song and Chorus, A 3. *H. M. McChesney.* 60

How sweet is the Spring when the soft winds are blowing,
When the cold blast of Winter has fled from the scene,
When our white bosomed river in beauty is flowing,
And nature is decked with her mantle of green.

How grand are thy banks, oh, thou clear winding river,
When bespangled with lilies and bonny blue-bells;
How oft among thy groves I have wandered with Jeannie,
My own darling Jeannie, the Rose of Springwells.

A bright flowing song, with accompaniment rather more difficult than usual, but still within the reach of players of ordinary ability. The chorus and refrain are particularly beautiful. The title alone is worth the money.

Sweetly thine eyes are on me Beaming.

Song and Chorus, A 2. *I. C. V. Wheat.* 35

Sweetly thine eyes are on me beaming,
Winning my soul with their brightest ray;
While 'neath their glow my heart lies dreaming,
And sweetly float the hours away.

Sweet hours that no sadness borrow
From the bright moments of the day,
Nor let me fear the coming morrow
Will steal the joys that round me play.

Already very popular and destined to be more so.

Both melody and chorus are worked up in the most charming manner. Just the thing for a serenade.

There's a smile that awaits me at Home.

Song, G 3. *M. F. H. Smith.* 35

Troubles we fancy are heavy to bear
In travelling life's dreary way,
Some are heart-broken with sorrow and care,
While others are cheerful and gay.

One of this favorite author's best efforts. It is crowded full of beauty.

*Under thy Lattice.

Song and Chorus, D 2. *Smith.* 40

Another splendid serenade.

When you are far Away.

Song and Chorus, F 2. *W. Hewitt.* 30

The perfumed breath of joyous spring
Is borne upon the breeze,
The Nightingale and Mavis sing
Once more beneath the trees,
Each chestnut branch that blows above
Is white as hawthorn spray,
But summer is not summer, lover,
When you are far away.

This composition stamps the author as an earnest, faithful musician. We commend it to every body.

Yes, I'll Remember Thee.

Song, D 3. *M. F. H. Smith.* 30

No other form can fill the heart
That beats so true for thee,
No other smile can joys impart
Till life shall fade from me.
The sacred vows thy life hath breathed,
Shall ne'er be forgotten be,
For thou hast never yet deceived,
Yes, I'll remember thee.

An answer to Balfe's beautiful song, "Then you'll remember me."

The Angels are waiting for me.

Song and Chorus, F 2. *M. F. H. Smith.* 35

The Angels are waiting for me,
How swiftly, how surely time flies.
I'm hiding farewell to this earth
And going to my home in the skies.

Full of pathos and beauty. One of the author's best efforts.

Lilly of the Lea.

Song and Chorus, G 3. *Jas. E. Stewart.* 35

"How I love thee none can tell,
In my heart thou'er shalt dwell.
More than life thou art to me
Darling Lilly of the Lea."

This beautiful song has already reached a large sale and is written in a thoroughly artistic manner, we predict that it will become a standard popular song.

*Mary Lee.

Song and Chorus, B 3. *F. H. Pease* 50

The brook goes tinkling down the hill
Singing toward the sea,
While in the shadow of the mill
Sits modest Mary Lee.

One rosy cheek, one dimpled hand,
A smile and then a dream,
Come sailor lover, seek the lassie
Sleeping by the stream.

One of sweetest pieces ever written. The sentiment of the poetry and the music are in perfect sympathy, and the movement is peculiarly graceful.

Only a little while longer.

Song and Chorus, E 2. *M. H. McChesney.* 50

"They are gone, they are gone, not a friend have I here,
One by one dropping like leaves in the eare,
Till the last one has passed o'er the river so cold,
Leaving me friendless and lonely and old."

Wait but a little while longer,
Wait but a little while longer,
Visions of glory will dawn on my sight
If I wait but a little while longer.

The above is one of the most exquisite songs yet written by this talented author, and who love good sentiment, combined with beautiful music, should order the piece at once. We are sure it will please.

Raking it in.

Song and Chorus, G 2. *M. H. McChesney.* 35

As sung by the Pixley & Grannie troupe. It hits everybody.

Rose of the Valley.

Song, 3. *J. R. Thomas.* 35

This author has been so long before the American public, that any recommendation of his songs is not needed. The above is fully up to the standard of his very best.

Time and Fate.

Duo and quartette for male voices, G 4. *C. C. Coffinberry.* 40

Fall of fun and sentiment, and very effective.

Sweetly Dream Villetta.

Song and Chorus, D 2. *I. V. C. Wheat.* 40

O'er the tropical seas, on a beautiful isle,
Villetta is dreaming 'neath the angels' soft smile,
Where hymns of the breeze, with murmuring streams,
All mingled in one, like the sunlight's soft beams.
One of the most dreamy, graceful melodies ever published. Is already a great favorite and is destined to reach an immense sale.

Instrumental.

PIANO.

Song of the Rain.

Polka, E 3. *W. Hewitt.* 45

The description is so perfect that the listener wants to get an umbrella right off.

Fairy Footsteps.

Schottisch, C 2. *W. B. Colson.* 30

One of the sweetest things ever written for little folks. Send for it.

*Essex.

Grand March, DK 3. *Jas. E. Stewart.* 50

A magnificent march of moderate difficulty, embellished with fine Chromo Lithograph. Twelve editions already sold.

Grand March des Dryads.

March, DK 3. *M. H. McChesney* 40

As performed in the Fairy Operetta, "The Naiad Queen." Splendid Octave practice.

Lonely Hours.

Theme with Variations, A 3. *Norris.* 50

One of the best teaching pieces yet issued, brilliant but not difficult. It is already a great favorite.

*Bird in the tree.

Polka, E 3. *W. Hewitt.* 40

A vein of singing birds and murmuring trees is heard throughout the entire piece.

Western gems, for little fingers.

No. 1 Robin Waltz, *Cleghorn.* 20No. 2 Bright Day Mazurka, *J. M. LeBeaum.* 20No. 3 Fanny Fern Galop, *J. M. LeBeaum.* 20

The above are classed in grade 1 and are in great demand by teachers. We are glad to see our little friends take to them so kindly.

Pieces marked (*) are embellished with beautiful illuminated title pages.

Any of the above pieces will be mailed, postpaid on the receipt of the marked price.

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197 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

C. J. WHITNEY & CO.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD. WINTER TIME TABLE.

TAKING EFFECT, MONDAY, JAN. 23, 1871.

GOING WEST—MAIN LINE.

Through trains leave Detroit as follows:
Mail 7.10 A. M.; Day Express 9.00 A. M.; Evening Express 5.35 P. M.; Pacific Express (Sundays included) 9.50 P. M.; connecting with the various branch lines, as below, and arriving at Chicago at 3.30 P. M.; 8.00 P. M.; 6.30 A. M.; and 8.00 A. M. respectively.
The Dexter Accommodation leaves Detroit at 4.00 P. M.

AIR LINE DIVISION.

Mail train leaves Jackson at 10.55 A. M. and arrives at Niles at 3.50 P. M., connecting with Mail Train on Main Line at both places.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY DIVISION.

Leaves Jackson at 1.00 P. M. (Day Express); 5.10 P. M. (Evening Express), and 4.00 A. M. (Pacific Express), arriving at Grand Rapids at 4.45 P. M.; 9.35 P. M., and 11.50 A. M., respectively.

DETROIT, HILSDALE & INDIANA R. R. Leave Ypsilanti at 8.45 A. M. and 6.00 P. M. on arrival of Mail and Dexter Accommodation.

FT. WAYNE, JACKSON & SAGINAW R. R. Leave Jackson at 6.00 A. M.; 1.10 P. M., connecting with Day Express from Detroit; and 6.00 P. M.

JACKSON, LANSING & SAGINAW R. R. Leave Jackson at 6.20 A. M.; 11.30 A. M. (runs only to Lansing), and 3.30 P. M., and arrive at Wemona at 12.40 P. M. and 9.40 P. M.

Trains arrive at Detroit as follows:
Atlantic Express 3.45 A. M.; Night Express 7.40 A. M.; Dexter Accommodation 9.50 A. M.; Mail 10.30 P. M.; and Day Express 6.55 P. M.

Mail Trains and Day Express run daily, except Sundays; Pacific Express, west, and Atlantic Express, east, daily; Evening Express, west, daily except Sundays and only to Jackson on Saturdays; Night Express, east, and Dexter Accommodation, daily except Saturdays and Sundays.

Pullman Palace Cars on all night trains and Ladies' Cars on all day trains.

Trains run by Chicago time.

H. E. SARGENT, Gen. Supt., Chicago.

C. H. HURD, Asst. Gen. Supt., Detroit.

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Temple Choir,	1.50	13.50
True Choir,	1.50	13.50
Key Note,	1.50	13.50
Harp of Judah,	1.50	13.50
Jubilant Voices,	1.50	13.50

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C. J. WHITNEY & CO.

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	Retail.	Per doz.
The Song Garland,	\$0.35	\$3.50
The Prize,40	4.00
Silver Spray,35	3.50
Bright Jewels,35	3.50
Fresh Laurels,35	3.50
Silver Wings,35	3.50
New Golden Shower,35	3.50
Golden Censer,35	3.50
New Golden Chain,35	3.50
The Signet Ring,35	3.50

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HAVE RECEIVED

SEVENTY-SIX

FIRST

PREMIUMS

Over all Competition,

FOR THE

SUPERIORITY

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VOLUME I.

DETROIT, MARCH, 1871.

NUMBER III.

(Original.) Influence of Music.

How the dream-like and elfin-like sweet music lingers
Round the tips of your delicate fairy-like fingers!
How it springs from the strings to shadow the soul of
you.

Taking my place here and claiming the whole of you!
Rising, and sinking, and charming, and glowing,
While your color, my darling, keeps coming and going!

Let your long hair, love, in ripples descending
On the sweet music float—a pure stream never ending,
Of bright golden fragrance, so swelling about you,
That music hereafter shall seem soulless without you,
Glancing and dancing in bright overflowing,
While your color, my darling, keeps coming and going!

Dreaming—your music is now on the past, love;
Dreaming—I'm dreaming of all that must last, love:
Of all our sweet plans that are founded on Charity;
Of our Faith in each other, dear, stronger than verity;
Of Hope that is firmer because it is growing,
And your color, my darling keeps coming and going.

Bright must the future be dreamed of so brightly,
Pressed by your musical fingers so lightly!
Happy my hearth, sweet, because you have blessed it,
Happy my glad heart, because you've caressed it,
And the past and the future together are glowing
While your color, my darling, keeps coming and going!

DETROIT, MICH.

MARY MACKLIN.

"Old Times."

There's a beautiful song on the slumb'rous air.
That drifts through the valley of dreams,
It comes from a clime where the roses were,
And a tuneful heart and bright brown hair,
That waned in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,
Snow-white foreheads are there,
A glimmering Cross and a glittering Crown,
A thorny bed and a couch of down,
Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.

A breath of spring in the breezy woods,
Sweet wafts from the quivering pinces—
Blue violets, eyes beneath green hoods,
A bubble of brooklets, a scent of buds,
Bird warbles and clambering vines.

A rosy wreath and dimpled hand,
A ring and a plighted vow;
Three golden links of a broken band,
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,
A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song,
That sob on the slumbrous air,
And loneliness felt in the festive throng,
Sinks down on the soul as it trembles along
From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,
And it mingled with matin chimes,
And years have distanced the beautiful lay,
And its melody floweth from far away,
And we call it now, now, Old Times.

Music.

O, lull me, lull me, charming air!
My senses rock with wondrous sweet!
Like snow on wool thy fallings are;
Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

Hints to Pianists.

BY M. H. MCHESNEY.

No. 1.

THE INNER SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

[The following remarks are directed especially to those students who have already made considerable progress in piano-forte playing.]

Of the great number of both sexes in every community who make the piano-forte a study, but few arrive at any eminence or succeed in becoming *true artists*. This is not so much the result of error in any particular school they are following, or in the details of their mechanical studies, as the absence of a particular mental and nervous organization which seems quite necessary to perfect success. No matter with what wonderful rapidity the cunning fingers sweep the key-board, no matter how perfect the technique; they may trill like the hiss of a serpent, they may scintillate in brilliant arpeggios, they may oscillate in broken movements, or march in the solid phalanx of massive harmonies; they may peal like the thunder, or sigh like the zephyr; I say, many may do all these things with equal force, precision and delicacy, and still but few succeed in becoming *true artists*. The many have studied with the brain alone, whilst the few have studied with both brain and heart. They place their soul in the work and search for the meaning hidden beneath the array of printed matter.

Watch the method of the thorough student. After a careful perusal of the composition to be performed, he translates the crochets, the quivers, the rests, and the various dynamic marks into words, sentences, ideas, etc. These he groups together and forms a design. This design is made up of details, but still these details combined convey to him some particular impression. This impression he believes to be the motive or prevailing idea that governed the author whilst writing the composition. Having discovered this, he invests himself with the attributes of the scene. If the composition intends to represent a mountain torrent, he himself becomes this torrent. For the time being he strives to forget that he is a man, and changes himself, as it were, into moving water. He plunges over rocks, he foams, he glides, he lingers; enveloped in spray he dashes into the vale below; in fact, instead of being a spectator who looks at the torrent, he becomes the torrent itself. Few possess the peculiar organization necessary to enter into this inner life and become what they will at command. I do not say that all who are possessed of great mental force and highly nervous organizations, could or would become great artists. Behind both these there must be an intangible something commonly known as soul, heart, expression, etc.

Two persons may study under the same master. Both may possess as near as possible the same mental and physical organization, both have the same ambition to succeed. They may follow the same school, strike the keys with equal force, with equal rapidity, with equal sureness and delicacy. Their harmonic treatment of a given melody may be similar. Aside from their musical studies, they may read the same poets and walk side by side through the fields of literature; in fact, both may be equally endowed

mentally and physically and receive like educational advantages. Behold the result! One charms all audiences. The crisp staccato falls upon the ear like needle points upon the flesh, the legato soothes like gentle undulations of the ocean, the sustained tones sing like a human voice full of pathos, the crescendo is like the coming of a sweep of wind; at one time you are in the midst of storm, at another you are amidst murmuring trees; the scenes unrolled before the mental vision change at the will of the performer. Under those magic fingers, sound paints itself upon the brain in varied pictures, and we burn, freeze, shudder or laugh, our every emotion sympathizing with his own. Yet still we take to ourselves but little thought of the marvelous mechanical skill through whose agency these effects are produced. The other performer does not strike a single echoing chord in our hearts. We may admire the brightness of the execution, we may be amazed at the rapidity with which note drops upon note, we may wonder at the incomprehensible vagaries of the harmony, but that is all. We do not realize the design. We cannot enter into the spirit of it, because the spirit is not there.

Appropos: A few days since I heard a fond mother eulogize the performance of her daughter. Said she: "She plays with *so much expression*. Her last teacher was a man of *so much soul*. You can't think how wonderfully she has improved under his training." The girl, by nature a sensible one, with a studious turn of mind and a fair share of musical talent, had just finished her studies at a fashionable boarding school. She played for me a rather modern composition, but still a meritorious one. She really produced some remarkable acoustical effects. There were passages fortissimo, pianissimo, legato, staccato, sforzando, ritenuto, accelerando, morendo, maestoso, doloroso, and a large sprinkling of other o's thrown in promiscuously; but, oh dear! I wasn't fascinated. Somehow I could not get interested. And why? Simply because the performer was not interested.

I have been charmed by those who possessed but little mechanical skill. I have had tears drawn from my eyes by a blind fiddler, I have laughed at a celebrated organist's managerial imitations, I have shivered and bowed before Gottschalk's "Storm on the Waters," for the reason that the blind fiddler cried in his heart, the organist laughed, and Gottschalk himself became the storm.

I do not intend to underrate mechanical skill, but I do mean to say, that the performer, in order to awaken emotion in others, must be filled himself with emotion in kind. Those who have great mechanical skill at their command have, as it were, a complete vocabulary from which to choose words to express themselves.

In conclusion. Although all who study will not become true artists whose fingers will talk like living tongues; still every one possessed of a fair share of intelligence can perfect themselves by earnest study so as to be able to give pleasure to others. As all performers are not capable of a correct translation and rendition of complex musical ideas, neither are all listeners educated to a capability of understanding such ideas even were they rendered most per-

fectly. If every student be true to themselves, and search for the inner spirit of each work they study, they will find their labor a labor of love, and in securing greater enjoyment for themselves, they will most assuredly find the secret of giving greater enjoyment to others.

In a future number of your valuable paper I will say something in reference to the mechanical portion of piano-forte playing.

Gossip About the Opera.

OPERATIC MUSIC; TREATING, AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED, OF THE MUSIC OF THE OPERA.

For an entire month we have left a gathering of Tuscans standing in front of the little inn of their Italian town; but it was on a pleasant day in May, and the young girls had their lovers with them, and the matrons had their husbands, so, on the whole, their fate cannot have been a very unpleasant one; not so unpleasant, perhaps, but they would be willing to let the session continue awhile longer, until we speak of the music of the opera before we search for its beginning.

A boy rambling in the garden one day saw his father pluck a fruit from a rankly growing vine and eat it with every appearance of enjoyment. The fruit was one of the most beautiful of the products of the thrifty plot, with a fair, smooth skin all ablaze with scarlet. Such a splendid fruit, so keenly relished by his father, was a great temptation to that boy, and he gave way to it; plucked the fruit, took a generous share into his mouth, and cast it forth in an instant, with horror and disgust. Yet that boy's experience with that most beautiful fruit, was exactly the experience of his father, who now devoured it with avidity; and the time was not far this side of the incident I have placed on record when that disgusted boy followed his father in his extravagant liking of the tomato. It is, perhaps, a homely illustration, but it is one worthy of acceptance, that the love of operatic music has to be acquired, like the love of tomatoes. We can go a step further in the simile; for it is a fact, that when the taste is once acquired, it is in the case of both music and tomatoes, impossible to get too much of it. After a hearty feast thereof, the soul may be full of one, and the stomach full of the other, but there is no palling of the taste for more. Show me a man who at first loves operatic music, and I will show you a man who will eat tomatoes at the first attempt and call them glorious.

The opera I have already defined, in the only way it can be defined, as a musical drama. We hear of Verdi's operas, of Rossini's and of Gounod's. But being a musical drama, it is necessary that there should be a play as well as music; but who can tell whose brain contrived the play of *Norma*, or of *Lucia*, or of *Il Trovatore*? Yet the plot of these plays tend in no small degree to give the interest which an opera holds. Take the play out of the piece, and a simple concert remains. Take away the music, and you have but a play on hand. So the idea is not wholly inadmissible, that the author of the libretto is entitled to a share of the fame which is awarded to him who has decorated the story with the gorgeous gems of melody. Many of the most popular airs for the opera owe that popularity as much to the sentiments of the words they sing as to the beauty of the music which they carry. Take, for instance, the ballad written by Alfred Bunn for Wallace's *Mariana*, known to everybody by the opening line, "In happy moments day by day,"—and while the words are as beautiful as the music, the music is as beautiful as the words. It is a perfect union; and what Bunn and Wallace have so well joined together, no man can put asunder.

The skillful composer is he who studies and appreciates the intent of the play he is clothing in music, and when his studies are finished, can go to work and successfully, because appropriately, fit to the words a musical dress. The operas of Offenbach are speci-

mens of judicious treatment of the playwright's work. There is in none of the operas which are more or less connected with his name, a single sober word. So, too, in the music, there is not a single sober note. As everything in the play is frolicsome farce, the music which has been placed upon it is of the most frolicsome description. If there is a strain in any of his works which comes within sight of pathos, it is the "Dites Lui" of the Grand Duchess, where that high functionary undertakes to convey to the brain of the thick-headed clown, Fritz, whom she has made General of her imposing army, the secret of her love for him, under the guise of bringing the message to him from an imaginary beauty; but even in this the pathos of her appeal is immediately swept away by the ludicrous Fritz, who gets no inkling of the facts in the business. In this *Rondeau*, the Grand Duchess is a serious and ardent love-maker, yearning for a return of the tender passion from the redoubtable General, pleading for it earnestly. This feeling the words express, and the music enforces it materially; and is the only instance now in mind where there is an approach to serious business in the whole range of *Opera Bouffe*.

Another instance of this legal union of words and music is the prayer to the Virgin, in the last act of *Mariana*. It is a duet, and the devotional character of the words and music is seldom excelled, even in the churches.

While the opera is full of these examples, there is occasionally an instance where the music is wholly out of keeping with the sentiment of the piece. The two ruffians who come to the house of Stradella to murder him, stand in front of the door in the darkness, and inform the world, in not too guarded tones, of the nature of their errand. Unless Stradella slept the sleep that knows no waking, it is scarcely possible that he could remain in ignorance of their intentions. It is not usual, in real life, for a murderer to stand in front of a house and announce that he is there with slaughterous intent. The chances are that in a short time he would wake up everybody in the vicinity, except the police, and thus make trouble for himself. If the murderer of Mr. Nathan had adopted that plan, the likelihood is that his personality would not be involved in the mystery that now obscures it. The Gypsies, at the opening of the second act of *The Bohemian Girl*, knew better than all this. Their subdued chorus in the streets of Presburg, "Silence! silence! the lady moon," shows that they understood their business well enough to keep still when they had any deviltry in hand; and the occasional finding of a slip in the dramatic construction and its musical decoration is not so much a matter of wonder as that among so much of operatic composition they do not occur oftener.

In opera, as in tomato, experience is everything. It is very general for those who have not given the opera much attention to cry it down. "When I hear music," says Whatsname, "I want music; I don't want any of your infernal screechings, and howlings, and fiddle-scraping." But when the gayety of the performance has allured him to the opera a few times, he begins to find a beauty in the sweetness of these voices of the stage. There is silver in the ringing tones of the *prima donna*, there is solid gold in the heavy roll from the throat of the basso, there are all sorts of things sent out from the orchestra, and Whatsname begins to note that, however high the silver voice, or however deep the golden tone, or however numerous the outgivings of the orchestra, there is but one result, and that is harmony. This, as he progresses, he begins to analyze. He finds himself paying attention to those silver tones, allowing the others, unconsciously to himself, to construct and fill the background of that voice. With all this the play goes on, the glitter of the stage is a pleasant spectacle, and before he knows it, Whatsname, musically speaking, likes tomatoes, and may be set down among the civilized people of the earth. To this civilized

circle let us welcome such as Whatsname, warning him never to become a critic—and I will tell the reason of this warning at another time.

But not only does operatic music improve on acquaintance, but operas themselves grow in favor with an opera goer as they grow familiar. Some of them are crowded with beauties which discover themselves one by one on repeated visitations. The run of the play becomes so familiar that the mind is at liberty to study the music as the play progresses. At such a time the experienced opera goer, if he is an enthusiast, is above all earthly tribulations, and wanders abroad in musical dreamland, until the curtain falls and returns him to our subliminary role. In *Norma*, he hears the Grand March from the orchestra, and its familiar strains dwell in the air, while the chorus pushes along in exact time with the march, though with an air quite different, but entirely in harmony. In *Il Trovatore* he hears Manrico and Leonora in the dungeon scene, while the song of the dreaming Azucena in the background mingles harmoniously with their woeful plaints. In short, in every scene as it grows upon him, he finds new splendors, and is soon an insatiable opera goer, fast verging upon the veteran. Becoming acquainted with orchestral music, noting the fine shading of the sounds from such widely varying instruments, his taste improves to the higher style of composition, and he prefers one of Theodore Thomas' concerts, with its Schumannian programme, to the most energetic snoring of the noisiest street bands that were once his favorites.

I believe that operatic music is making its way to the hearts of the people faster every year. I believe that the prejudice against it as unmusical music is dying away. The English opera has helped to much of this change. It was a standing complaint that the Italian opera was unsatisfactory because presented in a language that people knew not of. The English opera, it was and is believed, has remedied this. But I would like to see that individual who would be willing to swear that he could understand the English opera when sung, any more than he could any other. He may catch a word now and then, but as for any connected and understandable phrases, he cannot discover them. Parepa and Caroline Richings, with their troupes, have done much to popularize the opera; Caroline Richings because she has persevered in it through thick and thin, and Parepa, because her gifts as a singer brought out many who gave the opera a second place in thought when they went to hear her sing. No matter what called them to the opera when Parepa sung, if they liked it when they saw and heard it. Ten years ago, Henry Drayton and his wife gave a series of parlor operas in America; they were the only singers, they dispensed with the chorus, six musicians comprised the orchestra, and still these parlor operas were very bright and enjoyable performances, which had their part in making operatic music popular. Let all these agencies continue the work as it has advanced during the last fifteen years, and operatic music will in a few years more become a household institution, as it were, and replace upon our household pianos some of the rapid sentimental songs which belong to the minstrels who most affect them. Mote it be!

DER FRIESCHUTZ.

ORIGINAL POEM.—"Influence of Music" is an original poem which we take pleasure in presenting to the readers of this number. Its free and happy rhyme rings and ripples in a flow of genuine melody, like the "tuneful peal" of bells. The poem is music as well as poetry.

MAKE home attractive. Of all the resolutions, for the new year let this be the foremost. Put music, in some shape, within the reach of every child, interest yourselves in their efforts, and, if possible, join with them.

[For The Song Journal.]

Anecdotes of Handel.

BY S. C. COFFINBERY.

As we listen to the choral harmonies and the touching melodies of Handel, and contemplate the exaltation of the intellect in which they had their conception, we are apt to look back through the shadows of years and associate with the author a character more than human. We lose sight of the man, and only see the composer under the full light of musical inspiration. We see him stripped of his humanity, and comprehend him in the spirit of his harmony. We do not see him as he was, a man, but we feel him as 'he felt, an artist. In this view his memory is forced upon us, and our fancy embodies him surrounded with a halo of beauty, the outgrowth of his own genius. In this view, that halo seems holy and the genius of harmony becomes sacred. We forget that Handel was a man—only a man. We forget that, like the rest of his fellow-men, he had his ambitions and disappointments, his hopes and misfortunes, his confusions, struggles and triumphs.

We sometimes profit by bringing the great ones of past years nearer to us and clothing them with the attributes of humanity. There is ever a link which unites great men, whether of the present or the past, to the aggregations of mankind. We know but little of the Messenger to the Gentiles except by the manifestations of his high intellect, which have come down to us through eighteen hundred years in his defense before King Agrippa, his Epistle to the Romans, and in his other letters to his contemporaries; hence, we cannot, without an effort, regard him as merely a man, and are apt to contemplate him as more than human. But when we learn that St. Paul, in his toilsome travels, was accompanied by a small dog as his constant companion, to which the Saint was much attached, and with which he shared his food, we at once feel his relation to humanity; and while we do not lose sight of his sacred character, we are constrained to call him brother. Fancy the Apostle before the King waxing and swelling in his inspired eloquence, while the small favorite, crouched at his master's feet, is gazing into his eyes and watching every expression of his countenance, every motion of his hand; how human the picture appears?

So, too, we may call back Handel from his high spiritual exaltation to humanity, and make him a simple man among us, by awaking reminiscences of him entirely separate from and independent of that character which his fine compositions impresses upon us.

I extract the following from *The Universal Magazine*, published in London, for February, 1785:

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF HANDEL.

A splendid Account of the Musical Performances in Westminster Abbey and the Pantheon, in Commemoration of HANDEL, being just published by Dr. BURNAY, who was personally intimate with him, and who to this account has prefixed A Sketch of his Life, we are enabled to present our Readers with some interesting Anecdotes, in Addition to the Memoirs of this illustrious Master, which we have already given with his Portrait engraved, in the Supplement to the Twenty-fifth Volume of our Magazine.

IN his Dedication to the King, Dr. Burney introduces the following excellent observation on Music in general:

'The delight which Music affords seems to be one of the first attainments of rational nature; wherever there is humanity, there is modulated sound. The mind set free from the resistless tyranny of painful want, employs its first leisure upon some savage melody. Thus in those lands of unprovided wretchedness, which your Majesty's encouragement of naval investigation has brought lately to the knowledge of the polished world, though all things else were wanted, every nation had its Music; an art of which the rudiments accompany the commencements, and the refinements adorn the completion of civility, in which the inhabitants of the earth seek their first refuge from evil, and, perhaps, may find at last the most elegant of their pleasures.'

We have already mentioned the early age at which Handel began to compose. 'The late Mr. Weide-

man,' says Dr. Burney, 'was in possession of a set of Sonatas, in three parts, which Handel composed when he was only ten years old. The Earl of Marchmont, in his travels through Germany, when Lord Polworth, picked them up as great curiosities, and gave them to Mr. Weideman, of whom he took lessons on the German flute. A friend, who favored me with this anecdote, procured a copy of these juvenile productions, which are now in his Majesty's collection, and which Weideman shewed to Handel; who seemed to look at them with much pleasure, and laughing, said, 'I used to write like the D— in those days, but chiefly for the hautbois, which was my favorite instrument.' This, and the having such an exquisite performer to write for, as San Martini, accounts for the frequent opportunity which Handel took of composing for that instrument, in the early part of his life.'

In a work of Musical Biography and Criticism, by John Mattheson, a celebrated Musician of Hamburg, entitled *Foundation of a Triumphant Arch in Honour of Music and Musicians*, published in 1740; and in a Translation of the English Life of Handel, with Annotations, by the same Author, published in 1761, Dr. Burney says he found a more ample and satisfactory account of Handel's juvenile compositions and adventures, than he had been able to find elsewhere. Among other particulars which he selects from Mattheson, we learn, that Handel, who arrived at Hamburg in the summer of 1702, at first played as a violin in the opera orchestra, and was valued as if he could not count five, being naturally inclined to dry humour, that, at this time, he composed extreme long airs and cantatas without end; of which, though the harmony was excellent, yet true taste was wanting; which, however, he very soon acquired by his attendance on the opera. In another place Mattheson says, that 'though Handel, who at first had no better part assigned to him in the opera than the second ripieno violin, pretended then to know nothing, yet he used to be very arch, for he had always a dry way of making the gravest people laugh, without laughing himself. But his superior abilities were soon discovered, when, upon the occasion of the harpsichord player of the opera being absent, he was first persuaded to take his place; for he then showed himself to be a great master, to the astonishment of every one, except myself, who had frequently heard him before upon keyed-instruments.'

Upon a vacancy in an Organist's place at Lubeck, they travelled thither together, and in the *vacation*, composed several double *fugues, da mente*, says Mattheson, *not da penna*. Buxtehude was then at Lubeck, and an admirable organ-player; however, Handel's performance on that instrument astonished even those who were accustomed to hear that great performer. Handel and Mattheson were prevented from becoming candidates for the place of organist at Lubeck, by a circumstance that was owing to the obtaining that office, which was no other than to take a wife, whom their constituents were to nominate; but thinking this too great an honour, they precipitately retreated to Hamburg.

About this time an opera, called *Cleopatra*, composed by Mattheson, was performed on that stage, in which he acted the part of Anthony himself, and Handel played the harpsichord; but Mattheson being accustomed, upon the death of Anthony, which happens early in the piece, to take the harpsichord, in the character of composer, Handel refused to indulge his vanity, by relinquishing to him this post; which occasioned so violent a quarrel between them, that at going out of the house, Mattheson gave him a slap on the face, upon which, both immediately drew their swords, and a duel ensued in the market-place before the door of the Opera-house; luckily, the sword of Mattheson was broke against a metal button upon Handel's coat, which put an end to the combat, and they were soon after reconciled.

Such is the account, which long before the death of Handel, Mattheson himself published, concerning the difference that happened between them, during his residence at Hamburg.

The English biographer is very roughly handled by Mattheson, for saying that this duel had 'more the appearance of assassination than of a rencounter,' and accuses him of being unkindly and wilfully diminishing the age of Handel in order to represent him not only as a prodigy in music, but a youth of too tender years to be possessed of courage, reason, or skill, sufficient to defend himself; but if he had been capable of making a defence, says the author of his life, 'he could not be prepared for it.' In answer to all this, Mattheson observes, that 'Handel, at the time of the quarrel, was twenty years of age; tall, strong, broad-shouldered, and muscular; consequently, well able to defend himself.' and adds, that 'a dry slap on the face was no assassination, but rather a friendly hint, to put him on his guard.'

This rencounter happened the 5th of December, 1704; and, as a proof of a speedy reconciliation,

Mattheson tells us, that on the 30th of the same month, he accompanied the young composer to the rehearsal of his first opera of *Almira*, at the theatre, and performed in it the principal part; and that, afterwards, they became greater friends than ever.

A sketch of Handel's Musical Warfare in England we have already given. In the course of Dr. Burney's account, the following anecdotes are recorded:

Carestini, Conti detto Guizzello, and Cafferello, were all great singers, in a new style of execution, which Handel was unwilling to flatter. 'Verdi prati,' which was constantly encoered during the whole run of *Aleina*, was, at first, sent back to Handel by Carestini, as unfit for him to sing; upon which, he went, in a great rage, to his house, and in a way which few composers, except Handel, ever ventured to adopt a first-singer, cries out, 'Tu toci don't I know better as your stuff, was pest for you to sing? If you will not sing all de song vast I give you, I will not pay you ein stiver.'

His government of singers was certainly somewhat despotic: for, upon Cuzzoni insolently refusing to sing his admirable air, 'Falsa Imagine,' in Otho, he told her that he always knew she was a very Devil; but that he should now let her know, in her turn, that he was Belzebub, the Prince of the Devils. And then, taking her up by the waist, swore, if she did not immediately obey his orders, he would throw her out of the window.

When Handel went through Chester, in his way to Ireland, in the year 1741, I was at the Public-School in that city, and very well remember seeing him smoke a pipe, over a dish of coffee, at the Exchange Coffee-house; for being extremely curious to see so extraordinary a man, I watched him narrowly as long as he remained in Chester; which, on account of the wind being unfavorable for his embarking at Parkgate, was several days. During this time, he applied to Mr. Baker, the organist, my first music-master, to know whether there were any choirmen in the cathedral who could sing at sight; as he wished to prove some books that had been hastily transcribed, by trying the choruses which he intended to perform in Ireland. Mr. Baker mentioned some of the names of the singers then in question, and, among the rest, a printer of the name of Janson, who had a good base voice, and was one of the best musicians in the choir. At this time Harry Alcock, a good player, was the first violin at Chester, which was then a very musical place; for besides public performances, Mr. Prebendary Prescott had a weekly concert, at which he was able to muster eighteen or twenty performers, Gentlemen and Professors. A time was fixed for this private rehearsal at the Golden Falcon, where Handel was quartered; but, alas! on trial of the chorus in the Messiah, 'And with his stripes we are healed,' Poor Janson, after repeated attempts, failed so egregiously, that Handel let loose his great beard upon him; and after swearing in four or five languages, cried out in broken English, 'You shoatrent! tit not you dell me dat you could sing at soit?'—'Yes, Sir,' says the printer, 'and so I can; but not at first sight.'

One night, while Handel was in Dublin, Dubourg having a solo part in a song, and a close to make, *ad libitum*, he wandered about in different keys a great while, and seemed indeed a little bewildered, and uncertain of his original key . . . but, at length, coming to the shake, which was to terminate this long close, Handel, to the great delight of the audience, and augmentation of applause, cried out loud enough to be heard in the most remote parts of the theatre: 'You are welcome home, Mr. Dubourg!'

There, now, the reader has a nearer, a more familiar view of the great composer. We see him outside of his harmonical nature, in fact in quite a *chromatic discord*. Fancy the author of 'The Messiah' struggling with a woman, his arms around her waist, swearing in bad English that he would throw her out of the window. What a human picture?

CONSTANTINE, JANUARY 19, 1871.

CARLO PATTI, leader of Fisk's Opera House orchestra, had a quarrel with the prima donna, Silly, last month, and Silly has gone back to France. A few days before another prima donna, Montalam, sailed for home. It is to be noted that Mrs. Fisk left Boston for New York, to take her rightful place at the side of the fragile James, just before these excellent ladies found excuses for leaving the country.

MR. JOHN CLARKE, well known in musical circles in this city, now the basso profundo of Grace Church, New York City, is singing at occasional concerts in Brooklyn.

Correspondence.

Letter from Boston.

BOSTON, February 23, 1871.

Boston is a musical city. You may have heard that remark before, Mr. Editor. If you were attached to one of the daily newspapers of the "Hub," and considered it your bounden duty to look after all the musical events occurring from week to week and from day to day, you would become thoroughly convinced of the fact. With its admirable system of musical instruction in the public schools, for which it expends large sums of money every year, its musical conservatories, its large choral societies, and its many other sources of musical knowledge and cultivation, it is building up a great community of singers who demand musical pabulum for their daily food. Concert and operatic enterprises do better in Boston than in New York or anywhere else in America, for the simple reason that there is a more appreciative public. Max Maretzek and other operatic managers have more than once fled to Boston to repair their damaged fortunes. In New York it is the European, element chiefly that patronizes largely musical entertainments. In Boston the cultivated foreign element is small, comparatively, and the natives form the only reliance. Remove the German element from New York and its musical pretensions would be very slight indeed. I heard a well-known musician, the other day, class Boston as one of the five great musical centers of the world—Leipsic, Berlin, Paris and London being the others—and this reminds me that the city is becoming the abiding place of many eminent artists. Adelaide Phillips has made this State her home almost from birth. She has a country home on the seashore, at Duxbury, some twenty-five miles from the city. Camilla Urso has considered Boston her American home for several years. Ole Bull has just removed here with his young bride, having also bought a farm in Lebanon, Me., for a summer retreat. Carl Gloggnier Castelli, until recently a Professor in the Conservatory at Leipsic, has also recently arrived among us. Madame Parepa-Rosa will probably make Boston her headquarters when she returns to America in the fall with her new opera company, which, by-the-by, is to include several eminent English artists as well as several prominent singers who are now in this country. Mrs. Van Zandt, the young American prima donna, who has been singing in Italian opera abroad under the name of Mlle. Vanzini, is to be a member of Madame Parepa-Rosa's troupe. With the Parepa-Rosa troupe, Miss Kellogg's projected English opera troupe, and what will remain of the Richings' troupe, America is likely to get its fill of native, or rather English, opera.

One hardly knows where to begin to record the musical doings of the "modern Athens." It would be an easier matter to jot down what we have not had than to attempt a complete list of what we have had. Fisk's *Opera Bouffe* troupe is about all that has not visited us, and the Erie Prince has just brought on his "Twelve Temptations" to console us for the loss. Perhaps he will bring on the thirteenth by-and-by. The English Opera Combination was with us in December, and the German Opera Troupe from the Stadt Theater New York, visited us towards the close of last month, giving seventeen representations, in the course of which thirteen different operas. Wagner's "Tannhauser" was the only real novelty, though several of the other works were heard here for the first time in the Teutonic tongue.

Theodore Thomas and his glorious orchestra have made us two visits this winter, giving eighteen concerts altogether, and Mr. Thomas is to come again in April. Mr. Thomas and his matchless band, as well as Miss Mehlig, who has appeared at all his concerts this season, are held in the very highest esteem by the Bostonians, and all their concerts have drawn large houses. The Harvard Musical Association are also giving a course of orchestral concerts, seven of

them having already taken place. The eighth occurs on Thursday afternoon of this week.

Mr. B. J. Lang is giving a course of fortnightly chamber concerts at the Globe Theater. Of these three have taken place, and the fourth and last follows on Thursday afternoon of next week.

A testimonial concert was given, not long since, to the veteran musical composer, Matthias Keller, the writer of the "American Hymn" and much other good music. The debut of his daughter, Miss Fanny Keller, who has a fine soprano voice, was one of the features of the occasion.

A monster concert is to take place at Music Hall, on Sunday evening, March 5th, for the benefit of the Boston Musicians' Relief Fund. All the members of the Musicians' Union will take part, and these comprise all the players of the Harvard Symphony Orchestra, all the theater orchestras, and the three leading bands—Gilmore's, the Germania, and Brown's.

Carl Gloggnier Castelli is to give two subscription concerts, at Brackett Hall, March 1st and 15th. Mr. E. J. Butler, pianist, Mr. F. F. Ford, violinist, Mr. August Suck, violoncellists, and other artists, are to assist.

Miss Kellogg gave three concerts in Boston, on the 9th, 10th and 11th insts. The troupe dissolved upon the conclusion of the Boston concerts.

Nilson, who won a tremendous success on her first visit, comes again about the 20th of March, and sings in "The Creation" and "The Messiah" with the Handel and Haydn Society. It will be her first appearance here in oratorio.

Mr. Alfred P. Peck, the superintendent of Music Hall, gives a concert annually, and invariably makes the occasion one of the marked musical events of the season. His concert this year bids fair to eclipse all its predecessors. It is appointed for April 12th, and Theodore Thomas' orchestra, Miss Anna Mehlig, and Mr. Ernst Perabo, have already been engaged. Mr. Peck is also negotiating with several other "big guns."

The Handel and Haydn Society are busily engaged in rehearsing for their triennial festival, which occurs in May next—opening on Tuesday morning, May 9, and closing on Sunday evening, the 14th. Several standard oratorios, and one or two new works, will probably be given. Much regret is expressed that Madame Parepa-Rosa cannot be present. Miss Adelaide Phillips and other eminent artists are already engaged, and it is quite probable that several English oratorio singers of distinction will also take part. The festival will undoubtedly be the finest this time-honored society has ever given. It was proposed to raise a guaranty fund of thirty thousand dollars, and the sum already amounts to over fifty thousand dollars.

The annual meeting of the National Musical Congress will take place at Music Hall, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 20, 21 and 22. The Committee of Arrangements are engaged upon their duties, and there is every indication that the gathering will be one of the most interesting and important of a musical kind that our country has ever seen. There will be fewer "papers" read than there were last year, and those that have been arranged for will be of a practical character. It is intended that there shall be a series of discussions, also, on live musical subjects. There will undoubtedly be a large attendance of musicians and musical men from all sections of the country. The proceedings will be interspersed with music by some of our leading singers, organists and pianists, who have volunteered their services for the occasion, and there will probably be a concert by a chorus of one thousand voices, while an entire oratorio performance by one of our best societies is also talked of. Musical instruction in the public schools will also form one of the subjects for illustration and consideration.

This latter subject is meeting with great attention with us at the present time. In accordance with a

suggestion contained in Governor Claflin's Inaugural Message, an act has been introduced in the Legislature making it obligatory for all towns of a certain size to include music among its regular branches of public school instruction. Although this has not yet become a law, it is likely to become so next year, if not this.

The New England Conservatory of Music, of which Dr. E. Tourjee is the energetic and efficient director, has recently been greatly enlarged. Its already spacious quarters have been nearly doubled. This institution is the largest music school in the world, having some eight hundred pupils and nearly forty instructors. Concerts are given every week, and lectures are also given occasionally. Among the recent lecturers have been ex-President Hill, of Harvard College, and Henry Ward Poole, Professor in the National College of Mexico.

Mr. John K. Paine, musical instructor in Harvard University, and also a teacher in the New England Conservatory of Music, is delivering a very interesting course of lectures, at Wesleyan Association Hall, on the History of Music. There are to be eighteen lectures altogether, and of these, eleven have already been delivered.

Mr. Gilmore is putting the finishing touches on his History of the National Peace Jubilee, and the book will be published in a few weeks. As soon as he gets his literary labors off his hands, he proposes to devote his undivided energies to his forthcoming great International Jubilee, which is fixed for June, 1872. In a note to the editor of the *Folio* in relation to his book, Mr. Gilmore says: "The eleventh hour of the work is now upon me, crowded with suggestions, through which I am endeavoring to feel my way with all consistent haste; and I assure you that when I have written the word '*Finis*,' which will be in a very few days, I will then leave the field of literature to those more capable of exploring it, and enter one more congenial."

Colonel Thomas E. Chickering, one of the famed firm of Chickering & Sons, piano forte manufacturers, died quite suddenly on the 13th inst. He was one of our most prominent and public-spirited citizens.

RANGER.

Giuglini's Half-and-Half.

In the reminiscences of Balfe, just published, is the following: "One day during the rehearsal of Mr. Balfe's opera, the 'Bohemian Girl,' Giuglini, who acquired some few words of English, wished to express to the chorus singers that half should be on one side of the stage and half on the other; when, to the great astonishment of everybody on the stage, he said 'half-and-half.' Vincent, the messenger and advertising agent, being between the wings, heard Signor Giuglini sing out 'half-and-half' three or four times, and thinking, as it was a very warm day, that he was thirsty, ran down to the hall to Mr. Fish and said that Signor Giuglini was calling out for 'half-and-half.' Mr. Fish gave Vincent a shilling, which he immediately invested in the popular beverage called 'half-and-half,' and soon after appeared on the stage with a gallon of 'half-and-half' and a tray of tumblers, which he presented to Signor Giuglini, to his great astonishment. One of the gentlemen of the chorus was called into requisition to explain the reason why the 'half-and-half' was brought on the stage, and Signor Giuglini gave Vincent half a sovereign to treat the members of the chorus to this favorite beverage."

HAYDN had the weakness of being unable to bear being represented as an old man. When he was about seventy-eight years old, he was very seriously angry with a painter who represented him as then was. "If I was Haydn when I was forty," said he to him, "why would you transmit to posterity a Haydn of seventy-eight? Neither you nor I gain by the alteration."

(Written for The Song Journal.)

Music.

BY A. PUNNETT.

Music was made for man, and not man for music—in the same sense as woman was *made* for man—which was uncommon good sense. If man had been made for music, and woman, he would have been higher toned and his composition more *playful*, and harmonious.

Nothing shows the difference between some men and some "brutes" equal to the power of music over them. Some have no music in them, and have no place for it; to them a *note* is a thing to be discounted, and "dirt cheap" the article "sold for a song." Their *scales* are all false, and their *bars* very low. *Mellow* may be the sounds of a morning *him*, who has made night hideous with the parts taken by a *trio*. The *hum* of the organ grinder may be full of discord, while the scissors grinder's home may have *sharps* and *flats* with touches both fine and keen; and while a man who is his own trumpeter may blow no uncertain sound, the drummer who drums up customers for a living may be a *base* performer—and harsh his totes. On the other hand one meets with men who are *all sound*, and full of music as a jew's harp; they have ears that detect melody in a dinner gong, and joyful *measures* in a *horn*; their *soles* walk, so to speak, in *SPACES* deeply impressed by even *measures*, which rise and fall in harmony with nature.

Some animals, with forms like men, are not to be trusted, as they never utter anything but forged notes, and, even if they were to be trusted, they would only let you in to the tune of a few hundreds.

Shakespeare hints that the man with music in him may be safely trusted; he *may* pay you again, or he *may not*, but he will ever be ready to give you his notes, *silver* tuned to the ear, and making the heart glad with the *march* of time. He will keep *time*, and still demand *time* as his notes mature, or be quenched by falling *due*; but trust him; deep down in his nature he has an organ with moral tones, without stops, where payment is concerned; the music may be low and the payment may be slow, but trust is safe. Almost every man can handle some instrument, and if one may feel out of place in a famous brass band, another makes up for it by joining a band of robbers. While an old bull may be taught the fiddle, a young calf may fiddle with an artist's chisel without making his mark. One man grinds an organ, making an audience glad, while another grinds coffee which calls for a full stop for peas sake. To one "a *horn*" is a pleasant thing, while to another there is play and a cheerful lay in a futing iron.

To some a duet is a lovely thing if they only could do it, while *solo* is the taste of many that they only care for the base in music.

Strange that any kind of men (for there are some *kind*) should be indifferent to the charms of music, when so many animals can *play* when very young. Who has not heard the cat's mew-sick, and the cow-bell ringing, the hoarse note, or the winding horn of the old white ram? Surely the cock that crows in the morning is a *chanter clear*, and the dancing bear no mean performer.

Yet, nature compensates the unmusical man in this: that all such are *lyres*, liable to be struck by no unskillful hands; then do they give as good as they get, and harmony is restored.

Pater familiars and *Mater* so bilious, if you have ears for music and love harmony, make home cheerful and happy, melodious and full of sympathy, attractive and contented, innocent and pure, peaceful and sacred, by encouraging musical tastes in your children, and giving them the means for gratifying what you develop.

If you would banish discord, discontent and the devil, let the sounds of sweet music and song float on the air, echo in the hall, pierce the garret, be heard in the cellar, and cheer the neighborhood around you. Let the merry tones of the piano, the loud swell of

the organ or melodeon, the heart strings of the violin, the languishing voice of the flute, the soul-touching harp, or *some instrument* be heard in your homes, to soothe you and give you peace. Fathers, if you would keep your sons honest, truthful, and sober, encourage them to cultivate musical tastes and home influences, thereby you will divert their steps from ruin and their thoughts from avenues which lead to hell.

Mothers, if you would keep your daughters pure, virtuous, simple, child-like and lovable, let the love of music inhabit their souls; let their homes be musical, their musical libraries large and choice, and their musical instruments be well tuned. In return, your hearts will rejoice, your lips will smile, your eyes distill only tears of joy, and Paradise will bloom again in your own homes.

Parents, subscribe to THE SONG JOURNAL, and go often to the Music Hall of C. J. Whitney & Co.

Death of Thomas E. Chickering.

Col. Thomas E. Chickering, the head of the piano-making firm of Chickering Brothers, of Boston, died at the Tremont House, in that city, at 1½ o'clock, Tuesday morning, February 14. He had been in apparent good health up to 10 o'clock, Monday evening, when he dismissed the agent in charge of the Chicago branch of the house after a prolonged and pleasant interview, and returned to his rooms. His daughter saw him lie down upon a sofa, and fall to sleep at once, and left him to visit, with the rest of the family, at the rooms of a friend in the hotel. Half an hour afterward they returned, found him attempting, but in vain, to arise, and in five minutes he was insensible. Physicians were called, who pronounced him the victim of apoplexy, and at the aforesaid hour he died, at the age of 47.

Col. Chickering was the eldest son of the founder of the Chickering piano house, Jonas Chickering, who died in 1853. He was in high repute in Boston, both socially and in his business relations. He has been President of the Handel and Haydn Society several years; a trustee of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association; Colonel of the First Massachusetts Regiment in peace, and commander of the Forty-first Massachusetts Regiment in war; a member of several Masonic bodies; and first in all important public enterprises. While in the army he was made Military Governor of Oupelousas, and acted with such rare discretion and judgment as to elicit the warmest commendation from Gen. Banks, then in command of that Department. On hearing of his death, the many organizations with which he was connected passed resolutions of respect to his memory, his employees especially adopting sentiments of affection, with the expression of regret and grief at his departure; and he passed away in the prime of life, widely and most sincerely mourned.

Jenny Lind and the Birds.

I remember hearing a stage driver's story of Jenny Lind when she was riding in the country. A bird of brilliant plumage perched on a tree near by as they drove slowly along, and trilled out such a complication of sweet notes as perfectly astonished her. The coach stopped, and reaching out she gave one of her finest roulades. The beautiful creature arched his head on one side, and listened deferentially; then, as if determined to excel his famous rival, raised his graceful throat, and sang a song of rippling melody that made Jenny rapturously clap her hands in ecstacy, and quickly, as though she were before a severely critical audience in Castle Garden, delivered some Tyrolean mountain strains that set the echoes flying. Whereupon little birdie took it up, and sang and trilled, till Jenny, in happy delight, acknowledged that the pretty woodland warbler decidedly outscored the great Swedish nightingale.—*Young Folks' News*.

The Music Men and Women.

WERLI is giving matinees at Booth's Theater, Thursdays.

LEFRANC gets \$300 a night during his New Orleans season.

OFFENBACH is endeavoring to plant his *Opera Bouffe* in Milan.

MARETZA's February season in Chicago was so-soish, pecuniarily.

MASWILLIANT lately succeeded in making a grand failure in Milan.

MERCADANTE left the first act of a new opera nearly completed.

NEW ORLEANS is proud of a new contralto, M'le Filippene von Edslaburg.

DATENAM, *per se*, is living at Bristol, England, enjoying his managerial laurels.

ROOT's HAYMEANS intend to harvest a golden crop at Brighton, Mass., this month.

VERDI is spoken of as Mercadante's successor as the head of the Naples Conservatorio.

LEFRANC, Brignoli and Bernard are three of the leading tenors now in the country.

MADAME VARIAN HOFFMAN is teaching music in Brooklyn, giving occasional concertos.

FYMA HOWSON, who was with the Richings' troupe last year, has again taken her place in its ranks.

The Princess Dora D'Istria has gone to Florence to live, and is engaged in writing up the songs of Turkey.

NORDELOOM, the tenor, brought over last year by Parepa, is singing in London again. We can spare him!

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS has been engaged for the triennial festival of the Handel and Haydn Society, in May.

SIGNOR ALBITES is teaching music in New York, and basking in the smiles of Mme Gazzaniga, who is his wife.

MISS CAREY and Henry Drayton are said to be engaged for Miss Kellogg's English Opera Company next season.

IN Rochester, N. Y., Prof. W. O. Brewster wields the baton over a new Choral Union which has been organized there.

AGNES SCHEDELT, wife of Dr. Strass, died at Dresden, lately. She was one of the brightest operatic stars in Europe.

THE REV. J. Vile Blake is lecturing in Boston, on "Old English Folk-Songs," illustrating the same by quartette singing.

ISOARD's opera of "Jocond" was hissed from the Munich stage. Isoard was not Jocond, whatever his opera may have been.

CHARLES P. HERRICK projects a new United States Conservatory of Music at Boston, and gets encouragement, even if no money, from all quarters.

TAGLIONI, the danseuse, is living in a palace at Venice, where palaces rent for \$200 a year. She is 67 years old, and has given her fantastic toe a furlough.

LOVERS of good music will be glad to hear that Prof. C. Glogner Castelli, of the Leipzig Conservatory, has come to this country to instruct in vocal music.

WIENIAWSKI, the violinist, has contracted to fiddle in Europe for \$10,000 a month, and in America for \$2,000 a month; and Uilmann is the speculator in Wieniawski.

THE generosity of Irma de Murka strikes us dumb. She offers ting one hundred nights in America for \$2,000 a night. Rather than put her to so much trouble for so little money, let us do our own singing.

A BOSTONIAN having concocted a dumb piano, for students' practice, in mercy to the neighbors of said students, Professor Oliver, of the Boston Mendelssohn Institute, says it is not a new thing, as he has had one in use for the last thirty years.

At an operatic performance in Forli, Italy, recently, the tenor Tassinari stabbed the baritone, Beati, behind the scenes after the second act, and ran away. As this took the tenor and baritone out of the piece, its conclusion was postponed indefinitely.

DE VIVO, the little manager who runs over with polite bows and smiles, but who starts off on occasional operatic enterprises with an economy as to singers and musicians which is something in its way sublime, has failed again in New York, after giving four performances.

MR. SAMFSON, the North Adams (Mass.) shoe manufacturer, has furnished his Chinese workmen with instruments for a band. He has provided, at their request, a pair of gongs, two sets of cymbals, a drum and triangles, and expects that, after severe practice, they will get out of these things some of the most soul-subduing music he ever heard. He will not be disappointed.

WHEN Francoeh, of the German troupe, which performed at the Detroit Opera House in February, was dying as *Marcel*, in "The Huguenots," at Boston, a few weeks ago, a stray cat rushed in terror across the stage, and into a private box, so frightening a lady there that she let her opera glass fall on a bald head in the orchestra, which set the audience and performers into a laugh, the martyred *Marcel* dying with a broad grin!

The Song Journal.

DETROIT, MARCH, 1871.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,
 stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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The German Opera.

The musical event of the month, and one of the winter in Detroit, has been the engagement of Max Maretzek and his combination, from the Opera House of New York, by Manager Lanergan, of the Detroit Opera House. Their first appearance was in Bellini's celebrated masterpiece, "Norma," with a cast including Madam Louise Lichtmay in the title role, Madam-cielles Bertha Roemer as Adalgisa, Carl Bernard as Polio, and Adolph Franosch as Omeso. In this, although the music was rendered sweetly, the orchestral accompaniment perfect, and the familiar airs and choruses, as usual, excited the enthusiasm and applause of the audience, yet there were defects, and neither the soprano nor contralto were equal to several others well known to Detroit audiences. The *Casta Diva* was far inferior in rendition, smoothness of execution, and emphasis, to that of Kellogg or Parepa-Rosa, and the same deficiency was noticeable in many of the other difficult soprano airs. The contralto, although possessing fine notes in the upper as well as in the lower registers, was yet very defective except in these extremes, in some notes being hardly audible—and her acting was crude and a little awkward. Bernard, although inferior to Brignoli and Hableman, was far above any others we have had in Detroit, and in action, self-possession and passion, was far superior to Brignoli, although not of Hableman. Franosch was admirable, both in voice and action. Had not Carl Formes been with the Combination to afford a contrast, the satisfaction of the public would have been perfect. But with Carl here to sing in Stradella and Don Giovanni—a basso never surpassed in this country—the highest praise is that he should, under the circumstances, have won the applause he received. On Tuesday afternoon, Stradella was given, with Hableman and Carl Formes as the novelties, the remainder of the cast being Roemer, Bernard and Franosch. Tuesday evening, Faust was performed, Mlle Marie Frederici as *Marguerite*. Himmer and Wilhelm Formes also appeared for the first time, and gave great satisfaction. Faust was magnificently rendered and put on the stage. Frederici—well known to Detroit audiences, although she has not been here for several years, continues the same sweet, fascinating Prima Donna she always was—a little stouter than when last here, but improved in steadiness and control over her voice, and if defective in any particular, it is entirely overlooked or unobserved in her many perfections. On Wednesday, Don Giovanni was produced with a very powerful cast. Lichtmay as Prima Donna, Roemer contralto, a charming little novelty in the person of Mlle Haffner as *Zerlina*, Hableman and Vierring as tenors, and Franosch and Carl Formes as basses. With such an impersonation, of course everything that the opera was capable of was drawn out, and it is high commendation to say that even the music was surpassed by the acting. Carl Formes, as *Leporello*, had a fair chance, and made the most of it for his buffo qualities. He kept the audience in a roar with his fun,

while they were enchanted with his voice. The opera offers no fair opportunity for individual vocal display except in the characters of *Zerlina*, Don Octavio, Don Giovanni and *Leporello*. Miss Haffner is young, with a sweet and not very powerful soprano voice, which, as she is still very young, will undoubtedly receive careful cultivation. Formes and Hableman, as before intimated, were magnificent, and the only objection to Don Giovanni was that his voice is neither a pure tenor nor baritone. It has capacity in both ranges and was faultlessly managed, but the sentimental and sensual lover should have had a pure tenor in which to convey his wickedness.

The orchestra, conducted by Max in person, was largely composed of those he brought from New York with him. The instrumentation was faultless, and elicited the warmest commendation. The chorus was also brought with him, and was decidedly the best we have ever had in this city.

The audiences were large and appreciative on every occasion. Notwithstanding the Advent season, the house was completely filled even on Ash Wednesday evening, and there can be no doubt that at any other season it would have been crowded.

We particularly enlarge on this musical treat, because in many of its features it was new to this city, and it has always hitherto been doubted if so extensive an entertainment would pay. We have had in fragments and detachments almost everything here that has been in the country, but we have never before had three days of grand opera, with chorus and orchestra as well as singers, brought here together under one of the most celebrated impresarios and conductors in the world. It is to Lanergan and the indefatigable Max that we are indebted for this experiment, and that it has been a success is not only a matter of congratulation to the manager, but to the public, as it gives assurance of further enterprise in the same direction. We have endeavored to be fair and impartial in our criticism. We cannot conceal nor be blind to defects, but we can and do say that the *tout ensemble* was far superior to anything Detroit has contained.

It is such sensations as these that induce musical revivals in a community. They are, therefore, not to be measured alone by the evening's enjoyment they afford, but by the taste and refinement they cultivate, the musical instruction they impart, and the enthusiasm it creates in the "art of arts."

English Opera in Detroit.

The Richings' English Opera Troupe is to appear at the Opera House, in this city, for six nights and a matinee, commencing on Monday, the 5th. The operas named are to be given in the order following: The Huguenots, Figaro, Il Trovatore, Oberon, Bohemian Girl, Martha, and Der Freischutz. The company contains five prima donnas; Mrs. C. Richings Bernard, Miss Rose Hersee, and Miss Emma Howson, sopranos, and Madames Belda Seguin and Annie Kemp Bowler, contraltos. Miss Fannie Goodwin is the soprano seconda donna. Three first-class tenors, Messrs. William Castle, J. B. Bowler, and J. H. Chatterton, and three popular basses, S. C. Campbell, Henry Drayton, and A. Howell. Mr. E. Seguin is the buffo, and A. Dubruel the baritone. The chorus is very large, and the whole under the conductorship of the Mestro, S. Behrens.

The American public rejoice in the growing popularity of English opera in this country. It fairly competes in favor with German and Italian opera, and while more intelligible—so far as the librettos are concerned—is not inferior in charming melodies and rich voices to interpret them. For this desirable state of affairs, Caroline Richings-Bernard is entitled to the highest credit. She has given years of toil to this object. She undertook it at a time when there was little prospect of success, and when the dilettanti sneered at the very idea of English opera. She sought out talent, discovered the crude indications of

genius, and labored with, trained up and developed most of those who have since acquired fame. W. R. Hill, whom Detroiters well remember, was one of her first tenors. The company with which she visited Detroit ten years ago, she trained in her own parlors. When she had made a reputation and a fame for English opera in America, rivalries and enemies sought to deprive her of her legitimate honors in this direction. Obstacles of all sorts were laid in her way. She finally triumphed over everything, and to-day is at the head of the finest organization for the presentation of the master pieces of English composers that it is possible to procure. We anticipate for ourselves a most enjoyable—and for the Richings' Opera Troupe a most successful—season in Detroit.

Mr. Joy's Jews-Harp Jimmie.

Make the gamins earn their money; this is the idea of business men generally. So when a small boy asked one of our solid men if he couldn't give him something to do, he looked at him with manifest surprise and told him that he was a pretty small boy to think he could do any work. But the little fellow looked so sorry that Mr. Joy—he is known in Detroit by another name—told him he would try to give him something to work at, even if it was to do nothing else than play upon a jews-harp. It was a bright and superior day for fancy trade, and Jimmie was told to perch himself way up high in the back part of the store and play upon a jews-harp faithfully till night, when he would receive one dollar.

Jimmie was very greatly delighted at having such a chance to earn money so easily, and he went at the harp of one string with real glee. But the charm soon wore off as Jimmie found that he was wearing the skin from his face. Yet the dollar he was bound to earn at any cost of skin and pain, so he likely thought of the motto, most appropriate for the occasion, "If a weary task you find it, persevere and never mind it." He was allowed the laborer's "nooning," also refreshments two or three times, and at last came off joyfully with his "greenback" dollar.

The Sacred Concert.

One of the finest concerts we have attended in Flint for some years, was that given at the Presbyterian Church, on Friday evening of last week, under the leadership of Mr. W. B. Colson, Jr. It is true that our city has a deservedly high reputation for her superior musical talent, yet we think that on this occasion she excelled herself. Mrs. Colson's solo, "Consider the Lillies," was especially fine, and loudly encored; also, "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah," by Mrs. Libbie Gilbert, was so well received as to induce that lady to repeat it by special request. "The Lord's Prayer Anthem" was splendidly rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Colson and Mr. Sperry. Messrs. C. and W. B. Buckingham, Sanderson, Dawson, the Misses Stanley and Morehouse, and Messrs. Fish, Plum and Harrington, all performed their parts unusually well. Mr. Colson presided at the organ during the evening, and we congratulate him on the success of this his first sacred concert of the season.—*Wolverine Citizen*.

Adelaide Philipps.

Although our music-loving citizens are having a feast of music served for them during the present week by the English Opera Company, we cannot for a moment think the announcement of the reappearance of Miss Adelaide Philipps, at Young Men's Hall, on Monday evening, will be any the less welcome. Standing as she does, the first contralto in the world, with perhaps the single exception of Marietta Alboni, she is of herself of sufficient attraction to fill the hall, but she comes to us with a well selected concert company, including Mr. J. Levy, the acknowledged king of cornet players, who has been heard too often here to need a word from us; also by Mr. Jules D'Haer, a distinguished baritone, and Mr. Edward Hoffman, an able pianist and composer.

No Tuning During Service.

Many years ago there was in the eastern part of Massachusetts, a worthy D. D., and although he was an eminently benevolent man and a good christian, yet it must be confessed that he loved a good joke much better than even the most inveterate jokers. It was before church organs were much in use; it so happened that the choir of the church had recently purchased a double bass viol. Not far from the church was a large pasture, and in it a huge town bull. One hot Sabbath in the summer he got out of the pasture, and came bellowing up the street. About the church there was plenty of untrod grass, green and good, and Mr. Bull stopped to try the quality; perchance to ascertain if its location had improved its flavor; at any rate the Doctor was in the midst of his sermon, when—

"Boo-woo-woo," went the bull.

The Doctor paused, looked up at the singing seats, and with a grave face, said:

"I would thank the musicians not to tune their instruments during service time, it annoys me very much."

The people stared, and the minister went on.

"Bow-woo-woo," went the bull again, as he passed another green spot.

The parson paused again, and addressed the choir: "I really wish the singers would not tune their instruments while I am preaching, as I remarked before, for it annoys me very much."

The people tittered, for they well knew what the real state of the case was.

The minister went on again with his discourse, but he had not proceeded far before another "Boo-woo-woo" came from Mr. Bull.

The parson paused once more, and once exclaimed: "I have twice already requested the musicians in the gallery not to tune their instruments during sermon time. I now particularly request Mr. Lefavor that he will not tune his double bass viol while I am preaching."

This was too much. Mr. Lefavor got up, much agitated at the thought of speaking out in church, and stammered out:

"It isn't me, Parson B—; it's th—that darned town bull!"

Renting a Hall by Telegraph.

The following anecdote is told of Miss Adelaide Phillips, the celebrated prima donna. It seems that during the recent Southern tour of the Adelaide Phillips Concert Company, their business manager had occasion to change some of the original plans for the working of the organization, and so telegraphed to a city some little distance from the one they were then in, making inquiries regarding a particular hall, and asking if it could be obtained for a certain evening. The desired answer could have been given within the limit of the allowed ten words, but instead of this, the party telegraphed to entered into a long and elaborate description of the hall, its style of architecture, its beauty of finish, and closed by quoting a number of recommendations which had been given by some of the companies previously occupying it. The charges upon this dispatch amounted to *twenty-eight dollars and twelve cents*.

Several days after the receipt of the column long communication, the business manager was talking over matters with Miss Phillips, and alluded to the occurrence as one of the many funny things that travelers experience, at the same time handing her the lengthy article for perusal. After reading it through with great care, she quietly laid it down, and made the simple remark, "It is not from the person I supposed." "What do you mean?" was the question next asked. "Oh, nothing, only I thought from all the circumstances it must be from the prolific pen of George Francis Train. I am disappointed in the author."

Organ Music.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We quote from the *Christian Union*, the remarks of Mr. Beecher made in announcing the new series of Plymouth Organ Concerts. After giving the names of the performers, and giving some account of the origin of these concerts, he said:

"Now, it is because it is *organ music* that I am so much interested in these concerts. I love music from a jews-harp to David's harp, I love everything that is musical. No band goes through the street that I do not go with it in thought. Even the more humble 'minstrels,' who perform under false appearances, I publicly confess that I have sympathy for them, too. And I should go and hear some of those things occasionally if it did not cost more than it comes to. There are many liberties that belong to me that I do not take because I am tired of being hawked all through the papers. It is cheaper to let such things alone than to take up my rights, and then be written about, and thought about, and talked about. I love music. Give me the French; give me the Italian; give me the German; give me the wild airs of Scotland; give me the wails of Ireland; give me our own negro minstrel's music. They all find, in different degrees, a response from my heart. But I cannot bear to see the whole community led off to any one style—certainly not to that which is not always the best style—of music. When I consider what the state of music is in churches, I find that it is largely operative, a little disguised, but not converted. A great deal of the organ playing is not of organ music. If I am rightly informed, a great deal of the singing in churches is not of the sacred but of secular music—that is, with all the associations of week on a week. You have in the churches on Sunday a little slower pace of the same things that you have in the concert-room during the week.

"Now, it has pleased God, in the midst of all the changes of the world, to raise up one instrument which in itself is the most complex and the grandest, which has the widest scope, and which has in it more elements of power and beauty, than, I had almost said, all other instruments. For it is itself a musical museum. It is the epitome of all orchestras, of all instruments, whether strung or wind. It has pleased God to make that a gift to the church, and the church, large of itself. It has also pleased God to inspire man to create for the organ a school and body of music, large, historical, and as noble as ever was inspired on earth. And I believe that while we say, during the week to opera and concert, 'Play as you will,' we have a right to say on Sunday, 'Let us have ecclesiastical music!' Let us have music that represents the more sober moods of the mind. Let us have music, which, if it rejoices, rejoices in the *Lord*. Let us have in our organ concerts a representative music of the organ. You can get dances and polkas elsewhere, I never like to have dances and polkas performed on the organ. That is not its business. Not that the instrument cannot perform these things; not that occasionally they may not be introduced into organ music in certain ways; but there ought to be in the public mind the means of estimating and of judging of those styles of music which are grave and full of moral feeling, and that take hold of the highest impulses and instincts of our nature. And it is for the purpose of making the community familiar with organ music that I have felt a deep interest in these concerts. And I believe that knowledge and taste are growing in this direction. And though multitudes of persons are not particularly discriminating, I believe—and I believe it from what I saw during the last two years—that the higher classes of music are coming to be more and more appreciated. I have noticed that the best performers were the most enthusiastically received, and that the really best music was the most cheered, while what might be called clap-trap music, that which goes by the name of *popular music*, was received the most nearly with silence and disapprobation. I never felt a greater pleasure than that which I felt when I heard *alta podrida* music—music made up of snatches here and there—implying that that was all that you could understand, followed by dead silence. It was a compliment of which you yourself did not appreciate the weight. And when some of the noblest things of the most inspired musicians were received with enthusiasm, I felt proud of you, and blessed God, and took courage.

"Now we enter upon another season. The concert will be held one hour. The main performances will be on the organ; but there will also be some singing and lighter music for the sake of interesting you between the more voluminous and weighty passages of the organ music."

Leger Lines.

THERE are six female minstrel troupes now traveling.

An Italian opera company is organizing in New York for Mexico.

The price of admission to Bilse's famous concerts, in Berlin, is thirteen cents.

The London theaters employ female ushers, and are well pleased at the results.

A set of part-songs, for male voices, by M. Gounod, has just been published in Germany.

J. DEMPSTER TOWN, one of the most conscientious teachers and pianists in the State, is a resident of Grand Rapids.

In Germany the opera begins at six o'clock in the evening, and it is the fashion for young ladies to attend unescorted.

THIRTY-EIGHT Estey organs delivered to C. J. Whitney & Co. in one day, February 14th, at their warehouses in Detroit.

MEYERBEYER'S "Prophet" is to be produced in St. Petersburg, at the National Opera House, with Russian libretto.

THE Musical Conservatoire of Paris, which prior to the war with Prussia, contained six hundred students, is now closed.

MESSRS C. J. WHITNEY & Co. have received at their warehouses in Detroit, during the short month of February, 133 Estey cottage organs.

"The Daughter of the Regiment," Donizetti's well-known opera, has been adapted into German to suit Teutonic patriotism of the present day.

Two hundred pounds is offered by the London Alhambra Palace Company for a grand original fantasia, for orchestra, chorus, organ, and military band.

THE summary of new operas produced in Italy during 1870 contains thirty-two works. Twenty-four are described as *buono*, five as *mediocre*, and three as *cattivo*.

C. J. WHITNEY & Co. have just closed a contract with Messrs. J. Estey & Co. for one thousand of the celebrated Estey cottage organs, for their trade during the present year.

THE city authorities are desirous that the demand for the Estey organ shall cease, in order that C. J. Whitney & Co. can keep their sidewalk front free from such a musical blockade.

A MUSICIAN lately advertised to give instructions in music "from first principles to thoroughness." An interview between the teacher and proof-reader has probably taken place ere this.

A CHICAGO music store recently sold a piano, and the buyer soon after wrote to the dealers that he and his wife could find the place to wind it up, and they wanted to be told at once how to make the thing go.

MRS. L. H. TROWBRIDGE, teacher of music in the Kalamazoo College, was recently the recipient of an eighty-five dollar set of furs, from members of the First Baptist Church, as a token of appreciation of her services in the choir.

THEY have an organ in Mechanic Hall, at Salem, Mass., which is blown by hydraulic pressure from a three hundred and seventy-five horse-power Worthington duplex pumping engine, located at Wenhau Lake, a distance of five miles from the city!

THE Bridgeport (Ct.) Opera House has been "dedicated to the Muses," according to a local journal, by means of the performance of "Blanche," an original Bridgeport opera, sung by Bridgeport singers. The Bridgeport papers declare it "a success."

In Milwaukee the papers apologize for Brignoli's "Come Into the Garden, Maud," with the remark that "Doubtless a very respectable minority, who must be pleased, will like it hugely." A sour kroust and lager concert is the thing for a Milwaukee audience.

CLARA LOUISIE sang in Titusville the other night. "Like the smooth, unctuous tripping of the oleaginous commodity from a hundred barrel well," says the *Herald*, "were the liquid, oily notes of the handsome, be-diamonded Kellogg to the enraptured Titusvillers."

HANDEL, when visiting an eating-house, would order his dinner "for three." He was a great eater, as well as a superior genius.

"A dinner for three!" would exclaim the host, "where is the company?"

"Pring up de tianor prestissimo. I am de gobmany."

NOTWITHSTANDING the present state of affairs, 94 new pupils were, last autumn, entered on the books of the Stuttgart Conservatory of Music, which is under the immediate patronage of the King. The number of pupils is at present 444, only 16 fewer than last winter. Of these 444, 130—85 male and 45 female pupils—are studying music as a profession.

A CONGREGATION in the interior of Illinois, having bought a new organ, was well pleased with the instrument and its introduction into the church. One old elder, however, could not harmonize this innovation with his views of godliness, objected seriously. The first Sabbath after the instrument was used, the elder was as usual asked to close with prayer, when he "rose" and said: "Call on the marshmen, if it can sing it can pray also. Call on the marshmen" (machine).

LOST OLEANE.

Words by CORTLAND BALL.

Music by C. M. NORRIS.

Moderate.

Piano. *p*

3. On - ly one year has passed by, sweet O - leane, And I am
con espressione.

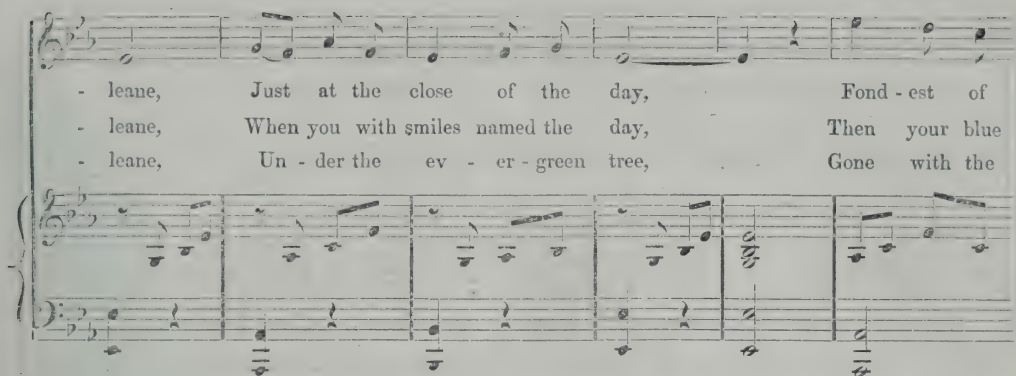
1. Well do I think of the day, sweet O - leane, When we to -

2. On - ly one year has passed by, sweet O - leane, Since we to -

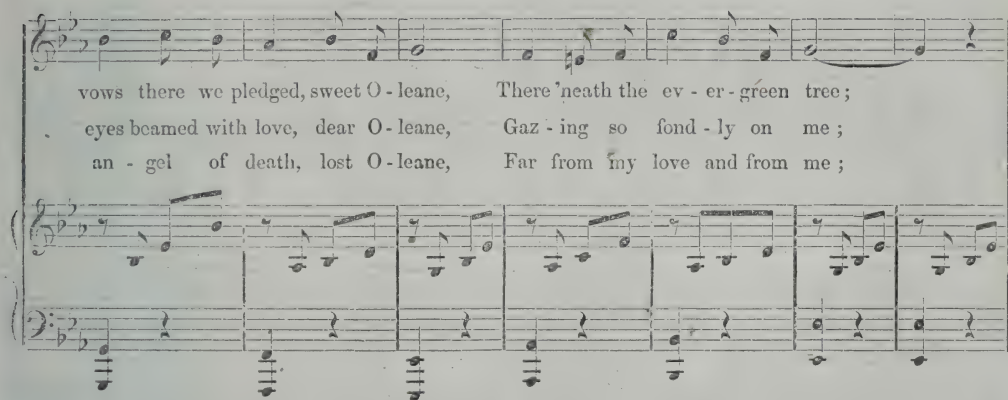
waiting for thee, Yet there is no one to greet me, O -

gether did stray, Down 'neath the ev - er-green trec, sweet O -

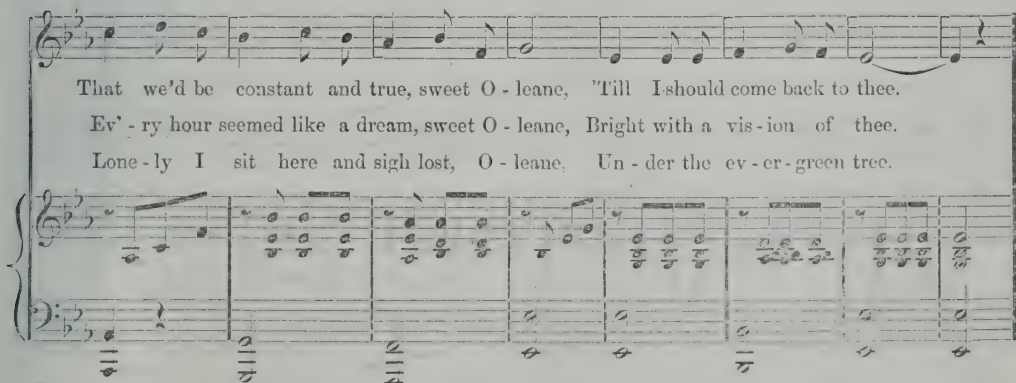
gether did stray, Down 'neath the ev - er-green tree, sweet O -



- leane, Just at the close of the day, Fond-est of
 - leane, When you with smiles named the day, Then your blue
 - leane, Un-der the ev-er-green tree, Gone with the

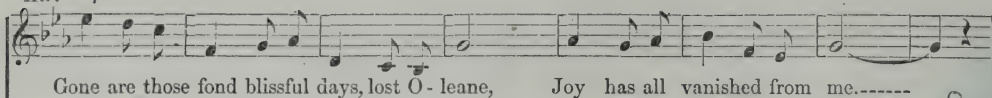
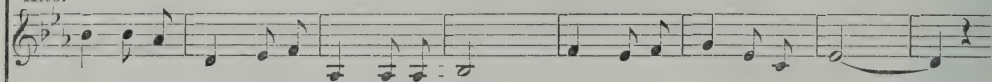
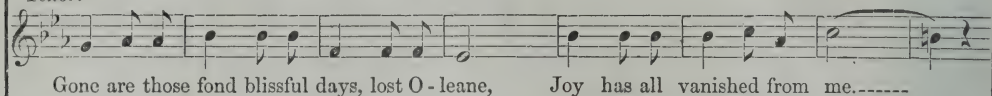
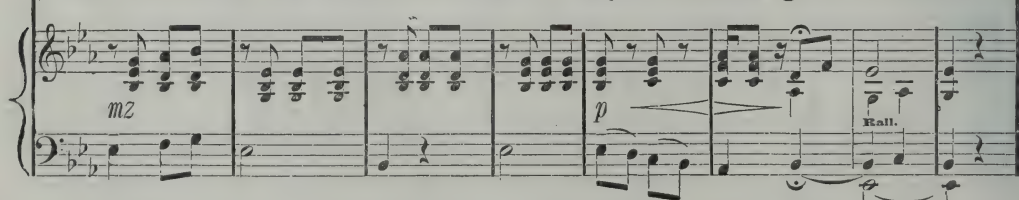
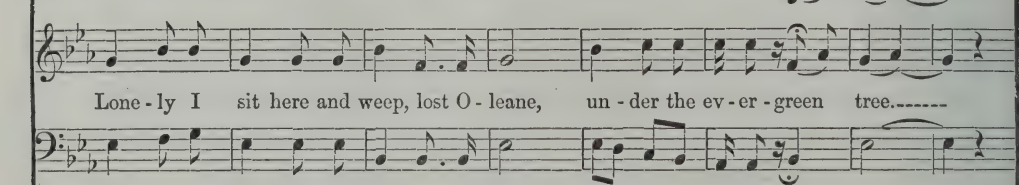
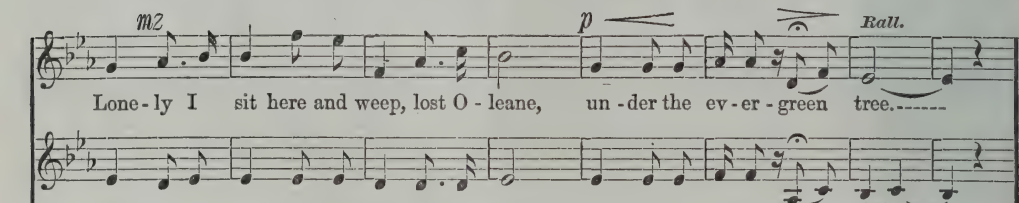
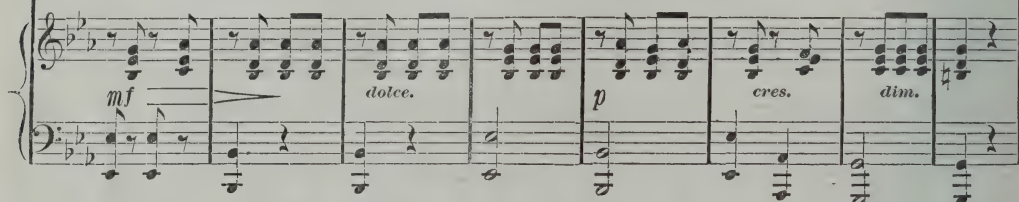
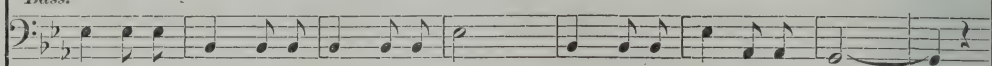


vows there we pledged, sweet O-leane, There 'neath the ev-er-green tree;
 eyes beamed with love, dear O-leane, Gaz-ing so fond-ly on me;
 an-gel of death, lost O-leane, Far from my love and from me;



That we'd be constant and true, sweet O-leane, 'Till I should come back to thee.
 Ev'-ry hour seemed like a dream, sweet O-leane, Bright with a vis-ion of thee.
 Lone-ly I sit here and sigh lost, O-leane, Un-der the ev-er-green tree.

CHORUS.

Air. mf*Alto.**Tenor.**Bass.*

TWILIGHT MAZURKA.

By Prof. WILLIAM BENDIX.

f *Ped.*

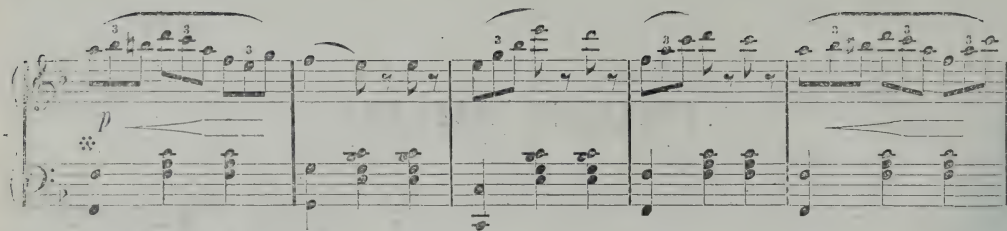
p

f *Ped.*

Ped.

1 2

1 2



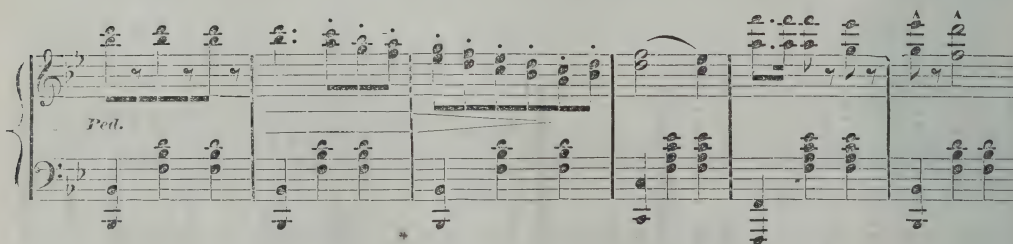
First system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with triplets and slurs. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present at the beginning.



Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues the melodic line. The left hand includes a section marked *Ped.* (pedal) and a section marked *f* (forte). The section *TRIO.* begins in the middle of the system.



Third system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with triplets and slurs. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present.



Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand continues the melodic line. The left hand includes a section marked *Ped.* (pedal). The system concludes with a double bar line.



Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with triplets and slurs. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. Bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment of chords. Dynamics include *f* and *Ped.* (pedal). There are also some markings above the treble staff, possibly *A* and *A*.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff has chords. Dynamics include *f*. There are some markings above the treble staff, possibly *A* and *A*.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with triplets. Bass staff has chords. Dynamics include *p* (piano). There are some markings above the treble staff, possibly *A* and *A*.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line. Bass staff has chords. Dynamics include *f* and *Ped.* (pedal). There are some markings above the treble staff, possibly *A* and *A*.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with triplets. Bass staff has chords. Dynamics include *Ped.* (pedal). The system ends with a *Da Capo.* marking. At the bottom right, there is a small text block:
J. C. HART, M. T. GILLESPIE,
H. J. MANN, L. B. STANLEY, OSMOND.

C. J. WHITNEY & CO.'S

MONTHLY BULLETIN

OF

NEW AND POPULAR MUSIC.

March, 1871.

EXPLANATION OF LETTERS AND FIGURES.

The Letters indicate the Key in which the piece is written.
The Figures indicate the degree of difficulty: 1, very easy; 2, easy; 3, medium; 4, difficult. DK, different keys.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

No one cares for me.

Song and Chorus. Eb 2. *James E. Stewart.* 35.

All alone the streets I wander—
No one cares for me,
For I'm poor, and cannot squander
Money like them, so fast and free;
Still my heart's as true, and loving
As any one's I see;
But because I'm poor and ragged,
No one thinks or cares for me.

This is the latest song of this popular composer, and has already become universally popular with all the leading minstrel troupes in the country. It has already reached its tenth edition, and bids fair to become one of the most popular songs of the day.

Gracie with the Golden Hair.

Song and Chorus. C 2. *M. H. McChesney.* 30.

The songs of this popular composer are so well known, that any praise from us is useless; but we can say with truth, that it is one of the most beautiful songs he has ever written, and will no doubt become as popular as all his music is.

Days of Yore.

Song and Chorus. Bb 2. *James E. Stewart.* 30

This song of Mr. Stewart's has a beautiful melody, with an easy accompaniment, and will be as universally popular as all of Mr. Stewart's songs.

Let us Speak Softly.

Ballad. Ab 2. *M. F. H. Smith.* 30.

One from this beautiful bright world of ours,
One from the sunshine that gladdens the flowers,
No more on earth midst its trials to roam,
A spirit has gone to a happier home,
Weary of life with its pleasure and pain,
Weary of striving too often in vain,
One from this earth, where we're journeying on,
Let us speak softly, a spirit has gone.

A beautiful and effective melody.

Take Father's advice, Willie, Dear.

Song and Chorus. G 2. *M. H. McChesney.* 30.

Take father's advice, now Willie, my dear,
Be honest in all that you do,
In passing through life there is nothing to fear,
If you are but manly and true.
No matter if frowns on your labor are cast,
No matter if no one will cheer,
You'll reap the reward when trials are past,
Take father's advice, Willie, dear.

This new song is already meeting with great success; its melody is simple, but pleasing, and the sentiment of the words is A 1.

Coquette (The).

Song. A 3. *Coffinberry.* 35.

Let Love weave his garlands for those that will wear them,
And sigh while they wither away;
Let Love bind his fetters on those that will bear them,
Let others still wear them that may;
I will laugh in Love's face, I will ever be free
From the bands that entangle the heart,
No lover's soft sigh, no Cupid for me,
I've broken the point of his dart.

A charming song for Soprano. Is already very popular.

Lilly of the Lea.

Song and Chorus. F 3. *Jas. E. Stewart.* 35.

"How I love thee none can tell,
In my heart thou'rt ever shut dwel,
More than life thou art to me,
Daring Lilly of the Lea."¹

This beautiful song has already reached a large sale and is written in a thoroughly artistic manner. We predict that it will become a standard popular song.

Cuckoo's Song (The).

Song and Chorus. D 3. *F. H. Pease.* 35.

Chill blows the autumn wind,
Through leafless trees;
We go fresh fields to find,
Brighter than these
Where 'neath a cloudless sky,
Blue waters gleaming lie,
We shall repose;
Where the wind's perfumed sigh
Just waves the rose.

As sung by the favorite American Prima Donna, Miss Florence Rice. The chorus is a masterpiece of effect. Just adapted to the concert room.

*Mary Lee.

Song and Chorus. Bb 3. *F. H. Pease.* 50.

The brook goes tinkling down the hill
Singing toward the sea,
While in the shadow of the mill
Sits modest Mary Lee.

One rosy cheek, one dimpled hand,
A smile and then a dream,
Come sailor lover, seek the lassie
Sleeping by the stream.

One of the sweetest pieces ever written. The sentiment of the poetry and the music are in perfect sympathy, and the music is peculiarly graceful.

*Only a Little While Longer.

Song and Chorus. Eb 3. *M. H. McChesney.* 50.

"They are gone, they are gone, not a friend have I here,
One by one dropping like leaves in the air,
Till the last one has passed o'er the river so cold,
Leaving me friendless and lonely and old."

"Wait but a little while longer,
Wait but a little while longer,
Visions of glory will dawn on my sight
If I wait but a little while longer."

The above is one of the most exquisite songs yet written by this talented author, and all who love good sentiment, combined with beautiful music, should order the piece at once. We are sure it will please.

*Rose of Springwells (The).

Song and Chorus. Ab 3. *M. H. McChesney.* 60.

How sweet is the Spring when the soft winds are blowing,
When the cold blast of Winter has fled from the scene,
When our white-bosomed river in beauty is flowing,
And nature is decked with her mantle of green.
How grand are thy banks, oh, thou clear winding river,
When barged with lilies and bonnie blue-bells;
How oft 'mong thy groves I have wandered with Jeannie,
My own darling Jeannie, the Rose of Springwells.

A bright flowing song, with accompaniment rather more difficult than usual, but still within the reach of players of ordinary ability. The chorus and refrain are particularly beautiful. The title alone is worth the money.

Sweetly Thine Eyes are on me Beaming.

Song and Chorus. Ab 2. *L. C. V. Wheat.* 35.

Sweetly thine eyes are on me beaming,
Winning my soul with their brightest ray;
While 'neath their glow my heart lies dreaming,
And sweetly float the hours away.

Sweet hours that no sadness borrow
From the bright moments of the day,
Nor let me fear the coming morrow
Will steal the joys that round me play.

Already very popular, and destined to be more so. Both melody and chorus are worked up in the most charming manner. Just the thing for a serenade.

There's a Smile that awaits me at Home.

Song. G 3. *M. F. H. Smith.* 35.

Troubles we fancy are heavy to bear
In traveling life's dreary way,
Some are heart-broken with sorrow and care,
While others are cheerful and gay.

One of this favorite author's best efforts. It is crowded full of beauty.

Instrumental.

PIANO.

L'Automne (Autumn).

Polka de Concert. Db 4. *James E. Stewart.* 50.

A very fine and effective piece for concerts, and all good players, written in an artistic manner, and is of the very highest order of music.

Dripping Waters.

Polka. G 2. *J. H. Simonds.* 3.

This is a very beautiful and original Polka, and although it is the author's first effort, displays good taste throughout, and is well worth learning.

Sweetly Thine Eyes are on me Beaming.

Transcription. Ab 4. *M. H. McChesney.* 75.

A remarkably fine arrangement of Mr. J. C. V. Wheat's beautiful melody of that name, and is handled throughout in a thoroughly artistic manner, and should be on the piano of every advanced performer.

Lyra.

Grand-March. C 3. *W. H. Barnhardt.* 40.

A very fine teaching March, and is within the reach of the average run of players.

Salutation.

Mazurka. C 2. *Thos. R. Watts.* 40.

Medium as regards difficulty, and is having a very good sale.

*Bouquet.

March. C 2. *C. T. Lockwood.* 40.

This is one of the latest compositions of this lamented author, and is one of the most popular pieces on our catalogue.

Excursion.

Polka. C 2. *Wm. B. Colson.* 30.

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Through trains leave Detroit as follows:
Mail 7.10 A. M.; Day Express 10.00 A. M.; Evening Express 5.20 P. M.; Pacific Express (Sundays included) 9.50 P. M.; connecting with the various branch lines, as below, and arriving at Chicago at 8.30 P. M.; 8.00 P. M.; 6.30 A. M., and 6.00 A. M. respectively.
The Dexter Accommodation leaves Detroit at 4.00 P. M.

AIR LINE DIVISION.

Mail Train leaves Jackson at 11.10 A. M. and arrives at Niles at 4.00 P. M., connecting with Mail Train on Main Line at both places.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY DIVISION.

Leaves Jackson at 1.00 P. M. (Mail); 5.10 P. M. (Evening Express), and 7.15 A. M. (Mixed), arriving at Grand Haven at 4.45 P. M.; 5.15 P. M., and 3.15 P. M. respectively.

DETROIT, HILLSDALE & INDIANA R. R.
Leaves Ypsilanti at 8.45 A. M. and 6.00 P. M. on arrival of Mail and Dexter Accommodation.

FT. WAYNE, JACKSON & SAGINAW R. R.
Leaves Jackson at 6.10 A. M.; 1.10 P. M., connecting with Day Express from Detroit; and 5.00 P. M.

JACKSON, LANSING & SAGINAW R. R.
Leaves Jackson at 6.20 A. M.; 11.30 A. M. (runs only to Lansing), and 3.30 P. M., and arrives at Wenona at 12.00 M. and 9.15 P. M.

Trains arrive at Detroit as follows:
Atlantic Express 3.45 P. M.; Night Express 7.40 A. M.; Dexter Accommodation 9.50 A. M.; Mail 6.30 P. M., and Day Express 6.55 P. M.

Mail Trains and Day Express run daily, except Sundays; Pacific Express, west, and Atlantic Express, east, daily; Evening Express, west, daily except Sundays, and only to Jackson on Saturdays; Night Express, east, and Dexter Accommodation, daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

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[TRANSLATION.]

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Rome, December 26, 1867.

(Signed)

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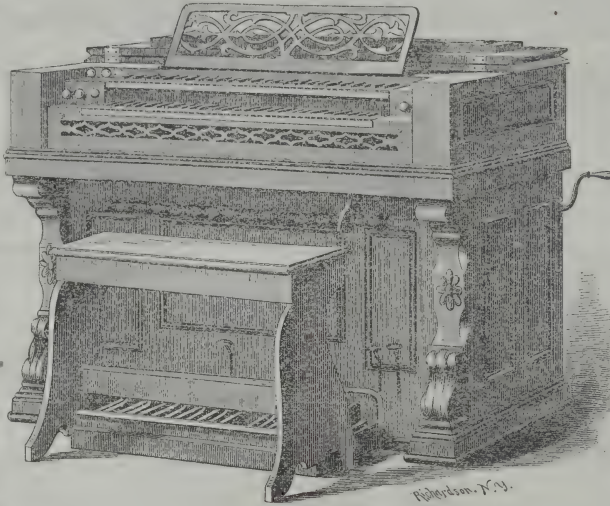
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of an intelligent churchman who knows whereof he writes, and such, also, is the attestation of all who have tested the beautiful instruments built by the Estey establishment. The extraordinary efficiency, power and capacity of these instruments are not the result of blind chance and a transitory reputation achieved by accidental circumstances. They are, in a word, the inevitable consequences of skill; high musical attainment, and unremitting application and labor. Every article which goes into the composition of an Estey organ is subjected, prior to manufacture, to the severest scientific scrutiny, by men educated and experienced in the various departments over which they preside. From the period the lumber is hewn in the forest to the time it is incorporated into the instrument, its gradual preparation is watched over and guided by the most consummate artists, employed at the highest salaries, in order that perfection shall be attained, at least, so far as materials extend. In addition, the Messrs. Estey & Co. have at their command a corps of inventive experts, whose sole duty and province it is to create and improve whatever they may discover calculated to enhance the value and elegance of their incomparable reed instruments. To this end, the lumber employed in the construction of their organs is tested in the most thorough manner known to science. It is, first, exposed to the open air for a given period, that nature may do her own seasoning, after which it runs the gauntlet of kilns built expressly for the purpose, and, in this wise, when manufactured, it is proof against climatic revolution, and assist measurably in giving tone and power to the organ which it constitutes. Every stage in the mechanism of their organs is taken under the immediate supervision of the proprietors, who are themselves mechanics of the first order, and hence it is that the Estey Organ stands on its present eminence, acknowledged by all to be the very acme of musical perfection and mechanical excellence. The Estey Organ is remarkable for its extreme delicacy of touch, full, rich tone, and harmonious, wave-like swell, at once grand, imposing and sweet, rendering it, beyond doubt, the great desideratum for the sacred grandeur of the psalms and other church harmonies. The great distinguishing feature of the Estey Organ is denominated the "Vox Humana Tremolo," which was perfected, patented and added to these instruments in 1865. The "Tremolo" consists of a revolving fan, which, when



being played, inspires the music with a tremulous, wave-like symphony, imparting a tone and grandeur of effect previously unknown in the history of reed music. This invention was a discovery in the construction of the organ which at once raised the Estey instruments far above all rivals, and though competitors have essayed to imitate it, all their efforts to reach the standard of the Estey patent have proved unsuccessful and abortive. Since the "Tremolo" came into being, the Estey Organs have steadily advanced in the public estimation, giving eminent satisfaction to the latter, and fame and pecuniary reward to the talented and enterprising builders.

In truth, the Estey instrument is a combination or series of patented improvements, scientifically arranged into one grand whole. These improvements are not in any other organ, and may be briefly enumerated thus:

1. The "Vox Humana Tremolo," the operation of which we have depicted.
2. The "Vox Jubilante," which is a "stop" of the most effective and enchanting nature. This feature comprises an extra set of reeds, so formed, tuned and arranged as to create the most pleasing effects in the music, creating a tone hitherto supposed impossible in organs. This invention is the sole property of Estey & Co., and is appended only to the instruments they manufacture.
3. The "Patent Harmonic Attachment" is an octave coupler used on a single manual, and doubles the power of the instrument without increasing its size, or number of reeds.
4. Next we have what is technically termed the "Manual Sub-Bass," another creation of the inventive genius of the Estey house, and covered by three distinct patents. This peculiarity is, in plain terms, an additional set of sub-bass reeds, placed upon the air-chamber, enhancing the rotundity or volume of tone in the ratio of about one-third, and is deservedly esteemed by performers an invaluable aid in the management and efficiency of the organ. It occupies no additional space, and answers all the purposes of pedal bass.
5. The "Patent Knee-Swell," whereby the player has complete control over the instrument, obtaining a perfect *Crescendo* or *Diminuendo*, more beautiful than the Automatic Swell, or any other ever before used.

6. The "Patent Organ Bellows" greatly enhances the power and quality of the tone, without increasing the size of the case.

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VOLUME I.

DETROIT, APRIL, 1871.

NUMBER IV.

The Singer.

The revels reigned in kingly halls,
The mirth was fast and free;
They called the bard to lend the feast
The charm of minstrelsy.

He came and sang of knightly deeds,
Of battles lost and won,
Of hero deaths and laurel crowns;
And still the feast went on.

He sang of beauty and of love,
Of poet-dreams divine;
Some boasted of their steeds and awards,
Some praised the purple wine.

The melody unheeded rose
Where jest and laughter rang;
Who heard the minstrel or his lay?
Who heard the song he sang?

Ah! there was one who sat apart
Silent amid the throng,
Whose changing cheek and moistened eye
Confessed the power of song.

And as the music died away
In cadence low and sweet,
The richest gem that young knight wore
Fell at the minstrel's feet.

So sings the poet in the mart,
Where jest and scoff are ringing,
Nor knows what sympathizing heart
Respondeth to his singing.

If one amid the careless crowd
Pauses to hear his strain,
And better, nobler, turns away,
He has not sung in vain.

And though unheeded he may sing,
And win but sneer and blame,
Hereafter at his feet may fall
Earth's purest jewel—fame!

Church Music.

"All the train
Sang hallelujah as the sound of seas."—*Milton.*

Again! oh! send those anthem notes again,
Through the arched roof in triumph to the sky!
Bid the old tombs give echoes to the strain,
The banners tremble as with victory.

Sing them once more! then wait my soul away,
High where no shadow of the past is thrown;
No earthly passion, though the exulting lay
Breathes mournfully one haunting undertone.

All is of heaven! yet wherefore to mine eye
Gush the quick tears unbidden from their source!
E'en while the waves of that strong harmony
Sweep with my spirit on their sounding course!

Wherefore must rapture its full tide reveal,
Thus by the signs betokening sorrow's power?
Oh! is it not that humbly we may feel
Our nature's limits in its proudest hour?

MRS. HEMANS.

How music charms?
How metre warms?
Parent of actions good and brave!
How vice it tames?
And wrong inflames?
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

YOUNG.

Hints to Pianists.

BY M. H. MCCHESNEY.

No. 2.

MECHANICAL SKILL.

Although the land is filled with tutors in music, both male and female, to such an extent that the humblest hamlet may boast of two or three, there seems to be but few who are really capable of directing the studies of the would-be pianists to successful results. But not alone does the fault lie in the teachers. Perhaps not one in a hundred of the pupils is willing to devote the attention and time necessary to raise them above mediocrity.

Certainly, many have fine natural abilities, who accomplish but little; and when their musical education is finished, can do little more than play passably a few showy compositions of the most modern order. But whilst I contend that although pupil or parent may sometimes be alone responsible for these meagre results, still I am confident that in the majority of cases the fault lies with the teacher. Ninety per cent of those professing to teach music are ladies who have studied from two months to two years. Large numbers of them do not even profess to play the simplest compositions, but do profess to be excellent teachers.

If a father wishes to make a sailor of his son, does he trust his education with one who is no sailor himself? Would not the public detect the imposition if one should propose to receive pupils in French, and yet themselves be unable to pronounce a single sentence correctly? Yet incompetent music teachers are constantly being employed under the plea that they are good enough for beginners. If at any time during the musical career of a student, they need correct guidance and careful watching, it is at the very outset. Establish firmly a fine position of the hand, correct action and stroke of the fingers, and success may be considered certain. If correct mechanics are not taught by the teacher and learned by the pupil at the outset, the chances are that they never will be learned. I have always found it a laborious task, and quite often a fruitless one, to attempt to correct a faulty stroke when confirmed by long habit. It is for this reason I would urge upon parents and guardians the necessity of employing none but thoroughly competent teachers at the outset.

In case no competent teacher can be obtained, those who are already somewhat advanced will do well to treasure up the following general rules:—

1st. The body of the hand, wrist and forearm form a line as nearly straight as possible.

2d. When a single key is struck, the stroke must be made with the *finger* alone.

3d. When two or more keys are struck at the same time with the same hand, the stroke may be made from the fingers alone, from the entire hand or from the forearm, according to the amount of force desired.

4th. Octaves should nearly always be played from the wrist.

5th. As a general rule, finger black octaves with the thumb and third finger.

6th. In scales, five finger exercises, and arpeggios do not use the wrist joint, but play from the finger alone.

7th. At all times keep the finger joints bent outwardly at the instant of percussion.

8th. *Never make a motion with the hands, arms or any part of the body, that is not positively necessary to an easier rendition of the composition.* In fact, avoid all grimaces, distortions and motions of the hands and body which mean nothing, and always strive to be easy and graceful.

These general rules, like all others, have their exceptions, of which I have neither the time nor space to treat at present. In conclusion, I would say: For the first three years the student should mainly be employed upon the five finger exercises, scales, arpeggios, and strictly technical studies. By this time, if both the teacher and pupil have been faithful to the work, sufficient mechanical skill will have been acquired to render the onward progress of the student both rapid and interesting. A language and cunning have been given the fingers by and through which they may announce the beauties of the great masters.

Music Among the Ancients.

From the early dawn of the world's history, when the warbling of feathered songsters, and the various melodies of nature first aroused in man the consciousness of a new sense, and suggested the art itself, the votaries of music have been steadily increasing. They have struggled on from the first rude efforts to the present perfected system. Music has been a part of very slow growth. Beginning almost with man himself, yet its progress has been very gradual. Although subject to constant interruptions, it has advanced slowly, but surely. There were times when it flourished; times favorable to its development, and times very adverse, yet it continued to grow on until it has reached its present excellence. Its progress has not, of course, been the same among all nations. Music has extended its influence and growth in proportion to the sensibility of the people. Though all people are subject to its influence, yet it is in different degrees; and therefore among all kinds of people, from the rude, wandering tribe, sunk in the very lowest depth of barbarism, to the nation rejoicing in the highest civilization, music in some form exists. There is a vast difference between the simple tomtom of the Hindoo and the great Boston organ, with its numerous and complicated array of stops, keys and pedals, yet they alike mark the possession of the same sense, though in different stages of development. Believing that a brief account of the art we love may not be uninteresting to our readers, we have penned the present article. The music is the same now, among a few nations, that it was thousands of years ago. Information upon this subject is easy to obtain, for there is much history and many fables extant concerning that art, reaching far back many centuries beyond that of classic nations. From these sources we learn what it was at that time. The wheels of progress seem then to have been blocked, and have remained at a stand-still ever since. This is especially the case with the Hindoo, Chinese and Japanese music. No great changes have taken place in that art—at least none for the better—since the days of Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher, who said, more than one hundred years before Plato was born:

"Would'st thou know if a people be well governed, if its manners be good or bad, examine the music it practices." Yet, despite the evident favor with which the old philosopher regarded music, it makes no progress among the Chinese. Even if there were genius to advance it—which we believe is wanting in the organization of that people—its development would be effectually restrained by the sumptuary laws which are in force. With the Chinese, as with most other nations, music and religion are intimately connected. It takes a conspicuous place in their most dignified ceremonies. The sacred imperial hymn, sung with great pomp annually, is a sequence of long-drawn notes, precisely parallel to the early church music, in unison.

Some of the earliest accounts of music are to be found in the Bible. From that sacred depository of knowledge we learn that among the Hebrews music was quite extensively cultivated. Yet even from that source it is difficult to obtain anything like a satisfactory statement of the music of the Jewish nation. We find, however, that the art, from a very early period, constantly ministered to their religious ceremonies. Moses tells us that Jubal, sixth in descent from Cain, was "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." The organ here spoken of was, according to the interpretation of learned commentators, the syrinx, or a species of Pan's pipes. This must have been but a short period after the deluge, yet long enough, evidently, for a considerable advancement in music to have been made.

The Bible, also, mentions instruments of various kinds, which were performed upon with skill. It tells us of the wonderful manner in which the minstrel, David, played upon the harp before Saul, the king, and of the influence of the music, in driving away the evil spells which depressed the spirits of that unhappy king. When the harpist, divinely appointed, in his turn became king, and ruled over Israel, music progressed, and was held in high esteem. His patronage necessarily extended its influence, and a great corps of musicians was appointed for the celebration of the religious ceremonies. The musicians were confined to one family, that of Levi, which was exclusively consecrated to the service of the Lord, and the cultivation of music. When Solomon was made king, 4,000 were the number "which praised the Lord with instruments." But whatever knowledge the Hebrews possessed of music was undoubtedly obtained from the Egyptians. Therefore it is to Egypt, that mystic land, where the arts and sciences attained a perfection which the modern world is but beginning to comprehend, that we must go for the earliest indications of anything like culture, as we understand it, in music. It was among the first sciences cultivated there, and the opinion prevailed among the ancients that Pythagoras was indebted to the Egyptian priests for nearly all the science he possessed, and especially that of music. Pythagoras, teacher of the Greeks, who sustained the same relation to the ancient world in music, that Italy does to the modern, was instructed by the Egyptians. Are we not right, then, in looking upon the Egyptians as the earliest masters in that divine science? It was to them that the Greeks attributed the invention of some of their musical instruments. Indeed there is little question now made of the superiority of the Egyptians over the Greeks in music, despite the pretensions of the latter nation. Some insight into the ancient state of music on the Nile has been acquired by the world by means of a drawing from a painting of a harp in a tomb at Thebes, indicating that before Athens was built the Egyptians made harps of many strings. This was a revelation of an excellence in music far beyond what the Greeks had ever possessed. All traces of Egyptian composition of music have long since passed away, and what it was can now only be conjectured. The rude songs of the boatmen of the Nile alone remain as samples of that of a once polished people. But melody, as it is understood by us, we do not believe ever

existed among the ancients; though a system undoubtedly prevailed. Their songs may be described as musical declamations, and the voice, in reciting them, was accompanied and sustained by instruments. The first poets, it may be said, were the first musicians. Music and poetry were generally connected, and among the ancient Greeks they were inseparable, and always taught together. At Athens, during the times of Pericles, music was esteemed so necessary a part of education, that not to understand it was considered a disgrace. Yet, although music was held in such high estimation by the Greeks, it is generally conceded that they did not understand harmony, and that their lyre of a few strings merely played the notes of the voice. Without either the great organ or piano-forte—instruments unknown to them—it may, we think, be safely affirmed that the science of harmony could not have been created. Their lyre being, as we have said, too poor an instrument to afford much melody, and the ancient flute, although possessing some advantages, yet not much better, it may be fairly inferred, that music, as a science, was not understood.

Their system of religion was opposed to all improvements in their instruments, and the maintenance of music, in prescribed forms, was considered a necessity of state.

Although Greek musical MSS.—that is, poetry with musical signs—have been discovered, yet it throws but little light upon the state of music in that era, because no key being found, it cannot be rightly understood.

We learn, however, that they had many hundreds of musical signs, and that to become a musician-poet must have required years of practice. If the interpretation of their MSS. be correct, they declaimed in a kind of recitation in a minor key, intoning pretty much as is done by the priest in the Roman Catholic services. Religious and patriotic poetry so musically declaimed before a people of such lively imaginations as the Greeks, may easily have produced the effects which poetry and historians relate, but they were due to the sentiment, and not to the value of the melody.

Such knowledge as the Romans possessed of music was obtained from the Greeks; but they never acquired such high culture in that art as their masters. The earliest MSS. which we have of their music, capable of being deciphered, are about 800 years old. The melodies of that day were, as we may easily conjecture, very rude and imperfect. They were but such as ignorance of all the resources of the voice might suggest. The varieties of length and pitch of notes, of the symmetries of cadence and the splendors of modulation from one key to another, were all unknown. Their melodies were but the feeblest dawning of that musical light which has since burst upon the world in all its glorious refulgence. Faint beginnings, crude and hasty sketches by the ancient Romans, to be filled in, rounded off, and made a magnificent whole by the modern Italians. During the darkness which succeeded the fall of the Roman Empire music still struggled and maintained its existence—a light so divine could not be easily extinguished.

The church mysteries, or performances by religious persons of dramas, the subjects of which were taken from the Scriptures, continued to sustain it. During the chivalric ages music was fostered by the minstrels and troubadours. Everywhere welcome, from the hut of the vassal to the castle of the highest lord in the land, they disseminated a taste for their "joyous art" throughout Europe, which was not slow in ripening into a love which has since remained unchanged. Little lyric-dramatic pieces, composed and performed by them, show the popular taste of that time. From this time forth began an advance in music-progress which was like a grand triumphal march, in which all cultivated nations took part. Inventions and improvements in the musical art quickly followed one another. The organ, thundering forth its grand harmonic peals, gave birth to the

fugue, from which, in their turn, arose the rhetorically constructed sonata, symphony and overture, ornamented and refined by the graces of vocalization, and the blossoms and fragrance of operatic music. To music have all nations contributed a large share, yet to Italy, that land of song, does it owe its passionate grace and refinement. There has grown a race of singers who are autocrats in their art. They give laws and method in song to all the world. The musician who has not visited Italy, has left incomplete his studies, is the verdict recorded against him. Master after master has arisen who has impressed the peculiarities of his genius upon the art, and passed away. In vocal and instrumental music the skill of the present day is so wonderful that it seems impossible that it can be excelled. One production after another has appeared, until such heights have been attained in musical science, that it would almost seem that perfection had been realized. What discoveries are in store for us we cannot say, but knowing how wonderful are the powers of man, how limitless his genius, we think we can safely affirm that the end is not yet, that there are heights for us yet to climb, viewed from which our present stand-point will seem inferior indeed, and compared with which the bold splendors of the present day will sink into insignificance.

Beethoven.

The greatest musical composer of the present century was born in Bonn, on the Rhine, December 17, 1770. His father was tenor singer in the Elector's chapel, a man of irregular habits, and a severe task-master to the boy, whose early musical education he superintended in person. Beethoven was a stubborn, impetuous, impatient boy, who hated to sit still, and had absolutely to be driven to the piano, and yet who loved music passionately in his own way. His was a genius which could not brook artificial methods, but must seek its own appointed way, unfettered by rules and teachers. That early self-reliance which rather distinguished Beethoven in after years, no doubt was engendered and fostered at home by his father, whose irregularities and peculiar disposition made home unpleasant. For his mother Beethoven cherished a warm affection, and loved to talk about her.

Beethoven, evidently, was not a youth with whom one could easily make acquaintance. He lived in his art, and was too much absorbed in it to be taken up with the events and common places of every day life. The little cares which make up the sum and substance of our existence were disregarded by him; for he knew them not. The deafness which withdrew him from the world at a later period, was already predicted in the rapt and inward tone of his whole mind. His soul was absorbed with great thoughts. Reveling in grand harmonies, he entered the wonderful tone-land; and there, basking in the sunshine of melody which warmed his soul, he became morally "deaf" to both censure and applause. His inattention to matters of business subjected him to calamities which served not so much to abstract him from the world, as to distract him. He was forced into relations with the practical side of life, and obliged to contend with the selfishness of those by whom he was surrounded; which, unfitted as he was to encounter, could only craze and bewilder him. His absence of mind not only exposed him to ridicule, but advantage was taken of it to defraud him of his money; so that he seldom had more than enough for the common necessities of life.

One who had the delightful privilege of listening to Beethoven's wonderful improvisations on the piano, at which he was fond of seating himself in the dusk of the evening, says: "In the latter part of his life, his playing at such times was more painful than agreeable to those who heard it. The inward mind alone was active; the outward sense no longer operated with it. Sometimes he would lay his left hand upon the key-board, and thus drown with discordant

noise the music to which his right hand was feelingly giving utterance. The most painful thing of all was to hear him improvise on stringed instruments, owing to his incapacity of tuning. The music which he thus produced was frightful, tho' in his mind it was pure and harmonious."

May not the great master's deafness convince those who are spiritually dead by his works, that music is more a thing of the soul than of the sense?

In appearance, Beethoven is described as small, complexion dark, and somewhat marred by small-pox, careless and negligent in his attire, clothes often soiled and torn. His hair was black, and worn so long, that he was continually tossing it back—and yet withal, an appearance marked and noble. One of Beethoven's peculiarities was, that whatever he held as established ceased with him to be a subject for discussion. There were two things he would never talk about—religion and thorough-bass. For he regarded them both as things ultimate and settled; the one the foundation of life, the other of music. He looked upon a good life as the only confession of faith; and the production of true works of musical art as the only solution of the laws of harmony. His life and his music alike were a yearning and striving towards the spiritual essence, which he felt to be supreme and the ground of all things. His music was his religion; into that he poured his life. In his music he aspired to the Infinite. In his music he accomplished the great sacrifice of self, and displayed a heroic will in his resolute adherence to his theme, mastering his thronging inspirations, and fettering those peculiar flights of genius, stray gleams of which we catch blending with some of his earlier compositions. In his music he was always true, as in his life; compromising nothing for effect, for immediate success or comfort. The tenderest love and most energetic will, the loftiest aspiration and purity and faith are in his music. As he himself said, "The secret of all true art lies, after all, in the moral." How much has he bequeathed to the ages in that language, which admits of no misconception. They are words which set forth no partial truths—but one perfect whole. They come from the heart of the man, and express sentiments which reconcile all conflicting views, and speak to the heart again. The ephemeral productions of the age will pass away and his music yet live. As the world grows older, the better will it be appreciated; and the wonderful richness of his heaven-born genius assert its sway, and shine in undimmed lustre through coming time.

Ancient Music Schools.

Among the Jews there were schools of the prophets, where the young men were taught to sing psalms and play upon musical instruments. Here it was that the prophets often uttered their prophecies to the music of the harp and other ancient Jewish instruments. In these schools pupils were only taught the study and practice of music. However rude and illiterate a people may be, we yet find that music in some form is cultivated. Music schools are of a very ancient date; they are among the earliest institutions that people set up, for they teach expression in a language which all people speak, a language which addresses the hearts of all.

A Musical Tonic.

Prof. Oakley, the Edinburgh organist, at a concert, when he played some of Bach's fugues, said to his audience: "I am quite aware that fugues are not generally popular with my audiences here; and, indeed, in consequence of their intricacy, fugues are difficult to follow, except to musicians. But, nevertheless, the more you hear of Bach, the better you will like him, and his music is a very good tonic for improving your musical taste. The dose prepared for you to-day is a very slight one, and I hope that to some here it may not prove unpalatable."

A Lively Letter.

MENDELSSOHN'S ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

The following interesting letter by Mendelssohn has just been published by his son in a German periodical, and an English paper "wonders how many more of these charming effusions are lying concealed."

FRANKFORT, July 10, 1842.

MY DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER: I must tell you a little more about London, and of the days after our trip to Manchester.

Prince Albert had asked me to go to him on Saturday at two o'clock, so that I might try his organ before I left England; I found him alone, and as we were talking away the Queen came in, also alone, in a simple morning dress. She said she was obliged to leave for Claremont in an hour, and then suddenly interrupting herself, exclaimed, "But goodness, what a confusion!" for the wind had littered the whole room, and strewed the pedals of the organ (which, by the way, made a very pretty feature in the room) with leaves of music from a large portfolio that lay open. As she spoke she knelt down and began picking up the music; Prince Albert helped, and I too was not idle. Then Prince Albert proceeded to explain the stops to me, and she said that she would, meanwhile, put things straight. I begged that the Prince would first play me something, so that, as I said, I might boast about it in Germany, and he played a chorale, by heart, with the pedals, so charmingly and clearly, and correctly, that it would have done credit to any professional, and the Queen, having finished her work, came and sat by him, and listened, and looked pleased.

Then it was my turn, and I began my chorus from "St. Paul!" "How lovely are the messengers." Before I got to the end of the first verse they both joined in the chorus, and all the time Prince Albert managed the stops for me so cleverly—first a flute, at the forte the great organ, at the D major part the whole, then he made a lovely diminuendo with the stops, and so on to the end of the piece, and all by heart, and I was really quite enchanted. Then the young Prince of Gotha came in, and there was more chatting; and the Queen asked if I had written any new songs, and said she was very fond of singing my published ones. "You should sing one to him," said Prince Albert; and after a little begging she said she would try the "Frühlingssied" in B flat—"If it is there," she added, "for all my music is packed up for Claremont."

Prince Albert went to look for it, but came back, saying it was already packed. "But one might perhaps find it," he said. "We must send for Lady—" she said. "I did not catch the name." So the bell was rung, and the servants were sent after it, but without success; and at last the Queen went herself, and while she was gone Prince Albert said to me: "She begs you will accept this present as a remembrance," and he gave me a case with a beautiful ring, on which is engraved "V. R., 1842." Then the Queen came back, and said: "Lady— is gone, and has taken all my things with her. It really is most annoying." (You can't think how that amused me.) I then begged that I might not be made to suffer for the accident, and hoped she would sing another song. After some consultation with her husband, he said: "She will sing you something of Gluck's."

Meantime the Princess of Gotha had come in, and we five proceeded through various corridors and rooms to the Queen's sitting-room, where there was a gigantic rocking-horse standing near the sofa, and two big bird cages, and pictures on the walls, and splendidly bound books on the table, and music on the piano. The Duchess of Kent came in too, and while they were all talking I rummaged about among the music and soon discovered my first set of songs. So, of course, I begged her rather to sing one of those, than the Gluck, to which she very kindly consented; and which did she choose? "*Schöner und Schöner schmeckt sich!*" sang it quite charmingly, in strict time and tune, and with very good execution. Only in the line "*Der Prosa Latsen und Muh,*" where it goes down to D, and then comes up again chromatically, she sang D sharp each time, and as I gave her the note both times, the last time she sang D, and there it ought to have been D sharp. But with the exception of this little mistake it was really charming, and the last long G I have never heard better, or purer, or more natural from any amateur. Then I was obliged to confess that Fanny had written the song (which I found very hard, but pride must have a fall), and begged her to sing one of my own also.

After this, Prince Albert sang the Aerdndied, "*Es ist ein Schmitter;*" and then he said I must play him something before I went, and gave me as themes the chorale which he had played upon the organ, and the

song he had just sung. If everything had gone as usual, I ought to have improvised most dreadfully badly, for it is almost always like that with me, when I want to go well, and then I should have gone away vexed with the whole morning. But, just as if I was to keep nothing but the pleasantest, most charming recollection of it, I never improvised better; I was in the best mood for it, and played a long time, and enjoyed it myself so, that besides the two themes, I brought in the songs that the Queen had sung, naturally enough; and it all went off so easily that I would gladly not have stopped, and they followed me with so much intelligence and attention, that I felt more at my ease than I ever did in improvising for an audience. She said several times she hoped I would soon come to England again and pay them a visit, and then I took leave, and down below I saw the beautiful carriages waiting, with their scarlet outriders, and in a quarter of an hour the flag was lowered. * * * I must add that I begged the Queen to allow me to dedicate my A minor symphony to her, as that had really been the inducement to my journey, and because the English name on the Scotch piece would look doubly well. Also, I forgot to tell you how, just as she was going to begin to sing, she said, "But the parrot must go out first, or he will screech louder than I shall sing." Upon which Prince Albert rang the bell; and the Prince of Gotha said he would carry it out, and I said, "Allow me," and carried the great cage out, to the astonishment of the servants. There is plenty more to say when we meet; but if Dirichlet goes and thinks me a little aristocrat because of these long details, I swear I am more radical than ever, and call to witness Grote, Roebuck, and you, my dear little mother, who will be as much amused by all these details as I am myself.

The Highest Note.

In "The Magic Flute," Christina Nilsson sings *f* above the staff. The youngest of the sisters, Sessi, with a compass of three octaves and a half, reached the same note. Catalani had the same wonderful compass, but pitched a third lower. The highest voice on record is that of Lucretia Ajugari, whom Mozart heard at Parno. With a voice as pure as a flute, she ascended to triple c, trilling on the *d* above. A Madame Becker, who astonished St. Petersburg in 1823, reached the same note by accident.

We find, says the Springfield (Ill.) Journal, the above in an exchange; and will add that the highest voice on record is not the one mentioned. Dr. Marx, in his "General Music Instruction," testifies to having heard a girl of twelve years reach the "triple" or four-lined *e*, the seventh space above the *g* clef—a major third above the *c* mentioned—with clearness and purity of intonation; and her lowest note was the little *e*—fourth space below the *g* clef—making a compass of four octaves.

Jenny Lind's highest note was the three-lined *f*—the same as Nilsson's; and Madame Malibran (*Garcia*) sang *f* sharp. But it must be remembered that the pitch has risen since the days of those great singers.

Prima Donna Advertising.

As a commentary on the ingenious dodges resorted to by indefatigable managers in the way of Prima Donna advertising, we clip the following from an exchange:—

"Patti will not be in America for over a year, but the Strakosch family is already hard at work at the preliminary advertising. We are instructed per cable and regular correspondence about once a week, of the tender solicitude felt in the warbling marquis's fortunes throughout Europe. The appearance of a 'cat-bolt' upon her distinguished nose sent the horrible rumor through all France that she had been attacked with small-pox, and Von Moltke's legions spread not half the terror in that poor country than did this blood-curdling report. She bumped her head the other day against one of the wings of a St. Petersburg theatre, and we were at once assured that such was the joy on learning that not even her scalp had been abraded, that special thanksgiving services were ordered in all the Moskovite churches. And now she has tripped her lovely toes in the too voluminous folds of a robe, and, sprawling upon the floor, has barked her noble knees."

A paragraph announcing that the Czar and his family have resolved to wear crape until her exoriated limbs shall have fully healed will now be started on its journalistic rounds.

Correspondence.

From New York.

NEW YORK, March 27.

The musical season here the past month has not been particularly active. The principal feature has been the reappearance of Miss Nilsson, after her recent Western trip. The "Messiah" and "Creation" were the oratorios given at Steinway Hall, with Miss Nilsson, Miss Carey, and Messrs. Simpson and Whitney, and the New York Mendelssohn Union, under the able baton of Mr. George Bristow. The performances were first-class, especially the "Creation," in which Mr. George Simpson carried off the honors of the evening. On Wednesday evening, March 22, Miss Nilsson gave her farewell concert at Steinway Hall to a crowded and fashionable audience—standing room being at a premium. Although, on her return from her Western trip, her voice appeared to be fatigued, it seemed on this occasion to have recovered its first freshness and purity, which was so marked a feature on her arrival from Europe. She sang the aria, "Fors' the Lui," from Traviata, the "Misereere," from Trovatore, in which Brignoli, the oily tenor, showed his ability to sing as well as he did ten years ago. Miss Carey, who is a conscientious and accomplished vocalist, rendered an aria from "Dinorah," and for an encore gave "Kathleen Mavourneen," and also the duett from "Trovatore," with "Old Brig." Vioutemps, the king of violinists, played some of his own compositions in the unapproachable style for which he is noted, and that is saying sufficient. Nilsson will give a farewell concert in New York on Saturday, the 25th; in Brooklyn on the 27th, after which she will visit Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities, where she will no doubt repeat her triumphs of the season. She has determined to make the United States her future residence, and has already become a property holder with that intention. At the conclusion of her engagement with Strakosch she will branch out for herself. The field in which she will next shine will be that of Italian opera, and there is a fair prospect that we will have a resurrection of semi-dead and broken-down Italian operatic artists to support her, that being the usual style of doing things in this city. The day, I am afraid, is yet far off, when we shall see a company of Italian artists—competent to support Nilsson, as she was supported in London—associated with her in New York.

The church singers of this city are busy making their engagements for the ensuing year. The choir of Grace Church, Mrs. Bodstein, soprano; Mrs. Rachau, contralto; Mr. George Simpson, tenor, and Mr. John Clark, basso, with the prince of organists, S. P. Warren, presiding, will remain. The only changes made in this choir for the past 12 years have been in the positions of organist and basso. Mr. Leggett, a well-known tenor, and Miss Antoinette Sterling, the favorite contralto, go to Plymouth Church (Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's), Brooklyn. W. J. Hill, the popular tenor, an old Detroit, and formerly with the Richings' opera troupe, is engaged for Dr. Adams' Church, Madison Avenue, to replace Thatcher, who has gone to Boston.

The Brooklyn Church Union have given a series of concerts, which have been the success of the season. They have produced "Athalie," the 114th Psalm, and the finale to the second act of "Loreley," all by the same composer, in addition to miscellaneous oratorio choruses, solos, etc. The society has just been incorporated, the Board of Directors consisting of some of the wealthiest gentlemen of Brooklyn. They have an orchestra of 60 pieces, the whole being under the conductorship of Harvey B. Dodworth. The soloists engaged have been Miss Kellogg, Mrs. Gertrude F. Hess, Mr. John Clark, Mr. Wehl, and Juan Salcedo. The concert given on the evening of the 23d was a magnificent affair. Miss Kellogg, unfortunately,

had been sick, and sent word a day or two previous to the concert, that she would be unable to sing. Nothing was said about it, however, and preparations were made quietly to have a substitute (?) for her—but at the eleventh hour she made her appearance, rather than disappoint the audience. An apology was made for her, and the matter explained to the audience, and when she made her appearance she was the recipient of a perfect ovation. She sang charmingly, however, substituting a ballad for the piece announced on the programme—"On Mighty Pens," from the "Creation"—and for an encore gave "Beware," accompanying herself on the piano in the latter piece. On her second appearance she rendered the beautiful aria from "Ernani," with rare pathos and expression, calling forth an enthusiastic encore. It is pleasant to note that this admirable artist is getting rid of the disagreeable mannerisms, or what is better known as "airs," which formerly characterized her appearance before the public—she looks, acts, and sings like a sensible woman now, and the consequence is that the American public have taken her to its musical heart as its pet child.

The Euterpe Society, under the leadership of John P. Morgan, continue to give occasional concerts at the Young Men's Christian Association. This society is composed largely of professional singers, which fact is sufficient to guarantee first-class concerts. They have been tolerably successful, and no doubt will, at the end of the season, have a dividend for the members, although it is likely to be a small one.

CHASSEPOT.

From Boston.

BOSTON, March 23, 1871.

The arrangements in progress for the approaching meeting of the National Musical Congress ensure both a large and interesting gathering. A full programme of the exercises will be published in the course of a few weeks. In addition to the papers to be read, and the discussions to take place on important subjects connected with music in its various relations to the sanctuary, the school, the concert-room and the home, there will be a series of interesting musical performances. Many of Boston's finest artists, both vocal and instrumental, have already volunteered their services. Several of the choirs of the city will sing at the different sessions, and on one of the evenings a chorus of one thousand voices will assist, with the aid of a full orchestra and the great organ. There will also be a full Oratorio performance—probably "Elijah"—by the Salem Oratorio Society, that organization having been invited to be present. To all these the delegates to the Convention and members of the Congress will be admitted free, but a small charge will be made to the outside public, in order that the expenses may be defrayed. One important feature, which I had almost forgotten to mention, will be singing by a chorus of children from the public schools. As the subject of musical instruction in the public schools will form one of the prominent topics of discussion, an illustration of how Boston carries out the idea will be in the highest degree interesting and instructive. Those who desire to join the Congress can do so by the payment of the small fee of one dollar. There is no doubt but that the National Musical Congress has the power to exert a great influence for good in the land, and the organization is daily increasing in size and prominence.

The subject of musical instruction in the public schools is receiving unusual attention throughout New England. In our own State many cities and towns, not content to await the slow process of State legislation in the matter, have acted upon their own account, and engrafted music among the regular branches of studies, to be pursued as such. Lynn, Springfield, and Portland have been among the most recent to move in this matter. In almost every case the admirable system of instruction pursued in Boston has been adopted, and many cities in other sec-

tions of the country have also followed Boston's example, Philadelphia of the number. After investigating the subject quite fully, the Philadelphia School Board decided to adopt the Boston plan, and Mr. L.W. Mason, Supervisor of Music in the Primary Schools of Boston, is now in that city on a leave of absence, to practically introduce the system so successfully inaugurated by him here in connection with his admirable series of music charts.

The preparations for the triennial festival of The Handel and Haydn Society are being carried forward assiduously, and everything promises well for the affair. The members of the society rehearse regularly on Sunday evenings the music that is to be sung. Madame Rudersdorf, the celebrated soprano, and Mr. Cummings, the London tenor (and great rival of Mr. Sims Reeves), have been engaged, together with Miss Adelaide Philipps and several artists of local prominence. It is not unlikely that Nilsson and Miss Annie Louise Cary may also be engaged, although the former's high terms, and, probable, stipulation regarding the price of tickets, may prove a barrier. The festival will open on the morning of Tuesday, May 9, with a performance of Mendelssohn's setting of Psalm XCIVIII (first time in America), the Hallelujah chorus from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," and Mendelssohn's symphony cantata, "The Hymn of Praise." At the subsequent evening entertainments, the following oratorios will be given: Mendelssohn's "Elijah;" Handel's "Israel in Egypt" (first time in Boston for many years); Bennett's "Woman of Samaria" (first time in America); and at the closing concert on Sunday evening, May 14, Handel's "Messiah." On Friday afternoon of the festival week, Beethoven's ninth symphony will be performed, with selections from Bach's St. Matthew Passions Music.

The Harvard Musical Association gave their tenth and last regular concert of the season, at Music Hall, this afternoon. At the ninth concert, given on the 9th inst., Bargiel's overture to "Medea," Haydn's symphony in G, Goldmark's overture to "Sakuntala," and Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas" were played, and Mrs. C. A. Barry sang selections from Bach's St. Matthew Passions Music, a song by Handel, and another by Franz. At to-day's concert, Miss Maria Krebs played Beethoven's Fifth Piano Concerto in E flat, his Polonaise in C, op. 89, and a prelude and fugue by Bach. The orchestra performed the overture to "Coriolanus," the overture to "Egmont," and the Eighth Symphony in F, all by Beethoven. An extra concert will be given on Thursday afternoon of next week, March 30, for the benefit of Mr. Carl Zerrahn. Maria Krebs will also assist on that occasion.

Nilsson's appearance with The Handel and Haydn Society in Oratorio, so many times postponed, has again been put off—this time until the 31st inst., and April 1st, when "The Creation" and the "Messiah" will be given, unless Strakosch April fools us.

A very fine concert was given at Music Hall on Sunday evening, March 5, in aid of the Musicians' Relief Fund. The features of the affair were an orchestra of one hundred and five players, singing by the Orpheus Musical Society, and various vocal and instrumental solos. Three novel instrumental pieces were performed on the occasion, viz: a *Postulium* in F, for organ, trumpet, three trombones and tympani, by Enkhansen; a *Concertino* for four violins, by Julius Eichberg; and a *Serenade*, for five violoncellos, contra bass and tympani, by Schmenke.

Mr. James M. Wehli gave a series of three popular concerts (fifty cents admission) in the early part of the month, his own piano-forte-playing being the leading feature. They are to be repeated with variations towards the end of next month.

Mr. B. J. Lang closed his series of Thursday concerts at the Globe Theatre, on the 2d inst. The chief feature of the closing programme was a very fine performance by Messrs. Lang, Parker and Leonhard, of Bach's Concerto in C major, for three piano-fortes.

A grand fair in aid of the French sufferers by the late war is shortly to be held in this city. The Boston Theatre will be occupied for the purpose for the space of two weeks, beginning April 10th, Easter Monday. An innumerable number of entertainments of various kinds have already been given in aid of the project, including a good crop of concerts. A very pleasant musical entertainment was given on the evening of the 11th inst., at the St. James' Hotel, under the direction of Mr. H. C. Barnabee, and another takes place this evening at the Revere House, under the direction of Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, the pianist. A sacred concert comes off at the Globe Theatre on Sunday evening next for the same object, and others have taken place in Cambridge and elsewhere.

Theodore Thomas' matchless orchestra visits us again next month, to play at Mr. Alfred P. Peck's benefit concert, which takes place on the 12th. Miss Kellogg, Miss Anna Louise Cary, Miss Anna Mehlig and Mr. Perabo, the pianist, are also engaged for the same occasion. Such a brilliant combination of great artists is something exceptional. Mr. Thomas gives a matinee on Saturday, the 15th, at which Miss Mehlig will make her last appearance previous to her departure for Europe.

Mr. J. K. Paine's lectures on the history of music have been continued during the past month, with most successful results. On the 4th he lectured on Emanuel Bach and Haydn, and The Development of Modern Instrumental Music; on the 11th, on Gluck and Mozart, and The Modern Opera; and on the 18th, on Beethoven and His Epoch. The latter was especially a fine lecture. His sixteenth lecture, to be delivered on Saturday next, will be devoted to Opera in Europe during the present century, and the two closing discourses of the series will be given April 1st and 8th, when Oratorio and Instrumental Music since Beethoven, and the New German Music will be respectively treated upon. It is understood that Mr. Paine will put the lectures into book form. It is earnestly hoped he will do so, for the work would form a valuable contribution to musical literature.

The Boston Chorus, a flourishing organization formed by Dr. Tourjee, originally as the nucleus for the great Peace Jubilee Chorus, and continued by him for the practice of oratorio music, has just entered upon its third course of rehearsals for the present winter. It has taken up Mendelssohn's "Elijah," under the direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn. Since the Jubilee, a large number of choral societies have sprung up in all directions, while old organizations have been greatly improved and strengthened. There is no doubt whatever that the Jubilee awakened a new interest in the best class of music, and the new life quickened by that event is being fostered and extended by the National Musical Congress. For two years past, Dr. Tourjee has continued his visits to different cities and towns, for the purpose of speaking on music as an element of worship, and in behalf of choral organizations. He has thus been engaged nearly every evening, including the Sabbath. His lectures and praise meetings have everywhere been very largely attended, and in many places large and flourishing choral organizations have resulted directly from the interest he has awakened. He believes in music for the masses, and not for an exclusive few.

Mr. Gilmore's History of the Peace Jubilee will be laid before the public in the course of a few days. It is likely to make a stir in local musical circles, for the reason that Mr. Gilmore tells the story of his struggles in behalf of his great enterprise, fearlessly and without favor, and those who have criticised him are in turn criticised, good naturedly, but honestly. The book will consist of between three and four hundred pages, and in an appendix all the names of the great chorus will appear. Mr. Gilmore has already begun to devote time and attention to his great International Jubilee. This affair will surely come off next year, and it will greatly eclipse the National Peace Jubilee in mag-

nitude. Instead of a chorus of ten thousand voices, there will be one of twenty thousand, and the building will be contracted to hold one hundred thousand persons, instead of fifty thousand.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club start out this week on a three months' westward tour.

The Lawrence Choral Society gave a very fine performance of "Elijah" on the 1st inst. The Salem Oratorio Society gave a magnificent rendering of "St. Paul," on the 2d. The Lynn Choral Union gave a miscellaneous concert with Rossini's "Stabat Mater," on the 10th. A Grand union performance of "Elijah" by these three societies is talked of.

RANGER.

The Normal School Concert.

YPSILANTI, 1871.

The choir of the Michigan State Normal School at Ypsilanti, gave their annual concert in Normal Chapel March 7th. The chorus this year, numbering 40 voices, is remarkably fine, and reflects great credit upon that earnest, hard-working and talented instructor, Professor F. H. Pease.

The Normal School, more than ever before, not only sustains but advances its high reputation in the department of music. The audience was the largest that ever assembled in Normal Chapel to listen to a concert, and can be accounted for only in the increasing reputation of its choir, the confidence the people have in any entertainment which Professor Pease may bring before them, and also in the fact that there are now more remarkably fine singers there than ever before.

The style of the pieces produced shows that the Professor is carrying out that very laudable purpose of cultivating a taste for the higher class of music among pupils and people, and with what perfect success was seen in the appreciation with which those very admirably executed selections, from Rossini, Verdi, and Mercadante, were received by the audience. And while we were carried toward the higher and grander conceptions of these masters, the sweet simple melodies, such as "Gentle Annie," "Old Folks at Home," and "Old Dog Tray," were interspersed, and as they always do, when thus sung, went straight to the popular heart. "Memory's Refrain," a quartette, sung in a most admirable manner by the above-named talent, is a composition of the instructor, and an exquisitely beautiful thing. "Love's Request," by Miss Alice Barr, was sweetly sung, the singer excelling her former high reputation. We have often heard the sweetest tones of such voices as Miss Kellogg's and Miss Nilsson's, tones for which an audience will cease breathing to hear, ruined by the tooting of horns and a harsh accompaniment of stringed instruments. And we have thought, when such singers as the Misses Barr, Barnard, Jenness, and Messrs. Lee and Fair appeared, even the best tones of a piano seem harsh, hence should be softened down and rendered, often, altogether silent. We offer this criticism to concerts generally.

In the quartette, "Pro Phundo Basso," Mr. E. K. Hill performed his part well, and astonished his audience in running down the scale to double C. "Gently Fall the Dews of Eve," sung by a chorus of women's voices, was very beautiful. "The Singing Lesson," executed by Miss Theo. Miller and Charles S. Lee, was done magnificently, and can only be equaled by Mrs. Smith and Barnabee; it brought forth an enthusiastic burst of applause.

The entertainment was a complete success, and the best concert of the kind we have ever attended anywhere. I have never seen singers more under control, or more in sympathy with their instructor, and whether it was a solo, or a whisper by that chorus of 40 voices, or a storm of music, as in "Hail to Thee, Liberty," the touch of the master was seen in it all.

I must not forget to add that Mr. C. N. Colwell, one of the finest pianists who has ever appeared in the West, was present, and added much to the entertainment by his performance. M.

Musical Convention at Salem.

SALEM, 1871.

I am heartily glad that you have commenced the publication of a musical paper. It is just the thing we need in this State. Observing in the number in which you made your very pretty bow, that you wanted to hear all that was going on musically, I thought, perhaps, a few words in regard to our Musical Association might not be amiss. It took its rise from a musical convention which met February 23d, 1869, at Peelle's Corners, Salem, Mich. This convention was under the direction of Prof. J. R. Sage, of Ann Arbor, and continued during five days, holding its meetings at the Congregational Church. Forty-five singers were brought together, and two concerts given, which proved successful. At the close of the session a constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the "Salem Musical Association" formed. James Levan was elected president, and Prof. Sage, director. Meetings, one in every two months, were appointed for practice, which were largely attended, and in every way successful. The first annual meeting of the Association was held at the Congregational Church here, February 1st, 1870. About 50 musicians were in attendance, two concerts given, and a general good time had. The book used on the occasion was the "Victory," a tip-top work.

Meetings for practice were held during the ensuing year, as the year before. Hiram Thayer was elected president of the association. The second annual meeting, under the call of the Board of Direction, was held January 31st, of the present year, at the Baptist Church here, and lasted five days. Sixty-two members were present, a larger number than at any previous meeting. At the close of the session, a concert, under the management of Prof. Sage, was given in excellent style to a full house. The interest was kept up to a high pitch throughout the entire session, and everything passed off to the complete satisfaction of all. Our association is stronger to-day than ever before, having the good-will of the people about here, and, what is of special importance, money in the treasury. T.

Take Your Choice!

"Burdett March," composed by M. H. McCHESNEY,
Versus

"Mason and Hamlin Grand March," composed by J. H. WHITTEMORE.

CONFESSION OF ONE OF THE AUTHORS.

To the Editor of the SONG JOURNAL.

SIR: It is with humility that I confess having written some three or four years ago a march which I sold to J. H. Whittemore & Co. They published the same under the name of "Burdett March," and affixed to both the title page and the inside sheet the name of M. H. McChesney as composer. I always supposed I wrote this march, and at this late hour I have courage enough to acknowledge it. Will the musical public forgive me? If they will, I promise to do better in all my future compositions.

I see that the same firm, who paid for and published three years ago the "Burdett March," with M. H. McChesney's name attached as composer, have lately published a "Mason and Hamlin Grand March," said to have been composed by J. H. Whittemore. I find upon examination that the "Mason and Hamlin March" is note for note like the "Burdett March." Isn't it a strange coincidence?

If Mr. Whittemore really did write the "Mason and Hamlin Grand March," won't he please come out and promise the generous public that he won't write such rude things any more?

If he did not write it, I wish to thank him for the ingenious way in which he has attempted to shield me from the criticisms of my musical friends, and am very sorry the plan did not work.

People still insist that I wrote the march in question. Yours, truly,

M. H. McCHESNEY.

The Song Journal.

DETROIT, APRIL, 1871.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,
 stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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To Our Readers.

No one will dispute the wonderful and rapid growth of music and musical taste in our rising and energetic Western country. It has been said "that we rarely have had leisure to enjoy music, and that when we had, we did not know how." There may be some truth in the remark. We are eminently a working people. Part of this industry results, no doubt, from our condition, and from the powerful incitements to enterprise afforded by a young and prosperous country. Time was when we were content to allow the Eastern cities to judge and dictate, to approve or condemn. We had no desire to assert an opinion of our own, or even share in the musical events and questions that occupied our more advanced and artistic sister States. But not so to-day. Now that we have ploughed and planted, have made our homes, builded our cities, we have time and inclination to look around us and see what this wonderful thing music is. No one can charge us with being slow to welcome or dilatory in appreciating this divine art. We have shown our love for music in our welcome to talent, in our quick recognition of worth and ability, in our endeavors to establish it in our churches, our schools, and our homes. A wholesome musical education we consider a necessary part of high religious cultivation; and in music we also see the handmaid to civilization. Is it not as truly the voice of nature as speech? It is as natural for us to convey and receive the movements of sentiments by the influence of sweet sounds as by the use of words. Goethe says that "music is the language divine that all can feel, understand and appreciate." While our Father made the ear to receive the impulses of the speaking voice, He also rendered it susceptible to musical intonations. We read that among the ancients, and in the schools of the middle ages, music was considered necessary and indispensable to a full course of education. And as far back as we can trace, we find music has contributed to the refinement of taste, and the strengthening of moral feelings. The greatest composers of Germany have consecrated their genius to Him who endowed them with the beautiful gift. Haydn, whose memory will ever be remembered and honored, brought the choicest offspring of his great genius and laid it at the feet of Him from whom all great and good gifts come. Haydn himself tells us that at the time his oratorio of the "Creation" was produced, "he was much in prayer." It is music that through life animates the depressed, brings joy to the saddened, inspires the timid with courage, lends new wings to devotion, and helps to give utterance to our joys and our sorrows. Music is a part of our religion. It is the poetry of life. In the fables that have come to us from the days of Orpheus and Apollo, we learn that seditions were quelled, cures wrought, fleets and armies governed by the force of song. These are but fables, 'tis true, and yet do they not seem to show the wonderful and mysterious power that music has ever held over men's hearts? "Music," says Hooker, "is a thing that delighteth

all ages, and becometh all States." It is music that calls forth the finest inspirations of the soul, lifting it from the world of matter to that pure region of the ideal—the sublime. It is union with music that calls forth the highest sentiments of our moral nature elevating and refining. And all can acquire a knowledge of the art. It had long been supposed that, in order to learn music, one had to be endowed with a musical ear. This, however, has proven an error. In Germany, almost every child attending school is instructed in singing, and in the rudiments of music. The result is, that though in this respect, as in many others, there is a great difference in the natural ability and aptitude of children, still, all who can learn to read, can learn music. And we are already repeating, here among us, this experiment with the most satisfactory results.

The number of schools in the West in which music is made one of the regular branches of elementary instruction, is already great, and steadily on the increase. And another consideration which ought to give music special claims on our attention is, that no art which we can study or pursue is so completely within our reach. It is rarely that students in painting and sculpture can ever look, in this country, on the original works of a master. It is true, we can have copies, imitations; but, after all, they can give but faint conceptions of the artist's design, and of his power and execution. But in written music we can have as complete a transcript of the conceptions and ideas of the composer as we can of written poetry or eloquence. The works of our great masters in music are within easy access of all who wish to study and learn of them. In the musical art, although we have made rapid strides, still much may be done to call forth and improve the taste of our people by promoting all efforts made for the diffusion of a correct style in music, and a fervent love for the art. Among the means taken for this purpose there is none more effective, and consequently more deserving of support and encouragement, than that which we have resorted to, the publication of a musical paper, which shall be devoted to music entirely.

We believe that a paper such as we contemplate making the SONG JOURNAL, will do very much, indeed, for our art; that it will tend to disseminate among those who read it musical germs, which will, ere long, we trust, develop into a wondrous growth. The West is already well represented in the way of musical papers, which have done very much for music in our midst. Among them the SONG JOURNAL has been warmly welcomed. There is no question but that a greater improvement in our taste for music, would also be a greater improvement in our morals. It is essential in our devotions, our homes and our schools. As intelligent, reasonable people, as well-wishers of that which will promote home comfort and our children's happiness, do not allow musical culture and sentiment to decay. Advance it, and support it, by supporting that which will advance it, the SONG JOURNAL.

THE OBOE.—The oboe, so popular in our orchestras, is a double reed, and was probably the classical "tibia" of which Horace speaks at length; and was also apparently in use in Judea in our Lord's time, since, in the curious quotation from St. John's Gospel, xii, 6, the word translated "bag" in our version really means *reed box*. In mediæval times there was a whole family of oboes, called pommers; the lowest, called brummer, corresponding to the modern bassoon. The bass oboe or bassoon was invented in 1539 in Ferrara, Italy.

AN AMERICAN OPERA COMPANY.—The Boston *Folio* asks: "Isn't it time America had an opera company comprised principally of native artists? Just imagine a troupe including Miss Kellogg, Miss Phillips, Miss Cary, Mrs. Seguin, Mr. Castle, Mr. Campbell, Mr. M. W. Whitney, etc! And where could a better buffo than Mr. Barnabee be found? What answer?"

A Visit to La Scala.

Who has not heard of the Scala? "Breathes there a Milanese with soul so dead" who has not thrilled with enthusiastic delight at recalling the musical glories of this most famous of theatres? who has not reiterated with pride the long roll of great artists who have been ushered to fame from this vocal mint, dwell on the Pastas, the Persians, the Malibranes, Grissi, Rubini, Donzellis, etc., whose magic notes yet remain the standard of all that is excellent in music?

The exterior of La Scala is not imposing. A plain facade, a wing at the right, the ground floor of which is occupied by Ricordi, the principal music publisher and seller in Milan, and an irregular roof, as rustic as rough tiles and weather beaten chimneys can make it. When the theatre is open the approaches are by two certain streets, the others being blockaded by chairs and lamps. Supposing you to be a petite, you buy your ticket (fifty cents), and present it to three serene gentlemen in white neckcloths, cross a spacious ante-room, note a file of five-and-twenty soldiers, and find yourself in the pit of this noble edifice. This pit accommodates nine hundred sitting and six hundred standing. There are nearly two hundred boxes, disposed in five tiers, the King's box, which is placed exactly opposite the stage, adding greatly to the beauty of the *ensemble*. It is something like twenty-two feet in height, by twelve, or fourteen broad; mirrors, chandeliers, magnificent chairs, and the crown and other insignia of royalty at the top. Over the boxes is the gallery; the entrance to this is sixteen cents, and it contains, perhaps, four or five hundred. A massive glass chandelier lets down from the ceiling, and this, with the footlights, is sufficient to illuminate the house. On great occasions small chandeliers, by dozens, are suspended from the boxes; the shape of the theatre is that familiarly known as "horse-shoe." The orchestra consists of eighty performers, the chorus of about ninety, the *corps de ballet* the same, and the supernumeraries according to circumstances. I have seen nearly three hundred persons on the stage. The scenery is excellent, and the spectacles, both in opera and ballet, are superb. Some of the boxes are furnished with mirrors and reading lamps.

A more critical, capable, and severe audience it is impossible to conceive. Nothing escapes them, and woe to the singer or player who utters a false note, or slurs over a roulade! An irrepressible "Bah," salutes his agonized ear from a dozen different quarters, and a snort of contempt from some old *dilettante* makes him writhe again, nor is ironical laughter wanting for extreme cases.

In return, sing well, and you get your reward, enthusiastic, tumultuous applause; such as one never hears elsewhere: "Bravo! Bravissimo! Cielo! Ah Gran Dio!" is showered upon you from all parts of the house.

Bell Ringing by Machinery.

Verily this is a progressive age. While discoveries are being made in the world of science, and inventions and improvements are constantly added in mechanics, musical instruments are not neglected. Genius labors, and behold the results. Three instruments, with wonderful combinations, capable of producing the most ecstatic sounds. We learn that these instruments were for the first time exhibited at a concert recently given in an Eastern city. They are called by their inventor the *dolce compans*, the *cornucindia*, and the *viola bass*. Surely instruments thus termed ought to be something more than ordinary, and judging from their description, they are so. We cannot afford the space necessary to give our readers a detailed account of the ingenious mechanism displayed in their construction. They are operated upon by means of key boards, pedals, and stops. The tones produced are said to be very sweet, and yet powerful, and the most rapid movements capable of being executed. Bell-like in tone, the music of the *dolce compans* has been aptly compared with the sweet strains produced by the Swiss Bell Ringers.

Good Words.

COMMENDATIONS OF COTEMPORARIES.

(Detroit Free Press.)

THE SONG JOURNAL.—The third number of the *Song Journal*, just published by C. J. Whitney & Co., of this city, is a capital number of an excellent monthly musical publication; one which not alone for its literary excellence, and the care and cultivation evinced in its editorial and other departments, but for the value of its contents and the amount of matter furnished for a mere nominal cost, should be patronized by all lovers of the musical art. Besides the well written editorials, and the attractiveness of the abundant and appropriately selected matters of musical fact and fancy, each number contains two pieces of excellent music, or twenty-four pieces to each yearly volume, and all for the low price of one dollar per year. And in addition to these facts, if there is any force in the argument in favor of sustaining home institutions, and cultivating home talent, artistic as well as other, the *Song Journal* should, on this ground, commend itself to our friends and fellow-citizens. Nor will the musical portion of other communities, and other cities and towns, lose in vain for pleasure among its pages, or fail to find food for song in its fresh and inspiring columns of news and comments.

(Albion.)

THE SONG JOURNAL, a Repertoire of Music and Literature, is published monthly, by C. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit. Each number contains choice reading matter, and a valuable piece of music.

(Saturday News.)

MESSRS. C. J. WHITNEY & Co., of Detroit, are doing a very large business in musical instruments, music and musical merchandise of every description. They are music publishers, and also proprietors of the *SONG JOURNAL*. They are increasing their business by judicious advertising, and retaining their customers by honorable dealing.

(Lawton Tribune.)

THE SONG JOURNAL.—The February number of this new, but very popular publication, comes to us enlarged by the addition, making sixteen pages of first-class musical literature. Several pieces of music are published in every issue.

(Hastings Republican.)

THE SONG JOURNAL, published at Detroit, by C. J. Whitney & Co. is a new candidate for public favor, and one in which the citizens of Michigan should take a special interest. Mr. Whitney has done much to advance the love for music in the West, and as a cultivated musician and accomplished gentleman, he possesses the elements of success as editor of just such a journal as may be needed.

(Holly Courier.)

THE SONG JOURNAL for February is on our table. It is an improvement on the January number, in point of literary merit. It has much original matter on topics of interest to every musician, and the selected material is all good. In music: "The Days of Yore," a solo and chorus by J. E. Stewart, is an easy and pleasing melody in B flat. "Dripping Waters Polka" is a lively piece, by J. H. Simonda, calculated more especially for young players.

We are glad to see the *SONG JOURNAL* progressing, and hope to see it soon taking the lead as a musical repertoire.

(Grand Haven Union.)

THE SONG JOURNAL.—This is the name of a new musical sixteen page monthly quarto, published by C. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit, at \$1 a year. The first number is received, and contains a sketch of the history of Christina Nilsson, musical notes and events, and a choice song, entitled, "Take Father's Advice, Willie Dear." It is very well printed, and its publishers are go-ahead men, who are not accustomed to fail. We have no doubt it will succeed.

(Bain Valley Record.)

THE SONG JOURNAL for March is received. It is a capital number of 16 pages of fine original and selected matter, besides two fine pieces of music, worth double the price of single copies of the *JOURNAL*.

(Whitehall Forum.)

THE SONG JOURNAL, a sprightly little musical journal, published in Detroit, by C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson avenue, makes its regular visits to our table. It is a valuable paper for musicians, each number containing several pieces of music, and choice literary reading, closely allied to musical science.

(East Shore News.)

THE SONG JOURNAL.—The January number of this new musical journal was very creditable, but the second number far exceeds it. Its size is doubled, and its publishers say that "this enlargement is but the first step in that progressive march which shall speedily lead us to the end we seek—a place in every Michigan fire-side." We sincerely hope that the *JOURNAL* may receive a most liberal support.

(East Saginaw Enterprise.)

The March number of the *SONG JOURNAL* is at hand; it is monthly, devoted to music and its literature, published in Detroit by C. J. Whitney & Co. It is something new in musical literature, and will prove interesting to all, and indispensable to musicians. It contains sketches and anecdotes of eminent musicians, instructive essays, musical *bon mots*, a sweet song, and Bendix's "Twilight Mazurka."

(Bill Poster.)

THE SONG JOURNAL has evidently met with signal success, as Number 2, for February, is greatly enlarged. It is a neat and spicy musical journal, and being a product of our own State, will sell rapidly.

(Lansburg Recorder.)

THE SONG JOURNAL.—We have received the first number of volume one of a new musical journal, published monthly, by C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson avenue, Detroit. It contains a new and beautiful song, entitled "Take Father's Advice, Willie, Dear," and quite a number of other interesting articles. We hope it may become a favorite with every lover of music throughout our State.

(Orpheus.)

THE SONG JOURNAL.—This is the name of a new monthly musical publication, issued by C. J. Whitney & Co., No. 197 Jefferson avenue, Detroit. The first number is elegant in appearance, and contains much interesting original matter. It is a welcome addition to the already large list of musical monthlies. It is furnished subscribers at \$1 per year.

(Ypsilanti Sentinel.)

The March number of the *SONG JOURNAL* has reached us: Besides the usual musical information and gossip, it contains two pieces of music: "Lost Oleana" song and chorus, by Norris; and the "Twilight Mazurka," by Bendix. The music alone, contained in a volume of the *JOURNAL*, is worth many times the subscription price, which is \$1.

(Detroit Tribune.)

THE SONG JOURNAL No. 2.—The second number of Messrs. Whitney & Co's new musical paper is out, and in general appearance compares quite favorably with any other publication of the kind. Its literary department contains a well written article on organ-playing, from the pen of Dudley Buck, the well-known organist of Chicago, also an able critical notice of Balfe and his works, by a Detroit gentleman of considerable literary reputation. The other contributions and selections are good—indeed quite equal to most of its contemporaries. The music in this number is "Dripping Waters Polka," by J. H. Simonda, and "The Days of Yore," song and chorus, by James E. Stewart. The size of the *JOURNAL* has been increased to 16 pages, and at \$1 per year. It is a cheap and valuable publication to every person of musical talent.

(Lansburg Recorder.)

The *SONG JOURNAL* for March comes to us as sparkling and bright as ever, and loaded over with everything of interest for those who love music. It contains music, entitled, "Lost Oleana," by Cortland Ball; "Twilight Mazurka," by Prof. Wm. Bendix; and a beautiful original poem, called "Influence of Music," with many valuable pieces.

(Hillsdale Democrat.)

THE SONG JOURNAL for March is on our table. It has an excellent variety of contents pertaining to musical matters. It is already taking rank among the musical journals of the Northwest—second to none.

(Albion Recorder.)

THE SONG JOURNAL.—This publication has been enlarged to 16 pages, and is well filled with good music and reading matter of interest to the musically inclined public. The March number has "Hints to Pianists," "Opera Music," "Organ Music," "Anecdotes of Handel," a "Boston Letter," besides a good variety of miscellany, and two pieces of music—"Lost Oleana," (vocal) and "Twilight Mazurka," (instrumental). The *SONG JOURNAL* is both interesting and instructive. Friends of Music, give this first Michigan publication in the interest of the Art, your support.

Tiger Times.

The first piano was made 153 years ago.

The organ is probably over 1,000 years old.

The clarinet was invented about 200 years ago.

A handy tune: For-tune. It is not common metre.

Some musicians put on more airs than they can play.

Music, figuratively speaking, very rich—a million-ir.

The mosquito, as a public singer, draws well, but never gives satisfaction.

"Take Father's Advice, Willie Dear," is the latest and most popular song.

C. J. WHITNEY & Co. are the general agents for the Estey Cottage Organ.

"GIVE MY Clothes I'm Bag to Mother" is the name of a new and quite popular song.

Wheat is home without a Chickering piano! Very dismal. A word to the wise, etc.

UNTIL 600 years ago, no compositions for four parts had ever appeared. Counterpoint did not exist.

ONE old friend, Prof. F. H. Pease, of the State Normal School, has just sent to press a new glee book.

The invention of printing music, with movable types did not occur until the beginning of the sixteenth century.

"COME ye disconsolate," was the cheerful and suggestive title of a song performed by a choir at a wedding lately.

A CLARINET, corbet and flute have been introduced into the choir of the Congregational Church at Waupun, Wisconsin.

A LEADER of a country band says that when he finds a piece written in four flats, he never uses more than two of the flats.

M. H. MCCRENNY's new opera, "The Snow King," will soon be put in press. Musical critics speak of it in the highest terms.

For circulars of the Western Normal Academy of Music, address, Mr. I. William Sufferin, at Chicago, care of Lyon & Healy.

PROF. A. B. BROWN, of Olivet College, has been conducting a series of concerts with great success at Leavenworth, Kansas.

A PRYTY fiddler! like that a funny name for a hymn tune," said Mr. Bess. Partington to Ike. It was *Aleste Fiddles* he had allusion to.

"WHAT have you to remark, madame, about my singing?" said a gentleman to a lady. "Nothing, sir," replied the lady; "it is not remarkable."

THEY have a piano in the Massachusetts State Prison chapel, and at a recent entertainment given to the prisoners it was "dedicated" to the prison use.

PROF. M. H. MCCRENNY, backed by a strong array of both professional and amateur talent, will give a concert at Clinton Hall, Pontiac, on the evening of April 14th.

"THEY do play such lovely sacred music at my daughter's," said a pious but deaf old lady. "There's one piece in particular that is so solemn and devotional, 'The soul bereft will find me.'" What she did hear was, "The girl I left behind me."

THERE is no better way of making home attractive than by means of music. "Put it in some shape before your children," is good advice; but put it in the shape of a Chickering piano, is better. Follow it, and you will not only see but hear.

Song of the oyster—"Put me in my little bed."

Appropos: The author of the above-entitled song has, we are informed, joined the Connecticut Fat Men's Association, and weighs 270 pounds. He would lie heavy on the stomach of a trundle-bed.

SOME music teacher once wrote that "the art of playing a violin requires the nicest perception and the most sense of any art in the known world." Upon which an editor comments:—"The art of publishing a newspaper, and making it pay, and at the same time making it please everybody, beats fiddlin' higher than a kite."

AT Houghton there is a choral society called the "Portage Lake Musical Union." It is composed of 28 members—8 ladies and 20 gentlemen. During the past year the music in rehearsal has been, the Choral Wreath and Opera Chorus Book. At present the society has, we understand, in rehearsal the cantata of "Queen Esther."

SMITH (who had accidentally left his pocket-book on the piano last night):—"Have you found anything this morning, Angelina?"

Angelina—"O, yes, dear, thanks—and I've been to Whitney & Co's music store, and ordered a new piano stool, some of their latest music, and subscribed for the *SONG JOURNAL*."

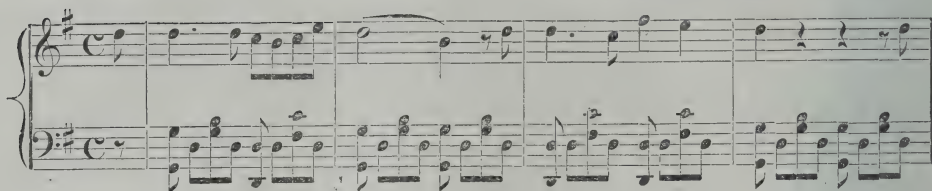
THE following is an epitaph found on the tombstone of a noted singer who lived in Madrid in the last century:

"Here is resting Jean Pinto, the Orpheus of Spain. When he arrived in paradise, he mixed his voice with those of the angels. As soon as the Lord had heard his singing, He was touched to tears, and turning to the crowds of seraphs, He said: 'Be quiet, and let my excellent chamber musician, Jean Pinto, sing.'"

"NO LITTLE BABY'S VOICE TO-DAY."

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by FRED'K. B. SAYLOR.



1. In death, our little ba-by
2. Those lit - tle toys, oh! how they

The musical notation for the first two lines of the song. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a whole rest for the first measure, then enters in the second measure with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A-B, quarter notes C-B, and a half note A. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) continues the bass line from the introduction, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a steady eighth-note pattern.

sleeps.... The one we loved is gone, In an-guish now your mother
bring.... To mind those days be - - fore, Grim death had come and brought his

The musical notation for the chorus of the song. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a whole rest for the first measure, then enters in the second measure with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A-B, quarter notes C-B, and a half note A. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) continues the bass line from the introduction, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a steady eighth-note pattern.

weeps,.... For death has claim'd our lit - tle one, No lit - tle patt'ring feet we
sting,.... And ba - by slept to wake no more, Her lit - tle cra - dle that is

hear,.... Or baby's voice murmuring so mild, For now all seems so dark and drear, Since
there,.... A treasure dear I will it keep, In - deed this grief I scarce can bear, For

I have lost my darling child, No lit - tle baby's voice to-day, No clinging, helpless little
in death does our baby sleep, No lit - tle baby's voice, &c.

thing,.... Ti - ny dresses now are put a - way, For death has taken our lit - tle one.

CHORUS.

AIR.

No lit - tle ba - by's voice to - day, No cling - ing, helpless lit - tle

ALTO.

TENOR.

No lit - tle ba - by's voice to - day, No cling - ing, helpless lit - tle

BASS.

PIANO.

thing,.... Ti - ny dresses now are put a - way, For death has taken our lit - tle one.

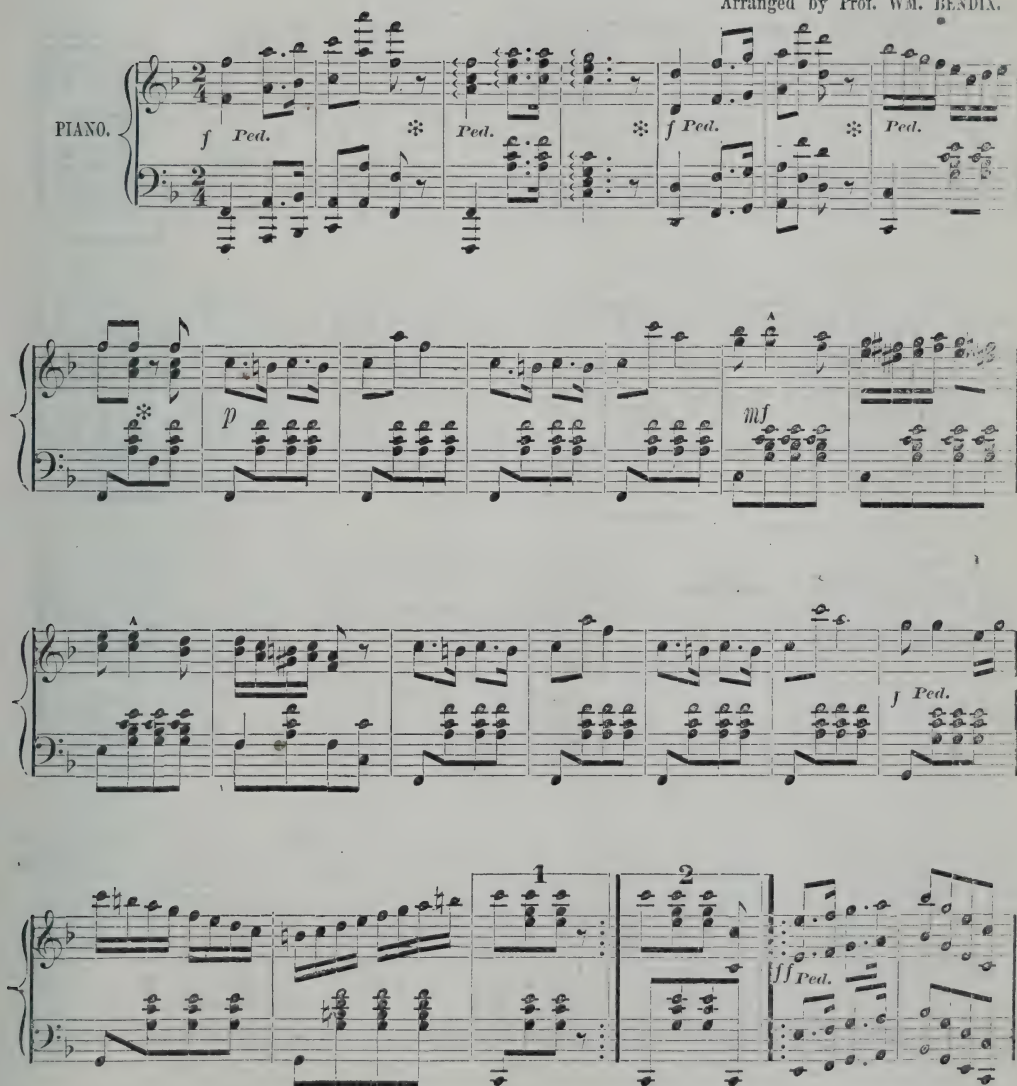
thing,.... Ti - ny dresses now are put a - way, For death has taken our lit - tle one.

REETING MARCH.



Arranged by Prof. WM. BENDIX.

PIANO.



f Ped. *p* *mf* *f* Ped. *ff* Ped.

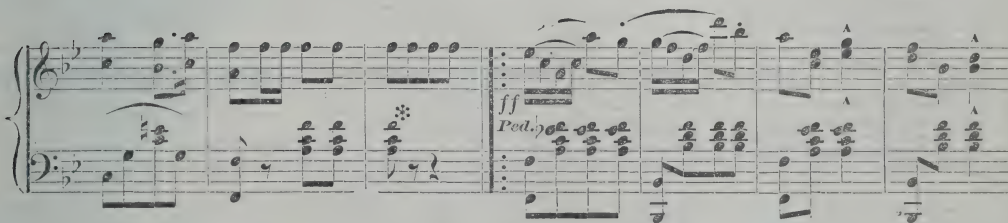
First system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes various note values and rests. A dynamic marking of *ff* and a pedaling instruction *Ped.* are present in the middle of the system.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes various note values and rests. Pedaling instructions *Ped.* are marked above several measures.

Third system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes various note values and rests. Pedaling instructions *Ped.* are marked above several measures, and a dynamic marking of *ff* is present in the middle of the system.

Fourth system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes various note values and rests. Pedaling instructions *Ped.* are marked above several measures. A dynamic marking of *ff* is present in the middle of the system. The system is divided into two parts, labeled 1 and 2.

Fifth system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes various note values and rests. Pedaling instructions *Ped.* are marked above several measures. A dynamic marking of *p* is present in the middle of the system. The system is divided into two parts, labeled 1 and 2.



C. J. WHITNEY & CO'S

MONTHLY BULLETIN

or

NEW AND POPULAR MUSIC.

April, 1871.

EXPLANATION OF LETTERS AND FIGURES.

The Letters indicate the *Key* in which the piece is written.
The Figures indicate the degree of difficulty: 1, very easy; 2, easy; 3, medium; 4, difficult. DK, different keys.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Lost Oleana.

Song and Chorus. Eb 2. *Chas. M. Norris.* 35.
Well do I think of the day, sweet Oleana,
When we together did stray
Down 'neath the evergreen tree, sweet Oleana,
Just at the close of the day.
Fondlest of vows there we pledged, sweet Oleana,
There 'neath the evergreen tree,
That we'd be constant and true, sweet Oleana,
Till I should come back to thee.

This is the latest song from this young composer, and we predict for it a fine sale. The melody is a pleasing one.

Kitty McCree O'Tosel. Words by E. Capern.

Music by *M. H. McChesney.* Db 3. 35.

Singing down by the meadow gate,
Gay as a golden gladiolus,
Little hen-birds will call for their mate—
Kitty is calling her ladle.
Merrily, merrily pipes the merle,
Merrily lifts the throats,
Merrily sings the milking-girl—
Kitty McCree O'Tosel.

A very pretty, playful movement, with a charming melody. Every one is pleased with it.

No one cares for me.

Song and Chorus. Eb 2. *James E. Stewart.* 35.

All alone the streets I wander—
No one cares for me,
For I'm poor, and cannot squander
Money like them, so fast and free;
Still my heart 's as true, and loving
As any one's I ever knew,
But because I'm poor and ragged,
No one thinks or cares for me.

This is the latest song of this popular composer, and has already become universally popular with all the leading minstrel troupes in the country. It has already reached its tenth edition, and bids fair to become one of the most popular songs of the day.

Gracie with the Golden Hair.

Song and Chorus. C 2. *M. H. McChesney.* 30.

The songs of this popular composer are so well known, that any praise from us is useless; but we can say with truth, that it is one of the most beautiful songs he has ever written, and will no doubt become as popular as all his music is.

Days of Yore.

Song and Chorus. Bb 2. *James E. Stewart.* 30

This song of Mr. Stewart's has a beautiful melody, with an easy accompaniment, and will be as universally popular as all of Mr. Stewart's songs.

Let us Speak Softly.

Ballad. Ab 3. *M. F. H. Smith.* 30.

Gone from this beautiful bright world of ours,
Gone from the sunshine that gladdens the flowers,
No more on earth midst its trials to roam,
A spirit has gone to a happier home,
Weary of life with its pleasure and pain,
Weary of striving too often in vain,
Gone from this earth, where we're journeying on,
Let us speak softly, a spirit has gone.

A beautiful and effective melody.

Take Father's advice, Willie, Dear.

Song and Chorus. G 2. *M. H. McChesney.* 30.

Take father's advice, now Willie, my dear,
Be honest in all that you do,
In passing through life there is nothing to fear,
If you are but manly and true.
No matter if frowns on your labor are cast,
No matter if no one will cheer,
You'll reap the reward when trials are past,
Take father's advice, Willie, dear.

This new song is already meeting with great success; its melody is simple, but pleasing, and the sentiment of the words is A 1.

Instrumental.

PIANO.

Twilight Mazurka.

Prof. Wm. Bendiz. F 3 30.

This is one of the latest from the pen of our genial Professor, who has a happy faculty of catering to the public taste when he offers anything in a musical way.

L'Autonne (Autumn)

Polka de Concert. Db 4. *James E. Stewart.* 50.

A very fine and effective piece for concerts, and all good players, written in an artistic manner, and is of the very highest order of music.

Dripping Waters.

Polka. G 2 *J. H. Simonds.* 3.

This is a very beautiful and original Polka, and although it is the author's first effort, displays good taste throughout, and is well worth learning.

Sweetly Thine Eyes are on me Beaming.

Transcription. Ab 4. *M. H. McChesney.* 75.

A remarkably fine arrangement of Mr. I. C. V. Wheat's beautiful melody of that name, and is handled throughout in a thoroughly artistic manner, and should be on the piano of every advanced performer.

Lyra.

Grand March. C 3. *W. H. Barnhardt.* 40.

A very fine teaching March, and is within the reach of the average run of players.

Salutation.

Mazurka. C 2. *Thor. R. Wa'ts.* 4'.

Medium as regards difficulty, and is having a very good sale.

*Bouquet.

March. C 2. *C. T. Lockwood.* 40.

This is one of the latest compositions of this lamented author, and is one of the most popular pieces on our catalogue.

Excursion.

Polka. C 2. *Win. B. Colson.* 30.

One of those pieces that take whenever heard, and sells with rapidity.

Pieces marked (*) are embellished with beautiful illuminated title pages.

Any of the above pieces will be mailed, post-paid, on the receipt of the marked price.

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Organs which retail for from.....\$50 to \$100
TERMS—\$25 down, balance \$10 per month until paid for.

Organs which sell from.....\$100 to \$200
TERMS—\$50 down, balance \$10 to \$15 per month until paid for.

Organs which sell from.....\$200 to \$400
TERMS—\$100 down, balance \$25 per month until paid for.

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In ordering sheet music or books, give, if you can, the correct and complete title, and name of the author; as there are many pieces of music with the same or similar name, but by different composers.

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Violin Bows,	Violin Trimmings,
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Violin Cases,	Banjo Trimmings,
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Clarinet Reeds,	Castenets,
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Music Boxes,	Folios,
Flock Spreads,	Rubber Spreads,
Piano Stools,	Etc., etc., etc.

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C. J. WHITNEY & CO., Detroit.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

TAKING EFFECT, MONDAY, JAN. 23, 1871.

GOING WEST—MAIN LINE.

Trains leave Detroit as follows:
Mail 7:10 a. m.; Day Express 10:00 a. m.; Evening Express 5:25 p. m.; Pacific Express (Sundays included) 9:50 p. m.; connecting with the various branch lines, as below, and arriving at Chicago at 8:30 p. m.; 8:00 p. m., 6:30 a. m., and 8:00 a. m. respectively.
The extra Accommodation leaves Detroit at 4:00 p. m.

AIR LINE DIVISION.

Mail Train leaves Jackson at 11:10 a. m., connecting with Niles at 4:00 p. m., coming with Mail Train on Main Line at both places.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY DIVISION.

Leaves Jackson at 1:00 p. m. (Mail); 6:10 p. m. (Evening Express); and 7:10 a. m. (Mixed), arriving at Grand Rapids at 4:45 p. m.; 9:10 p. m., and 3:15 p. m. respectively.

DETROIT, HILLDALE & INDIAN A. R. R.
Leave Ypsilanti at 8:45 a. m. and 6:00 p. m. on arrival of Mail and Dexter Accommodation.

FT. WAYNE, JACKSON & SAGINAW R. R.
Leave Jackson at 6:10 a. m.; 1:10 p. m., connecting with Day Express from Detroit; and 5:00 p. m.

JACKSON, LANSING & SAGINAW R. R.
Leave Jackson at 6:20 a. m.; 11:30 a. m. (runs only to Lansing); and 3:30 p. m., and arrive at Wrentham at 12:00 p. m. and 1:15 p. m.

Trains arrive at Detroit as follows:
Atlantic Express 3:45 a. m.; Night Express 7:40 a. m.; Dexter Accommodation 9:50 a. m.; Mail 11:10 a. m., and Day Express 6:55 p. m.

Mail Trains and Day Express run daily, except Sundays; Pacific Express, west, and Atlantic Express, east, daily; Evening Express, west, daily, except Sundays, and only to Jackson on Saturdays; Night Express, east, and Dexter Accommodation, daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

Pullman Palace Cars on all night trains, and Ladies' Cars on all day trains.
Trains run by Chicago time.

H. E. SARGENT, Gen. Supt. of Chicago.
C. H. HULL, Asst. Gen. Supt. of Detroit.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

March, 1871.
Trains leave Windsor Western Railway time, which is 12 minutes faster than Detroit time, as follows:

Atlantic Express, daily, 4:30 a. m.
Day Express, only except Sundays, 8:45 a. m.
Detroit Express, daily except Sundays, 11:30 a. m.
N. Y. Express, daily except Sundays, 7:45 p. m.
The Railway Ferry leaves Detroit (Detroit time) as follows:
Third street—4:00 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 11:00 a. m., and 1:15 p. m.
Brush street—7:40 a. m., 10:30 a. m., and 6:40 p. m.

Trains arrive at Windsor from the East at 7:00 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 5:15 p. m., and 9:30 p. m.
Company's Passenger and Ticket Office, corner Jefferson avenue and Griswold street, Detroit.

Western Passenger Agent, Detroit.
W. K. MILLER, Gen'l Supt. Hamilton.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, December 5, 1870, Trains will leave Detroit daily (except Sundays, Chicago time) as follows:

For Buffalo, New York and all places East—7:10 a. m., Express; 6:20 p. m., Fast Express.
For Portland, via Toronto and Montreal—7:10 a. m., Express; 6:20 p. m., Fast Express.
4:00 p. m., Accommodation to Port Huron.

Trains leave Detroit Junction after arrival of Western trains.
Palace Sleeping Cars on night trains to and from Buffalo and Toronto, without change in Canada.

Trains arrive at Detroit at 9:10 a. m., 10:35 a. m., 6:00 and 10:20 p. m.

Company's Ticket Offices, cor. Jefferson and Woodward ayes, and at Depot foot of Third st.
EDWARD R. KELDY, Passenger Agt., Detroit.
H. SHACKELL, Gen. Supt. of Chicago.
C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director, Montreal.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN R. R.

Winter Time Table for 1870-71.

GOING WEST—

Trains leave Detroit for Chicago at 9:30 a. m. and 6:00 p. m.
Trains leave Detroit for Toledo at 7:30 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 1:35 p. m. and 6:00 p. m.
Trains arrive at Chicago at 10:10 p. m. and 6:50 a. m.
Trains leave Chicago for Detroit at 9:00 p. m. and 6:50 a. m. Arrive at Detroit at 9:00 a. m. and 6:40 p. m. From Toledo at 3:00 p. m. and 11:30 p. m.

JACKSON BRANCH.
Trains leave Jackson at 7:00 a. m. and 1:15 p. m., arriving at Adrian at 9:15 a. m. and 3:30 p. m.
Trains leave Adrian at 12:45 p. m. and 9:00 p. m., arriving at Jackson at 3:00 p. m. and 11:15 p. m.

KALAMAZOO DIVISION.

Trains leave Three Rivers at 5:52 p. m. and 7:02 a. m., arriving at Grand Rapids at 10:30 p. m. and 10:30 a. m.

Trains leave Grand Rapids at 6:00 a. m. and 5:40 p. m., arriving at Three Rivers at 10:20 a. m. and 9:20 p. m.

Trains run by Chicago time.

CHAR. F. HATCH, Gen. Supt. of Cleveland, O.
F. E. MORSE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Cleveland, O.

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Advantages Gained by Purchasing a Haines Piano Forte.

- 1st. Their reputation is fully established as first-class in every respect.
- 2d. Their prices, styles and sizes vary to suit all classes of purchasers.
- 3d. Every piano is constructed under the personal supervision of a member of the firm.
- 4th. Every article used in the construction of these pianos is selected personally, and none but the first quality of anything will be used by this firm.
- 5th. The advantage this concern has over many piano manufacturers, is that they buy immensely large invoices, for which they pay cash, thus gaining every advantage from all large dealers in piano merchandise, who gladly give them the preference of their stock.
- 6th. They can give the purchaser more for the money than elsewhere, from the very fact that their factories, warehouses and personal efforts are all concentrated at one place. Consequently they have no heavy running or store expenses to add to the price of the pianos.
- 7th. Every piano is warranted for five years.
- 8th. Every piano is guaranteed to give satisfaction or no sale.

As a proof that the above have been appreciated, we annex the following number of bona fide sales of the Haines Piano, as sworn to the United States Internal Revenue, since the year 1865, which speaks for itself:

Haines Brothers made and sold during the year 1866,	830 pianos.
" " " " " 1867,	972 "
" " " " " 1868,	1,008 "
" " " " " 1869,	1,205 "
Haines Brothers made and sold from Sept. 1, 1869 to Sept. 1, 1870,	1,300 "

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NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE ASSOCIATION,

Boston, May 31st, 1860.

DEAR SIRS—I take great pleasure in advising you officially that at a meeting of the Executive Committee of this Association, held on Saturday evening, it was, on motion of Mr. E. D. Jordan, unanimously voted—

"That if any pianos are to be used in the performances at the 'Oleum, they shall be the Grand Orchestral Pianos of Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co. I remain, gentlemen,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

HENRY G. PARKER, Secretary.

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Express train arrives at Greenville at 8:45 p. m.
Express train leaves Greenville, going south, at 6:00 a. m.
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Express train arrives at Lansing at 10:05 a. m.
Mixed train leaves Lansing, going north, at 8:15 a. m.
Mixed train leaves Ionia, going north, at 12:30 p. m.
Mixed train arrives at Greenville at 2:30 p. m.
Mixed train leaves Greenville, going south, at 3:45 a. m.
Mixed train leaves Ionia, going south, at 10:40 a. m.
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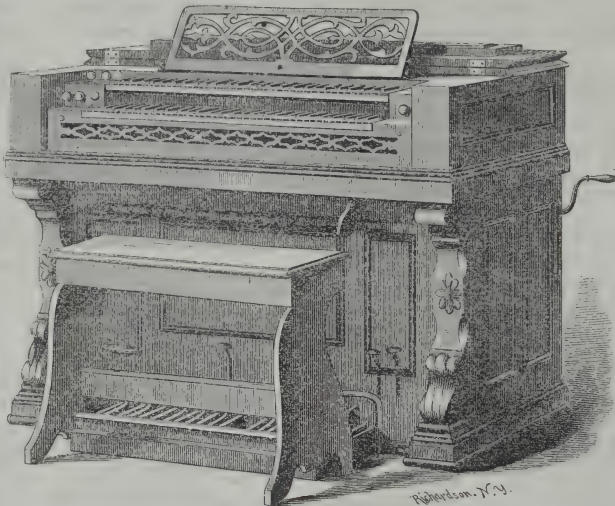
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Richardson, N.Y.

being played, inspires the music with a tremulous, wave-like symphony, imparting a tone and grandeur of effect previously unknown in the history of reed music. This invention was a discovery in the construction of the organ which at once raised the Estey instruments far above all rivals, and though competitors have essayed to imitate it, all their efforts to reach the standard of the Estey patent have proved unsuccessful and abortive. Since the "Tremolo" came into being, the Estey Organs have steadily advanced in the public estimation, giving eminent satisfaction to the latter, and fame and pecuniary reward to the talented and enterprising builders.

In truth, the Estey instrument is a combination or series of patented improvements, scientifically arranged into one grand whole. These improvements are not in any other organ, and may be briefly enumerated thus:

1. The "Vox Humana Tremolo," the operation of which we have depicted.
2. The "Vox Jubilante," which is a "stop" of the most effective and enchanting nature. This feature comprises an extra set of reeds, so formed, tuned and arranged as to create the most pleasing effects in the music, creating a tone hitherto supposed impossible in organs. This invention is the sole property of Estey & Co., and is appended only to the instruments they manufacture.
3. The "Patent Harmonic Attachment" is an octave coupler used on a single manual, and doubles the power of the instrument without increasing its size, or number of reeds.
4. Next we have what is technically termed the "Manual Sub-Bass," another creation of the inventive genius of the Estey house, and covered by three distinct patents. This peculiarity is, in plain terms, an additional set of sub-bass reeds, placed upon the air-chamber, enhancing the rotundity or volume of tone in the ratio of about one-third, and is deservedly esteemed by performers an invaluable aid in the management and efficiency of the organ. It occupies no additional space, and answers all the purposes of pedal bass.
5. The "Patent Knee-Swell," whereby the player has complete control over the instrument, obtaining a perfect *Crescendo* or *Diminuendo*, more beautiful than the Automatic Swell, or any other ever before used.

6. The "Patent Organ Bellows" greatly enhances the power and quality of the tone, without increasing the size of the case.

7. The "Patent Reed Board," whereby the tone is greatly improved, rendering it more like a Pipe Organ than is found in any other instrument. This important improvement is covered by two patents.

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Churches which are unable to bear the expense of a pipe organ have here a beautiful substitute. The tone and touch are, without doubt, unapproached by any other reed organ in existence, while the style of case will prove an appropriate addition to the architectural beauty of any church, or the furnishing of the most elegant parlor.

Within the past year Messrs. Estey & Co. have erected five large factories, and their business has increased so wonderfully that when we say that they must manufacture two hundred organs per week to make their supply equal to the demand, the reader will have a basis upon which they can estimate the magnitude of their enterprise. We have just closed a contract with Messrs. Estey & Co. for one thousand of their magnificent organs for the coming year's trade in Michigan, and we hope to hear from each of our readers who have thoughts of getting a musical instrument, and we will send descriptive price lists, with terms of payment, on application.

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VOLUME I.

DETROIT, MAY, 1871.

NUMBER V.

The Music of the Bells of the Angelus.

BY BRET MARTE.

Bells of the past, whose long forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinkling the sober twilight of the present
With color of romance.

I hear you call, and see the sun descending
On rock, and wave, and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight or mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition,
Passes those airy walls.

Born on the swell of yon long waves receding,
I touch the further past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio,
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see old Portain's cross uplifting
And above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old—
O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness—
Break, falter and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!

Bewailings of a "Broken Baritone."

BY S. D. S.

Alas! alas! "my cake is DO,"
"My sun of life has set,"
But, could I kept one lingering RE,
I might be happy yet.

Chaunting an E's no case to MI,
At upper notes I strain,
Doubtful of FA—"so near yet FA,"
I strive for it in vain.

E'en "dead heads" "long have doomed my SOL,"
"Too flat!" "you're old," they cry,
Fools! old SOL sinks by nature's LA,
So, "how is that for high?"

Gene are all those I used to SI
A DO, RE, MI, FA and near,
Naught's left me, but to drink—to die—
My SOL, LA, SI's my "bier!"

Music.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd, now pleasing dote
They breath'd in tender musings through the heart;
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art.

Songs and Singers.

THEIR STANDING AND SALARIES—OPERA AND ORATORIO—CHURCH AND CHARITY SINGERS.

A large and heterogeneous portion of the human species are to be—or desire to be—regarded as vocalists. Singers of the present day may be divided into classes, as follows:

IN THE FIRST CLASS,

Artists, such vocalists for instance, as Kellogg, Nilsson, Parepa, and others. In the second class—well, it's rather a delicate matter, so we will not enumerate, but designate them as *artists* also, who find a little more difficulty in having a stupid public appreciate their abilities than do those mentioned above. Then there is the church singer, the several grades of concert singers, chorus singers, comic singers, and burlesquers, minstrel and free-and-easy vocalists.

As money is the universal aim of the first-class artists, who are mentioned above, a few words as to the

PAYMENT THEY RECEIVE

for their services may not be out of place. For an oratorio or a society concert, Miss Kellogg and Mme. Rosa receive from \$300 to \$500. Operatic performances are paid for by special contract, either by the month or week, according to the number of times the artist makes his or her appearance. A first-class

ENGLISH OPERA

prima donna will receive from \$300 to \$500 per week and expenses; a tenor, \$350; a baritone and basso, from \$150 to \$200, according to ability; the secondary people in the same branch receive from \$100 downward.

As there will probably be considerable competition in English opera this season, it being likely that there will be three opera companies in the field, a few names of

AVAILABLE ARTISTS

may not be amiss. In regard to prima donnas, we have our own Kellogg, Mme. Rosa, Mme. Van Zandt, Laura Harris, Caroline Richings, Rose Hersee, Emma Hewson, Susan Galton, and a number of English singers unheard in this country. For contraltos, there are the Misses Cary and Morensi, Mrs. Zelda Seguin; Miss Sterling, Mrs. Bowler, and one or two promising amateurs. For tenors, we have George Simpson, who, perhaps, may be induced to enter the operatic field—Castle, Nordblom, Bowler, Farley, H. E. Clarke (a promising concert tenor), and one or two good amateurs.

The baritones available are Laurence, Campbell, Ainsley, Cooke, Seguin, and Drayton. Basses are more difficult to find, and there is not one at present on the English opera stage. John Clark (the present basso of Grace Church, in this city) is probably the only artist of that description who has had any experience in the business. Mr. M. W. Whitney, of Boston, who has been singing oratorio with Nilsson and Kellogg, would be a valuable addition to the operatic world. Mr. Foley, the prominent basso of the Italian Opera in London, is an American, and can probably be engaged, if money enough is offered him. It is certainly time we heard *bass profundi* sing

PARTS WRITTEN FOR THEM,

and the possession of such a voice in a first-class operatic organization is necessary. Operas like the "Magic Flute," "Robert le Diable," "Faust," "Seraglio" (by Mozart), and others require such voices, and it is painful to see the strugglings and strainings of baritones, who have been heretofore cast for these parts, both in English and Italian opera.

CONCERT VOCALISTS.

The larger portion of the professional singers of this country are concert singers or would-be concert sing-

ers. A lady concert artist of first-class reputation as a ballad-singer (aside from the bright particular stars of the vocal world), will command from \$50 to \$100, according to popularity. These prices are, of necessity, subject to variation. For instance, at a concert by a fellow-artist these terms will probably be reduced one-half, or, as is frequently the case, services are exchanged—"sing for me, and I'll sing for you." There are to be found numbers of good, first-class concert singers who are by far too rarely heard, on the principle that true

GENIUS IS MODEST

and unobtrusive, while, on the contrary, there is a class of vocalists who persist in putting themselves in the way of the public, which is done by button-holing concert managers, and having their photographs taken and thrust in the noses of the public from music store windows. When they succeed in getting a good opportunity to sing, they "go for the musical critics."

"HOW ARE YOU, MR. SEMIBREVE?"

Was just going past, and thought I would give you a call. Come and take a glass of wine?" "Thank you, I'm extremely busy, and beg you'll excuse me; next time I will be happy to do so." No use. The unfortunate critic might as well try to stem the torrent of Niagara as get away from the invitation. With a muttered anathema, he accepts the situation (this is always the case with critics), knowing very well what is coming next. During the

ABSORBING PROCESS

that follows, the ambitious vocalist just remembers that he is going to sing somewhere, and "just mentions it, you know;" but wouldn't hint at anything else than a "just" criticism; and with a modest demeanor begs the critic "not to be too hard on a fellow." If he assumes the "modest style," he asks the critic what he ought to sing, and how he ought to sing it, which he thinks will

FLATTER THE NEWSPAPER MAN

and win him completely; after which he takes his departure to perpetrate the same dodge elsewhere. He generally succeeds in getting a "just" criticism, but not the kind he expected. If the singer is a lady, she has a male friend or relative who goes through the same process for her; although the proverbial gallantry of the critic towards the gentler sex prevents him from dealing so severely with the singer.

CHURCH SINGERS

are the most numerous species of the vocalistic profession. They are of various stages of ability, from the first-class professional down to the trembling beginner who feels his or her dignity on being admitted to the chorus of a little country choir, the repertoire of which may consist of Old Hundred and a few kindred melodies of like age and lesser worth. A god, in his way, is the leader of the little choir aforesaid.

In no profession is there to be found

SO MUCH JEALOUSY

as there is in that of music, and the artist or amateur that is thoroughly free from it is a rare individual. Church singers are better paid in New York and Boston than anywhere else in the Union. Chicago, although ahead in fornication, divorces, and other polite accomplishments, is somewhat behind in the matter of choir salaries, although possessing some first-rate material. In New York and Boston first-class sopranos command from \$800 to \$1,500; contraltos from \$700 to \$1,000; tenors from \$600 to \$1,000, and basses about the same. In the Western and Southern cities less than one-half of these terms are generally paid, except in rare cases.

THE MINSTREL VOCALIST

is another of the peculiar branches of vocalism. He may be a silver-voiced tenor who trolls out a request to "Put me in my little bed," and rolls one eye ceil-

ing-ward, and the other at some giggling young female in front; or he may be a bellowing basso, who commences "Nigh to a grave" with the idea that he is to represent as nearly as possible the sound of a railroad smash up. The aforesaid individual, if considered a first-class tenor balladist, will receive a salary (in a flourishing company) of from \$35 to \$50 per week, and if a basso, as is generally the case, the interlocutor or middle man, receives from \$25 to \$35. A first-class burlesque prima donna is worth from \$85 to \$100 per week, according to ability.

COMIC AND VARIETY SINGERS.

The variety or concert saloon business supports a large class of inferior singers, whose particular forte is comic or character singing. Burlesque singing is so nearly allied to it that there is little difference between the two, with, perhaps, the exception that among our burlesque singers are one or two fine vocalists, whose taste runs in that vein, or who find that they can make more money out of it than anything else. Salaries for such range from \$100 per week down to \$10.

THE MUSICAL BORE.

This is an animal that is to be found in all branches of the art, but particularly in the vocal department. Sometimes it is a female, but generally it's a male. If the former, she may be a young lady, or one of

AN UNCERTAIN AGE,

who has had some little instruction, and possessed of the idea that she is hiding her light under a bushel if not always exhibiting it in public or private. She buttonholes the musical critics and is always desirous of singing for them; always inviting them to come to her house for that purpose, and eternally asking for an opening to sing—offering her services gratis on all occasions for the privilege, and paying her own expenses if necessary. If it is one of the sterner sex, he is generally a baritone or a basso. He may, for instance, have held

A SUBORDINATE POSITION

in an opera company, and which he is always speaking of as "the time when I was baritone with Mme. Screechlioli." He does not mention his line of business at the said time, but if any one should hint that he didn't remember the name of the signor, he would be the recipient of looks that—could they—would kill. When invited to a little musical reception or to a private club, or even to the houses of those who may be so unfortunate as to be his friends, he seats himself at the piano,

TAKES A LEASE

on that instrument for the rest of the evening, and bellows and roars to the disgust of the audience, and the entire exclusion of any one who may be gifted vocally far beyond him, but who may not have the cheek or assurance to advertise it unasked.

The invariable result is, that the musical bore is shunned to such an extent that when he is seen approaching his acquaintances generally slip into a doorway to "see a man," or cross the street to avoid him.

Most of our public singers—male and, especially, female—are of unquestioned modesty of deportment—ladies and gentlemen of good education, frequently of brilliant abilities; and among first-class artists, their musical or vocal attainments being a key that opens to them the gates of all society and oftentimes enables them to become the favored of fickle fortune, although, as a profession, save to artists like Kellogg, Nilsson, Parepa, and such lights, there is not a more thankless one in the world, or a more uncertain.

Sheridan's Sarcasm.

Mr. Cumberland, though a philanthropic and a moral dramatist, was still an envious and a jealous man. Being in the boxes on the second night of the representation of the "School for Scandal," it was observed he never once smiled at any of the good things which the author has put into the mouths of the scenic personages. When the comedy was concluded, he remarked, he was much surprised that the audience should laugh so immoderately at what could not make him smile. As there are social traitors in all circles, this sarcasm was conveyed to Sheridan, who very coolly observed, that Cumberland was truly ungrateful for not smiling at the comedy in question, as he had seen a tragedy of Cumberland's at Covent-Garden theatre, and laughed from the beginning to the end.

A Palpable Hit.

An English paper speaking of American matters says: "Musical criticism in the United States seems to demand manifold qualifications. At all events it embraces considerable knowledge of millinery and dress-making, as well as facility in pen-and-ink sketching."

Prices of Piano-Fortes.

Messrs. Chickering & Sons, the eminent piano-forte manufacturers, have discarded the old and inconvenient system of printing in their circulars high prices which no one is expected to give or get. Having reduced prices, they now print their actual prices which are therefore subject to no discount, but alike to all, fixed and invariable. We congratulate them on the adoption of this fair and frank system, and are confident it will meet the hearty approbation of the best dealers in instruments, as well as the public; and tend to the large increase of their extensive business. Dealers in pianos and organs have had just cause to complain of the working of the system which has been common, of high prices and large discounts, which tends to the advantage of no one except dishonest peddlers, and those who are willing to act unfairly by selling at exorbitant prices, when they get the opportunity.

If there are degrees in honesty, we will not say it is dishonest to print high prices with the intention of making a discount to every purchaser who requires it, or with the knowledge that such high prices will not be obtained from one purchaser in twenty, and ought not to be obtained from any, but, certainly, it is the more honorable and manly, and therefore the more honest course, to fix the lowest prices at which instruments can be afforded at retail, and then print them and make them alike to all. There is no justice in one man's being made to pay seven hundred dollars for the same piano-forte which one neighbor who is better at a bargain, buys for six hundred, and another, sharper yet, gets for five hundred. If the latter is the fair price, let it be printed, and alike to all. With the public there will scarcely be a difference of opinion as to this. It will be agreed that the one priced system is altogether best and fairest; and a good many will go so far as to say the other plan is not honest.

But, say the musicians, "there are so many commissions and discounts to be given that this plan will not work. People like to buy at a discount, supposing they are thus buying cheap; and some will not buy unless at a discount. Dealers say they must offer discounts, or cannot effect sales. Moreover, dealers will most urge the sales of those instruments on which the largest discounts are offered." So very high prices must be printed, from which large discounts can be made.

Certainly there is some truth in this, as every one who has experience knows. Yet we are satisfied that the high prices and large discount plan is no more to the advantage of the dealer, than to that of the public. It complicates his business, and renders it uncertain, vexatious and inconvenient, without increasing his aggregate profit. Where he gets a large discount, competition compels the dealer to make discounts to his customers, and he is always at a loss to know how much to offer, for he cannot tell how low the manufacturer, or some competing dealer, will sell. The sales he effects are varying prices, and unsatisfactory to purchasers, some of whom soon find that they have paid too much. Sales are frequently lost after great trouble to effect them, because some one has offered at a little greater discount. The whole business is annoying and unsatisfactory, and we have sometimes thought there might be truth in the remark made in our hearing by one having much experience in that under this system, no man could sell pianos without lying.

The better way, altogether, is to print at once the lowest prices, from which only reasonable commissions can be allowed to wholesale purchasers. This secures uniform and fair prices to all. The dealer is saved the infinite vexation, disappointment and disadvantage, which comes from the other system; does business more pleasantly and easily, and by doing more business, increases his aggregate profit, while the public are fairly and honorably treated. The best dealers are beginning to discover that this is the better way, and to give preference to the instruments of those manufacturers who adhere to it. So far as we are informed, those are, thus far, CHICKERING & SONS, makers of piano-fortes.—*N. Y. Musical Gazette.*

Beats All.

Toots is an excellent musician, and very fond of beats. At dinner, one day, his attacks upon the vegetable becoming rather frequent, a gentleman opposite remarked, good humoredly: "That should be your last, Toots. It is your fourth, and you know, there are only four beats to a measure."

"Aye, to be sure, but I am not that kind of time, air," and Toots went on beating to his heart's content.

Dedication of the Albert Hall of Art and Science.

The Prince Albert Music Hall, or the Albert Hall of Art and Science, was opened on March 29, at South Kensington, by the Queen in person. This temple is the Albert Memorial, erected to perpetuate the memory of the late husband of the Queen, and is reported to be a wonderful piece of architectural art. A personal monument having been provided for in Hyde Park, at a cost of £100,000, in commemoration of the virtues of the Prince Consort, in 1865, the Prince of Wales urged the project of a memorial hall. At a meeting called for that purpose, he proposed the formation of a joint stock company, which should build the hall and make money out of it, as well as a free lease of the necessary land secured for 99 years, and also a money grant of £50,000. The further sum of £102,000 was raised by public subscriptions for sittings in the hall. The Provisional Committee then applied to the Crown for a charter of incorporation, and it was issued to them on April 8, 1867. The building is elliptical in form, and its style is the Italian *renaissance*, the material of the facade being red brick and terra cotta, which have been so used that the effect is excellent. In the interior the hall is oval, 219 feet long and 185 feet broad. In the centre there is a level oval space, the arena, 102 feet long and 68 feet wide, intended to be used either for the accommodation of a portion of the audience or for purposes of exhibition. This space is surrounded by 1,000 persons. Surrounding the arena is the amphitheatre, containing 1,362 seats, in ten rows, rising one above the other. Back of the amphitheatre are boxes, with seats for 320 persons. Above these rise the boxes of the grand tier, with seats for 400 persons, and above these again the boxes of the second tier, also accommodating 400 persons. Above the upper tier is the balcony, with eight tiers of seats for 1,800 persons. Still above the balcony is another gallery, with two rows of chairs for 2,000 persons. Besides all this, above the orchestra are two galleries, accommodating 200 persons, so that the hall will comfortably seat no less than 7,482 spectators, besides the performers. The organ is of stupendous dimensions. It is 60 feet wide and 70 feet in height. It contains 9,000 pipes, 125 stops, 82 couplers, and five claviers, and some among its pipes are the largest ever constructed. They range from 40 feet to six inches in length, and from 30 inches down to the size of the smallest straw in diameter. The motive power for this wonderful instrument is obtained from two steam engines situated in the basement. Nearly all the boxes in the hall have been sold for 999 years. Those on the grand tier sold for £1,000 each, those on the second tier for £800, and the stalls for £100 each. Her Majesty has two boxes, the Prince of Wales has one, and there is scarcely a nobleman who has not purchased a box or a stall. The space for common folk is only the upper gallery and balcony, but happily the seats there are quite as good for hearing purposes as those below. The opening ceremony was very simple. At the southern end of the arena, immediately in front of the orchestra, a throne had been erected for the Queen. When Her Majesty entered, accompanied by a brilliant suite, she was conducted to this throne by the Prince of Wales. Being seated, Her Majesty listened to an address read by the Prince of Wales; she handed to him a written reply; a prayer was said by the Bishop of London; Her Majesty arose and declared that the Hall was opened; and proceeded to her private box to listen to the musical performance. When the concert was over 8,000 persons emerged from the 39 doors of the hall, entered their carriages and drove quietly away.

The Power of Music.

A man in a state of intoxication, brought before a justice in Alabama, was examined and fined for being drunk and disorderly. The poor fellow had only an old German flute, and, when asked if he would leave it as a pledge for his fine, he replied that it was an old and excellent instrument, and under no circumstances would he part with it. Forgetful of the dignity of the court, he raised it to his lips and blew a few sweet notes, at once attracting and fixing the attention of the court and spectators. He perceived his advantage, and played a plaintive air, which imbued the mind of the court with pity. He changed it to patriotic measure—"the Star Spangled Banner," and "Yankee Doodle," exciting the fraternal love of country. Now or never was the time. "Dixie" rolled out in sweet and rapid cadence. Every one was taken by storm. The policemen danced to its measures; the spectators wagged their heads, and the court, like Alexander, smiled his delight. The fine was stricken from the docket, and the poor fellow left with his flute under his arm, a wiser and a better man.—*Ex.*

Verdi's Ideas of Musical Training.

Verdi, the well-known composer, has written a letter contrasting modern with ancient music, brought out the Pall Mall Gazette says, by the following circumstances:

"After the death of Saverio Mercadante, who for so long a period was regarded as the patriarch of Italian (especially Neapolitan) musicians, his post as director of the Musical Conservatory at Naples was offered to the author of '*Il Trovatore*,' '*La Traviata*,' and '*Rigoletto*.' Signor Verdi, however, too well satisfied with the position he has held, and still holds in a great measure, as the most popular dramatic composer of his time, did not appreciate the honor intended to be conferred upon him, and replied to his friend, Signor Florino, who conveyed to him the proposal of the directing members of the Conservatory, as follows:

GENOA, Jan. 5, 1870.

Dear Florino—Nothing could have flattered my *amour propre* more than the offer of the directorship of the Naples Conservatoire, conveyed to me through you, from the professors of that institution, and from so many Neapolitan musicians. It is painful to me not to respond as I could wish, but, with my engagements, habits, and love of independent life, it would be impossible for me to undertake so laborious a task. You will say: "How about art?" Very good; but I have done as much as I have been able to do for art, and, if occasionally I am to do more, it is indispensable that I should be, as before, entirely free. Were it otherwise, you may imagine how proud I should be to occupy the position once held by such founders of a school as Scarlatti, Durante and Leo. It would have been glorious for me (nor would it be just now a step backward) to train pupils in the strict and profound, though clear and simple studies of those great masters. I should have liked, as it were, to stand with one foot on the past, the other on the present and future; for of the "Music of the Future" I am not afraid. I would say to young students: "Practice fugues constantly, assiduously, and to the utmost, until you have become so strong and sure as to subject the notes to your will. You will thus learn to compose with freedom, to dispose the various parts naturally, and modulate without affectation. Study Palestrina and some of his contemporaries; pass them to Marcello, and direct your attention chiefly to recitative; attend now and then performances of modern operas without yielding to the fascination of florid harmony and orchestration, or chords of the diminished seventh—quick-sands, or harbor of refuge (as it may be) to all who do not know how to write four bars without their assistance." After superadding a broad literary culture, I would say, finally: Write in good faith, and (provided you can boast of an artistic organization) you will become composers. At all events you will not swell the crowd of mere imitators, or be lost among those morbid representatives of our time, who, while searching and searching, are sometimes working skillfully, yet never succeed in lighting upon anything new.

For singing I should also have recommended the old school, combined with that of modern declamation. To put in practice these rules, apparently so simple, it would be necessary to superintend with so much assiduity that twelve months in the year thus exclusively employed would not suffice. With my home and personal interests so remote from your city, how could I possibly attend to all these things? Be good enough, my dear Florino, to express my great regret to your colleagues and to the musicians of your "bella Napoli" that I cannot accept an offer with which I feel so highly honored. I trust you will find the man of whom you are in want—once, before all, learned and strict in discipline. Licensure in counterpoint may pass, and occasionally prove effective on the operatic stage; but in a Conservatoire, to progress is to go back to the ancient rules and canons.

Adieu! Believe me ever, yours affectionately.
GIUSEPPE VERDI

Vocalism of the Swan.

The singing of swans has been supposed to be a fiction, but John A. Hjalalin, an Icelandic, writes that he has often heard them singing in one of the firths of Western Iceland, where hundreds of them congregate. In the morning and evening, their singing is so loud that it can be heard miles away, and the mountains on both sides ring with the echo, for each one seems to join the chorus. The singing has not the slightest resemblance to the cackling of geese or the quacking of ducks. It is clear and full, and has a metallic ring. The notion that the singing is sweetest just before the swan's death, is prevalent in Iceland. Their nests are in small inland lakes or tarns, only one pair nesting at a single lake.

A Famous Speech.

The New York Musical Gazette says, those who go about the country attending musical conventions, and the like, often have very amusing experiences and hear very amusing things. Having heard Mr. Allen tell a story of a would-be Demosthenes who made a grand attempt at a speech during one of his conventions, we have induced him to write it down for the benefit of a larger audience. Here it is:

I was called upon, quite a number of years since, to conduct a singing convention in a thriving little town in Central New York. It was the first time I had ever been honored with such a call, as I was hardly more than a boy at the time, and you may be sure that I felt the responsibility of the position, and worked accordingly. What I lacked in knowledge and experience I tried to supply by enthusiastic and earnest hard work. Everything passed off well, and the affair was pronounced by all a success. The night of the concert arrived. I had taken particular pains in getting up the pieces for this momentous occasion, as we were expecting a full house; but also, the weather suddenly changed, a violent storm set in, and the furious driving wind and snow kept the greater part of our expected audience at home. However the singers were out, and we went through our programme for the benefit of the courageous ones who had ventured out in spite of the storm. Now there chanced to be in the audience a young limb of the law, whom we will call Dick S—. Dick was a good fellow, and an ambitious, hard working student, and withal very fond of music, and something of a singer. It occurred to Dick during the progress of the concert that it was a pity that so much fine music should be wasted on the empty benches, and so seizing a favorable opportunity he arose and respectfully asking permission to take a few words formally in behalf of the community, asked for a repetition of his profession, was naturally extremely diffident. He never found himself on his legs attempting to make a speech without being overcome with a sense of bashfulness which was extremely embarrassing. Dick, remembering Demosthenes, had manfully resolved to overcome this most unlawyer-like weakness, and lost no opportunity for forcing himself to speak in public. On this occasion, as the audience was small and he had made a fair start, it suddenly occurred to Dick that it would be a good time to launch out into a flowing little speech. For a time he got on swimmingly. He complimented our music in the most extravagant terms. He lauded the musical taste and the inclement weather which had kept the people from the enjoyment of such a rich musical feast. Waxing eloquent over his theme, he turned to me—"I tell you sir, that such opportunities for listening to good music are only too rare in a community where so much musical taste and appreciation exists. I can assure you, sir, that the hearts of the people are in this work of elevating and advancing the cause of good music, and as the old saying is, where your heart and your treasure is—ah—ah—ahem." Here poor Dick began to stammer, and a little ripple of laughter ran over the house. Dick rallied—"I repeat it, sir, as the old saying is, where your treasure is and your heart"—ah—ah—ah. Here the ripple of laughter became a roar. Dick was getting desperate; "Again I repeat it, sir, as the old saying is, you know, where your heart and your treasure is, you'll be there too." Dick went down, and it is needless to add the house came down too. The climax of absurdity was reached, however, to those in his immediate vicinity when some one suggesting in a low voice that he would do well to put up before attempting to quote scripture again, Dick threw up both hands in horror exclaiming, "What is that in the Bible?"

High Prices for Music Copyrights.

The music copyrights of Messrs. Cramer & Co., of Regent street, London, have just been disposed of by auction. The following high prices were paid for the principal lots: Beethoven's Entire Works, edited by Moscheles, £478; Balfe, The Sailor Sings as Sings, £324; Arditi, Il Bacio, £716; Heller, Reveries d'Artiste, £434; Gounod, Babylon's Wave, £210; Hatton, Good-bye, Sweetheart, £462; Wallace's Opera of Maritana, £2,239; Knight, She Wore a Wreath of Roses, £495; Loder, The Brave Old Oak, £241; Wallace's Opera of Lurline, £2,447; Barnett's Opera, the Mountain Sylph, £261; Balfe's Opera, The Rose of Castille, £958; Thalberg, Various Piano-forte Arrangements, in 37 lots, £246; Weber's Oberon, £428; Cramer's Vocal Gems, £888.

Programme-Making.

The Musical Bulletin has the following sensible remarks on this subject:

It might fairly be supposed that a long apprenticeship, in catering for the public amusement, would teach most managers the secret of success, and that they, in turn, would initiate their artists into it. It is, however, somewhat remarkable that among all classes of men who understand their business but superficially, managers and artists are very conspicuous. In offering a performance to the public there can be but two inducements available, the artists or the programme. In both of these the element of attraction must be reputation, interest or freshness; and, if a legitimate and permanent sensation is to be worked up, it must be done upon genuinely honest foundations. Unfortunately for themselves and for the public, these primary principles are totally ignored, and managers and artists, relying on flaming announcements, are forever deluding themselves by fancying that an audience never wearies of hearing the same music sung by the same class of voices, season after season, until they find their enterprises failing, and then denounce the public for want of musical appreciation and cordial support. There can, for instance, be no doubt that Miss Carlotta Patti, Miss Kellogg, Miss Nilsson, and a host of other sopranos, are very delightful singers, and that "*Ah non guingué*," "*Dose Sono*," "*The Last Rose of Summer*," and the "*Shiloh Song*" can justly be called beautiful music; Miss Cary and Miss Phillips have fine voices, and "*Nobil Signor*" is a fine selection in which to show them, but it may be questioned whether, after public curiosity in regard to the singers is satisfied, these arias will offer any attraction to wearied ears. For "*Il Balen*," "*Non e ver*," and "*Di Proenza*" we have a hearty admiration, but we cannot, with fortitude, bear to hear a harp sing something else. If the contralto and tenor will give the audience something beside "*Ai Nostri Monti Trovatore*," it might go the second time to hear them; if a quartette could forget the "*Good Night*" from "*Martha*," the tenor deny himself the delights of "*Il Trovatore*," the orchestra ignore, for a time, the overture to "*William Tell*," and the pianist, on his travels, cease to mourn for his "*Sweet Home*," there would be a gain on all sides. As it is, managers reason that as these selections are favorites, audiences care to hear nothing else; artists fancy that because they have produced sensations in certain arias that a tread-mill policy is the best for them to pursue, and so they go on, season after season, making the same programmes, and wonder how it is that they are listened to so coldly. It is much the same in Opera, except that the uniformity in the performances is generally in the carelessness with which they are gotten up, and the rapidity with which troupes are formed and dissolved. Theodore Thomas and Madame Parepa-Rosa have shown that a sterling performance of good music will not only attract an audience once, but draw it again and again, increasing each time in size and appreciation, and it would be well if some of our other managers would copy at once their method and success.

Musical Catechism.

- "What is a slur?"
- "Almost any remark one singer makes about another."
- "What is a rest?"
- "Going out of a choir for refreshments during sermon time."
- "What is called 'singing with an understanding?'"
- "Marking the time on the floor with your feet."
- "What is a staccato movement?"
- "Leaving the choir in a huff, because one is dissatisfied with the leader."
- "What is a swell?"
- "A professor of music, who pretends to know everything about the science, while he cannot conceal his ignorance."

Lively Tunes.

The effect of music on the senses was oddly and wonderfully verified during the mourning for the Duke of Cumberland, uncle of George III. A tailor had an order for a great number of black suits, which were to be finished in a short space of time. Among his workmen was a fellow who was always singing "*Rally Britania*," and the rest of the journeymen joined in the chorus. The tailor made his observation, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded the work; in consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler, and placing him near the workshop, made him play constantly the lively tune of "*Nancy Dawson*." The design had the desired effect; the tailors' elbows moved obedient to the melody, and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed period.

Letter from Boston.

BOSTON, April 20, 1871.

Musical matters have been quite lively in our city the present month, and with the triennial festival of the Handel and Haydn Society, and the annual meeting of the National Musical Congress in prospect, there is likely to be very little abatement for a couple of months to come. The Handel and Haydn festival occurs during the second week in May, opening on the 9th and closing on Sunday evening the 14th. The first concert will take place on the afternoon of the 9th (not in the morning as first announced,) and the programme will include Nicolai's festival overture on Luther's choral "*Ein feste Burg*;" a part-song by Mendelssohn "*Farewell to the Forest*," to be sung by the full chorus without accompaniment; the Hallelujah chorus from Beethoven's "*Mount of Olives*;" and Mendelssohn's "*Hymn of Praise*." Mendelssohn's "*Elijah*" will be given on Wednesday evening, Haydn's "*Israel in Egypt*," Thursday evening, Beethoven's "*Ninth Symphony*," Friday afternoon, selections from Bach's St. Matthew Passion music and Bennett's "*Woman of Samaria*" (both for the first time in America) Saturday evening, and Handel's "*Messiah*" Sunday evening. There will also be a series of vocal and orchestral concerts on the afternoons not otherwise occupied. The chief soloists will be Madame E. Rudersdorff and Mr. W. H. Cummings, the well known London oratorio singers, and Miss Adelaide Phillips and Mr. M. W. Whitney, our own admired vocalists. Mr. Carl Zerrahn will be the conductor of the festival.

The arrangements for the forthcoming meeting of the National Musical Congress are being perfected by the committee having the matter in charge. The main features of the programme I gave you in my letter last month. A series of very interesting musical performances are to be given in connection with the other exercises. Several prominent choirs of this city, nearly all of the leading vocalists, pianists and organists, and several large choral bodies have volunteered their services. The lecture by Rev. Elias Nason on "*The Four Great Oratorios*," will be illustrated by selections from the works dwelt upon, and the lecture or paper by Rev. W. L. Gage, on Mendelssohn, will probably be followed by some appropriate selections from his works, vocal or instrumental—perhaps both. A whole oratorio will be performed on one evening, one or more choral societies taking part, and on another there will be a miscellaneous concert by a chorus of one thousand voices. Among the selections to be sung will be some choruses by American composers. Since the encouragement of native art is one of the objects of the Congress, this will be a most appropriate feature. The session opens June 20, and continues three days.

Nilson's appearance here in oratorio caused no little interest, and she drew in conjunction with the Handel and Haydn Society, two large audiences on the 1st and 2d of April. The oratorios given were "*The Messiah*" and "*The Creation*." Her success in the former was complete, and Boston unreservedly awarded her its most enthusiastic and hearty plaudits. Her rendering of "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*," was certainly very beautiful, and it deserved the encore it received. In "*The Creation*" she was less successful, although her singing of "*with verdure clad*" was certainly excellent. Miss Cary won great favor by her fine interpretation of the contralto solos in "*The Messiah*," and Mr. M. W. Whitney, the basso, was very successful in "*The Creation*." Mrs. J. F. West, Mr. George Simpson, Mr. W. J. Winch and Mr. John F. Winch also assisted. The Handel and Haydn Society sang magnificently on both nights.

Mr. J. K. Paine gave the 18th and last of his interesting and instructive series of lectures on the history of music, at Wesleyan Hall on the 8th. His closing discourse was a very able review of Berlioz, Wagner and Liszt, and the new German music. At the close, on motion of General H. K. Oliver, of Salem, resolu-

tions were passed thanking Mr. Paine, and also Harvard University (under whose auspices the lectures have been given), and expressing the wish that other lectures upon music may be given in the future. Mr. Paine will probably put his history in book form, but not at present.

The pitch of the Music Hall organ has been raised from the French standard to the high pitch which prevails in this country. Mr. Fritz Walcker, of Ludwigsberg, one of its builders, was sent for to take charge of the work.

Mr. A. P. Peck, superintendent of the Music Hall, had his annual benefit concert on the 12th. It was in all respects the finest concert of the season. Theodore Thomas and his accomplished orchestra, Miss Kellogg, Miss Annie Cary, Miss Anna Mehlig and Mr. Ernst Perabo, assisted in a splendid programme. The house was crammed to its utmost capacity.

Mr. Theodore Thomas gave a concert at Music Hall on the afternoon of the 15th, with very fine success. It was Miss Mehlig's last appearance in Boston previous to her departure for Europe. While upon his eastward trip, Mr. Thomas also gave concerts in New Bedford and Providence. He has given some twenty concerts in Boston the present season.

The Listemann Quartette began a series of four weekly matinees at Wesleyan Hall, on the 5th of April. The opening programme embraced Cherubini's Quartette in E flat, No. 1, Schubert's Quartette in D minor, H. Biber's 6th violin, sonata in C minor (composed in 1681,) and two songs which were admirably sung by Mr. M. W. Whitney. The selections at subsequent concerts have included Haydn's Quartette in G major, No. 5; Folies d'Espagne (violin solo) by Corelli; Schumann's Trio in D minor (Mr. Leonard assisting upon the piano-forte); Beethoven's Quartette in E flat, No. 12, op. 127; Mozart's Quartette in E flat; Raff's Quartette in A major; and Il Trillo del Diavolo, by Tartini.

A series of matinees complimentary to Mr. Ernst Perabo, was opened at Wesleyan Hall, April 14th, and have been continued on succeeding Fridays. The programmes have been made up wholly of choice piano-forte music.

Messrs. G. W. Sumner, W. F. Apthorp, G. A. Adams and H. G. Tucker began a series of four weekly piano-forte concerts at Bumstead Hall, on the 10th of April. The programmes have been made up with much taste and the performances have also been good.

Mr. James M. Wehli, the pianist, gave three more popular concerts at Music Hall, April 19th, 20th and 22nd, aided by some of our best resident talent. The entertainments were under the direction of Mr. H. C. Barnabe.

The New England Conservatory of Music gave its quarterly concert at Music Hall, on the afternoon of the 7th. There was an immense audience present, and the concert was perhaps the best ever given by the pupils of this institution, although the organ pieces arranged for the occasion had unfortunately to be omitted as the instrument was undergoing repairs. The summer term of the Conservatory opened on the 24th. The Conservatory was never in a more flourishing and satisfactory condition than at the present time. Under its efficient director, Dr. Tourjee, and its large and talented board of teachers, it is steadily progressing.

Mr. Gilmore has been giving a series of orchestral concerts every evening, in connection with the French Fair.

Mr. Zerrahn's benefit concert, which formed the last of the Harvard concerts, was not so well patronized as it should have been. Miss Krebs assisted on the occasion. The gifted young pianist also gave a recital at Brackett Hall.

The choir of the Church of the Unity, in Newton Street, gave a very fine concert at the Church on Easter Sunday evening.

The ninth (New York) Regiment band of one hundred pieces, and Gilmore's band of eighty pieces, are to give a promenade concert at Music Hall, on the evening of June 17th.

RANGER.

From New York.

NEW YORK, April 25.

The month of April has passed, and brought us an unusually early summer. Every where are the trees in bloom, and the already full grown leaves are sheltering a panting people from a sultry (April) sun! It is like midsummer indeed. Not more than three weeks ago the heat was 95°, according to the thermometer, which is said to be the best judge. The sparrows are having great times—to make up, no doubt, for their hardships during our short and snowy winter. They are marshaling their forces and training up their families for a grand advance on the worms, the pests of all vegetation in this locality. The dear ladies—Heaven bless them—have had another story added to their panniers—some have positively had Mansard roofs put on, and the question arises in one's mind when looking at them, whether the panniers support the dear creatures, or whether the latter support the panniers—such humps, my dear journal, I never did see. If it could be done, I would suggest that the fashion be immediately inaugurated by ladies having monkeys, dressed as postillions, sitting astride the aforesaid attachments—how nice it would be for a sweet creature to have her own monkey to jump down and open a door for her, or hold up her skirts as she crossed a mud-puddle. The only difficulty in the way that I can see would be that old Mr. Bergh might take it into his head to make a raid on the fair ones for cruelty to animals. Chignons have been re-stuffed for a summer campaign, and fashionable mammas are making their arrangements for summer quarters, and drilling the girls for a season at Newport, Saratoga and the Branch, and inventing new channels for the hard earnings of the respective papas to melt and disappear in.

These things may have affected the musical world somewhat, for the season has not been remarkable for the number or attendance of its concerts. The series at Association Hall still continue, with varied success, and are conducted by Antonio Mora. The Euterpe Society have given one or two concerts there, which have been well patronized.

A new aspirant for musical celebrity made her *debut* during the month, in Steinway Hall, Miss Vienna Demorest, a daughter of Mme. Demorest, of fashion fame. Miss D. has been talked up for some time past by the critics of the New York press, who no doubt benefited somewhat thereby, and at a private *debut* at Chickering's rooms, a month or more ago, at which time she gave a private musical reception, was declared by some of the most enthusiastic to be a peer of Kellogg's. Her lithographs and pictures were thrown out by the hundred, and thrust in the face of the musical public on every occasion, and consequently a prodigy was looked for. At her *debut* in Steinway Hall, she simply made a failure, and developed the fact that she is a young, pretty, and ambitious vocalist, but knows no more of the art of singing than do thousands of school girls—she is a beginner, with youth enough to promise a fair future for her, if she studies hard for a few years under a master, whose most difficult work in her case will be to undo the mischief false friends have done her by misguided flattery.

Another *debutante* made her appearance this month in the person of Miss Cassie Renz, a young and pretty resident of the Quaker city.

She gave two concerts, at which she was assisted by Miss Adelaide Phillips, who sang in her usual excellent style, Messrs. Leoni and Ronconi, and an orchestra under the leadership of Carl Bergmann. Miss Renz came among us comparatively unheralded, and without the preliminary puffing, usually resorted to now-a-days to influence the public, and make a reputation before it is earned. She has a remarkable voice, and reaches the upper G sharp above the treble clef, in itself an almost unprecedented feat in the art of vocalization. Her tones are of a good quality, sweet and of bell-like clearness, and though not yet a finished

artiste, she gives rare promise of being a brilliant star in the musical constellation.

The philharmonic concerts closed on the 15th. The principal feature on that occasion was the production of Geo. F. Bristow's symphony, which is highly spoken of by musicians as a masterly production, and a credit to the composer, who has shown rare ability in this most difficult field of composition.

We are to have a resurrection of Italian opera for ten nights under Signor L. Albites, who has engaged Miss Kellogg and a tenor, who is said to be a wonder, named Villani, from Havana, and a mixed up company, of various degrees of talent. Laurence, the late baritone of the English Opera Company is engaged, and we are certain of hearing one first-class baritone, at least. The season opens on the 1st of May, and the standard Italian operas will be produced.

The Brooklyn Choral Union directors are preparing a young jubilee for the 25th of May, to be held in the Rink. Pat. Gilmore, from Boston, will be there, and there is to be artillery shooting, anvil hammering, and it will probably wind up with a walk around.

The soloists at present engaged are Miss Kellogg, H. Eugene Clark, tenor, F. Remmert, baritone, John Clark, basso profundo. Others will probably be added to the list.

The concert of the Grand Army of the Republic at Plymouth Church, was a great success. The artists were Mrs. Mixsell, soprano, Mrs. Stetson, H. Millard, John Clark, John Loretz, jr., Signors Buitrago and Agremonite, and Harvey Major.

The Plymouth Organ Concerts have closed for the season, the last concert having been given on the 23d, with S. P. Warren as the organist, and Misses Thursday and Nettie Sterling.

CHASSEPOT.

Music for the Social Circle.

THREE RIVERS, April 20, 1871.

I am in receipt of all the numbers of your pretty fadgeling, and am very much pleased with it. Success to your enterprise! I will see if I can do anything for it here. In looking over its sprightly pages, the thought occurred to me that a great work might be accomplished for music in social life, or for music and social life. It is not so much to raise the standard—to use the phrase in its common acceptance—as to free it from the trammels and shackles that fashion has bound about it. In short, to simplify it to the common understanding and common enjoyment of every-day people. Family music is like family religion, something to raise the whole tone of life in the family. But it is fast becoming what Sunday religion is to the professor, a pretense and a sham. It is no longer fashionable to sing pretty ballads with simple accompaniments, in the drawing-room. If our young people cannot sing in the Nilsson or Parepa style they will not open their lips to sing at all, but devote themselves to the performance of difficult compositions which they do not in the least comprehend, vainly striving after operatic effect, and only producing in their hearers, weariness and disgust. These very persons may have sweet thought not in any way remarkable, voices, which, if cultivated might add not only to the pleasure of themselves but to that of the family and social circle. But because they cannot hope to electrify, they will not attempt to please, thus, like the other "altruistic steward," thrusting the one gift back into the master's face unused. Have they any moral right thus to neglect a talent because it is not of the fashionable kind, and defraud the home and social circle of a real pleasure? I happen to know a dozen young ladies, pretty, and accomplished as times go, all having a share of musical culture, and possessing more or less sweetness of voice; yet not one of them can be persuaded to sing in society. They are out of practice—or they don't sing—or they have no new pieces—as though real lovers of sweet sounds could not enjoy anything but wonders and novelties. Is all this bad taste and false pride on their part, or ignorance of the subject and bad taste in a portion of the social world.

LELIA.

From Providence, R. I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 24, 1871.

The wide awake and go ahead city of Providence has just had a magnificent Music Hall, provided for it by one of its most wealthy and public spirited citizens, Hon. Amos C. Barstow. It is intended for the best class of musical entertainments, lectures and public meetings, and will comfortably seat twenty-three hundred persons. It is of somewhat different form than most halls, since the ceiling shows the form of the roof, and being of wood, serves as an excellent sounding-board. The acoustic properties of the hall could not be surpassed. Its chief embellishment is a magnificent organ built by the well-known Boston manufacturers, Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook. The instrument occupies a prominent position at one end of the building, and the front is finished in a very rich and elegant manner. It is as great a delight to the ear as to the eye. Although it has only twenty-nine speaking stops, it is capable of much more expression as well as of more power than some larger instruments. This result is attained mainly by increased wind pressure. But while greater power is gained, the tone is excellent throughout, and the instrument may justly be termed one of the greatest masterpieces of its eminent manufacturers.

A series of dedicatory concerts are being given at the hall, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of Providence. An organ concert was given last evening with very brilliant success. Mr. Geo. W. Morgan, of New York, and Mr. Frank P. Tingley of this city, being the performers, to-day there is to be a concert by five hundred children, and on Tuesday evening next, an oratorio performance (of "The Creation") by a chorus of two hundred voices, Mr. Carl Zerrahn conducting.

RANGER.

Concerts at Ypsilanti.

YPSILANTI, April 8.

Last Wednesday and Thursday evenings the long talked of Sunday school concerts, under the direction of Prof. E. M. Foote, were given at Union Hall, Ypsilanti, and they were the most pleasing and successful concerts ever given in this city. The scene presented was a most charming one. On the stage were erected several tiers of seats, and on these were about three hundred bright, happy, smiling girls and one hundred rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, merry boys. The former were nearly all dressed in white. On the rising of the curtain this charming tableau was presented, and they each waved their handkerchiefs to the audience who later responded in hearty rounds of applause. The music was mostly selected from the new Sunday school book called "The Prize," by Geo. F. Root, and published by Root & Cady, of Chicago. The orchestral portion of the entertainment was supplied with eight Euter Cottage Organs and three pianos, which gave fine effect to the chorus as an accompaniment. These instruments were kindly furnished by Mr. C. E. Samson, and were from the establishment of C. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit.

The choruses were all performed in good time and tune. I shall not enumerate them in detail, except the last one, "All Hail to Our Triumph," a patriotic piece, consisting of a solo with full chorus, closing with:

Fling out the old banner, the red, white and blue,
The emblem of Union and "many in one."

At the words "fling out the old banner," each one draws forth a small flag, hitherto concealed, and waves it triumphantly, making the air a living, moving maze of "red, white and blue." The scene surrounded the fair soloist, who herself held a beautiful large silk banner, and all united their voices in the spirited refrain, with the pianos and organs rolling out an accompaniment of immense volume. All formed such an inspiring combination of sight and sound that the audience could not contain their feelings, but broke forth frequently in storms of applause. Prof. Foote has the rare gift of creating enthusiasm among children and drawing music out of them. In these respects, so far as my acquaintance goes, he has few equals and no superiors. The moral and religious influence of concerts of this kind is elevating and purifying. I am glad to know that he is engaged to spend a large portion of the next three months in work of this same sort. If the Sunday school workers in the large towns and cities in our State can secure his services they should not fail to do so.

—Detroit Free Press.

X. X.

The Opera in Germany.

Mr. J. K. Payne in one of his late lectures on the "History of Music" says:

The opera which had been introduced into Germany soon after its origin, by Henry Schütz, did not find universal cultivation for a long time, but before the Neapolitan masters of the 18th century had arisen to overrun Europe with their music and musicians, Germany witnessed a brief national development of the opera at Hamburg under Keiser, Mattheson, Handel and Telemann. It was principally through the determined zeal of Gerhard Schott, an influential citizen, alderman and jurist of Hamburg, that the opera was started and sustained. It lived for a period of over sixty years and declined after his death. The first ambitious experiment in dramatic music was made at Hamburg in 1678, when the new opera on the Goose market was opened with a musical play called "Adam and Eve." The words of this piece were by the royal poet Richter and the music by John Theile. During the first period of the Hamburg opera, the services of the composers Franck, Strangé, Foitsch, Conradi and John Sigmund Kusser were also employed. The last named was the forerunner of Reinhard Keiser, who was born about 1673, and became chapelmaster of the Hamburg Opera in 1694. Keiser, who was a man of great genius, composed about one hundred and twenty operas. John Mattheson was a Hamburger by birth, and a man of wonderful versatility of talent, being a writer as well as a composer, singer and performer. Handel's first opera, "Almira," was produced at Hamburg in 1705 with marked success, and it was withdrawn to make place for his "Nero." He also composed "Daphne and Florida" for the Hamburg stage. Handel left Hamburg in 1706, and went to Italy the same year. George Philipp Telemann was born in 1681, and was chosen chapelmaster after the death of the chief director, Schott. He was the composer of about forty operas, six hundred overtures, a number of oratorios, forty-four passions, twelve church cantatas, besides much other music.

What is Music?

It is an art founded within the nature and being of man. It is the language of the heart, which reveals in euphonious sounds the beauties of the soul. It is the whisper of the emotions, whose breath is the revelation in the sentimental in the life of man, freed from casuality and objectivity through the medium of sounds. Music, therefore, is the analogous expression of the soul itself.

The laws for the development of the soul's emotions are also the laws for musical composition. The material for sound is furnished by the mechanism, which is regulated by physical laws. But this material only is not music, although it is the garment in which she is dressed. In the recesses of the human soul, the emotions, sentiments and passions form themselves into the ideals, which the artist has simply to copy. The peculiarity of the feeling in the heart of different men gives individuality to a composition, marks it as the fruit of this or that man, but always traces it back to the life of the soul.—Dr. G. J. Stakel.

Music in German Schools.

German schoolmasters are examined in music as follows: "Theory, origin, composition and definition of chords; correct transcription of a choral; statement of the principles of difficult consecutive chords; knowledge of common and simple transitions from one key to another, and some knowledge of the construction of organs; in singing, they must be able to give the note either in the major or minor key; must sing a choral from notes and be able to lead in part singing; in organ playing, they must be able to play an easy choral and voluntary correctly."

A FAR-FETCHED SMILE.—It is not a rural critic, but a New York man, who gets off the following: "Mr. —'s genius is like one of those gorgeous shells one sometimes sees, lined with layers of pearl, sparkling with opalescent tints, abounding with delicate 'spire and whorl,' a rich specimen of nature's handiwork and art's perfection. So rich, so exquisite, and so varied is the new mellow genus of — (and the simile lasts in this), that it is full of the music caught from the great ocean of poetic inspiration."

Mr. H. T. Reed, the manager of the late series of People's Concerts in New York, is turning his attention to some of the smaller cities. He has already given cheap concerts, very successfully, in several New England cities.

The Song Journal.

DETROIT, MAY, 1871.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,
 stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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ONE DOLLAR per annum, payable invariably in advance.
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C. J. WHITNEY & CO., Publishers,
 197 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

PRINTED AT THE FREE PRESS BOOK AND JOB ROOMS.

Our Journal.

We present our readers this month with the fifth number of the SONG JOURNAL. Although the time is short since it made its first appearance, it has already firmly established itself in the kind regard of the musical public. This has been shown in various ways, but chiefly by a circulation that has been extended beyond expectation, but not, if the commendatory notices we have received be any criterion, beyond desert. From the very start, THE JOURNAL has been received with the greatest favor, for which we make our grateful acknowledgments. Nor has this encouragement been extended to us by the general public alone, but the musical press of the country has joined in welcoming us among them. We appreciate such courtesy, and thank them one and all. In venturing to appear before the public in what was to us a new and untried enterprise, we naturally felt some apprehension. But knowing that our purpose was a laudable one, and sustained by an earnest desire to advance musical interests and supply a want in our community felt by every musician, we determined to make the attempt, be the result what it might. We have done so, and with what success we leave our readers to judge. Some indications may be gathered by a glance at the present number. Its appearance, we think, augurs a flourishing condition. We point with pride to our paper, and invite, without fear, a comparison with any other musical sheet throughout the land. Our columns, besides being selected with the greatest of care, are exclusively musical in their matter. For it is our desire to make the SONG JOURNAL a strictly musical paper, believing as we do that the interests of that art are so important that they may well demand and require a paper to represent them, and them alone—a paper which shall be in fact as well as in name, musical.

We desire to advance by every means at our command our glorious art. In a matter like this, the importance of which every lover of music ought to appreciate, it surely cannot be necessary to call upon them to sustain us. They will cheerfully lend their assistance, and with both voice and pen do what they can to promote music,—to carry it to every fire-side in the land,—to add to those attractions which home should possess for every one, and thus do a missionary work indeed.

As a writer upon the subject of music well says: "Many have the idea that the only use of music is to sing in worship. That is the highest use of music, but not the only one. We need it to refine the mind. We need it to awaken all those finer sentiments and emotions which respond to musical harmonies. We need it to lighten the burden of care, and to drive away, as David's harp did, the evil of discontent. We need it to bind the members of the family into closer unity."

Should not musicians everywhere unite in so good a work, the success of which must greatly redound to their own credit? Surely. But how shall it be done? The only method by which success can be insured, is

to scatter broadcast over the land such publications as this, publications whose aim is to disseminate correct musical ideas, and inculcate a correct musical taste. That this is the peculiar province of the SONG JOURNAL, we have no hesitation in affirming. Good results are already attending our efforts. We offer our columns to those interested in music, inviting their contributions upon musical matters, and a free discussion upon the different methods of imparting the art, believing such a course will assist in promoting the good work.

Church Music.

The popular theme for discussion among the various musical papers at present seems to be church music. The prevailing sentiment is that music of that kind is deteriorating; that there is not sufficient interest manifested in the matter to keep it up to the proper standard. All unite in lamenting that such is the unhappy condition. We prefer to offer no opinion of our own upon the subject, but state that given by a speaker in a lecture lately delivered in Boston. He said that Billings in the last century did more to awaken an enthusiasm among the people for singing and church music, than any other man that has ever lived in this country. He gave Lowell Mason credit for large influence in our day in the promoting of musical education, but claimed that his tunes, though many of them are good, lack the spirit and awakening power of the old times. With all that has been done in modern times for the teaching of the people in this department, the speaker claimed that there is not now and has not been, at any time, during this century, that pervading interest on this subject which belonged to the latter part of the last century; that there is not now so large a proportion of the people that can read music at sight, as then. It must be that, musically speaking, we are in a bad way, for in a similar lamentation the New York Times bewails that "there are signs of the decay of the lyric art all over the world. It is not here alone in New York that the complaint goes forth about the absence of good singers. The same murmur is heard in London, Vienna, in Berlin, in Madrid, and even in the cities of Italy itself."

Theo. Thomas' Grand Orchestra.

Detroit will very soon be favored with a visit from Theo. Thomas and his grand orchestra. It is a subject of congratulation to all that so rare a musical treat is in store for us. This orchestra is so well known to Detroit audiences that it is scarcely necessary to speak of its wonderful playing. The skill which its members have acquired by long practice together is almost marvelous, and enables them to execute their music with the exactness of a single individual. Answering every movement made by the baton of their talented conductor with the strictest accuracy, like many bodies governed by the same spirit, it is no wonder that they produced those soul-thrilling harmonies and entrancing strains which once heard are never forgotten. To the attractions of a concert by this orchestra is added the skillful playing of Miss Mehlig. This lady is a pianist of marked ability, who has already made a place for herself in the kind regards of Detroit people by her superior playing.

Notice to our Friends.

We trust that our friends will forward us contributions upon musical subjects. All such will be gladly received. Proceedings of musical conventions or associations, anecdotes, and in short everything of musical interest will be gladly welcomed. Let us hear from our friends everywhere. Be sure that they write us everything musical in its nature occurring in their locality. We wish to bring out Michigan musical matters especially. They are worthy of taking a more prominent place than they do before the public. Therefore let us have home chit-chat and correspondence. Mail all communications to the SONG JOURNAL, 197 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

The Late William R. Dempster.

Intelligence comes from England of the death, in his sixty-second year, of William R. Dempster, who was well known here both as a composer and a vocalist. In his younger days, when his voice was fresh, he made a tour through this country and gained a wide popularity as a ballad singer. Half-a-dozen years ago he was again here, and appeared several times in public. His singing was marked with sentiment and feeling; and although his voice was not unusually fine, his skillful management of it and his genuine taste in musical matters made him a general favorite.

Mr. Dempster's compositions in their day have been widely circulated. He set to music some of Tennyson's most felicitous lines, his setting of the "May Queen" being about the most popular. Superior to this in musical merit was, however, his treatment of the Bugle Song, beginning with the lines—

The splendor falls on castle walls,
 And snowy summits old in story.

Among Mr. Dempster's other compositions may be mentioned the music he wedded to Mr. Bryant's lines:

The May sun sheds an amber light
 On new-leaved woods and lawns between.

Music for Invalids.

It was the celebrated German physician, Hufeland, who first fully recognized the curative power of music. Frequently the life of a dying man might be saved by gentle music not too near his bedside. It is often only to catch his attention and hold it with something that imparts pleasurable feelings, in order to sustain him beyond that moment of supreme exhaustion which marks the crisis of disease. There is much in this theory.

Music as an agent for promoting health is of high value. If invalids would devote an hour or two daily to practicing vocal music, it would often restore them to health. Persons with weak lungs may thus ward off fatal lung disease. The effect on both body and mind are excellent.

The Fashionable Choir.

A gentleman of the old school thus describes the rendering of a well-known hymn by a modern fashionable choir: "Firstly, the soprano in a soaring leap, sings, 'Take thy pil—' followed by the alto and tenor in duet with like advice (while the soprano is magnificently holding on to the 'pil') and as the deep bass profoundly echoes the same 'Take thy pil—' they finally unite and sing together—eventually succeeding in singing, 'Take thy pilgrim to thy home,' etc., greatly to the relief of both minister and people, who seem alike awfully impressed with the suggestive advice so emphatically reiterated.

The Estey Organ.

Upon the occasion of the dedication of the new State Street M. E. Church, in Albany, N. Y., the large church organ not having arrived, an Estey cottage organ was placed in the loft and amply supported a large chorus choir, while also its ringing pipe-like notes during interludes and voluntaries filled the spacious edifice. For church use as well as the parlor, the Estey organ has no superior. C. J. Whitney & Co. keep constantly on hand a large assortment of these superior instruments, and invite public inspection of them at their spacious ware-rooms.

Words of Cheer.

We feel flattered by the encouragement we have already received from our friends everywhere. We are in daily receipt of letters of God speed. "Lolia," a charming correspondent, writes a letter which our readers will feel obliged to us for publishing entire. The suggestions it contains are very valuable.

"Sweet Bells Jangled."

Chicago is proud, and justly so, of its new chime of bells. What, then, was its consternation, not to say despair, when somebody undertook, the other day, to campanilize "The Star-Spangled Banner," and could not "hit the top-note." Now "The Star-Spangled Banner" without the "top-note" is morally and politically good for nothing—the "top-note" is the glory and culminating musical spasm of that affecting composition. But the manufacturers who made the chime affirm that the person who undertook to play the bells was ignorant of the fact that the bells that the music must be specially arranged for; and the bell-founders offer "to stake their entire reputation" that they can put on a man who will get the "top-note" of the S. S. B., or any other piece of music.

Musical Mission to the Heathen Chinese.

An exchange asks if it would not be proper to propose the following question at the next Musical Congress: Resolved, that a committee of ladies and gentlemen be sent to China and other heathen countries, for the purpose of improving musical tastes. Certainly. The idea is a good one and should be acted upon. Let the savage breast by all means be soothed by a concord of sweet sounds scientifically arranged and uttered according to rule. In the possession of such a joy-dispensing gift all other wants would be forgotten, and such committee might even have the happiness of being dispatched to glory and their great reward at the hands of their apt and gentle pupils, and amid peans of their own composition. What humor!

Opera Bouffe.

Opera Bouffe must be a most unprofitable investment; and it is wonderful that managers are ever to be found daring enough to engage in it, if it is true that Bateman lost in it several thousand dollars and two years' time; Fisk, twenty-six thousand dollars, and Grau, eighty-five thousand dollars, besides the vexation of spirit, etc. Opera Bouffe under such circumstances, although it may be very diverting to the public, must be anything but amusing to the managers.

Niemann.

Herr Niemann of the Royal Opera, Berlin, is undoubtedly the greatest living tenor, physically and musically. He is over six feet high, wears long hair, a moustache, and a long, light beard pointed in the middle. He has a magnificent presence on the stage and is a fine actor. His voice is *tenore robusto*. Of his musical ability it is enough to say that he is able to "do" the tenor parts in Wagner's operas, which, as a general rule, are beyond the powers of most operatic artists.

Vieuxtemps.

Vieuxtemps, according to rumor, is "amit," with a Boston lady. After his engagement with Strakosch has expired, he will make a prolonged stay in the "Athena," and possibly locate there. A *Terre Haute* newspaper, speaking of his inimitable playing, says, "the way M. Vieuxtemps chased 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning' all over the violin, all over the house, all over Ireland, all through the known keys, diatonic and chromatic, major and minor, will cause all to remember him with pleasure."

Of course.

In the criminal court of Chicago, Saturday morning, the "Milwaukee Musical Society grand gift free concert," was indicted as a swindle, and its representative fined \$100. However, this won't prevent any one from biting at the next humbug which comes along.

An Incident in the Life of the Author of "Home Sweet Home."

Down at Allatoona Pass, in the State of Georgia, says a correspondent of the *Home Journal*, I was told a good story, the other day, which confirms the truth of the old line, "music hath charms to soothe the savage beast," etc.

Long time ago, the country about Allatoona was the happy rallying ground of the Cherokee Indians, who were wont to hold the annual festival of the "green corn dance" at that place. About the year 1836, the poet John Howard Payne, author of the well known song of "Home, Sweet Home," being engaged on a piece of literary work illustrative of peculiar national customs, desired to attend the green corn dance of the Cherokee nation, for the purpose of writing it up from personal observation. With this intent he applied to his friend Rev. C. W. Howard, of Milledgeville, who warned the poet of the danger of his proposed undertaking, on account of the great disturbance among the Cherokees, from horse thieves and other outlaws, by which the presence of white men had been forbidden. This exclusion was enforced by a vigilance force of the Georgia State guard, which had resulted in the famous persecution and imprisonment of the missionaries, Messrs. Worster and Bulter, of which very much was published at the time.

This danger did not deter the poet from carrying out his desperate project of witnessing the green corn dance. Accordingly he proceeded to Allatoona, and fell into the hands of the State Guard, by whom he was placed under guard as a dangerous character. As the weary night wore on the poet lay dozing by the camp fire, and the rough sentinel, to keep himself from falling asleep, would alternate between cursing, drinking, chewing and singing. At length he struck up the song of "Home, sweet home." The poet listened to the words of his own song, and when the soldier had finished, said to him, "Friend, I am the author of that song?" There was so much of apparent sincerity in the poet's manner that the rough keeper believed him true, and in his uncouth humanity replied: "Well, by—, if you are the author of that song, you have no business to be kept here. Do you see that horse? Just you mount that beast and make yourself scarce." Payne did not stand on the order of his going, but went at once, feeling that if his curiosity had got him into a tight place, the power of song had let him out of it.

Truth in Opera.

One night when Carlotta Patti was in Brooklyn singing with Ferranti. Just as the buffo singer was leading her out the door to the platform some one in the room behind him cried out that his coat had burst at the seam of the back. It was too late to recede, for the audience had seen him, and the two singers advanced to the footlights. But the knowledge of his mishap took all the humor out of Ferranti, and the duet (which was sung in Italian) was so dolefully devoid of the usual humor that Patti noticed it before they were half through, and dropping the text of the song, she fitted the following words to it in Italian:

"What is the matter with you to-night? I don't understand your nervousness. Nobody laughs at you." Whereupon Ferranti, in mellifluous baritone and equally mellifluous Italian, responded:

"By the virgin, I have burst my coat. Everybody will laugh when I am going off!"

At this unexpected interchange of personal feelings, Max Maretzek and his orchestra began to laugh immediately. Then the people in the front seats, seeing the orchestra and the artists laughing, joined themselves, and the merriment presently broke out in applanuses all over the house.

"Ah," said one of the Brooklyn papers, "there is always something majestic in Ferranti's singing of that song. People burst into sympathetic laughter without being able to tell why!"

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.—Balfé maintained his ambition to the last. He said in a letter dated some time in 1868: "If God only gives me another chance, I will gain a second and greater reputation. I am up early in the morning revising, correcting and reinstrumenting 'The Bohemian Girl'—trying to perfect old ideas—giving my work the benefit of mature judgment. I intend to work very hard, and seriously try to retrieve much lost time, if life be granted me. Auber has attained the ripe age of eighty, so I am hopeful; my mind is still fresh and young, and my health is improving daily, thank God."

Feger Tunes.

THE "Estey Cottage Organ" has been manufactured twenty years. C. J. Whitney & Co., are the general agents.

In Germany the opera begins at six o'clock in the evening, and it is the fashion for young ladies to attend unseated.

"I HAVE a great love for old hymns," said a pretty girl to her masculine companion. "I am much fonder of young hymns!" was the reply.

A MUSICIAN, in giving notice of an intended concert at Cleveland, Ohio, announced: "A variety of other songs may be expected, too tedious to mention."

A CORRESPONDENT in *Punch* wants to know if the Germans will care so much for the Watch on the Rhine, now that they have got the great Strasbourg clock.

QUEEN Victoria has conferred the honor of knighthood on three musical composers—Sterndale Bennett, Jules Benedict and Dr. George Elvey, the composer of cathedral music.

"The appearance of Miss Nilsson has developed more fools around newspaper offices in this country than anything that has occurred since the arrival of the *Magflower*," says an exchange.

FULTON county, Ind., has a musical prodigy, in the person of a boy four years old, who plays difficult operatic selections on the piano, and is addicted to marvelous performances on the violin.

The "Little Church around the Corner," is so popular in Chicago that a man has written a waltz on the subject, and a patent medicine man has invented a "Little Church around the Corner Cathartic Pill."

WHEN the celebrated Italian composer, Geminiani, heard some pathetic Irish airs in London, he exclaimed, "I have heard nothing so sweet and plaintive, and of such an original turn, on this side of the Alps."

It is reported on good authority that Queen Victoria rejected the verses written for Sir Michael Costa's "Albert Hall" cantata by a distinguished man of letters, and herself compiled a libretto from the Bible.

The brother of the great Beethoven, in order to distinguish himself from his lawless brother, signed himself,—"von Beethoven, Land Owner." The immortal composer retorted with, "Ludwig von Beethoven, Brain owner."

A MARTIN's Vineyard youth plays the banjo with his fingers, beats the tambourine, which is suspended in front of him, with his head, and plays four sets of bones by holding two of them between his toes, and all these tantrums at once.

In Vienna bald headed musicians have the preference; it having been decided lately in a matter in which the respective merits of two well-known musicians were involved, that a man with a full growth of hair could not, of necessity, know much of music.

The standard of musical degrees at Oxford has lately been raised. There are now two examinations to be passed in lieu of one for the degree of Mus. Bac. The first examination under the new statute will take place on March 8th, at the Music School, at ten o'clock.

MR. Silas Brainard, a well known author and publisher of musical books, died in Cleveland on the 8th. He was a man of remarkable musical taste and learning, and of great enterprise and industry. In his private life he was much respected and highly beloved.

LOD North, who had a perfect antipathy to music, being asked why he did not subscribe to the Ancient Concerts, and it being urged as a reason for it that his brother, the Bishop of Winchester did, "Ay," replied his lordship, "if I was as deaf as my brother, I would subscribe too."

AN enthusiastic reporter says of Nilsson's singing: "She can go up to fever heat or down fifty degrees below zero with as much ease as water runs off a goose's back. Her flats and sharps with the accuracy of a pianoforte, and her voice dies away like the echo of the voice of mercy."

WHILE another equally susceptible, who has heard Miss Kellogg sing, likens her notes to the "smooth, unctuous trickling of the oleaginous comeliness from a hundred-barrel well."

AND another says, "Mrs. Ludwig, with her magnificent and shy body, dressed in black, brought down the house in several places." And again: "Miss Lynch took the house by storm with her sweet, mocking-bird-like rendering of the 'Flower Song,' by Faust, and was recalled, as was Mrs. Ludwig, in several places."

AND still another, says of Vieuxtemps that he "chased a fantasia up and down the fiddle, and all over the house, in the most delicious manner."

CAROLINE Richings has been sued in a New York court for two notes given by her in payment for an orchestra at her last year's season there. She denied that, being a married woman, she could not be sued at all. The court thought she had done too much business on her own hook to put in this plea at this late day, and decided against her.

A LADY advertises for a laundress who will be willing to take her pay in lessons on the guitar. Whereupon a paragraphist pictures to himself the artist seated upon a wooden bench twanging the strings of a guitar, and the washerwoman keeping time on a wash-board, and hesitates to believe that music has sufficient charms to fascinate a washerwoman so that she will fall into the proposed arrangement.

THE DREAM OF HOME.

Words by MOORE.

Music by KARL MERZ.

With expression—Not fast.

1. Who has not
2. Ask of the

mf *mf*

This system contains the first musical staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It is followed by a piano accompaniment consisting of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of two sharps. The piano part includes dynamic markings *mf* and *mf*.

felt how sad - ly sweet The dream of home,— the dream of
sai - lor when roam - ing far, His light bark bounds o'er o - cean's

p

This system continues the musical score with the same vocal and piano parts. The piano part includes a dynamic marking *p* (piano).

home, Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet, When far o'er
foam, What charms him most, when ev' - ning star Smiles o'er the

f *mf* *ritard.*

This system concludes the musical score. The piano part includes dynamic markings *f* (forte), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *ritard.* (ritardando).

sea or land we roam? Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall, To
wave? to dream of home. Fond thoughts of ab - sent friends and loves At
a tempo.

green - er shores our bark may come, But far more bright, more
that sweet hour a - - round him come; His hearts best joy, wher -

dear than all, That dream of home,— that dream of home. Who has not
- er he roves, That dream of home,— that dream of home. Ask of the

felt how sad - ly sweet The dream of home, — the dream of
 sai - lor when roam - ing far, His light bark bounds o'er o - cean's

home, Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet, When far o'er
 foam, What charms him most, when ev' - ning star Smiles o'er the

sea, or land we roam?
 wave? to dream of home.

an - do.

FOREST ECHOES MARCH.

No. 5.—WREATH OF ROSES.

Arranged by M. F. H. SMITH.

Tempo de Marcia.

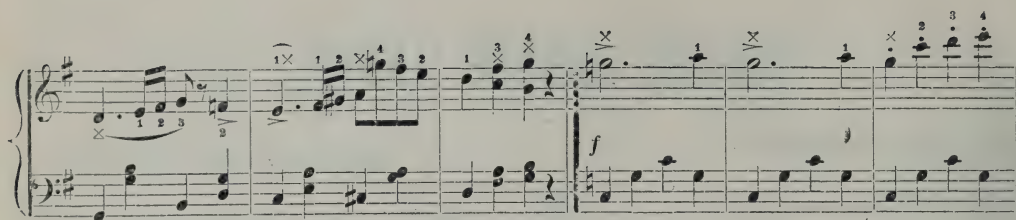
f

p


ff

p

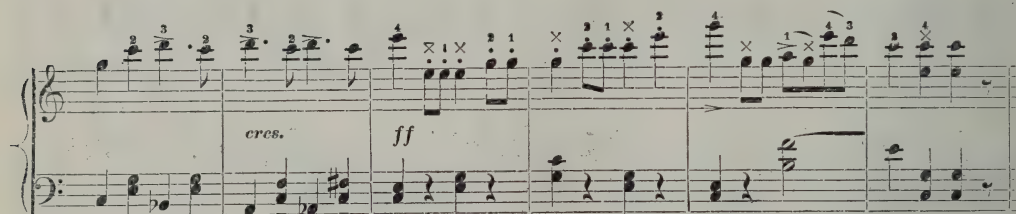
p



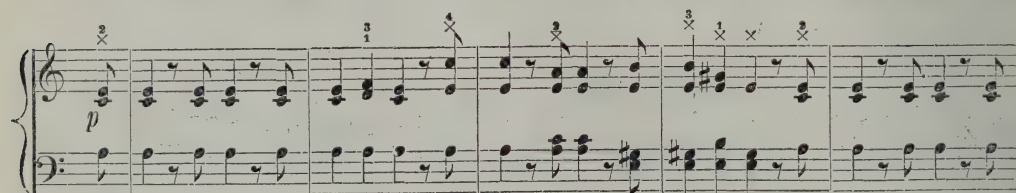
First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a sequence of chords and single notes with various fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4) and accents (X). The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with eighth and quarter notes. A dynamic marking *f* (forte) is present in the middle of the system.



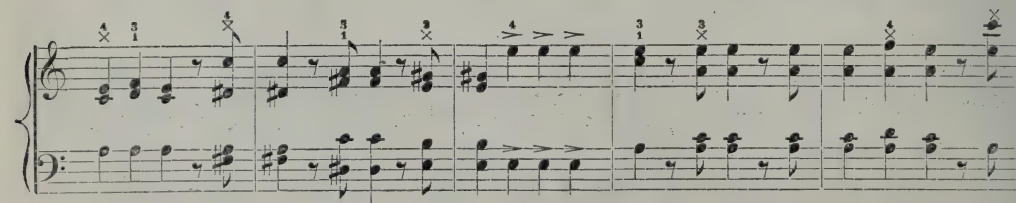
Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues with chords and single notes, including fingerings and accents. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. A dynamic marking *f* (forte) is present in the middle of the system.



Third system of musical notation. The treble staff features more complex chordal textures with fingerings and accents. The bass staff includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking followed by a *ff* (fortissimo) marking. The system concludes with a double bar line.



Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking and continues with chords and single notes. The bass staff provides a consistent accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.



Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues with chords and single notes, including fingerings and accents. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains complex rhythmic patterns with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4) and accents (x). Bass staff contains a steady accompaniment. Dynamic marking *mp* is present.

Tempo de Marcia.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with fingerings (1, 4, 1, 4, 3, 2, 1, 3, 3, 1, 1, 3, 4, 3). Bass staff has a steady accompaniment. Dynamic marking *f* is present.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues the melodic line with fingerings (2, 1, 1, 4, 1, 4, 3, 3, 1, 3, 1, 1, 1, 3, 1, 3, 2, 1, 1). Bass staff has a steady accompaniment. Dynamic marking *p* is present.

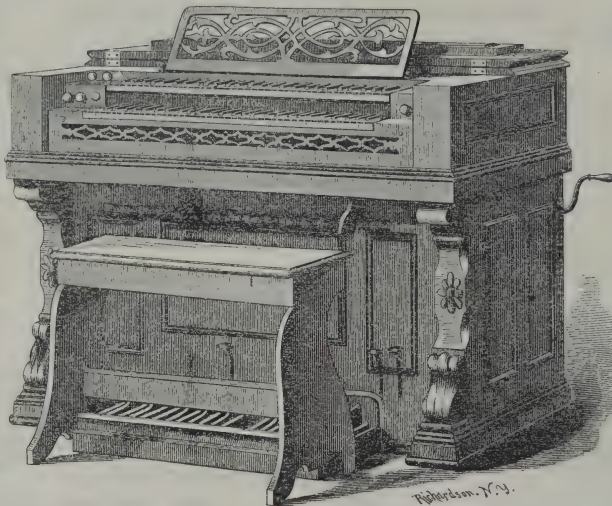
Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues the melodic line with fingerings (4, 1, 3, 3, 3, 4, 3, 1, 1, 3, 1, 3, 3, 1, 1, 3, 2, 1, 1). Bass staff has a steady accompaniment. Dynamic marking *ff* is present.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues the melodic line with fingerings (3, 3, 1, 2, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4, 3, 1, 2, 1, 3, 1, 1, 1, 4, 3). Bass staff has a steady accompaniment.

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Shakespeare has defined music to be a "concord of sweet sounds," and, since the days of the mythological Parr, who invoked "harmonies sweet" from the rude reeds, there has been no vehicle of sound more symphonious and enchanting than the "Estey" Organ, which, in musical circles, is justly regarded as the invention of the age. Experts and critics, who worship at the shrine of the "Sacred Nine," with one accord declare that the organs which bear the imprint of "J. Estey & Co." are unsurpassed and unsurpassable, and the thousands of testimonials to the beauty and perfection of the Cottage Organs, which monthly issue from the workshops of this esteemed firm, are so precise and explicit in their character as to leave no more room for scepticism as regards the quality and efficiency of the instruments they produce. Bishop Simpson, well known in theological and literary circles, over his own signature, eulogizes one of the Estey organs in this marked and appreciative style: "I am much pleased with the Cottage Organ which I purchased of you. It combines sweetness and power in an unusual degree, and is a favorite in our family circle." Such is the verdict of an intelligent churchman who knows whereof he writes, and such, also, is the attestation of all who have tested the beautiful instruments built by the Estey establishment. The extraordinary efficiency, the result of blind chance and a transitory reputation achieved by accidental circumstances, they are, in a word, the inevitable consequences of skill; high musical attainment, and unremitting application and labor. Every article which goes into the composition of an Estey organ is subjected, prior to manufacture, to the severest scientific scrutiny, by men educated and experienced in the various departments over which they preside. From the period the lumber is hewn in the forest to the time it is incorporated into the instrument, its gradual preparation is watched over and guided by the most consummate artists, employed at the highest salaries, in order that perfection shall be attained, at least, so far as materials extend. In addition, the Messrs. Estey & Co. have at their command a corps of inventive experts, whose sole duty and province it is to create and improve whatever they may discover calculated to enhance the value and elegance of their incomparable reed instruments. To this end, the lumber employed in the construction of their organs is tested in the most thorough manner known to science. It is, first, exposed to the open air for a given period, that nature may do her own seasoning, after which it runs the gauntlet of kilns built expressly for the purpose, and, in this wise, when manufactured, it is proof against climatic revolution, and assist measurably in giving tone and power to the organ which it constitutes. Every stage in the mechanism of their organs is taken under the immediate supervision of the proprietors, who are themselves mechanics of the first order, and hence it is that the Estey Organ stands on its present eminence, acknowledged by all to be the very acme of musical perfection and mechanical excellence. The Estey Organ is remarkable for its extreme delicacy of touch, full, rich tone, and harmonious, wave-like swell, at once grand, imposing and sweet, rendering it, beyond doubt, the great desideratum for the sacred grandeur of the psalms and other church harmonies. The great distinguishing feature of the Estey Organ is denominated the "Vox Humana Tremolo," which was perfected, patented and added to these instruments in 1865. The "Tremolo" consists of a revolving fan, which, when



Richmond, N.Y.

being played, inspires the music with a tremulous, wave-like symphony, imparting a tone and grandeur of effect previously unknown in the history of reed music. This invention was a discovery in the construction of the organ which at once raised the Estey instruments far above all rivals, and though competitors have essayed to imitate it, all their efforts to reach the standard of the Estey patent have proved unsuccessful and abortive. Since the "Tremolo" came into being, the Estey Organs have steadily advanced in the public estimation, giving eminent satisfaction to the latter, and fame and pecuniary reward to the talented and enterprising builders.

In truth, the Estey instrument is a combination or series of patented improvements, scientifically arranged into one grand whole. These improvements are not in any other organ, and may be briefly enumerated thus:

1. The "Vox Humana Tremolo," the operation of which we have depicted.
2. The "Vox Jubilante," which is a "stop" of the most effective and enchanting nature. This feature comprises an extra set of reeds, so formed, tuned and arranged as to create the most pleasing effects in the music, creating a tone hitherto supposed impossible in organs. This invention is the sole property of Estey & Co., and is appended only to the instruments they manufacture.
3. The "Patent Harmonic Attachment" is an octave coupler used on a single manual, and doubles the power of the instrument without increasing its size, or number of reeds.
4. Next we have what is technically termed the "Manual Sub-Bass," another creation of the inventive genius of the Estey house, and covered by three distinct patents. This peculiarity is, in plain terms, an additional set of sub-bass reeds, placed upon the air-chamber, enhancing the roundness or volume of tone in the ratio of about one-third, and is deservedly esteemed by performers an invaluable aid in the management and efficiency of the organ. It occupies no additional space, and answers all the purposes of pedal bass.
5. The "Patent Knee-Swell," whereby the player has complete control over the instrument, obtaining a perfect *Crescendo* or *Diminuendo*, more beautiful than the Automatic Swell, or any other ever before used.

6. The "Patent Organ Bellows" greatly enhances the power and quality of the tone, without increasing the size of the case.

7. The "Patent Reed Board," whereby the tone is greatly improved, rendering it more like a Pipe Organ than is found in any other instrument. This important improvement is covered by two patents.

8. THE ESTEY ORGANS, WITH PIPE ORGAN TOP.—The great power and pipe-like tone of the Estey Organs have created a demand for an instrument which shall imitate the appearance, as well as the tone, of the pipe organ; and we are happy to announce to our friends and patrons that they have now perfected new and beautiful gilt pipe-tops for three different styles of Organs, which, for elegance of proportion, chasteness of style, and beauty of finish, are unequalled by anything in the market.

Churches which are unable to bear the expense of a pipe organ have here a beautiful substitute. The tone and touch are, without doubt, unapproached by any other reed organ in existence, while the style of case will prove an appropriate addition to the architectural beauty of any church, or the furnishing of the most elegant parlor.

Within the past year Messrs. Estey & Co. have erected five large factories, and their business has increased so wonderfully that when we say that they must manufacture two hundred organs per week to make their supply equal to the demand, the reader will have a basis upon which they can estimate the magnitude of their enterprise. We have just closed a contract with Messrs. Estey & Co. for one thousand of their magnificent organs for the coming year's trade in Michigan, and we hope to hear from each of our readers who have thoughts of getting a musical instrument, and we will send descriptive price lists, with terms of payment, on application.

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VOLUME I.

DETROIT, JUNE, 1871.

NUMBER VI.

Ye Serenade.

Ye mayden looked down from her lattico
On ye howlers down below,
As they stode tunin their voyces
At midnight, in a row.

In a row beneath her lattico,
With ye tenor at ye head—
A pallyd youth who ought to have
Been "Put in hys lyttle bed!"

And now ye viols sounded,
And ye flute on ye midnight air;
And dysmal noyses went wailing out
From him of ye swarthy hair.

He called her hys sun, hys light, hys star,
And lykened her to ye moon;
And ye viols and flute and light guitar
Took up and echoed ye tune.

And ye longer he sung ye louder
His voyce was pyched and hygher;
He clasped hys hands where hys heart should be,
And, in verse, swore hys heart was on fyre!

Then ye maydon smyled a pensive smyle,
And went to her lyttle stand,
And appeared in whyte at ye lattico
With an ewer in each hand.

Then ye howlers grew more frantic!
And fiercer ye music grew!
But onto their heads cold water
She very deftly threw.

Ye fyre was quenched and ye tumult
Was over and all was still,
And naught was seen of ye howlers,
But their coat-tails over ye hyll!

A Lost Chord.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
And I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away to silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine.
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Music in the War.

By C. O. BROWN.

A little article in the last issue of the *Song Journal* prompts me to jot down two or three incidents which come to my mind, and which may serve to illustrate the influence of music upon soldiers. Army incidents are numerous, especially those which involve anything of heroism or of the "blood and thunder" order, but I have never seen a great deal in print bearing upon the influence of music upon the army. Doubtless the subject admits of a thoroughly logical and æsthetic treatment, but I don't choose to go any deeper than to give one or two simple incidents which fell under my personal observation.

In the winter of '65, we were marching through Tennessee, on our way preparatory to the big raid through Central Alabama and Georgia. The roads were all cut up—mud knee deep—weather cold—sleet driving into our faces—country laid entirely bare of forage—and, in fine, everything conspired to render our march for the front supremely miserable. Under these circumstances, a soldier could not be expected to feel especially lively or remarkably good natured.

On the particular evening of which I write, we had just marched about thirty miles. We and our horses were completely covered with mud, our pack mules had not yet come up, and the Adjutant had been tormentingly lost in getting us into camp. No wonder—well, in short, we were downright cross. Everything went wrong; every one was quarreling with his bunk-mate, different messes were quarreling about the best localities for fires, and companies were quarreling over certain favorable places for their picket lines.

At this highly interesting juncture, the band at headquarters began to breathe out the beautiful melodies of "Home, Sweet Home." At first the boys, poor fellows, tired, hungry, cold and wet, regarded it as a supreme burlesque, and made known their sentiments about as follows: "Sweet place, this, to snort about 'Home;' wish their tarnal old horns were all in Ballahac." But as the band went over again the grand old tune, with its beautiful variations, there was an evident softening down, and no one regarded it an aggravation to hear the tune "Sweet Home;" and you might have heard the same one, in a much milder tone, say, "Well, Joe, we'll be through with this job by-and-by, then we'll go home again—yes, 'sweet, sweet home'—won't we, Joe?" Then it occurred to some that this was the very night on which our mail was to come up, and we were to hear from "home, sweet home." Meanwhile, the beautiful refrain from headquarters kept ringing in our now welcome and willing ears. And so the modification of feeling went on, from cross to not quite so much so; from that to only tolerably so; from that to better, till every one was absolutely good natured; and when the band struck off into the "Star Spangled Banner," we all actually huzzaed, and danced about in a fit of delight. No one cared for the cold now—what if the sleet did pelt in our faces. Every one now had a warm heart within, and was willing to take hold and do his share in building the fires, and helping each other to be comfortable.

Oh! how that "Sweet Home" had kindled the genial glow within, and brought with it the sweet faces which we knew were gathered at bright firesides far away, to talk of and pray for us.

This incident may not present all the features of the particular occasion, as it is related imperfectly after a lapse of years, but it will serve as a true representation, in all its essential features, of what I have seen and experienced many times during my army life.

I cannot refrain from here alluding to a fact which any 3d O. V. C. boy, who chancos to see this, will call to mind with many pleasant associations.

There was, in Co. I, a quartette of Germans, beautiful singers, who used frequently, on moonlight evenings, to mingle their plaintive German airs with the sighing of the trees among which we encamped. Often, on other occasions, they were beset by the boys, and importuned to sing. The noticeable feature was, that when their singing began, everything else in camp ceased. Rough and hardy men at the card board threw down their cards, and sat attentively listening, oft times weeping in spite of themselves; the kettle of meat was left to boil or burn, as it chosed, while the cook ran to hear "that song;" the officers came out and sat at their tent doors, while they listened to "that song." I have myself often rolled out of my blankets and run, half dressed, to the place where those four were singing, and where I was always sure to find a crowd ahead of me. At other times, as they sang so sweetly, I have lain and wept, nor could I help it. The elevating influence that those German boys exerted in the regiment was incalculable. I never heard them sing without feeling nobler and better.

The only other incident I will mention (for I might cover your entire paper with them were that advisable), occurred during the siege of Atlanta. Our cavalry corps had been ordered to make a dash for the rebel rear and cut the railroad. We had started and been fighting all day, for Wheeler had found and opposed us from the first. However, we had kept him on the run, constantly driving him backward, but unfortunately for us, it was to him like the shutting up of a telescope—at every move his army grew larger, while our own small force grew constantly less. So before we had half done tearing up the track and burning the supplies at Jonesville, they closed in on us like an avalanche from every side. The burning buildings, the yelling Johnnies, and screeching shells, were beginning to tell on us; in short, we were showing unmistakable signs of "caving," when, on a sudden, our band rode out into the broad light of the burning stores, and peeled forth "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." Well, we did "rally." With a yell we joined in the chorus, "Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys," and went at them. Back went the Wheeler-ites, and their retreating steps were comforted by the soul-inspiring "Dixie," interspersed with snatches of "Yankee Doodle" and "Skedaddle," from the same source which had so nerved us to the work.

And so—let those who may talk of the "expense" of army bands—I verily believe that the soul-inspiring music of soldier life played no mean part in winning the great victories of the war.

Correspondence.

From New York.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

NEW YORK, May 22.

Signor Albites has possessed himself of the Academy, and compelled a revival of opera, that has been successful beyond most former enterprises. The announced season of ten subscription nights of opera began on Monday, the 8th. Donizetti's ill-digested work, "The Martyrs," was revived for the reappearance of Miss Kellogg, now seeking harder paths to lyric glory. Signor Villani, a tenor of high degree and unimpaired lung, made his debut. The verdict, after the second act, was in his favor. His acting is earnest, and his singing has breadth and grandeur. He never resorts to the falsetto, and his chest tones are rich. He refrains from *tours de force*, and in some of the leading points of the opera, as in the aria *Sfolgora divino raggio*, he was quite ineffective. He sang superbly in the passionate phrase in the concerted piece of the second act, where he gave the words of the creed, instead of the less exalted language found in ordinary versions of the opera. Both Kellogg and Villani were called out, and the duet of the last act was enthusiastically encoored.

Miss Kellogg's *physique* has been charmingly developed, and the revelations of her graceful form and rounded limbs permitted through the folds of the classical drapery she wore as the Roman matron, went far toward asserting the superiority of the American type of female loveliness. Vocally she appeared in fine trim. She, perhaps, over-exerted herself in the strong dramatic music, as the second night when the same voice thrilled forth the sad music of *Violetta*, it was forced on the conviction of the attentive listener that the tax on her voice the previous evening had impaired its purity.

The next night "Traviata" was sung by Miss Kellogg, Orlandini, and the light tenor of the troupe, Caroselli. This latter is a youth with a good vocal estate, which will increase into full favor as time expands his abilities. Signor Alberto Laurence, originally introduced by Parepa-Rosa, took the role of "Germont," and almost accomplished a crowning success.

"Un Ballo" completed the triumphs of the first week. The cast included Mrs. States, Villani, Madame Tontanesi, a new contralto, and Miss Grace Ridgeway, a pleasing young soprano, who made her debut on the operatic stage. Mrs. States, as *Amalia*, displayed the wealth of her rich and powerful voice, though lacking in the delicacy of vocalization which distinguished La Grange in the same part. Villani increased in favor. Grace Ridgeway, as the *Page*, won upon the sympathies of the audience and received two encores. Her voice as yet is immature, but she will grow into perfection and secure undoubted success. The hit of the evening was the new Baritone, Buongiorno. He is one of the best actors on the lyric stage, and with a very powerful voice, and a capacity to use the *mezzo voce* exquisitely, he at once secured a triumph. His merits are of the very highest order, and as such were enthusiastically acknowledged.

Signor Albites, the impresario (he is the husband of Mad. Gazzaniga), was brilliantly successful pecuniarily. On the 22d of May he departed for Philadelphia for a short season there.

The most remarkable novelty was the debut of Miss Cassie Renz, of Philadelphia. In describing her powers, the *Musical Gazette* says:

"She goes up with a clear and pleasant quality to *A flat*. Think of that ye singers in church choirs, who are troubled if ye are called upon to touch an occasional G. Perhaps you will say that *A flat* is only a half-step above G, but what will you say to the octave above that. How she manages to do it we cannot tell, for it must be several miles above our atmosphere."

This tells the whole story, and tells it graphically, so far as compass is concerned. Add to it that Miss

Renz has a voice pure and ringing, and you have all that can be told.

The second season of the Church Music Association is now coming to an end. The society has been placed on a firm footing, and ranks in vocal music as the Philharmonic does in instrumental. The rehearsal was brilliant; Steinway Hall was crowded, and the performance, though interrupted by the exigencies common to all rehearsals, gave great satisfaction.

The concert was the most successful ever known. Indeed in all respects, the association being one started and carried on solely in the interests of art, anything less than the most complete success would be surprising. The chorus is composed of leading amateurs, and the most prominent artists are proud to receive an invitation to take part in the society's concerts.

The programme consisted of the overture to Auber's "Masaniello," played by an orchestra of over eighty performers. I need not speak of the effect, as you will readily anticipate that for yourselves. Then followed Niedermeyer's Mass in B minor, with Anna Bishop, Clara Perl, Mr. Leggat, and Mr. Remmert in the solo parts. The music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," wherein the vocal parts were taken by female voices only, was charmingly rendered, and pleased by its novelty and execution not less than by its sympathetic melodies. Arthur Matthison read such portions of Shakespeare's text as illustrated the music, and by the tact with which he managed it, brought out the choicest language and chief points of the play.

The programmes were the best of the kind, and were in fact little books. The analysis of the works were by Dr. James Peck, the conductor of the society. The one for the last performance contained a notice of the Auber overture, an analysis of the Niedermeyer Mass, and an essay on Mendelssohn, and the music to "Midsummer Night's Dream." An article by George T. Strong, President of the Church Music Association, called "Intermezzo," contained a history of the organization, and dwelt upon the class of music produced. I should be glad to make extracts therefrom, did not your space preclude.

Of the audience, it may with truth be said, it was the finest in point of culture, taste, learning, fashion and wealth, that was ever assembled within Steinway Hall. The weather was most disagreeable—rain fell persistently. Many were there that never are seen even at our best places of amusement, the clergy particularly being largely represented. The stage presented a sight of enchantment, with its parterre of elegantly dressed ladies.

Of the performers—quite different in this respect from the opera—the chorus attracted more attention than the individual performers. The rank of the soloists, notwithstanding, was among the first in the musical world. Madame Bishop looked fresh and blooming, and Clara Perl was the queenly rose of the parterre. The gentlemen performers—Dr. Peck, Remmert, Leggat, Matthison, and others—heightened by their sober attire the gay hues of the ladies. Taken all in all—music, beauty, taste—it was a night that brought back memories of the Arabian tales of enchantment.

I can only allude to the last Philharmonic concert of the season, given on Saturday, at the Academy of Music. Miss Mary Krebs, whose best reputation is that of a pianist, sang a *scena* from "Der Freischütz," and a *scena* composed by Mr. Dachsauer, "Marguerite at the Spinning Wheel"—a musical setting of a passage from "Faust." She has an agreeable and well cultivated voice. Dr. Damosch played a Beethoven concerto on the violin, in a manner fully up to his excellent standard. The orchestral pieces were Mozart's "Idomeneo" and Berlioz's "Carnival" overtures, and Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 3, in A minor. The programme was somewhat better than the Philharmonic has presented of late. The audience was large, of course, and brilliant, and the performance measurably satisfactory.

The metropolis has enjoyed, during the month, an unexampled series of brilliant musical *fetes*. Just now matters are somewhat dull, and as things usually run to extremes, and the season for the usual summer flitting is at hand, we shall probably find it duller yet for some time to come. ARIEL.

Letter from Boston.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL—THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

BOSTON, MAY 15.

The festival is the principal topic of musical interest. It did not create as wide-spread an interest as the Peace Jubilee of a few years ago, but it was perhaps the more enjoyable. The Handel and Haydn Society were, of course, the theme of every one's comment. I append a sketch of the organization.

The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, was founded in 1815, and for the last ten years has grown in size and importance. It holds within its ranks an orchestra of one hundred and twelve of the best musicians from all parts of the country, and most thoroughly drilled. The chorus numbers seven hundred and fifty, and has a regular working force of six hundred and fifty, with a thorough, sympathetic and enthusiastic leader. I think it unnecessary to enlarge upon the grand effects from such a combination, and when I add that the leader gets every bit of the best work from the best voices in a hall whose acoustic properties cannot be surpassed on the continent—you must draw on your imagination for the harmony evoked. Draw on it to the farthest realm of fancy, and fear not to exceed the bounds of truth. Delighting in noble and severe music, the Society does not fail to do justice to the purely melodic styles. It intermixes them in a way that charms by its variety, Bach and Rossini, Beethoven and Marcadante.

The second triennial festival began on the 9th and closed on Sunday evening, the 14th. Four oratorios, "Elijah," "Israel in Egypt," "The Woman of Samaria," and the "Messiah," were given. In addition, every day was given a concert with orchestral and solo performances by the best trained talent of the country. Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. Cummings were brought over from England expressly to sing on the occasion. Miss Cary, Miss Phillips, Miss Sterling and Mrs. Smith, and Messrs. Whitney and Rudolphson gave the very highest possible talent to the interpretation of the divine melodies, and Marie Krebs and Anna Mehlig, those wonderful pianists, capped the climax of instrumental genius, which the festival displayed.

The chorus is—there is no room for doubt—the best in the world. Those who have voice and musical knowledge are proud to give it. A rigid examination tests their capabilities and they are rejected or admitted as their merits deserve. It is the fashion among the Boston aristocracy—and those who are familiar with Boston culture know what that aristocracy is—to belong to the Handel and Haydn. To be a member of it is a passport to the most exclusive circles.

I cannot undertake to give you the complete details of the festival. Let me say at the beginning that the audiences were thronged and brilliant, that the programmes were in the very best taste, and the performances—simply unrivaled. On the occasion of the second symphony concert, Miss Cary and Madame Rudersdorff sustained the vocal parts. Miss Cary in delightful voice and style, sang *Pae ut Portene* from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Madame Rudersdorff sang the soprano cavatina from "Robert le Diable," and gave proof of the superior purity, power and flexibility of her voice, and of its excellent cultivation. Such a grand example of the chest tones as she gave was most refreshing. Her voice possesses the fullest, richest, and most solid lower tones. She was enthusiastically recalled, and swinging the grand piano around seated herself and gave as a striking

contrast—a brilliant little *bravura* song of a Spanish flower-girl that charmed amazingly.

Miss Krebs' performance of Schumann's concerto, from *Moby*, was marvelous. This blonde prodigy may make us familiar with such feats, but cannot thereby diminish the surprise they awaken. She went through her part with a perfection of execution that left nothing to be desired. Something her performance lacks of the soul and phrasing of Miss Mehlig's, but one could not but be astonished at the surprising skill of the youthful player.

The oratorio of "Israel in Egypt" was the farthest from popular of any in the festival. It is one of Handel's most severe and heavy works, elaborate in all the intricacies of counterpoint, and majestic in its choral combinations. The melody, too, is not calculated to please the popular ear. And yet the fact that the audience sat through the two hours of the performance and gave numerous signs of delight must be taken as a high compliment to the musical capabilities of the Handel and Haydn Society. The principal solos were taken by Miss Sterling, Madame Rudersdorff, Mrs. West, and Messrs. Cummings, Whitney and Winch. Mr. Whitney sang with better spirit than during the previous evening, and Miss Sterling received generous applause. To condense at once—the fugue that follows fugue and the chorus that succeeds double chorus in this oratorio, though most trying, were taken in a manner that has never been surpassed. The "Hailstone Chorus," notwithstanding the programme forbade repetitions, was insisted on and again delivered with intense dramatic fire. The fugue "He brought them out," was also most excellently given. In the triumphant song of "Miriam," Madame Rudersdorff electrified the audience.

The fourth day opened with an orchestral concert—the "Sakuntala" overture. The appearance of the chorus in their seats added greatly to the appearance of the hall. Miss Sterling sang two selections, that of Liszt's "King of Thule" meeting with most approval. Mr. Cummings' delicious voice was shown in the *pianissimo* passage "Waft her, angels to the skies." Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" was given, and then, by general request, followed Mendelssohn's four-part song "Farewell to the Forest."

The second part of the concert contained only Beethoven's famous Ninth Choral Symphony. In the choral part, the quartette was composed of Mrs. Smith, Miss Sterling, Mr. Cummings and Mr. Rudolphson. This was the first appearance of Mrs. Smith and Mr. Rudolphson in the festival concerts, and the immediate impression they made was a desire to hear more of them. Although Mr. Rudolphson's style may have slightly less finish than that of Mr. Whitney, his energy and fire more than compensate for any possible deficiency. Nothing more clear and bird-like than Mrs. Smith's voice can be imagined as she warbled Beethoven's musical translation of the "Hymn to Joy." This part of the symphony was nobly given by orchestra, chorus and soloists.

The last day's programme included an organ concert by Mr. Lang, at which Mendelssohn's Grand Sonata in B flat was given, with selections from Bach and Schumann, and improvisations by Mr. Lang. In the afternoon the principal feature was Beethoven's symphony in C minor. Miss Mehlig played a concerto by Chopin, and Miss Philipps sang from "Tannhauser," and orchestral selections from that opera and from the "Prometheus." In the evening there were performed Bach's Passion Music and Stendale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria," both entire novelties in America. Sunday evening the festival terminated with the "Messiah."

FAULCONBRIDGE.

THE SONG JOURNAL.—The *Song Journal* for May, with its excellent pieces of music and interesting literary articles, is again upon our table. Published by C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Michigan. Every one should take it.—*Lingsburg Recorder*.

Another Letter from Boston.

RUDERSDORFF AND CUMMINGS—A MUSICAL CONGRESS.

The part of "Ranger's" letter referring to the Handel and Haydn festival has been anticipated by another correspondent. We accordingly begin it at a portion that treats of other subjects. *Ed. Song Journal.*

BOSTON, May 20.

Great interest attached to the appearance of the two London singers, Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. Cummings, who came to America expressly to sing at this festival, and who took their departure as soon as their duties were performed, in order to meet their June engagements at the Crystal Palace. Madame Rudersdorff is a thorough artiste, but is no longer young. In days past she must have been a very great singer. Her voice is still strong and powerful, and in some parts marvelously sweet, and she knows how to sing, a qualification which aids in covering many failings, but she is compelled at times to force her tones into positive harshness. Her style is intensely dramatic, at times so much so as to mar the beauty of a simple song, while in other instances it serves materially to heighten the effect. As an oratorio singer she will stand ahead of all others who have been heard in America, except Madame Parepa-Rosa. Her stage ways were not generally liked by the Bostonians, who looked on with astonishment to see her dictate to the conductor, orchestra and singers, talk while others were singing, etc. She doubtless intended it all more as pleasant familiarity and an expression of interest and appreciation in the efforts of her new-found friends, than as patronage and contemptuous regard, but it looked strangely like the latter. In manners she was in quite strong contrast to the modest and retiring tenor, Mr. Cummings, who made a most favorable and lasting impression. Mr. Cummings has a fresh, pure voice of moderate power, but of most delicious sweetness, even in its highest tones, and it has been schooled in the best oratorio type. He is not a singer to electrify an audience out of their composure, but one whose good qualities become better appreciated the more he is heard. His singing of "Deeper and deeper still," and "Waft her, angels, to the skies," (recitative and aria from Handel's "Jephtha") was one of his best performances of the week. The other soloists are so well known that I shall not dwell upon them at length. Mr. Whitney again and again proved his qualifications to be considered the finest basso in America, although he was not at all times in his best voice. Miss Philipps also repeatedly distinguished herself, as did also Miss Carey and Miss Sterling, while Mrs. West fairly shared the honors with Madame Rudersdorff in some of the soprano music.

Theodore Thomas has set too high a standard for Boston to be satisfied with any save the best orchestral music, hereafter. A distinguishing feature of two of the concerts, which I had nearly forgotten, was the charming rendering by the chorus, without accompaniment, of a four part song by Mendelssohn—"Farewell to the Forest." All the evening concerts, and most of those given in the afternoon, were very fully attended, but the society will not be able to more than clear itself, on account of the very heavy expense of orchestra and solo singers.

The arrangements for the annual meeting of the National Musical Congress are about completed. The meeting will be held at Music Hall, June 20, 21 and 22, and enough is already indicated to insure a large attendance from all sections of the country. The exercises will be of a more practical character than at previous meetings, and in addition to the purely business sessions there will be a series of musical performances of a high order, which will possess great interest for the public as well as for the members of the Congress, including a concert of jubilee music, to be sung by a chorus of one thousand voices, made up from the choral bodies of New England, a concert by a large chorus of children from the Boston public schools, an orchestral concert and an oratorio performance by a chorus of one thousand. Nearly all the prominent

soloists in Boston, and some from New York, have volunteered their services, and will sing, not only at the different concerts, but also in the course of the other sessions, when instrumental and choral performances are also to take place. Members of the Congress, delegates, and singers taking part in any of the exercises, will be admitted to all sessions, concerts, and the oratorio performance, free. To the outside public a small fee of admission will be charged. As the only object in this is to defray the necessary expenses, and as the Congress has for one of its chief aims the dissemination of good music, the prices will be placed at the lowest possible rate—much less than one-half the customary rates—viz: 50 cents for any of the three afternoon concerts and the oratorio performance, or \$1.50 for a season ticket admitting one person to all four performances. The programme we give below may be modified in some unimportant particulars:

TUESDAY, JUNE 20.

10 A. M.—Organ Voluntary. Choral. Prayer. Welcoming Address. Annual Report of the Secretary. Annual Report of the Treasurer. Reports of Committees. Reports from Choral Organizations. Discussion on "The Objects and Aims of the National Musical Congress, and how they are to be best promoted."

2 P. M.—Vocal and Instrumental Concert of Jubilee Music, under the direction of Carl Zerruhn and P. S. Gilmore. Music by a chorus of 1,000 voices, made up of delegations from different choral organizations, aided by eminent soloists, orchestra and great organ. The following programme will be performed:

1. And the Glory of the Lord *Messiah*
2. He, watching over Israel *Eljah*
3. Overture.
4. The Heavens are Telling *Creation*
5. Solo—Let the bright seraphim, with trumpet obligato *Samson*
6. Thanks be to God *Eljah*
7. Overture.
8. Hymn of Peace. Written by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes to the music of The American Hymn *Keller*
9. Solo.
10. Gloria *Mozart's Twelfth Mass*
11. Solo.
12. Hallelujah *Messiah*

[A rehearsal for this concert will be held at Bunstead Hall, at 10 o'clock A. M., June 20.]

7½ P. M.—Memorial Services. Organ Voluntary. Choral.

Biographical Sketch of the late Carl Anschuetz, prepared by Theodore Hager, editor of the New York *Weekly Review*.

Song. *Anschuetz*.

Biographical Sketch of the late Col. Thomas E. Chickering, prepared by J. C. D. Parker, of Boston.

Music.

Biographical Sketch of the late Carlo Bassini, prepared by Albert Brisbane, of New York.

Song—Ave Maria. *Bassini*.

Biographical Sketch of the late C. M. Wyman, prepared by W. S. B. Mathews, editor of the *Musical Independent*, Chicago, Ill.

Music.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21.

10 A. M.—Organ Voluntary. Choral.

Discussion, "What plan can be pursued to keep alive choral societies, to create new interest and extend their sphere of usefulness throughout the country?" Remarks are expected from D. B. Hagar, President of the Salem Oratorio Society; John Stephenson, President of the Associated Choirs of New York; Col. Tufts, President of the Lynn Choral Union; L. A. Ellis, President of the New Bedford Choral Association; Mr. Winch, President of the Boston Choral Union; J. O. Roberts, President of the Chelsea Choral Union, and others.

11 A. M.—Elementary Teaching, with illustrations, by T. F. Seward, and others.

2 P. M.—Grand Concert, by a large chorus of children from the Boston public schools, with illustrations of the mode of teaching.

7½ P. M.—Paper on "The Four Great Oratorios," by Rev. Elias Wason, with selections of oratorio music, performed by the Boston Choral Union and eminent solo talent.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22.

10 A. M.—Organ Voluntary. Choral.

Paper on "The Life and Times of Mendelssohn," by Rev. W. L. Gage.

Trio—Lift thine eyes. *Mendelssohn*. Discussion on the subject of church music.

To Deum. J. P. Morgan.
Solo. from the oratorio, St. Peter. J. K. Paine.
2 P. M.—Orchestral Concert.

7 P. M.—Oratorio of the Creation, by Haydn, performed by a chorus of 1,000 voices, aided by eminent soloists, orchestra and great organ, under the direction of Carl Zerrahn. The chorus will consist of members of the Boston Choral Union, Lynn Choral Union, Providence (R. I.) Choral Society, Beethoven Choral Society, of Taunton, Randolph and Stoughton Choral Society, and other bodies.

(A rehearsal for the Oratorio performance will be held at Bunting Hall, at 10 A. M., June 22.)

Aside from the two great events above referred to, there is not much to write about. There has been quite a crop of concerts of various kinds, however. The chief of these have been three popular concerts, given at Music Hall, by Mr. A. P. Peck. At these entertainments, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mr. B. J. Lang (the pianist), Mr. W. H. Fessenden, Mr. H. C. Barnabee, and Mr. H. M. Dow, appeared, while the prices of admission were only 25 and 50 cents.

Dr. J. B. Upham, chairman of the Music Committee of the Boston Public Schools, recently read a paper before the American Social Science Association, upon the important topic of "Music in our Public Schools." It was a sound and practical discussion of the subject, together with a concise account of what is being done in that connection by the Boston schools. Dr. Upham says that music can be taught as universally and as effectually as reading, writing, geography, or arithmetic, and at an expense of only a trifle over thirty-four cents for each scholar per annum. The paper has been published in pamphlet form, for general circulation, and may be had by addressing E. Tourjee, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Gilmore's History of the National Peace Jubilee will be issued June 15, the anniversary of the Jubilee itself. Mr. Gilmore will visit Europe the coming summer, on business connected with his Great International Jubilee of 1873.

Both Dr. Upham, President, and Mr. Barnes, Secretary, of the Handel and Haydn Society, have resigned their positions. Their successors will be chosen at the annual meeting, on the 29th inst. The success and efficiency of the society has been very largely attributable to its President.

Miss Vienna Demorest visited Boston lately, and gave a concert. The house was filled by dead-heads, and the affair was the greatest fizzle of the season. It is announced that, having finished her concert engagements, the young lady is now to be sent abroad "to learn how to sing."

Fiek's Opera Bouffe Troupe, with Aimco, Persini, etc., are to occupy the Boston Theater for the coming two weeks, and Signor Albite's Italian Opera Troupe is to occupy the Globe Theater for one week, beginning May 29.

RANGER.

From Pontiac.

Correspondence of the Song Journal.

PONTIAC, May 12.

The concert of Mr. McChesney, at Clinton Hall, on the 6th inst., was well attended. The audience were provided with an abundant feast. If there was any fault, it was in the length of the programme. First, we had a double quartette, "The Echo Greeting," by Mesdames Lockwood and McAllister, the Misses Hixon, and Messrs. Pease, Wells and Hull. "Æolian Murmurs," a piano solo, by James E. Stewart, was, owing to such unfortunate instrumental defect, not up to that gentleman's usually brilliant execution. This was a matter of regret, as anticipations had been formed which Mr. Stewart, to his great displeasure, was unable to gratify. On the next occasion we shall expect him to come prepared with accessories of assured success. Mr. Hull delighted the audience with a humorous ditty, "The New Foundland Dog." Professor Price's guitar solo evoked enthusiasm, although the selection was not arranged with Mr. Price's usual tact. Mrs. Eva McAllister, of Battle Creek, gave the ballad "Waiting," and, being en-

coored, sang "And he's got the Money, too." Her voice is one of much sweetness, compass and volume, and her dramatic abilities were, in the opinion of many, superior to those of Adelaide Phillips. Mr. Hoffman, on the violin, and Professor Pease, on the piano, performed acceptably the "Air Montagnard." Next two zitherlars played upon by Professor Spranger and Mr. Brede, and accompanied by D. Clinton Price on the guitar. The music, a decided novelty, was listened to absorbingly. "The Whippoorwill," a favorite composition by McChesney, by Miss Libbie Hixon in solo and refrain, and Miss Emma Hixon and Messrs. Hull and Wells in chorus, with string and piano accompaniment, was rapturously applauded. Then a violin duet, by Hoffman and Hewitt, both favorites here, was succeeded by "Nannie Lee," from our local musical club, which was followed, by way of encore, with "Off the Blue Canary." This was exceedingly well received. A zither solo, with guitar on airs from the "Bohemian Girl," was a charming performance. Misses Hixon and Messrs. Hull and Wells reappeared, rendering "Rain upon the Roof" most acceptably. A ballad, by Mrs. McAllister and Professor Pease, succeeded, being rapturously encored. Mrs. McAllister sang, with delightful grace and action, "The Pride of Kildare." The closing piece, "Thee only have I Loved," fittingly ended the most enjoyable concert the music-loving people of Pontiac have had the pleasure of attending. Mr. McChesney was warmly congratulated on the success of the entertainment, which, as a whole, deserves more than a passing mention.

GLADWIN.

From Rochester.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 20.

The new Opera House in this city was fittingly dedicated last week, by the Richings' Grand English Opera Combination. Without and within the building has been pronounced a very paragon. There is not a seat which does not command an unrestricted view of the stage. The capacity is greater than that of the famous Trimble Opera House, in Albany.

The opening performance was Verdi's tragic opera, "Il Trovatore." The cast was as follows: Leonora, Mrs. C. Richings-Bernard; Azucena, Zelda Sequin; Inez, Miss E. Mischica; Manrico, W. Castle; Count Luna, Henry Drayton; Fernando, Arthur Howell; Ruiz, J. Chicza.

Mrs. Richings rendered her part with all her old time fervor. Mrs. Seguin performed the part of the wild Gipsy in such a manner as to produce a thrilling impression on the audience. In the solo, "Ah! I have sighed to rest me," Mr. Castle was especially effective, and won prolonged plaudits. Henry Drayton displayed to advantage his powerful and pleasing voice. The choruses were given effectively, and the orchestra, under the leadership of Behrens, was all that could be desired. The whole performance was a decided success. The programmes were elaborate affairs—the best the printer's art could furnish—and delightfully perfumed. Several hundred button-hole bouquets were distributed to the ladies gratis. The combined fragrance made the atmosphere of the house delightful.

The next evening, the opera given was "Der Freischütz," with Rose Hersee as "Anna." This closed the season, a most successful and enjoyable one in every respect.

SYBILLA.

From Parshallville.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

PARSHALLVILLE, May 15.

Under the instruction of Frank M. Lumbard, a singing class lately organized in this place has become quite proficient. After a series of twenty-seven lessons, two public exhibitions were given, the object being to pay for an organ, to accompany the melodies, the want of which has heretofore been deeply felt.

As soon as it became known that the class were desirous of purchasing an organ, a number of instruments were submitted for a test. Musical critics decided in favor of the Estey Organ, and one was procured.

The programme was arranged by Mr. Lumbard, who acted as violinist and musical director, Miss Ella Griswold, organist, "Uncle Sam" Griswold, violinist, and Mr. Chadwick, balladist. The performances took place in the Baptist Church, and were a success in every way. At the close of the last one, a deficit of one hundred and twenty dollars remained, which was soon made up by voluntary subscriptions from the audience. Mr. Lumbard, to whom the entire credit of the affair is due, received, at the close of the last performance, an unexpected testimonial of the regard in which he is held by this community, as a man and as a musician. The public presentation was made by Dr. Mather, in an appreciative speech. Uncle Sam Griswold was made, upon the same occasion, the recipient of a handsome present, at the hands of Dr. Fox, in a speech of some length. The good feeling among the spectators was enthusiastic, and the performers were warmly congratulated. The Estey organ is a first-class instrument, and greatly admired. The musical culture of the place has now every means of advancement. A refined order of amusement, which the people appreciate and support, is now our boast. With a class, some of whose members are possessed of superior talent, a grand Estey organ, and a music-loving community, we are disposed to consider ourselves up with the age.

C. M.

A Nice Distinction.

Half a century ago or less, the somewhat facetious Dr. Pond dwelt in the quiet and out-of-the-way village of ——. The doctor's ideas were liberal—much more so than many of his congregation; nevertheless he kept on the even tenor of his way, and disregarded the prejudice of some of his people. He had a son named Enoch, who at an early age manifested a remarkable talent for music, which the father cherished and cultivated with care. In the same village resided an antiquated maiden lady, who, having no cares of her own to occupy her time and attention, magnanimously devoted herself to those of her neighbors. One morning she called at the doctor's and requested to see him. When he entered the room where she was seated, he perceived at a glance that something was amiss, and before he had time to extend her the usual "How d'ye do?" she added:

"I think, Mr. Pond, that a man of your age and profession might have had something better to do, when you were in New London last week, than to buy Enoch a fiddle; and all the people are ashamed that our minister should buy his son a fiddle! Oh, dear, what is the world coming to, when ministers will do such things?"

"Who told you I had a fiddle?" inquired the Doctor.

"Who told me? Why everybody says so, and some people have heard him play on it as they passed the door. But ain't it true, Doctor?"

"I bought Enoch a violin when I went to New London."

"A violin! what's that?"

"Did you never see one?"

"Never"

"Enoch!" said the Doctor, stepping in the door, "bring your violin here."

Enoch obeyed the command, but no sooner had he entered with his instrument than the lady exclaimed:

"La! now there; why, it is a fiddle."

"Do not judge harshly," said the Doctor, giving his a wink; "wait till you hear it."

Taking the hint, Enoch played Old Hundred. The lady was completely mystified; it looked like a fiddle, but then who had ever heard Old Hundred played on a fiddle! It could not be. So, rising to depart, she exclaimed, "I am glad I came in to satisfy myself. Law! just to think how people will lie!"

THE POWER OF MUSIC.—An extraordinary scene occurred recently at the Opera House in Bucharest. Prince Charles of Roumania and a crowded audience witnessed the performance of Auber's "Masaniello."

At the celebrated revolutionary stabbing scene in the third act, nearly every man in the pit rose from his seat, and the house resounded with furious threats against the prince, who turned very pale, and immediately left the house with his escort.

Carl Wilhelm, Composer of "The Watch on the Rhine."

The last mail from Europe brings intelligence of the sudden death of Carl Wilhelm, whose name will go down to posterity as the composer of the music of "Die Wacht am Rhein," the grand national anthem which displayed such a conspicuous part in the recent struggle between Germany and France, and which Prince Bismarck is reported to have said, aided the Germans in the late war more than a well-equipped army of 100,000 men.

Herr Wilhelm retired one evening, a fortnight ago, in excellent health, and on the following morning was found a corpse, his sudden death having been the result of apoplexy. He was born at Schmaldalen, in Thuringia, in 1815. From his father, who was an organist by profession, he received his first instruction in music, his studies being continued at Cassel, in the years 1834-36 under Baldewin and Bott, and also under the celebrated maestro, L. Spohr. He further devoted himself to the study of his art at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, under Aloys Schmidt, an admirable master of the pianoforte, and at Offenbach under Herr A. Andre, a teacher of counterpoint. In 1841 he began life as a teacher of music at Crefeld, where his talents were fully appreciated, and where he was soon elected Director of the Singacademie for mixed chorus and of the Liedertafel. By his exertions the latter society was raised to a degree of excellence equalling that of any other in Germany. For twenty-four years Wilhelm taught music at Crefeld, and during this period he published about 100 compositions, nearly all for the pianoforte, and many of which have enjoyed great popularity. Continued ill health enforced retirement from his duties as a teacher and director, and finally, in 1865, he was obliged to return to his native town, where he continued to reside up to the time of his death. After his retirement he produced but one noteworthy composition, a magnificent chorus for male voices, entitled "Wach auf, Deutschland" ("Wake up Germany"), which has for its refrain the characteristic line, "Not a hair's breadth of German soil shall ever become French."

"The Watch on the Rhine" was composed by Wilhelm in the year 1855. The authorship of the words, for sometime after the outbreak of the recent war, was in dispute, but it was eventually proved satisfactorily they were written by Max Schneckenburger, a prosperous merchant at Burgdorf, who was born at Thalheim, Wurtemberg, in 1819, and died in 1849, several years before they were set to the stirring strains of Wilhelm. "The Watch on the Rhine" soon attained general popularity, and as long ago as 1865 it was said not only to have made the round of land and sea, but to have become regularly established as a national song of Germany. It was not, however, until the ex-Emperor Napoleon III made his reckless assault upon the nationality and unity of Germany that "The Watch on the Rhine" was taken up by the whole Fatherland, and resounded through the fairest portion of France by her armies, until it had almost supplanted, "What is Fatherland?" and "I am a Prussian." The peculiarity of the struggle into which Germany was drawn by the unprovoked assault of France gave a singular significance to the words of the song, and contributed to its surprising popularity, both at home and in the field. Peculiarly appropriate to the great issue at stake, as it was, Prince Bismarck did not exaggerate its influence upon the spirit and endurance of the army in the words referred to above.

Wilhelm lived long enough to reap a full measure of reward for his inspiration and patriotic strains. His name was on the lips of every son of the Fatherland. Queen Augusta caused a medal in his honor to be struck and presented to him, and, on the occasion of a visit which he made to Berlin in December last, he was the recipient of a grand ovation, in which all the choristers of the Prussian capital joined.

The Liederkrantz Serenade.

Baron von Gerolt, who for more than a quarter of a century has been the representative of Prussia, and lately of the North German Confederation, at Washington, and who, now that with the events of 1866, 1870 and 1871, his mission has been fulfilled, retires, is at present stopping at the residence of Judge Daly, No. 84 Clinton Place. There the Liederkrantz Society honored the veteran diplomat with a serenade shortly before 11 o'clock on Tuesday night. The choruses rendered on the occasion were the "Abschied of Abt," the "Schnsnacht," and "Die Wacht am Rhein." When the last sound of the "Wacht am Rhein" died away, the old diplomat appeared on the stoop, and, addressing the singers, warmly expressed his thanks. The vocalists, in conclusion, chanted the Latin song of fraternity, "Ecce quam bonum."

Gottschalk, the Pianist—The Cause of his Death.

Ever since the sudden prostration of Louis M. Gottschalk, the eminent American pianist and musical composer, in the midst of a grand concert, which he was giving in Rio Janeiro, November 25, 1869, there have been current in the city floating rumors that this and his death on December 18, following, were the result of some foul play. A gentleman who has recently arrived from Rio Janeiro gives an account both of the various rumors which have obtained some degree of credence, and also of what appears to be the true story as he learned it, just before his departure, from Dr. Severiano, the physician who attended Gottschalk in his last hours. The same gentleman had also obtained corroborative information from Firmin, who accompanied the pianist as a sort of majordomo, upon his tour in Brazil. It was believed by many that Gottschalk was the victim of some jealous husband or lover. The stories agreed that the immediate cause of his death was a blow upon the back from a "sand-bag"—a deadly weapon used by Brazilian assassins. The instrument is a small sack tightly filled with sand, and suspended at the end of a cane. The effect of a blow from it, usually given upon the back, is almost always fatal, though the injuries received do not fully develop themselves for days or even weeks afterward. Gottschalk himself said very little of the causes of his prostration, and, it is thought, hardly realized their nature. The explanation stated to have been given by Dr. Severiano is as follows:

Gottschalk sent his agent, Firmin, to San Paula, which is sixteen hours by rail from Rio Janeiro, and is the seat of a college for young men, to make arrangements for a concert. The college boys, being unusually frolicsome, inflicted many annoyances upon Firmin, and attempted to practice the same upon Gottschalk, on his arrival on the day of the concert. Gottschalk became much enraged, and drove the persecutors out of the room where they assembled around him, causing some of them to vow revenge upon him. That night, as he was leaving the place where the concert was held, he was struck in the back by some unknown person with a sand-bag. He was momentarily stunned, but passed on, and soon returned to Rio Janeiro. He complained from that time, however, of an oppression in his chest, which, it now appears, was caused by a loosening of the ligaments of the lungs, from the ugly blow of the sand-bag. An abscess was formed in the back part of the chest, as was ascertained upon post-mortem examination, and it was doubtless the breaking of this abscess which caused his prostration in the midst of his last concert. His death soon followed, and was accounted for, upon the post-mortem examination, by the discovery of what was apparently a cancerous formation in one of the lungs. The details of the case, however they may at the time have been understood, were hushed up; and it is only by the recent explanations of the physician and of Firmin that any correction of mistaken rumors has been offered.

A National Training School for Music.

The upper and educated middle classes in England are a "music loving" people, though they may hardly be called musical in the sense we use the term to their German cousins—in order that music may form a more important part in the education of the future, the Society of Arts, who never seem to be a great way in the front of the age, have determined to establish a national training school. They have arranged a series of six concerts to be held at Kensington and conducted by Sig. Michale Costa, a man who has risen from the ranks, and who is eminently qualified to aid the society in their work. The proceeds of these concerts are to be devoted to a fund to which it is thought highly probable the Government will contribute largely. The first of the series came off early in May, and though it was not a very attractive programme, nor were the vocalists of the "first water," it was sufficient to draw about 5,000 people.

A SKIRMISH FOR A SOPRANO.—Two fashionable New York churches—the Ascension and Dr. Armistage's—are battling valiantly for the permanent possession of one of the choicest sopranos extant, Miss Henrietta Beebe. The lady whose precious voice has caused the contention, it seems, has literally no voice in the matter. Engaged at the Church of the Ascension for \$1,000 salary, she is not permitted to resign in order to accept the \$1,400 temptation offered by the excellent *connoisseurs* of Dr. Armistage's congregation, and it is even threatened that an injunction will be served to prevent her uttering a note in the Presbyterian church. This gives the matter a serious look, and a very interesting denouement is anticipated.

Sigismond Thalberg.

A dispatch has announced the death of the distinguished pianist and composer, Sigismond Thalberg. The particulars and the place of his death are not given. He was a natural son of one of the Counts Dietrichstein, whose family hold princely rank in the Austrian empire, and bear the name of Thalberg as one of their secondary titles. Born in Geneva on the 7th of January, 1812, he was first educated under the care of his mother, who is said to have been a woman of superior intelligence and accomplishments, and afterward taken to Vienna, where he became a pupil of Hummel. So rapid was his progress under this eminent master, that at 15 years of age he was able to give concerts, and at 16 he published some of his compositions for the piano. At 18 he began the series of musical tours which filled almost all the rest of his life, and carried him triumphantly through all the chief cities of Germany, France and England. He became attached in 1834 to the Austrian court, as pianist, and in that capacity accompanied the Emperor Ferdinand to the conference of sovereigns at Toplitz, where he was loaded with presents and honors. He married in 1845 Mme. Boucher, the widow of the French painter and daughter of the great artist Lablache. His visit to the United States in 1856 and 1857 is one of the most charming of our musical reminiscences, and we remember so well the exquisite, faultless delicacy, the unequalled neatness, and the fine sentiment which he combined to such an extraordinary degree with freedom and brilliancy of style, will hardly find another to satisfy us in that class of compositions wherein his eminence was most marked. He was the founder of a new and excellent school of pianoforte playing, free, daring, and richly ornate, but having a solid substrature of harmony, a school which afforded the fullest liberty for brilliant variations, but never lost sight of the melodic theme, nor suffered the embroidery to hide the texture of the cloth. The characteristics of this school are well expressed in the following extract from *Moore's Encyclopedia of Music*:

"He sought to make the whole key-board speak at once throughout its entire compass, leaving no void unmarked. He was thoughtful, gradually matured and developed, led him to the use of a multitude of ingenious combinations of the fingers, whereby the song of melody could always be heard strongly accented in the midst of rapid arpeggio passages and very complicated forms of accompaniment. These forms, imitated by most of the new school pianists in their compositions, or rather their arrangement of themes from operas, have become the fashion of nearly all the piano music of our time."

Italian Opera in New York.

At the beginning of May, Signor Albites began his season of Italian Opera at the Academy of Music, with the performance of "Il Poltuto." The prospects of the season thus far are good; a large number of subscriptions have been taken, and there is a probability that the sale of seats will also prove satisfactory. It is very gratifying to be able to make this announcement. The impresario has gathered around him a company of really meritorious artists, and it is but just that his efforts should meet a proper recognition. Miss Kellogg, who is to be the leading prima donna, is well known, and is, moreover, a pretty general favorite; while Villani, the new tenor, is said to possess very great force and artistic skill. The opening opera is to be "Il Poltuto," in which, as *Paulina*, Miss Kellogg achieved no small measure of success last season. If the new tenor proves as acceptable as Sig. Lefrance, the performance of the opera will prove exceedingly enjoyable, and open the season right brilliantly. Another interesting feature of the season will be the introduction of Mr. Albert Lawrence and Sig. Randolf, neither of whom have yet been heard in Italian opera, but who are both artists of excellence and ability. The repertoire, also, is an extensive one, and will permit of a change of opera on each of the ten subscription nights.

The Absurdity of it.

The *Advance* says: Not long since I heard sung in church the anthem *Rock of Ages*, in which there is a solo to the words, "Should my tears," etc., which was sung as follows:

"Shoo-hoo-hood my hi-to-hears
For-eh-ver her flow-hoo,
Shoo-hoo-hood my hi-to-hears
No languor kno-hoo,
Thi-hoo for hor si-hoo could
No-hoo ah ha-hoo
Thoo-hoo must ha-ave,
And thoo-hoo ah-hoo-oo,
In my hands no pris-ee bring,
Simply to the crav-ess Thi dling."

The Song Journal.

DETROIT, JUNE, 1871.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,
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National Music and National Peculiarities.

There are various fanciful ways of determining the disposition of individuals. There are those who pretend to find infallible signs in phrenology and physiognomy. There are others who find indications by the voice and by the walk. There are the signs of palmistry and of the hand-writing, and there are many other individual characteristics on which little pet theories or assumptions are founded. These may be to a greater or less extent reliable. Certainly an instinctive sort of estimate is formed on sight by each person with whom one is thrown in contact. However, these estimates and divinations only apply to individuals. When we would arrive at any conclusion regarding the salient characteristics of nations, their history and their music reveal the whole story. The attentive student of either need not err. The history may be the more complete, the music the speedier and the more minute. The one will exhibit the accomplishments and motives of the heroes and the rulers, the other the nature and the passions of the entire people.

Illustrations to one who will but seek them are not lacking. The characteristics of the German people are somewhat familiar to us all. Let us see how their persistent, unassuming, straight-forward and unwavering character corresponds with their national music.

Germany, pre-eminently a musical nation, excels mainly in the waltz. This does not detract from the rank she holds in other styles of musical composition. She may be a leader in all, yet the waltz is of chief merit in her music. Johann Strauss, of Vienna, has never been equaled in the arrangement and combination of the dreamy, extatic and inspiring notes that form the fascination of the waltz. Such perfect time—suggestive half-tones—clarion outbreaks—obscure strains—soothing harmonies, and such wreaths of melody. The waltzes of Strauss are indeed entrancing, and no wonder that the feet insensibly trip in time to them and the very poetry of motion is evolved. Such music could only be the outgrowth of the German temperament, charming as a whole, but often incongruous as to details.

Spain, a land of fervid sunshine and like fervid passions, has madrigals, plaintive and passionate little melodies—sonorous, liquid and staccato, like her language. They breathe out the very spirit of reckless adventure—they extol the bravery of man, the beauty of woman, and the passionate and headlong tendency to intrigue of her people. Like the notes of their national instrument, they fall abruptly on the ear, and are replete with love, and hate, and jealousy, intrigue and vengeance, in every strain.

France has a passion for the heroic and the sensual. A people capable of the highest deeds of valor and gallantry, and of the most debasing barbarism. The national music betrays it. Take the Marseillaise as a type. Here we have combined heroic strains and reckless vengeance—something that inspires and at the same time degrades. The melodies of Beranger, most popular during the present century, combined

the two. He gave the roll of the drum and the pleasing of the lute. If we look to a later period, we find under the light of passing events that the lascivious melodies that permeate French opera bouffes only too truly make known her characteristics. Grand and cumulative flights lead us on to the pitch of enthusiasm—seductive strains beguile into sensual fancies—and when all is done an unsatisfied condition remains. Sweet was the pabulum offered, but it does not satiate hunger. Like the deleterious influence of all intoxicating draughts, it continually excites desire and never satisfies the appetite.

Italy is peopled by an imaginative race. Her vivid fancies best find utterance in music. Tame prose and commonplace expressions will not accord with the disposition of her people. The opera alone is grand enough to give a musical utterance to her ideas. Poetry and music must be wedded. The grand epic must be interpreted by all the sounding glories of the voice, and stringed and brazen instruments. The opera, with its instrumental triumphs and its marvelous demands upon the human voice, could alone interpret the romantic emotions of the dweller beneath Italian skies.

The investigation might be carried further. The affected strains of the Chinese, and the barbaric sounds of the savages, the ballads and emotional songs of familiar lands, and the fanatic lays of other climes, might be brought in as illustrations. Let what has been shown suffice. The fact is so apparent that a simple suggestion is conclusive. The music of a nation is the best extraneous guide to its characteristics.

Italian Opera in America.

The music of the Italian school is an exotic. It is charming and delicate, as are all exotics, but it needs too much nourishing care, too much refined culture, to attain a thrifty growth. The temperature of the American people is altogether foreign to it. We listen and assume to be pleased; we try to discover beauties, but the exertion overcomes the gratification. The Italian opera has its beauties, but they are surrounded by such a garment of thick folded fancies, our imaginations have to be evoked to indicate the graceful outlines beneath. It is as if one should swathe a beautiful statue in a gaily colored shawl. The perfect figure is beneath, but the gaudy mantle hinders the view of it. We assume that the highest inspiration evolved by art, is enveloped in the meretricious robe. It is so in fact, but the fancy cannot penetrate it, or is led astray, spite of all efforts to do so by the surroundings.

Now one of these surroundings is the language. Liquid and graceful is the Italian speech. Fitted for poetry and song are its mellifluous syllables. Being unintelligible to the majority of Americans, the appreciation of the melody is lost in a persistent effort to comprehend the language. It is true that words are not essential to the expression of music. We can appreciate, for instance, all the grotesqueness of the famous Russian "cat duet" without understanding the words. It is only true, however, of instrumental music. The mind is not strained by any attention to the language. We can resign our senses wholly to the intricacies of the melody. Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* are instances, if instances were needed, to make clear what is most palpable.

We resort then to the *libretto* for the story. A story and a plot is as essential to an opera as to a drama. On the excellence of the story and the plot depends mainly the success. Shakespeare's plays are incomparable. The beauty of the language, the development of the springs of action, the setting forth of human passions, are conceded to be those of a master. Yet, after all, Shakespeare tires upon us. Not because the highest mimic genius is required to interpret him, for no other dare undertake it. Not because the grandeur of his sentiments are commonplace, for they

are universal as the sunshine. But because the plot and the story are an oft-told tale, and however well told, we seek for novelty. To comply with this desire for novelty, we at times listen to trash, and in doing so find a sort of relief that smacks of pleasure. A *libretto* is a clumsy way of familiarizing one's self with the story. Two sets of mental operations are called into use. They clash with each other and cause fatigue. We glance at the pages and then at the actors. We strive for the idea and look up to see it expressed. In the effort to comprehend at once the music and the action, the story and the scene, we become confused, and pronounce Italian opera a sham, and its beauties a delusion.

There are other reasons why Italian opera has proved a failure in this country. Our national peculiarity is that of directness. We abhor circumlocution. If an object is to be obtained, we want to march straight toward it. No meanderings are admissible. An air-line to everything is the demand of America. Patience is exhausted in repetitions. The Italian style is to make the most of a small morsel. It is turned and twisted, viewed near and viewed at a distance, repeated, reviewed, retraced, and re-extended, until it becomes tiresome.

So we go into ecstasies over the purity of the *prima donna's* tones, we admire the vocal activity of the tenor, we are amazed at the depth of the basso, we are tickled at the tones of the soubrettes, and listen with complacency to the grandeur of the chorus. We go home trying to make out what it was all about, and reflecting that the cost was much greater than the enjoyment. These are some of the causes that have thus far rendered Italian opera in America a failure. They are permanent, and will continue to act against every attempt to revive it. Our chief cities do not support it. Even in England only heavy subsidies enable it to continue, and very feebly at that. It is as it should be. The English composers have talent sufficient to make operas in their own language successful. Indeed the melodies from such compositions are the most particular and decided favorites. Fashion heretofore has used its powerful influence in favor of the Italian opera, but fashion is now tending the other way. Like an exotic, we shall admire it occasionally, but the grand and beautiful outgrowths of our own soil will compel our sympathy and entrance our spirits.

The Development of Instrumental Music.

The musical faculty is inherent in mankind. The child in the cradle is soothed into slumber by harmony. With increasing growth it delights in making noises. The rattle-box is its instrument, and the discordant sounds evolved therefrom are to it satisfactory sweet. The tin trumpet and the drum are next in demand as a means of finding expression for the music that is in the soul. It is but a savage expression, but at the same time a prelude to something better. Next your boy takes delightfully to the jew-harp, or the willow-whistle. That willow-whistle—memento of the days of freedom, when with no thought for the cares of life, the urchin sought, in leafy woods and river banks, and rocky glens, the excitement of youthful adventure. When the air was full of sound and the earth of pleasure, when every object awakened fancies of the future, and the boy absorbed in thoughts, undisturbed by selfishness, looked forward to a bright and famous career. If any symbol of the period of peace is sought, let the willow-whistle be conspicuous. It is eloquent of adventure—of ingenuity—of freedom from care—of lumberous day-dreams and high anticipations. The willow-whistle is the emulation of the first period of youthful romance, and of youthful music.

The next advance is to the accordion, whose chorded reeds produce a melody that charms and tires not to the youthful proficient. The compass to be sure is not great, but sufficiently so to give the requisite outburst of harmony that struggles for utterance beneath the restless fingers of the performer.

With the beginning of the era of the imagination, the youth desires a more poetical instrument to give vent to his romantic fancies. Then he betakes him to the flute—harmonious instrument—with which the Colins of pastoral days charmed the ears and hearts of their Phyllides. Your flute and your guitar are par excellence the instrument of lovers. The softness and the sweetness of their tones are well calculated to express the tender passion. And so in song and story still we find the amorous swain, or ministering troubador, swelling his cheeks with the one or nimbly using his fingers upon the other.

The next period is the one wherein Terpischore predominates. The fondness for the dance requires an instrument delicate yet forcible, and capable at once of all the gradations of time, and tune, and melody. Here the violin becomes predominant. Once passably proficient upon this master instrument the untrained musician stops. The highest instrumental development is reached. The longing of the spirit for a fit exponent of melody is reached. The popular ideal of a musician is completed when familiar tunes can be glibly rattled off. The self-taught performer, in his own estimation, a master, and the humble limit of ambition is gained.

Daniel Francois Esprit Auber.

On the 15th of May, the death of Auber, one of the greatest of the French composers, was announced. He had reached the ripe old age of eighty-seven. Auber was born at Caen, in France, January 29, 1784. Bred to his father's mercantile profession, a brief experience therein taught him his unfitness, and he turned to the study of music, for which, in youth, he had shown remarkable aptitude. Cherubini was his instructor, and after a severe course of study, he presented an opera, "Sejour Militaire," in 1813, which was unsuccessful and devoid of merit. He was discouraged, and for a time refrained from musical composition. The inspiration, however, could not be repressed, and in 1819 he again presented a comic opera in one act, called "La Billet Doux," and this was even a worse failure. He knew that his talents were capable of success, and shortly after wrote "La Berger Chatelaine," which was first performed at the Opera Comique, in Paris, and proving a complete success, opened the career which has made his name famous. In 1821 he produced "Emma," in 1823, "Leicester," in 1823, "La Niece;" in 1824, "Le Concert a la Cour," and "L'ocadid," and in 1826, "Le Macon," and "Fiorella."

It was not until the appearance of "La Muette de Portici," better known as "Massaniello," that his reputation was completely established and his genius clearly proved. Before this he had been an imitator of Rossini, but now, becoming wholly original, he created a school which has had many imitators. "La Fiance" and "Fra Diavolo," in 1829 and 1830, added to his renown and fortune. Since then he has produced a large number of works, among them "Le Diamants de la Couronne," and "Le Domino Noir," his genius being prolific without repeating himself. Even in his old age he wrote much that was highly praised.

His greatest success has been in buffo operas, which are acknowledged models of their class. His characteristics are clearness, sprightliness and gracefulness combined with much pathos. His death will create a void, and his mantle will but illy grace the shoulders of Offenbach or the rest of that vitiated school.

Many of his melodies have been translated, and are familiar in every parlor. He was highly honored in France, and received many dignities. In 1825 he was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, in 1835 an officer, in 1847 a commander, and in 1861 a grand officer. He was also a member of the Academy of Fine Arts, and held positions under many of the governments of France, the last being that of Director of the Imperial Music and *Maitre de Chapelle* at the Tuilleries.

He died full of honor, and France, even in this hour of gloom, breathes a regret over the loss of one who has contributed so much to her musical taste, and whose life was outlined in good humor and tenderness. The heritage he has left to his disciples and admirers, is worthy alike of a good musician and a good man.

Carl Wilhelm.

Carl Wilhelm, the composer of the famous national anthem "Die Wacht am Rhein," is dead. The value of this composition to the Fatherland has been acknowledged by Prince Bismarck, who said it aided the Germans more than a well equipped army of an hundred thousand men.

Carl Wilhelm received a good musical education, and taught music for a quarter of a century at Crefeld, where he published over one hundred compositions, mainly for the piano, some of which were extremely popular. A magnificent chorus of his, "Wache auf Deutschland," has for its refrain the line, very characteristic of his patriotic sentiments, "Not a foot's breadth of German soil shall ever become French." His age was about 56, and the "Watch on the Rhine," was composed in 1854. The authorship of the words, for sometime after the outbreak of the recent war, was in dispute, but it was eventually proved satisfactorily that they were written by Max Schneckenburger, a prosperous merchant of Burgdorf, who was born at Thalheim, Wurtemberg, in 1819, and died in 1849, several years before they were set to the stirring strains of Wilhelm.

The Old-Fashioned Singing School.

What has caused the decay of the old-fashioned singing schools? They did much to increase the musical taste and cultivation of the musical faculties. Some of the happiest retrospects of the men and women of to-day are connected with attendance at the singing school. The master, and the music, and the girls—oh! what attractions for the taste, and mind, and heart of youth! Can we afford to let so wise and charming a custom go into disuse? To the rescue, and let the hum of the tuning fork and the happy voices of the singers be revived in every township of the State.

The Western Normal Academy.

The twelfth annual term of this institution will be held at Kalamazoo, commencing July 10th, and continuing until August 18th. Professors J. W. Suffer, of Chicago, L. O. Emerson, of Boston, W. S. B. Matthews, of Chicago, and other well-known teachers, are to be present.

THE article in our April number on "La Scala," was a selection from the admirable series of letters on foreign subjects, Arthur Matthison is furnishing to the *Bulletin*.

A PATRON OF MUSIC.—Intelligence reaches us from Brussels of the sudden death in that city of the Count Pilet-Will, Regent of the Bank of France. Besides being prominent in financial affairs, the late Count was noted as a musical amateur, and the musical soirees at his house in Paris were celebrated throughout Europe. He was a patron of artists, and all the great prime donne and tenors of the last twenty years have sung in his rooms.

The Count was a particular friend of Rossini, and the "Messe Solennelle" was first sung at his house, with Alboni as the leading vocalist.

* A PROMOTION.—M. Gevaert is likely to have the directorship of the Brussels Conservatoire, vacated by the death of Fétis, his instructor. This musician, distinguished in Paris for his lyrical compositions, and direction of the music at the Grand Opera, is an able critic and historian. His brochure on the music of Spain is ably written, and during the late war he has finished a work, long time commenced, on "The Music of the Ancients."

Teget Times.

MARIO has passed among the traditions of the past.

ALBONI is to sing in concerts in London this summer.

MISS EMMA HOWSON has received much praise of late.

LIZET has recently published eleven new compositions.

SIMS REEVEY will sing in English opera at London next month.

RICCI's new opera, "Crispino," met with success in New Orleans.

"ERRANI" has been finely given by an amateur company in New York.

ANGELO BUZZOLA, a writer of sacred music and Venetian songs, is dead.

THE "Huguenote" has been revived in London, with Lucca in the principal role.

OFFENBACH is composing an operetta expressly for the Karl Theatre, at Vienna.

HENRIETTA MARKSTEIN, the precocious pianist, has had a successful Western season.

MRS. VAN ZANDT has made another success at the London opera as *Elvira*, in "Don Giovanni."

CLARA LOUISE KELLGO greatly resembles Rachel in the shape of her face, and dark, deep-set eyes.

A SERIES of grand choral festivals, with a choir of one thousand voices, will soon begin in London.

THE Beethoven festival at Bonn, postponed last year on account of the war, will be held in August.

MISS HUNTLEY, a Boston lady, has gained favorable notice as an opera singer in London, under the name of *Mlle. Calisto*.

THE Jenny Lind libel case is not over. An order for a new trial in the case of Goldschmitt against Spottiswoode has been granted.

MISS KATIE MILES, a young American girl, has made her debut as a singer in Milan, Italy, and pleases all with her fresh and well trained voice.

Mlle. MATHILDE MARTIN, of Hamburg, a pupil of Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, and a pianist of unusual merit, is creating a sensation on the continent of Europe.

HIMELA, the new contralto at New York, is a German lady, who has sung at La Scala. For that matter, they all have sung there. Her best part is *Siebel*, in "Faust."

CARL FORMES took, last week, the place of Mr. Drayton in the Richings troupe, the latter having been incapacitated—only temporarily, it is hoped—by a stroke of paralysis.

NILSSON will be one of the attractions of the season at Newport. She will spend the month of July at Perrier's, the French hotel, and will give some operatic entertainments while in the city.

For a novelty, congregational singing has been heard in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The occasion was last Easter, and the audience joining in enthusiastically, the effect was very grand.

FLORENCE RICE, the Michigan contralto, formerly of Adrian, who has been spending several years in Europe, has returned to this country, and was married, May 11th, in New York, to Mr. E. M. Knox, of that city.

MISS KELLGO, on her reappearance in New York, having been presented with two stands of flowers before she sang a note, removed one basket to the wings, and then returned to fulfill her melodious duties.

THE Gluck monument, Weidenwang, will be uncovered on the 4th of July, the birthday of the great composer. The colossal bust, by Conrad Knoll, will be placed upon a pedestal of red Salzburg marble, seven feet high.

NILSSON, as a subject for remark, is pretty well used up, yet we are constrained to mention as important, that there are still a few cities left in this Union in which, it is believed, that lady has not purchased all the available real estate.

BISMARCK being asked, during the time of the negotiations, whether peace had been concluded, answered by whistling the call, "Rest on your arms." When asked if hostilities would be renewed, he whistled the hunter's signal heard when the animal is down.

Mrs. ROWNS, who began life in Boston as Fanny Carter, is reported dead. She was celebrated in America and Europe for the beauty of her voice and great personal loveliness. She attracted the attention of the Emperor at Paris, and was famous for the splendor of her attainments.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE has gained the Mendelssohn scholarship at the competition among the students of the Royal Academy of Music. The prize is analogous to the *Conservatoire Prix de Rome*, and Arthur Sullivan is the first who won it. The winner is entitled to free study at Leipzig.

A NEW baritone, with the extraordinary name of Ruggiero Buongiorno—which being translated would mean Roger Goodman—appeared at the Academy of Music, New York, at the opening of the recent season, in "Un Ballo," with the prima donna Mrs. States, and the tenor Villani.

O TAKE ME FROM THE FESTAL THRONG.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

Words by MATTIE WINFIELD TORRY.

Music by M. F. H. SMITH.

PIANO

loco.
3. Then

1. O
2. There's

take me from the fes-tal throng, Where lov-ing hearts grow brightly cold, And
take me from the fes-tal throng, Where lov-ing hearts grow brightly cold, And
not a tone in nature's voice, There's not a ray by noon or night, But

let me hear one burning song, That thrill'd my soul in days of old. I

let me hear one burning song, That thrill'd my soul in days of old. I
lights the shrine of bur-ied joys, And tells a tale of lost delight, The

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a grand staff brace. The music is in 4/4 time. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

may not trace these winding ways, Where life's young flowers no longer grow, But

may not feel that kind-ly flame, The trembling hope, the inward glow; For
morn-ing sun, the moon's pale beams, The stars that shine with fainter glow, The

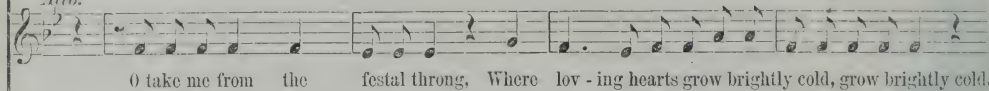
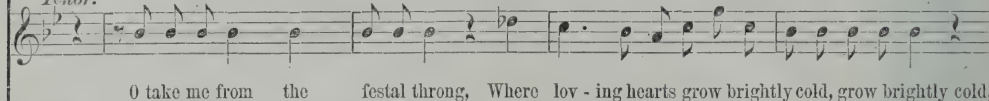
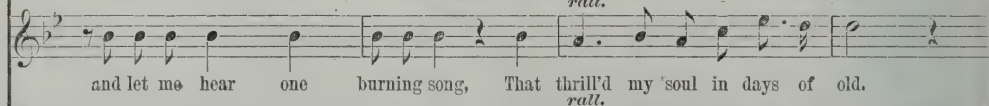
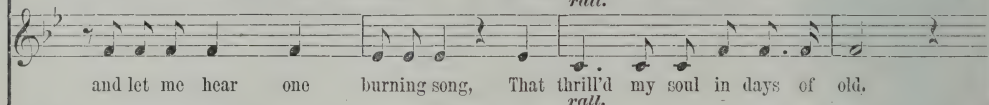
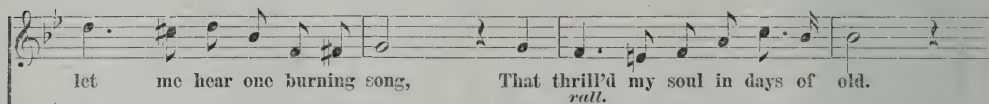
The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, and a half note G5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand. The system concludes with a final chord in the piano accompaniment.

O! I feel be-neath thy gaze, The morn-ing light of long a-go.

dreams of beauty, love and fame, Are fad-ing lights of long a-go.
bird and breeze and lake and stream, Bring back the forms of long a-go.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand. The system concludes with a final chord in the piano accompaniment.

CHORUS.

Air.*Alto.**Tenor.**Bass.**rall.*

PERIOD MAZURKA.

Composed by Miss RACHEL MENDELSON.

The musical score is written for piano in 3/4 time, featuring five systems of music. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The score includes various dynamics and performance markings:

- System 1:** Starts with a treble clef and a bass clef. The first measure has a dynamic marking of *mf*. The system ends with a double bar line.
- System 2:** Continues the melody. The first measure has a dynamic marking of *f* and a *Ped.* marking. The system ends with a double bar line.
- System 3:** Features a series of chords and arpeggios. The first measure has a *Ped.* marking. The system ends with a double bar line.
- System 4:** Includes a first ending marked with a '1' and a second ending marked with a '2'. The first measure has a *Ped.* marking. The system ends with a double bar line.
- System 5:** The final system, starting with a treble clef and a bass clef. The first measure has a dynamic marking of *mf*. The system ends with a double bar line.

TRIO.

This musical score is for a Trio, page 4. It consists of five systems of music, each with a piano (p) and organ (o) part. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part is written in the treble clef, and the organ part is written in the bass clef. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

The first system begins with a piano dynamic marking (*p*). The piano part features a series of eighth notes, while the organ part provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. The second system continues the piano's melodic line, with the organ part maintaining its accompaniment. The third system introduces a mezzo-forte dynamic marking (*mf*) for the piano part. The fourth system features a forte dynamic marking (*f*) for the piano part and includes a *Ped.* (pedal) marking for the organ part. The fifth system concludes the page with a final chord marked with an asterisk (*).

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble clef, key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). Bass clef, key signature of three flats. Dynamics: *p* (piano). The system contains four measures. The first measure has a treble staff with a quarter note G4 and a bass staff with a half note G3. The second measure has a treble staff with a quarter note A4 and a bass staff with a half note A3. The third and fourth measures have a treble staff with a half note G4 and a bass staff with a half note G3.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble clef, key signature of three flats. Bass clef, key signature of three flats. Dynamics: *f* (forte). The system contains four measures. The first measure has a treble staff with a quarter note G4 and a bass staff with a half note G3. The second measure has a treble staff with a quarter note A4 and a bass staff with a half note A3. The third and fourth measures have a treble staff with a half note G4 and a bass staff with a half note G3. The system ends with a double bar line and a key signature change to two flats (B-flat, E-flat).

CODA.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble clef, key signature of two flats (B-flat, E-flat). Bass clef, key signature of two flats. Dynamics: *mf* (mezzo-forte). The system contains four measures. The first measure has a treble staff with a quarter note G4 and a bass staff with a half note G3. The second measure has a treble staff with a quarter note A4 and a bass staff with a half note A3. The third and fourth measures have a treble staff with a half note G4 and a bass staff with a half note G3.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble clef, key signature of two flats. Bass clef, key signature of two flats. Dynamics: *Ped. ff* (pedal, fortissimo). The system contains four measures. The first measure has a treble staff with a quarter note G4 and a bass staff with a half note G3. The second measure has a treble staff with a quarter note A4 and a bass staff with a half note A3. The third and fourth measures have a treble staff with a half note G4 and a bass staff with a half note G3.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble clef, key signature of two flats. Bass clef, key signature of two flats. Dynamics: *Ped.* (pedal). The system contains four measures. The first measure has a treble staff with a quarter note G4 and a bass staff with a half note G3. The second measure has a treble staff with a quarter note A4 and a bass staff with a half note A3. The third and fourth measures have a treble staff with a half note G4 and a bass staff with a half note G3. The system ends with a double bar line and a key signature change to one flat (B-flat, E-flat).

C. J. WHITNEY & CO.'S

MONTHLY BULLETIN

OF

NEW AND POPULAR MUSIC.

June, 1871.

EXPLANATION OF LETTERS AND FIGURES.

The Letters indicate the Key in which the piece is written. The Figures indicate the degree of difficulty: 1, very easy; 2, easy; 3, medium; 4, difficult. DK, different keys.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Sweet Nannie Lee. Words by *C. C. Huskins*.
Music by *M. H. McChesney*. D♭ 3. 35.
Bright beamed the sunlight on that rosy morning,
Dna in the distance of boyhood life to me,
And away were the moments in youth's early springtime,
When I first beheld the maiden, sweet Nannie Lee;
Wild waved her dark hair in the balmy breezes,
Joyous her laughter with heart so light and free,
And sweet as a bird-song, carols ever flowing
From the lips I loved so well of sweet Nannie Lee.

Chorus—
Hark, the bells sadly toll their parting blessings,
Mount on the sound echoes loud o'er the sea;
Gently we'll lull the maiden, sweet Nannie Lee,
Song-birds will chant the praise of sweet Nannie Lee.
This is a most charming song, and though but just
issued in meeting with fine success.

Come back to Erin. By *Claribel*. C 3. 35.
Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Come back, Aron, to the land of thy birth;
Come with the shamrocks and springtime, Mavourneen,
And the Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
This is one of the best of Claribel's songs, and is
immensely popular. We also have several other
pieces by the same composer now in press, which will
soon be ready.

I will Kiss your Tears Away. By *C. C. Huskins*.
Music by *M. H. McChesney*. G 2. 35.
Come to mother, pretty darling,
Bring to me that throbbing brow,
Little tears for little troubles
On a mother's breast must flow;
Little hearts have clouding sorrow—
Night succeeds each brilliant day—
Come to mother, little darling,
I will kiss your tears away.

No Little Baby's Voice To-day. By *F. B. Naylor*.
Song and Chorus. G 3. 30.
In death our little baby sleeps,
The one we loved is gone;
In anguish now your mother weeps,
For death has claimed our little one;
No little pattering feet we hear,
Or baby's voice murmuring a mild,
For now all seems so dark and drear
Since I have lost my little child.
No little baby's voice to-day, etc.

Don't Leave the Farm. By *Clara F. Derby*.
Music by *J. D. Hart*. B♭ 2. 30
Come, boys, I have something to tell you;
Come near, I would whisper it low;
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vines as d'sins!
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins.

Lost Oleane.
Song and Chorus. E♭ 2. *Chas. F. Norris*. 35.
Well do I think of the day, sweet Oleane,
When we together did stray
Down 'neath the evergreen tree, sweet Oleane,
Just at the close of the day,
Fondest of vows there we pledged, sweet Oleane,
There 'neath the evergreen tree,
That we'd be constant and true, sweet Oleane,
Till I should come back to thee.
This is the latest song from this young composer,
and we predict for it a fine sale. The melody is a
pleasing one.

Let us Speak Softly.
Ballad. A 2. *M. F. H. Smith*. 30.
Gone from this beautiful bright world of ours,
Gone from the sunshine that gladdens the flowers,
No more on earth midst its trials to roam,
A spirit has gone to a happier home,
Wearied of life with its pleasure and pain,
Wearied of striving too often in vain,
Gone from this earth, where we're journeying on,
Let us speak softly, a spirit has gone.
A beautiful and effective melody.

Instrumental.

PIANO.

Cascade de Dew Drops. E♭ 3. 40
Sylvia E. Baird.
Greeting March. C 3. 30
Prof. Wm. Bendix.
Twilight Mazurka. F 3. 30
Prof. Wm. Bendix.
This is one of the latest from the pen of our genial
Professor, who has a happy faculty of catering to the
public taste when he offers anything in a musical way.

L'Automne (Autumn). D♭ 4. *James E. Stewart*. 50.
A very fine and effective piece for concert, and all
good players, written in an artistic manner, and is of
the very highest order of music.

Dripping Waters.
Polka. G 2. *J. H. Simonds*. 3.
This is a very beautiful and original Polka, and
although it is the author's first effort, displays good
taste throughout, and is well worth learning.

Sweetly Thine Eyes are on me Beaming.
Transcription. A♭ 4. *M. H. McChesney*. 75.
A remarkably fine arrangement of Mr. I. C. V.
Wheat's beautiful melody of that name, and is hand-
led throughout in a thoroughly artistic manner, and
should be on the piano of every advanced performer.

Lyra.
Grand March. C 3. *W. H. Barnhardt*. 40.
A very fine teaching March, and is within the reach
of the average run of players.

Salutation.
Mazurka. C 2. *Thos. R. Watts*. 40.
Medium as regards difficulty, and is having a very
good sale.

Excursion.
Polka. C 2. *Wm. B. Colson*. 30.
One of those pieces that take wherever heard, and
sells with rapidity.

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trated title pages.
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Guitar Cases,	Tuning Forks,
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Triangles,	Jewsharps,
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MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

TAKING EFFECT, MONDAY, JAN. 23, 1871.

GOING WEST—MAIN LINE.

Through trains leave Detroit as follows:
Mail 7:00 A. M.; Day Express, 9:00 A. M.; Evening Express, 5:25 P. M.; Pacific Express (Sundays included) 9:50 P. M., connecting with the various branch lines, as below, and arriving at Chicago at 8:05 P. M.; 7:05 P. M., 6:00 A. M., and 8:00 A. M. respectively.
The Dexter Accommodation leaves Detroit at 4:15 P. M.

AIR LINE DIVISION.

Mail Train leaves Jackson at 10:45 A. M., and arrives at Niles at 3:30 P. M., connecting with Mail Train on Main Line at both places.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY DIVISION.

Leaves Jackson at 12:15 P. M. (Mail); 5:10 P. M. (Evening Express), and 7:00 A. M. (Mixed), arriving at Grand Rapids at 4:25 P. M.; 9:15 P. M., and 3:15 P. M. respectively.

DETROIT, HILLDALE & INDIAN R. R.

Leaves Ypsilanti at 8:35 A. M. and 6:00 P. M. on arrival of Mail and Dexter Accommodation.

FT. WAYNE, JACKSON & SAGINAW R. R.

Leaves Jackson at 12:00 P. M., connecting with Day Express from Detroit; and 4:50 P. M.

JACKSON, LANSING & SAGINAW R. R.

Leaves Jackson at 6:00 A. M. and 3:30 P. M., and arrives at Ypsilanti at 1:40 A. M. and 9:15 P. M.

Trains arrive at Detroit as follows:

Atlantic Express, 3:35 A. M.; Night Express, 7:25 A. M.; Dexter Accommodation, 10:00 A. M.; Mail, 6:30 P. M., and Day Express, 6:45 P. M.

Mail Trains and Day Express run daily, except

Sundays; Pacific Express, west, and Atlantic

Express, east, daily; Evening Express, west,

daily except Sundays, and only to Jackson on

Saturdays; Night Express, east, and Dexter

Accommodation, daily, except Saturdays and

Sundays.

Pullman Palace Cars on all night trains, and

Ladies' Cars on all day trains.

Trains run by Chicago time.

C. H. SARGENT, Gen. Supt., Chicago.

H. E. HURD, Asst. Gen. Supt., Detroit.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

March, 1871.

Trains leave Windsor (Great Western Railway

time) as follows:

Atlantic Express, daily, 4:35 A. M.

Day Express, daily, 6:35 A. M.

Detrol Express, daily, except Sundays, 11:30 A. M.

N. Y. Express, daily except Sundays, 7:45 P. M.

The Railway Ferry leaves Detroit (Detroit

time) as follows:

Third street—4:00 A. M., 8:00 A. M., 11:00 A. M.

and 7:15 P. M.

Brush street—7:40 A. M., 10:30 A. M. and 6:40

P. M.

Trains arrive at Windsor from the East at 9:00

A. M., 6:45 A. M., 5:15 P. M. and 9:30 P. M.

Company's Passenger and Ticket Office, corner

Jefferson avenue and Griswold street, Detroit.

FRANK E. SNOW,

Western Passenger Agent, Detroit.

W. K. MULL, Gen'l Supt., Hamilton.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, December 5, 1870,

Trains will leave Detroit daily (except Sun-

days), Chicago time, as follows:

For Buffalo, New York and all places East—

7:10 A. M., Express; 6:30 P. M., Fast Express.

For Portland, via Toronto and Montreal—

7:10 A. M., Express; 6:30 P. M., Fast Express.

4:00 P. M., Accommodation to Port Huron.

Trains leave Detroit Junction after arrival of

Western trains.

Palace Sleeping Cars on night trains to and

from Buffalo and Toronto, without change in

Canada.

Trains arrive at Detroit at 9:10 A. M., and

6:00 A. M.

Company's Ticket Office, cor. Jefferson and

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LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN R. R.

Winter Time Table for 1870-71.

GOING WEST.

Trains leave Detroit for Chicago at 8:10 A. M.

and 6:00 P. M.

Trains leave Detroit for Toledo at 7:20 A. M.,

9:30 A. M., 1:35 P. M., and 6:00 P. M.

Trains arrive at Chicago at 10:10 P. M. and 6:50

A. M.

Trains leave Chicago for Detroit at 9:00 P. M.

and 5:30 A. M. Arrive at Detroit at 9:00 A. M.

and 6:40 P. M. From Toledo at 3:00 P. M. and

11:20 P. M.

JACKSON BRANCH.

Trains leave Jackson at 7:00 A. M. and 1:15 P.

M., arriving at Adrian at 9:35 A. M. and 3:30 P.

M. Trains leave Adrian at 12:45 P. M. and 6:40 P.

M., arriving at Jackson at 3:00 P. M. and 11:15

P. M.

KALAMAZOO DIVISION.

Trains leave Three Rivers at 5:52 P. M. and

7:02 A. M., arriving at Grand Rapids at 10:20 P.

M. and 10:30 A. M.

Trains leave Grand Rapids at 6:00 A. M. and

6:00 P. M., arriving at Three Rivers at 10:20 A. M.

and 10:24 A. M.

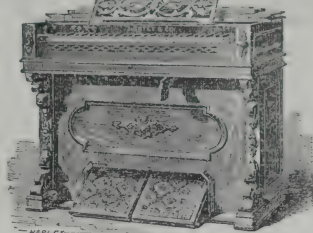
Trains run by Chicago time.

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F. E. MORSE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Cleveland, O.

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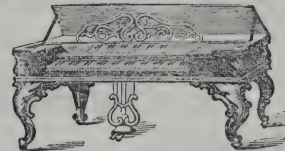
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IONIA & LANSING RAILROAD.

On and after Monday, December 5, 1870,

Express train leaves Lansing, going north, at

5:25 P. M.

Express train leaves Ionia, going north, at 7:40

P. M.

Express train arrives at Gr. Couville at 8:45 P. M.

Express train leaves Greenville, going south,

at 6:50 A. M.

Express train leaves Ionia, going south, at 7:55

A. M.

Express train arrives at Lansing at 10:05 A. M.

Mixed train leaves Lansing, going north, at

8:15 A. M.

Mixed train leaves Ionia, going north, at 12:50

P. M.

Mixed train arrives at Greenville at 2:30 P. M.

Mixed train leaves Greenville, going south, at

3:45 A. M.

Mixed train leaves Ionia, going south, at 10:40

A. M.

Mixed train arrives at Lansing at 2:20 P. M.

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[TRANSLATION.]

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VOLUME I.

DETROIT, JULY, 1871.

NUMBER VII.

The Sleeper.

BY PHILIP B. AMWIDEN.

She sleeps—forth from the leaden sky,
Astarte with her golden train
May lingering look, but watch in vain
To catch the light of that dark eye—
To borrow brightness from her lustrous eye.

She sleeps—no wanton breath of air,
Thro' the half-open casement stealing,
Dares stir with harsh or gentle dealing
The wondrous stillness of her hair—
The raven richness of her slumberous hair.

She sleeps—the ruby's ruddy light
That gems a white hand meekly crest,
Shines on—no ray bedimmed or lost
When all beside is sunk in night—
All else is buried in sepulchral night.

She sleeps—the dewy morn shall weep
Its sweetness on the opening flowers,
And noontide glow and evening hours
In turn shall reign—nor break her sleep—
Nor steal the marble beauty from her sleep.

She sleeps—an angel from the blest
Parted the shade of silent night
To veil the eye of living light
And give the gentle spirits rest—
And breathe upon her spirit heavenly rest.

Cold lies the lute whose hidden heart
Thrilled, answering to the spirit's fire.
Break, break its strings! the trembling lyre
Obeys no minstrel's meaner art—
Its chords shall quiver to no vulgar art!

She sleeps—no more to wake or dream;
And when the misty years are old,
Amid that long-forgotten mould
The ruby's awful light shall gleam—
The ruby's buried brightness still shall gleam.

She sleeps—perchance from happy plains
Bedight with strange, immortal flowers,
O'er the Great City's star-gemmed towers
Wander divine, ethereal strains—
Floats the far sweetness of familiar strains!

Bobolink.

Throat brimful of music—
Cannot keep it in;
Bless me! Would'n't have you try;
'T would almost be a sin.
Should think 't would choke you though, some-
times,
The aperture 's so small
That all this noise must struggle through,
Or not get out at all.

Swinging on the lily-cups,
Hiding in the clover,
Prince of comic vocalists,
Saucy little rover—
Give us a gem from Mozart;
A taste of Meyerbeer;
Or a morceau from Rossini,
Fit for cultivated ear.

Cannot?—Well, stop trying;
Your own wild notes are best.
Stick to the tune you've practiced,
Never mind the rest;
Stretch your mouth to the utmost;
Pour forth your pearly song,
Marred by no taint of by-gone grief,
Or shade of future wrong.

Orchestral and Choral Force—Their Relative Proportions.

Great difference of opinion, or at least of practice, prevails with regard to the combination of voices and instruments in chorus. What is the best balance, and what the proportions requisite for the best effect, appear to be unsettled questions. Fetis, the learned musical critic, composer, editor, director of the Brussels Conservatory, and author of a Universal Musical Biography, gives us the theoretical composition of a choir and orchestra of the best proportions for three hundred and fifty performers. We have on record, also, the actual composition of the choral and orchestral force of the great Handel Commemoration, in Westminster Abbey in 1874, the anniversary of the one hundredth birth day of the illustrious composer, at the great Handel Festival at the London Crystal Palace, in 1859, the band and chorus numbered over three thousand performers, but we are not informed as to their relative proportions. Gilmore's Jubilee sported one thousand instruments to ten thousand voices; the late Boston Handel and Haydn Festival combined one hundred instruments with seven hundred voices. To show the wide range of opinion and practice in making up choral societies, and to gratify the curious, we here place, side by side the theoretical arrangement of M. Fetis and the actual forces of the Handel Commemoration in 1874, as well as of the Boston Handel and Haydn in 1871. In each case there is presupposed an organ of first rate power; that in Music Hall, Boston, is equal to five large organs, and, when used sparingly, as in Mendelssohn's "Elijah", becomes an immense accession of force and volume in whelming choruses:

	M. Fetis.	Handel Festival, 1874.	Handel and Haydn, 1871.
Soprani.....	62	68	234
Alto.....	42	60	184
Tenori.....	42	100	137
Bassi.....	42	102	174
First Violins.....	30	63	22
Second Violins.....	30	63	22
Violas.....	25	28	15
Violoncellos.....	30	28	14
Double Basses.....	20	18	30
Flutes.....	4	6	2
Bassoons.....	4	28	2
Hornes.....	6	12	4
Trumpets.....	2	12	2
Trombones.....	3	6	3
Oboes.....	4	26	2
Serpents.....	2	2	2
Clarinets.....	4	..	2
Bugles.....	5
Drums and Cymbals.....	6
Drums.....	4
Double Bassoon.....	..	1	..
Piccolo.....	1
English Horn.....	1
Tuba.....	1
Double Drum.....	1
Side Drum.....	1
Cymbals and Triangle.....	1
Kiss Drum.....	1
Harp.....	1
Total Voices.....	178	330	730
Total Instruments.....	178	277	111
Total force.....	356	607	850

—Troy Musical Review.

OUT OF THE WAY ENTIRELY.—The new edition of Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences" has this anecdote: "A well-known coarse and abusive Scottish law functionary, when driving out of his ground, was shaken by his carriage coming in contact with a large stone at the gate. He was very angry, and ordered the gate keeper to have it removed before his return. On driving home, however, he encountered another severe shock by the wheels coming in contact with the very same stone, which remained in the very same place. Still more irritated than before, in his usual coarse language he called the gate-keeper, and roared out, 'You rascal, if you do not send that beastly stone to h—l, I'll break your head.' 'Well,' said the man quietly, and without meaning anything irreverent, 'aiblins gin it were sent to heeven it wad be mair out of your lordship's way.'"

A Candidate for the Succession.

A new star has arisen in the place of Nilsson. A correspondent of the *Saturday Gazette* writes: Mr. Mapleson, the Director of Her Majesty's Opera at Drury Lane, whose prospects looked very shady when it was announced that Nilsson would not return to Europe this season, has been fortunate in finding a vocalist in the person of Mlle. Marie Marimon, who promises to worthily fill the place left vacant by the Swedish Diva. Mlle. Marie Marimon made her first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre last week in the opera of *La Sonnambula* with an unmitigated success. Upon her entry on the stage she was received coldly and almost silently, as though the audience seemed determined to judge the new artist entirely upon her merits, and to disregard any prejudice formed upon statements read or heard in her favor previously to her actual appearance. This kind of treatment would have been completely disheartening to any but an artist confident of possessing unusual gifts, and in the power of employing them properly with credit to herself and pleasure to her hearers. The utterance of the first few notes of the opening scena for Amina, *Cure Campagna*, at once declared Mlle. Marimon had the power of singing perfectly in tune, possessed also the most complete control over a voice of a pure and sympathetic quality, and of delivering her cadences not only in the most faultless style as regards mere mechanism, but of imparting an individuality and originality to the manner in which these cadences were executed, so great and novel, and with so sweet, flexible and tuneful a voice, that the silent but watchful audience became absolutely fascinated with delight, and only broke the witching spell under which they seemed to labor with a perfect torrent of applause. Mlle. Marimon is not a vocalist capable of surmounting the mechanical difficulties of execution alone, for she has also power of producing new effect out of well-used means. Her voice is of a beautiful musical quality, with a true tremolo used judiciously, and her compass is great and of the same character throughout. She is a good actress, with a pleasing, expressive face, and by her acting and singing—her singing especially—charms her audience in such a manner as only an artist can charm.

A New Tenor.

The news of M. Capoul's great success is given by the critic of the *London Echo*. The opera was "Faust," and the new comer's portrayal of the hero suggested the following remarks: "Of M. Capoul," says the writer, "who on this occasion made his first appearance before an English public, it is not easy to speak too highly. Singularly handsome, gifted with a sweet, powerful and thrilling voice, and a passionate but always graceful flexibility of action, he completely took the house by storm. Even before he had cast off his aged dressing-gown and flowing gray beard—before the appearance of *Mephistopheles*, who gives him the elixir which restores him to youth and the beauty of manhood's prime—before he stepped forth suddenly in his red doublet and hose—the audience became aware that no common representative of *Faust* was before them; but when the impassioned lover sings in the moonlight, before *Marguerite's* window, the famous and enchanting 'Salve dimora casta e pura,' the depth and sustained pathos of the whole passage completely carried the audience, who 'rose at' the actor and vehemently demanded a repetition, which was at once accorded."

A CERTAIN INDICATION.—A man who wanted to buy a horse asked a friend how to tell a horse's age. "By his teeth," was the reply. The next day the man went to a horse dealer, who showed him a splendid black horse. The horse hunter opened the animal's mouth, gave one glance, and turned on his heel. "I don't want him," said he, "he's 32 years old." He had counted the teeth.

"Number Ninety-One."

One of the exhibitors at the recent Texas State Fair, at Houston, gives an amusing account of his experience at the hotel, which illustrates the crowded condition of the public houses at that time:

"When I got there, I just said, 'Captain, I wrote to you about six weeks ago to save me a room; I hope you have done so.'"

"Certainly I have; waiter, show the gentleman to number ninety-one."

"I'm blessed if there wasn't forty others beside myself in the same apartment, and when they went to undress at night, the room looked like an arsenal, for every man had a knife and a six shooter or two. My partner had an immense pistol, which he coolly took off and placed in bed between us."

"Say, stranger," says I, "if I had to carry a thing like that, blamed if I wouldn't put it on wheels."

"Guess if I choose to wear it, it's nobody's business," he replied.

"Well," says I, "is all of this artillery company in this room?"

The next night, after we had all turned in, there came a rap at the door; the beds were all full but one, and in this there was a tall Texan, got up, the rapping had been several times repeated, who, after and in a costume little better than the Georgian full dress, but with a revolver in his hand, opened the door and demanded, "What do you mean by kicking up such an infernal row here?"

"They told me there was a vacant bed here," said a dapper-looking fellow, with a satchel in his hand, "and I came to occupy it."

"Come in," replied Texas, flourishing his pistol, "there ain't no vacant bed, but you kin bunk in with me." "Thank you," said the new comer, at the same time evidently wishing himself out again.

I can tell you that young fellow wasn't long "shucking" himself, and sliding easily into bed; but he had no more than stretched himself when his bed-fellow said:

"You got any whiskey?"

"Y-e-s, sir, I was—afraid of the water, and—" "Water! if you 'er got any whiskey behave like a gentleman and produce it."

"The young fellow got out of bed and soon handed over a small wicker flask."

"It's your whiskey—drink first," said Texas. His companion poured out about three drops and took it, when the other put the flask to his head and drained it, and then coolly turned it bottom up, to show that it was dry, and handed it back.

About half the occupants were changed every day, and I could tell every new arrival and the number of his room as soon as I set eyes on him.

"Halloo, General, just got in?" I would say.

"Yea, just in, and lucky enough to get a room."

"What's your number?" I would ask.

"Ninety-one" was sure to be the reply.

I said there until they began to put the new arrivals in through the transom, and then I left town.

Scottish Songs.

A Scotchman writes: "If you have Scotchmen among your people, as doubtless you must, where all are so newly and widely gathered, you have a goodly sprinkling and tincture at least, of music in a domestic and social way, and doubtless they have with them a few of the 'sweet songs of their dear native land,' endearing its memory to them, fostering and allaying homesickness at once. These songs, so far as I know, are never unfavorable to morality, never low and debasing, nor merely amusing without sense, which would of itself be objection enough. Often they are amatory, but pure at the same time, and even ennobling and refining. Very patriotic some are, and that sentiment towards Scotia becomes readily and naturally transferable to the land of their adoption. Some are of the jovial cast. Then, let Scotchmen sing on the prairies as they were wont among the heather."

DEATH OF A COMPOSER.—Louis Aime Maillart, an eminent French musical composer, died recently at Moulins, near Paris. He won, in 1841, the Roman prize of the Institute, and was the composer of several popular operas. His *Les Dragons de Villars* was well received in France, and is well known in New York under the title of "The Hermit's Bell." His last opera, *Lara*, was performed at the Opera Comique, Paris, in 1864.

THE HEIGHT OF INDOLENCE.—"Is your brother-in-law really such a lazy man?" asked one gentleman of another. "Lazy?" was the reply, "why he's so lazy that he has an artist employed by the month to draw his breath with a crayon."

Church Music in Scotland.

A correspondent writes from Scotland: "We have a few choirs, but they hardly ever in any case take all the singing to themselves, or rather the people hardly ever keep all silent, and become mere listeners. Sometimes a little of this is to be witnessed; but even when the choir or its leader trumps out ill-manneredly a tune new and strange to the people, they will take hold of it somehow, and will manifest their sense of right to a share in the exercise which they came to enjoy. The more common way is to have no choir at all, or if at all, it is so blended in the sound of all the voices in the house, that a stranger could hardly say there was one, unless at the first two or three notes of a piece, and would simply suppose the old-fashioned precentor had still his being and office."

But what a volume of sound does roll and pour from the voices of a thousand worshippers thus led! Nothing, I venture to say, would more surprise some of your people noting the difference. It would be something to be remembered that they were in apprehension of the rafters being raised off. Such a mighty accordant sound might not please some whose ears cannot be satisfied except with the utmost delicacy of harmonic chords—in a style of performance that cannot be reasonably looked for to be popular this side of Heaven—but to be one of a crowd filling a large building, and all singing, so that any one stopping but for a line would be almost awed, to join reverentially with the flood the next moment—this is a style of congregational music quite common here! It is edifying, and otherwise such in effect, that no fullness of instrumental sound can be conceived capable of accomplishing. The one is the work of life, of human life; the other is but mechanical, dumb, and often sepulchral hollow.

The Bad Habit of Choirs.

The New York *Examiner* thus describes a "fashionable": "The choir-loft ten feet behind and ten feet above the worshippers; then the fourteen sorts of tune books; then the balustrade to hide the praisers themselves, who come tripping to their place with exuberant satisfaction and demonstrative delight; then their salutations and greetings, which in any other part of the church would be considered intolerably irreverent (therefore the choir-loft is not recognized as a part of the church, or the inhabitants a part of the worshippers); then the titter, a disease which is as incurable in choirs as it is inseparable from them; then solemn singing, with a background of merry smiles, hilarious nudging and characteristic (not to say chorister's) winks; then a grand reconnoitering of tune-books, accompanied by appropriate whispers, during the prayer or reading the Holy Bible; then a literary entertainment, or exchange of pencilled notes on all the great questions that interest the human mind—excepting religion; then the transformation of the choir-loft into a sleeping car, of which the chorister is the conductor, who wakes up his passengers when it is time to go to praising again."

A Resolute Yankee Girl.

A handsome and resolute American girl who happened to be in Paris when Rossini died, desired to attend his funeral. Notwithstanding the efforts of her brother, the proper arrangements were not consummated; no ticket of admission could be purchased at any price. But she proved equal to the emergency. She dressed herself becomingly, and early in the morning repaired to the church where the services were to be held, and secured a seat. After hours had passed, the authorities desired to clear the edifice to make room for the legitimate mourners and audience. But all efforts to make the young lady comprehend what was wished were in vain. A gendarme was called in, but the choicest Parisian at his command was useless. Nor could she understand his emphatic gestures. Finally politeness conquered duty; the authorities left the lady in possession of her seat, and she heard the grand music.

UNCERTAIN GEOGRAPHY.—In the fall of 1852, when the Cass fever was high in politics, a graduate of Bowdoin College, on his way to teach school in the South, had occasion to cross over a river in a ferry boat. An old gentleman, afterwards ascertained to be a director of a bank, and largely possessed of lands and "chattels" in the neighborhood, also crossed at the same time, and eyed the Northerner with no little interest. "I say, stranger, where are you from?" "From Maine." "Maine! Maine! Let me see. That's where Cass lives, ain't it?" "No sir; Cass lives in Michigan." "Michigan! Oh, yes! Well, I thought it was close by there somewhere."

Foreign Notes.

MILE. STERNBERG, a soprano of repute in Brussels, has arrived in London.

BALFE's opera of "Lety, the Basket Maker" is in rehearsal at the Gaiety Theatre.

At the Teatro Nuovo, Florence, a new opera, entitled "Il Quadro Parlante," by Signor Bacchini, has lately been brought out.

RAVINA, a pianist and a composer of several morceaux de salon, well known in Russia and Paris, is shortly expected in London.

"L'Ombre," M. de Flotow's new opera, is in active rehearsal at Vienna and Pesth. At the latter city the opera will be given in the Hungarian language.

SIGNOR VERDI's new opera, "Aida," is, it is said, to be brought out at La Scala, Milan, as soon as the disputes between the municipality and the proprietors of boxes in the theatre have been settled.

A NEW journal, entitled, *Die Wacht*, has been published in Berlin, which treats of theatrical and musical matters, and of dramatic literature. Several well-known writers are amongst the contributors to its pages.

WIENIAWSKI has accepted a two years' engagement from Herr Ullmann, the first year to be passed in Europe, at a salary of 5,000 francs per month, and the second year in America, at the rate of 10,000 francs per month.

Wagner's Idea of Music.

Herr Wagner recently paid a visit to Berlin, where he was received with immense enthusiasm. Prince Bismarck's organ, the *Nord-Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, contained a glowing eulogium of "the two great conquerors, Bismarck and Wagner," who, it says, will stand side by side in the temple of fame. In the same paper there appeared a report of the farewell festival given to the composer, at which various poems and speeches were delivered in his praise. Herr Wagner's reply was characteristic:

"You have done me much honor. Let me now take the opportunity of declaring that all I require from music is truth or expression. * * * Music of a really elevated kind has nothing to do with mere harmony. The German spirit treats music as it does religion; it demands truth, not beauty. Many looked upon the reformation as a deformation, whereas as it was really a restoration. The music which we have introduced from Italy is totally unsuited to use the foreign spirit is so dangerous and corrupting. Every attempt to cultivate this kind of music and to foster mere harmony is un-German, besides being fruitless, as we can do nothing in a province so foreign to us. But we can do much more than anyone else if we will appreciate music with German seriousness and show ourselves as we really are."

Beethoven's Works at Boston.

The following works of Beethoven have been selected to be given at the Boston festival in August next: Mass in D; symphony in C minor; overture to "Leonora" (No. 3); aria from "Fidelio"; symphony orchestra; march and chorus from the "Ruins of Athens"; violin concerto; piano-forte and choral fantasia; overture to "Coriolanus"; pianoforte concerto in E flat, "Ah, perfidio!" overture to "Egmont," and the choral symphony.

An American Songstress.

Emma La Jennesse is now at Malta with brilliant offers for the summer to sing in opera. Two or three years ago, when only fourteen, she was the leader of the elegant choir at St. Joseph's Church, Albany, and when only seven, being the daughter of a New York music teacher, she used to instruct her father's pupils in his absence.

ANECDOTE OF ANSCHUTZ.—It was on the occasion of a court concert at Windsor that the master of ceremonies approached him with the inquiry, "Herr Anschütz, where are your gloves?" "In my pocket, my lord." "But won't you put them on?" "No, my lord, I never conduct with gloves." "But, Herr Anschütz, think of Her Majesty; you cannot conduct before her without gloves." "Well, my lord, if I cannot, I cannot." Whereupon he laid down his baton. Fortunately Prince Albert appeared, who, hearing of the difficulty, laughingly said, "Oh, let him go! He is a queer fish. I will make it all right with Her Majesty."

Machine for Writing Music.

An ingenious French invention is a machine for writing music. The inventor passes over a metal cylinder, turning regularly by means of a clock movement and communicating with a battery, a band of paper impregnated with a solution that will decompose under the influence of an electric current, as in telegraphic apparatus according to Cassell's and other systems. The clock movement may be put in motion or stopped at will by an electric or mechanical stop or detent. The band of paper being placed on the cylinder, the inventor places above it a series of metal wires of plates isolated from each other in such a way that as they rest at one point on the paper in a parallel direction to the axis of the cylinder, they each communicate by means of a separate metallic wire with a contact apparatus placed under each of the keys of the key-board of the instrument. These contact apparatuses are worked by the motion of the key, either by bringing together two wires or metallic plates, or by plunging one point in a jar of mercury communicating with the battery. The circuit is thus closed for each of the wires only when the key corresponding to it is lowered.

SUCH IS FAME.—An amusing anecdote is related in "Thackeray, the Humorist and Master of Letters," by Theodore Taylor. The following occurred when Thackeray was a candidate for the representation of the city of Oxford:

"Pray, what can I do to serve you?" inquired the vice chancellor.

"My name is Thackeray."

"So I see by this card."

"I seek to lecture within the precincts."

"Ah, you are a lecturer. What subjects do you undertake, religious or political?"

"Neither; I am a literary man."

"Have you written anything?"

"Yes, I am the author of 'Vanity Fair.'"

"I presume a dissenter, has written anything to do with John Bunyan's book?"

"Not exactly: I have also written 'Penny Dreadfuls.'"

"Never heard of these books, but no doubt they are proper books."

"I have also contributed to *Punch*."

"*Punch*? I have heard of that; is it not a ribald publication?"

A SILENT MONITOR.—When Mr. Jerome Hopkins was organist for the Church of the Incarnation, New York, he heard that a wedding was to take place on a certain day, at which an English organist was invited to play, but who had neglected to observe the usual etiquette on such occasions. Hopkins thought he would give him a lesson which he would not forget in a hurry, so he went at midnight before the day of the wedding, and just "doctored" the organ a little, and at the proper hour he sat in the congregation to see the fun. Well, no more music was heard from that organ until after the wedding, and if the ill-mannered organist received his fee, it certainly was not because he had earned it. It is said that since then, when requested to play for weddings in strange churches, that organist has always asked the permission of the regular organist first.

SONGS IN DIALECT.—At Berlin has just been published the eleventh edition of "Songs of Offence and Defence," the last edition contained a pretty ballad in the vulgar tongue of Germany, looking almost as queer to us as Artemus Ward's English must to a German. Its name might be translated as "O Granny! He is dead." The grandmother is supposed to be comforting her granddaughter, who thinks the flaming Northern Lights a bad omen. As they speak the postman comes:

He puts a letter in her hand;

She turns it o'er and o'er.

"That's not his writing—I know why—

O me! he'll write no more."

She breaks it—does he live? She throws

Her apron o'er her head.

The letter falls down in her lap,

"O granny! he is dead!"

A NEW INSTRUMENT.—A new musical instrument has been exhibited in Edinburgh. It has been described as a keyed instrument, having six octaves, and resembling a harmonium in general form, but very different in mechanism. The sounds are produced by the friction of wooden hammers against a revolving cylinder of wood set in motion by the feet. The tones produced are said to be very agreeable and wonderfully varied.

As the climbing up a sandy way is to the feet of the aged, so is a wife full of words to a quiet man.

A FREAK OF FANNY KEMBLE.—It is related of Mrs. Siddons that once, when dining at the country seat of a friend, she frightened out of his wits a servant who, when on the point of handing her the butter, withdrew it quickly, saying:

"Excuse me a moment, madam—there's a fly on the butter."

To which the great actress, assuming a look and tone of intense horror, exclaimed:

"A fly, my ye! How gat he there?"

"Good Words."

"INTERESTING READING—TOUCHING SONGS,"

[From the Saginaw Enterprise.]

THE SONG JOURNAL.—This popular musical monthly is on our table, and, as usual, is full of interesting reading for the music-loving public. No teacher of vocal or instrumental music can afford to be without it, and if we were only a singist, which we are not, we should not know how to get along without it. This number has a touching song set to music, "The Dream of Home," and a choice piece of music entitled "Forest Echoes March." Only \$1 a year; C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson avenue, Detroit, publishers.

[From the Shawnee American.]

THE SONG JOURNAL.—The June number of this publication, devoted to musical literature, is received. It is fully equal to former numbers, containing, besides the usual amount of reading matter, two fine pieces of music.

EXCELLENT TABLE OF CONTENTS.

[From the Laingsburg Recorder.]

THE SONG JOURNAL. The June number of this, with its excellent table of contents, has again come to hand, filled with many interesting articles, and two beautiful pieces of music, entitled "O Take Me from the Festal Throng," and "Period Mazurka."

"INTERESTING READING—GOOD MUSIC,"

[From the Ypsilanti Sentinel.]

THE SONG JOURNAL for June is on hand, filled with interesting reading and good music. The latter alone is worth more than the dollar that the paper costs, and we advise our musical readers, once more, to subscribe for it.

[From the Raisin Valley Record.]

THE SONG JOURNAL.—The June number of this publication, devoted to musical literature, is received. It is fully equal to former numbers, containing, besides the usual amount of reading matter, two fine pieces of music.

"AN IMPROVEMENT,"

[From the Iosco County Gazette.]

THE SONG JOURNAL for June is an improvement on previous numbers, and is excellent in matter and music.

The Music of Bells.

BY C. O. BROWN.

Have you ever let the bells talk to you? Oh, what a story they can tell and how soothingly they tell it, when you open the windows of the soul to let them. They talk to you in merry tones of most joyous hours, when brave youths and fair maidens tremblingly kneel at the altar and seal their separate joys and sorrows into one everlasting bond of union.

They speak again, and the very softness of their melody seems breathed upon by the All-Father, in whose worship they call you to engage; while the gentle quiver of their music rings through the dusty avenues of the soul, clearing the way for God's truth.

Again they speak, and the low, solemn murmur of their voices bids us tread softly toward the home of the dead. They bid the great, busy world cease its noise and bustle; to come and look upon the calm features of one whose quiet repose will never more be disturbed by its strife and vain glory.

They ring away the happiest hours of the school-boy, and usher him into manhood. They have a joy-

ous tone for the maiden, a sigh of sympathy for the widow. They tell us of things temporal, and point us away to those which are eternal. They bid us to seasons of rejoicing, and soften our joys; they call on us to weep, and soothe our mourning; they sigh because nations war, and tell, in accents of sweetest consolation, to hearts made desolate, of a land where strife is not. They greet the messenger of peace with notes which beat in sympathy with the great hearts of nations; they measure off epochs in time, and toll it away into eternity; they ring when we are born; they toll when we die.

Say, have the bells no music for thee? Only listen, and their notes shall go breathing through the corridors of thy soul, stirring its delicate strings with sweetest music, whose gentle melody shall speak to thee of God.

Correspondence.

From Allegan.

FORMATION OF A MUSICAL UNION.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

ALLEGAN, June 19.

A few lovers of the art of music in this county, feeling the want of knowledge and the necessity of appreciation, and with a desire of improvement, theoretically, practically and social, met a short time ago and formed a musical society. The association is called the "Allegan Musical Union." It is designed to include among its members all those who possess a moderate knowledge of written music, and who desire to increase that knowledge, and at the same time assist in the advancement of their associates. Our desire is to distinguish between real merit and pretense. We desire no affectation, and shall admit none whose pretensions are not sustained by their ability. Our director is to be elected every three months, and any one who is capable shall have an opportunity of leading and instructing our society. Wherever we can find merit and musical qualifications, either in lady or gentleman, we shall avail ourselves of their capacity, and profit by their instructions.

The design of the society is to be permanent. We have arranged a constitution and by-laws, and have elected officers. The expenses will be but trivial, including only the necessities of books, and a room, with fuel, lights, etc. The true mission of song being to entertain and give pleasure, we will avoid a vain display of accomplishment, and recognize true talent wherever we find it. He who sings for self will soon be satisfied with mediocrity; who sings for others will not be content with low attainments.

Private instruction is of great value, but it needs rehearsals, public concerts and conventions to educate the taste of the people, and to cultivate a true appreciation of the divine art of melody. We express a preference for our own English songs, whose sentiment, not the less than their music, is elevating and refining. If instructors are needed, we shall employ those who have devoted their lives to studying and teaching music. By these means we expect to attain a great degree of efficiency, and to not only please, but add to the culture of the people of Allegan county, and worthily add to the fame to which, in so many respects, she is justly entitled.

Having thus given you some outline of the expectations we entertain, it only remains to invite, through THE SONG JOURNAL, all the vocalists in the county to join us. The benefits will be apparent, the social pleasures great, and the friendships formed enduring.

The officers of the Union are:

President—General Elisha Mix.

Director—Charles Mauwarring.

Secretary—James M. Conklin.

Any inquiry addressed to either of these gentlemen will be promptly answered.

ALLEGRO.

From Boston.

Musical Matters—Cheap Concerts—The Festival a Financial Failure—Nilsson and Parepa in Opera—Italian Opera Don't Play—Aimes Quarrels with Fisk—National Musical Congress—Gilmore to Give more Jubilees—Oratorio on a Large Scale.

[Correspondence of the Song Journal]

Boston, June 22, 1871.

The musical events which have transpired in the "Hub" during the past month, outside the annual convention of the National Musical Congress, may be summed up very briefly. A series of promenade concerts have been inaugurated at Music Hall by the Germania Band and Orchestra, and are to be continued once or twice a week. A concert was given at Music Hall on Sunday evening, the 11th, under the direction of Mr. P. S. Gilmore, for the benefit of the Cathedral Choir table in the forthcoming great Catholic Fair. Miss Kellogg and other prominent artists appeared on the occasion, in conjunction with an orchestra and chorus. Several very excellent concerts have been given by the New England Conservatory of Music, and one by the Boston Conservatory. At the one hundred and sixty-seventh concert of the New England Conservatory, which took place at Wesleyan Hall to-day, Mr. J. C. D. Parker, pianist, Mr. Wm. Schultze, violinist, Mr. Wulf Fries, violoncellist, and Madame Lewis, a vocalist who has recently arrived in Boston from England, appeared.

The splendid band of Col. Fisk's Ninth New York Regiment, numbering one hundred pieces, visited Boston with the regiment on the 17th inst., and gave a concert on Boston Common, which was attended by at least 20,000 people.

At an Odd Fellows' parade on the 13th, something like fifty brass bands appeared in our streets. Boston hasn't got over the din yet.

Mr. Alfred P. Peck has arranged a series of ten popular concerts, to take place at Music Hall in the early part of next season, provided a sufficient number of tickets are subscribed for previous to September 9th. Single admissions are to be 25 cents. Notwithstanding this low price, such artists as Miss Kellogg, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Miss Anna Cary, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. C. A. Barry, Mr. M. W. Whitney, Mr. F. C. Packard, etc., are to appear. Two of the concerts are to be orchestral.

Mr. Loring B. Barnes has been chosen President of the Handel and Haydn Society. The recent festival, I am sorry to learn, was not successful financially. The engagement of Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. Cummings and the orchestra ran up the expenses very high. The guaranty fund was assessed ten per cent, or \$5,000, to cover the deficit.

It is not improbable that the Nilsson Opera Troupe will be heard in Boston before it sings in New York. The matter will be decided soon by Mr. Max Strakosch, who is now in London. If so, the engagement of the artists will begin two weeks earlier than originally intended. The Parepa-Rosa English Opera Troupe will begin a season at the Boston Theater January 8th.

The recent operative ventures in Boston—the Italian Opera at the Globe, and Fisk's Opera Bouffe at the Boston Theater—were financially failures. Messrs. Albitres and DeVivo lost \$2,500 at the Globe. The lateness of the season and the sudden warm weather was the sole cause. M. Castelmari, the new French basso, made a great hit as Mephisto in "Faust," in which opera Miss Kellogg also did finely. In the course of the opera bouffe season, which extended two weeks, Mlle Aimes quarreled with Fisk, but the two came to an understanding after the return of the troupe to New York.

The annual convention of the National Musical Congress, which has been in session at Music Hall during the past three days, has been a very successful and interesting affair. The convention met on Tuesday morning, and in the absence of the President,

Wm. Mason, detained at home by the illness of his father, the venerable Lowell Mason, Dr. L. H. Southard, of Baltimore, one of the Vice Presidents, was called upon to occupy the chair. An excellent address of welcome was delivered by his excellency Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts. The Treasurer's report was read by that officer, Gen. Henry K. Oliver, of Salem, and it appeared that the receipts for membership, fees, etc., had amounted to \$326 since September 1st, and that \$140 remained in the Treasury. The report of the Secretary, Dr. Tourjee, which was also read, gave a gratifying account of the progress and spread of music throughout the land. Many new choral societies had been formed through the direct agencies of the Musical Congress, and others about to surrender had been kept in existence. The next jubilee would witness applications for the chorus from societies all over the land—from Maine to the Pacific coast. The common school education was also much benefited by the labors of the Congress in the direction of the incorporation of music among the regular branches to be taught.

Mr. Theodore F. Seward, of Orange, N. J., from the committee appointed last fall to consider the subject of musical institutes, reported that little had been done as yet, but that the committee were more thoroughly convinced than ever of the importance of elementary instruction in music.

A discussion on the subject of "The objects and aims of the National Musical Congress, and how they are best to be promoted," was opened, and two excellent addresses were made by Gen. Oliver, of Salem, and Col. Tufts, of Lynn. Both gentlemen took the ground that the Musical Congress can do much good by aiding in the formation of choral societies, in establishing musical education among the young, and by otherwise favoring the musical education of the masses.

Tuesday afternoon the first of the series of concerts was given. The chorus, which numbered nearly one thousand voices, was made up of delegations from the various choral societies of New England. Between sixty and seventy different organizations were represented. As requisitions were made upon the different societies for a given number of voices on each part, the force was admirably balanced, and the effect of the singing was very fine. The conductors were Carl Zerrahn and P. S. Gilmore, and Mr. G. E. Whiting presided at the organ. Among the choruses sung were, "And the Glory of the Lord," from "The Messiah;" "He, watching over Israel," from "Elijah;" "The Heavens are Telling," from "The Creation;" "Thanks be to God," from "Elijah;" "The Hymn of Peace," written by Dr. O. W. Holmes, to the music of Keller's "American Hymn;" "The Gloria," from Mozart's "Twelfth Mass;" and the "Hallelujah Chorus," from "The Messiah." Madame Lewis, Mr. M. W. Whitney and Mr. Arbuckle also appeared as soloists.

In the evening there was a memorial service and biographical sketches of several deceased musicians and officers of the Congress were read, the list including sketches of Carl Anschutz, Col. Thomas E. Chickering, Carlo Bassini and C. M. Wyman. The writers of the papers were Theodore Hagen, of New York; J. C. D. Parker, of Boston; Albert Brisbane, of New York, and W. S. B. Mathews, of Chicago; and the sketches were read by Prof. L. B. Monroe, of Boston; Rev. E. E. Wentworth, D. D., of Amsterdam, N. Y.; Rev. E. P. Thwing, of Portland, and W. P. Perkins, of Boston. An anthem by the late Mr. Wyman was sung by the Park Street Choir.

Yesterday morning, 21st, the members of the Convention, by invitation of the Music Committee of the Public Schools, paid a visit to several of the schools for the purpose of witnessing exhibitions of the mode of teaching music.

In the afternoon the Convention re-assembled in Music Hall and listened to a paper from Rev. Elias Mason on the subject of "The Four Great

Oratorios." This production was a very interesting account of "The Messiah," by Handel; "The Creation," by Haydn; "St. Paul," by Mendelssohn, and "The Mount of Olives," by Beethoven.

An interesting discussion was had upon the subject of choral societies and the best method to be pursued for the creation and development of such organizations. Dr. Tourjee thought the churches should take a greater interest in choral societies and aid in their formation. The people were ready, but somebody was required to take the lead. Of the two hundred communities he had visited during the year, at least fifty desired the formation of choral societies. Other remarks were made by Mr. L. C. Emerson, Dr. Southard, Mr. Carl Zerrahn, Gen. Oliver, Col. Tufts and others.

Mr. Seward offered a resolution in favor of the Guidonian or tonic system in the use of the syllables for teaching music, in opposition to the Italian method. This was referred to the Committee on Resolutions, who deemed action inexpedient.

Dr. Barnett, of Hartford, spoke in favor of the publication, by the Congress, of original compositions which should be deemed worthy by a competent committee of examination.

The second grand concert took place in the evening. The chorus numbered some eight hundred singers, and was made up of the Boston Chorus, Boston Choral Union, Chelsea Choral Society, and Newton Musical Association. Mr. Zerrahn was the conductor and Mr. G. E. Whiting presided at the organ. Some of the chorus singing was exceedingly fine, and the grand choral, "To God on High," was repeated in response to an encore. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club also appeared, and their performance of a quintette of Mendelssohn's was greatly admired. An encore resulted in a repetition of the last movement. Miss Lizzie M. Gates, Miss Hattie E. Safford, and Mr. E. Heindle, flutist, also took part in the entertainment.

This morning an interesting paper on Mendelssohn was read by Rev. W. L. Gage, of Hartford.

This was followed by a discussion on church music, in which Dr. Barnett, Rev. Dr. Wentworth, Mr. L. C. Emerson, Rev. Mr. Wiggins, of Medford, Rev. Mr. Patrick, of West Newton, Mr. Seward, Rev. Mr. Spalding and others took part.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—John Stephenson, President of the Associated Chorus of New York city.
Corresponding Secretary—Eben Tourjee, Boston.
Treasurer—W. E. Sheldon, West Newton.
A long list of Vice Presidents and the following Directors—John F. Morgan, Carl Bergman, Geo. F. Bristow, Henry C. Watson, James Peck, and Robert J. Johnson, New York; Carl Zerrahn, John K. Paige, P. S. Gilmore, S. A. Emory, and Luther L. Holden, Boston; Chas. C. Converse, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. K. Oliver, Salem; Henry Traak, Springfield; Chas. Jarvis, Philadelphia; Hans Balatka, Chicago; J. G. Barnett, Hartford; Theodore F. Seward, Orange, N. J.; P. A. Stackpole, Dover, N. H.; Francis A. Fisher, Rutland, Vt.

In the afternoon there was another concert, under the direction of Mr. Zerrahn. The main feature was the performance of two native compositions, or rather of selections from the same. The first was a solo and chorus from a mass in C minor, by Mr. G. E. Whiting, and the other a Te Deum and Benedictus, by J. P. Morgan. These were performed by a small chorus, but, owing to a lack of proper rehearsal, the music was not well rendered. Notwithstanding the disadvantages, the music of both works made a very fine impression. The orchestra played several pieces very nicely, and Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, Mr. C. M. Allen, Mr. Perabo, Mr. Arbuckle, and Miss Fisher appeared as soloists. Mr. Arbuckle's solo was *encored*.

At the close of the concert the Convention held its final business session.

The Committee on Resolutions reported a series of resolutions, thanking the gentlemen who had read or prepared papers, the artists who had kindly lent their aid, the choral societies who had taken part, the organists and conductors, the Music Committee of the Public Schools, the officers of the Convention,

and all others who had contributed to the success of the gathering. These, and others expressing gratification at the results of the Congress and insisting on having music taught in the public schools, were adopted.

A preamble and resolution in relation to the proposition of Dr. Barnett were also adopted, ordering the receipt and publication of music on the part of the society.

Mr. Gilmore, at the request of the Convention, made a short address in which he set forth some of the features of his projected International Peace Jubilee, to be held in June, 1872, the plan of which would shortly, he said, be communicated to the public. His remarks were received with great applause, and a resolution was adopted on motion of Mr. Seward, commending the Jubilee to the acceptance of the American people and to the sympathy and co-operation of the friends of music every where.

The following named gentlemen were elected a Committee of Arrangements for the meeting next year:

William E. Sheldon, West Newton; T. F. Seward, Orange, N. J.; Luther L. Holden, Boston; Charles H. McLellan, Maine; E. Tourjee, Boston, and Robt. J. Johnson, New York.

This evening the closing entertainment was given, Haydn's "Creation" being performed by a chorus of nearly one thousand voices made up of various Unions, and assisted by Mrs. J. Houston-West, Mr. W. J. Winch, and Mr. M. W. Whitney, as soloists, and Mr. G. E. Whiting as organist. The whole was under the conductorship of Mr. Zerrahn. Although the singers had had only one rehearsal, they did finely, entitling themselves to great praise. There was a degree of unity and smoothness in the singing which seemed quite remarkable considering the fact that the several societies had practiced under different conductors. "The Heavens are Telling" was especially well performed, and it was repeated in response to an encore. The soloists sustained their parts with very marked success. The hall was crowded to excess.

RANGER.

From Munich.

Correspondence of the Song Journal.

MUNICH, June 8, 1871.

I have received with gratification the numbers of the SONG JOURNAL you were kind enough to send me. In accordance with the request you make, I shall be pleased to send you such occasional items of musical intelligence as fall in my way. Here, in this renowned city—the home of the arts, the successor, so far as culture of the æsthetic faculties are concerned, of mediæval Rome—musical transpirations are neither few nor far between. The king, as you know, is a passionate lover of the divine art, and though his tastes may be somewhat perverted by the influence of Wagner, of whom he is extremely fond, the encouragement he gives to music has surrounded his capital with a number of musicians whose superiors, as composers, instrumentalists and vocalists, are nowhere to be found.

At present, however, things in Munich are somewhat quiet. There is but little of moment going on. As for the neighboring countries, the Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine was held at Cologne on the 28th ult., and continued three days. The first day was given a new overture by Reinecke in commemoration of the victories of the Prussian army, the title being "Sieges-Ouverture." This was followed by a poem on the same subject, written and recited by a poet and musician of some local fame, Herr Rittershausen. The adaptation by J. Sebastian Bach, of "Ein Feste Berg," was grandly rendered by a trained and powerful chorus. By the way, it is superfluous perhaps to mention, that with the universal musical culture of the German people, grander chorus effects are here brought out with less difficulty than in any other part of the world. A "Hymn,"

the words being selected from Scripture, and the music composed by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, was rendered in an admirable manner. Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" concluded the first day's programme.

The second day was entirely given to the production of Handel's "Joshua." The critics cannot find language strong enough to express their feelings at the way this was rendered. The third day Herr Joachim gave one of his inimitable violin concertos. This was followed by Gluck's "Iphigenia," and Handel's "Coronation Hymn." Solo performances by Madame Bellingrath, Wagner, and Mad. and Herr Joachim, and Herr Stockhausen, were next in order. The festival terminated with "Der Freischütz."

Italian opera does not flourish at Pesh—nor should it. The native German composers are not inferior in musical capacity to any Italy has ever produced. Besides their librettos are taken from familiar German stories, and thus better appreciated. The Pesh manager lost not less than six hundred florins at every performance.

The Vienna journals seem to indicate that the "tenor plague," as it is facetiously called, has died out. Herr Muller, who, for several months, has been confined to his bed, is now about with a voice as fresh and brilliant as ever. Mr. Adams is back again, and singing in almost every opera. Vienna is particularly gay at present; and in order to supply the demand for artists of first rank, Mad'le Ilma di Murska came over from London to sing in "Lucia." Of course she won a triumph hardly less than that which characterized her first appearance in 1864. A thousand florins was her portion of the proceeds of two evenings. She returned immediately to London, and will return for a longer season in September, continuing two months.

Herr Labatt, whose vocal ability has heretofore been indefatigable, has sung himself into an inflammation of the throat, and is now on sick leave.

Herr Julius Schulhoff has been offered, at a salary of two thousand florins a year, the professorship of "high" pianoforte playing at Prague. Several months leave of absence are stipulated for each year, but he has not as yet accepted.

As the Vienna "Frauen Orchestra" is to appear in New York sometime in September, under the management of Frederick Rullmann, I send you a sketch of their organization. It is now not quite four years since, Vienna was not less startled than pleased by a musical innovation that took all by surprise. Josephine and Elise Weinlich, and Elise Gruener appeared in the *salons* of the aristocracy and played trios for violin, piano and violoncello, in a way that astonished society and made their entertainments the very attraction of the dilettanti. They had the good fortune to secure the favor of the Empress, who retained them in her court for some months. She advised them to add a second violin to their number, which was done. Public concerts following, their success was unparalleled, and Josephine Weinlich, who from the first was the leader, added other players to the little band. They were much sought after by other European capitals, and many managers went to Vienna expressly to hear and engage them. They, however, retained their organization on an independent basis, and traveled through Italy for one season. Their success there was very great, the pecuniary reward being twenty-two thousand gulden.

Their *repertoire* comprises all grades of work suited for the concert of the *salon* and of a classical or current nature. Their performance is faultless and enthusiastic. They are all very young, and indeed very beautiful. For the past two years they have given concerts in every part of Germany and Hungary, and have everywhere been received with a perfect *furor* of delight. They will take out with them, as vocalists, Madame Fabbrie, M'le Elzer, and Herr Miller, a baritone of reputation.

At Leipsic, recently, the "Kaiser-marsch" was per-

formed under the conductorship of the great Wagner himself, who happened to be staying there for a few days. I see by a Berlin newspaper that Madame Parepa-Rosa has made a flying trip to the continent, and has gone back to England with renewed health and vigor.

CLAVIER.

Musical Union of Olivet—The Commencement Concert.

Correspondence of the Song Journal.

OLIVET, June 24, 1871.

The music furnished by the Olivet Musical Union at the Anniversary exercises of Olivet College was excellent. Indeed the Union is, and always has been, a success, under the efficient leadership of Prof. A. B. Brown.

The history of the Union runs back into the shady past, where that of the College is freely intermingled with the delightful tenor of merry mosquitos and the sonorous bass croaking of solemn-toned bullfrogs. Now, don't understand me to state, either directly or by implication, that the fundamental foundation of the Union can be traced to an amateur club of mosquitos and bullfrogs. Sufficient to say, that when Prof. Brown was invited to fill the professorship of music, the Union was nothing more than—in short there wasn't any *Union* at all—only a good sized *singing class*. Prof. Brown came to the aid of musical talent and taste in Olivet with a diploma from the Boston Academy, and an enviable local reputation as a vocalist and musical leader. He soon organized, out of the scattered material offered, an effective "Union" of singers. From that time till this, the organization has continued giving us, from time to time, musical feasts at concerts and other public occasions.

At the concert of the recent Commencement, the Union was assisted by the Battle Creek orchestra. In the midst of the exercises Prof. Brown announced that the proximity of train time would allow the orchestra to favor us with but one more piece. The members of the orchestra, after this performance, refusing to accept any pay for their services, retired amidst enthusiastic and long-continued applause, after which the programme was resumed in the order announced.

The "Crossing Sweeper," by Master Henry Haskell, a little boy of five, was clearly rendered. His appeal for pennies was greeted with a shower of them from different parts of the house. He was assisted in the chorus by the Union. Later in the evening the same little fellow sang, with equal effect, "Has Father been Here?" In this he was assisted by a quartette.

The event of the evening, however, so far as the Union was concerned, was the singing of Miss Katie Lord.

Prof. Brown sang, by request, "Man the Life Boat." The piano performances of the evening were good. The other performances announced on the programme were received with favor.

The house was well filled; a large portion of the audience was made up of educated men and women from all parts of the land. All were well pleased, and were profuse with their praise upon the discipline of the singers and the management of their leaders.

OLIVER.

HIS ONLY STOCK.—While a vender of greens in Boston recently was endeavoring to dispose of his stock in trade, his poor old nag balked and refused to budge an inch. The driver finally commenced belaboring the animal with a stick, when an old lady thrust her head out of a window, and exclaimed: "Have you no mercy?" "No, ma'am," replied the peddler, "nothin' but greens."

JUSTIFIABLE.—An old soldier having been brought up to vote at an election at the expense of one of the candidates, voted for his opponent, and when reproached for his conduct, replied, "Always *quarter* upon the enemy, my lads; always *quarter* upon the enemy!"

The Song Journal.

DETROIT, JULY, 1871.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,
 stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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The Science of Humbug.

Humbug, as a science, is by no means the least studied. Nor is it confined to the originators of woolly horses, Feeje mermaids and incomprehensible what-is-its. From the dignified college president, the pious popular preacher, down to the proprietor of a canvas show, all use it and all profit by it.

The higher adepts in the science of humbug disguise it by the invention of a smooth sounding title. This is the much-vaunted "art of putting things." These accomplished adepts seek to justify, and often with much truth, their little deceptions. In the case of a physician it happens at times that the patient's imagination must assist in his cure. He is then taught to believe that his illness is not serious. In most instances medical humbug takes a form the reverse of this. Necessity justifies the imposition of the physician. The patient is cured and no one is harmed.

In like manner, the lawyer, and the banker, and the speculator; the statesman, and the general, and the artist; in fine, all ranks and degrees of men—and women—justify the delusions with which they ensnare their fellows.

Musicians, too, are not lacking in the annals of deception. The methods they have used are so nearly akin to legitimate art, that in many cases the fraudulent science is not perceived. Yet a certain glamour of suspicion hangs about the most successful managers. The fact is shocking to the refined sense, but after all it cannot be contradicted. Musicians of merit have, and musicians of merit do still, study and cultivate humbug. Their rule of action undoubtedly is, the end justifies the means. It is this very art of putting things that gives them a temporary notoriety and a large pecuniary success.

The reappearance of the concert bills on New York of the name of Jullien, calls to mind the exploits of the elder individual who bore it. Some twenty years ago, Mr. Jullien *pere* landed in New York and began a series of performances. He had something of a London reputation. *Punch*, ever on the alert for folly, had caught inspiration from his absurd actions. He was caricatured—a slim-bodied, great-headed ringlet-crowned individual, standing at the leader's desk. His eyes are turned heavenward, his hands outstretched, his baton menacing the motley orchestra of jews-harps, bells, anvils, bagpipes, blunderbusses, and various other instruments of noise and melody that surround him.

Well, Jullien came to New York and opened concerts in Castle Garden. His egotism was of the most unblushing, aggravating, intense kind. His kids, and necktie, and vest, and general outfit were perfect, and his mannerism extraordinary. He led his hundred-strong orchestra with attitudes of gentle remonstrance, pathetic reproach, frantic appeal, or enthusiastic approval. Exhausted by his emotions, he sank into his chair at the end of a movement, and sometimes before its completion. All this added nothing artistically, to the "Pastoral Symphony" or to the

overture from "Zampa." Yet the superabundance of emotional outbreak affected the listeners to such an extent that they became enraptured, and magnified a really good performance into something of surpassing excellence.

People, seduced by the conductor's clap-trap and the manager's humbug, went to hear the symphony and the overture, who, under other circumstances, could not have been induced to listen to them. It was a successful appeal to other senses beside that of hearing.

There is Wehli, a pianist of repute. As a player he is entitled to rank with the best. His specialty has a certain flavor of humbug about it. The cultivation of the left hand is doubtless laudable of itself. Yet, when he rests his whole merit on that single specialty, we naturally inquire whether the meed of praise he demands as a musician does not exceed his deserts. A single-handed artist, in the nature of things, cannot hope to surpass a double-handed one. The pleasure of listening to a performance of that kind dwindles down into a mere view of expert gymnastics. The expectations we form at the outset are doomed to disappointment. The science of humbug is to create great expectations; its art to measurably fulfil them. Wehli accomplishes the science—he falls short of the art.

That erratic and unmanageable genius, Levy, is something of an adept in the same science. A cornet is an instrument of a certain compass. Perhaps no person has ever lived who could accomplish that compass as well as Levy. Yet his affectation, grimaces and gestures have quite as much attraction as the music he evolves from his keyed and twisted instrument. We marvel at the rapidity of his execution, and laugh at his mannerisms. Both combined together increase his reputation. Let one close the eyes to his performance and listen only to the sounds he produces from his instrument and a truer estimate may be formed of his powers.

Perhaps no one has better illustrated the science of humbug than P. S. Gilmore, of Boston Jubilee fame. The credit of that demonstration is wholly due to Gilmore, and he is determined to assert his claim to it in his recent book. He was not as personal in his clap-trap as Jullien, but the humbug of the affair is full as glaring. It is an ascertained fact, that beyond a thousand or so of musicians, the aggregation of performers does not add to the musical effect. Consequently the getting together of ten thousand vocalists and instrumentalists was only a striving for effect, a pretense musical nothing less than a humbug. What has a score of anvils, a park of artillery, and electric church bells to do with legitimate music? Such incidents must be pronounced purely clap-trap, and nothing else. It was humbug designed to draw a crowd, and succeeding in drawing an enormous one, must be considered a successful humbug. As for the pleasure or the gratification of artistic taste derived from attendance at Gilmore's Jubilee let the listeners speak. Under pretense of musical enjoyment, he put off his audience with appeals to their wonder and their vision. Where melody was expected, noise was given, and musical enthusiasm was forced to be content with a view of a mammoth drum, red-shirted firemen, and some thousands of performers. The expectations aroused were greater than the performance fulfilled. It was precisely the definition of a humbug.

BAXTER UNIVERSITY OF MUSIC.—The exercises of the Seventeenth Anniversary of the Baxter University of Music, at Friendship, N. Y., will take place during the week commencing Monday, July 10, 1871. There will be four public performances, as follows: On Monday and Tuesday evenings, Commencement exercises; on Wednesday evening, a concert of miscellaneous music; on Thursday evening, grand opera. All professional educators are cordially invited to be present. See advertisement in another column.

The Breakdown of the Banjo.

There is fashion in musical instruments as well as in personal adornments. The timbrel, and the dulcimer and the harp, Scriptural instruments, oft-times noted, are now rarely seen. The harp for a long time survived. It was the favorite instrument of the British bards. It even endured late into the last century as a fashionable instrument. Young ladies of rank were not considered accomplished unless able to melodiously accompany their ballads on this instrument. Now it has degenerated to the companionship of strolling minstrels, whose vagabondage is in sad contrast to the romantic achievements of the first of their kind away back in the chivalrous ages.

Other instruments have had their brief periods of popularity, none more noticeably than the banjo. The banjo, hilarious instrument, with its minor cadences, whose very tones are suggestive of reckless gaiety in keeping with the frivolity of the race who adopted it. Its tones, even when most exultant, had a saddening strain.

Time was when to be "a banjo picker" was the ambition of the musical American youth. When a breakdown, in which it bore a prominent part, was the very charm of romance. When its tones, in conjunction with the affecting melodies of plantation songs, was the very ideal of poetry and music. The banjo, with the negro minstrel, is now under the ban. Even the darbies delight no more in it. They aspire to greater things, and the guitar of Europe supersedes its ruder kinsman of the Southern States.

And yet the banjo is an instrument whose resources are large. Skillful players have evolved entrancing melodies from it. Thalberg, the great pianist, took delightfully to it. Its monotony under his agile fingers was changed into music of no mean order. He took lessons assiduously from James Buckley, the famous minstrel. When he became expert in its use he was wont to improvise most elaborately upon it. He has left several symphonies of his own composition, destined to bring out what he denominated "the pleasant harmony of the banjo."

There is no professor who can reproduce them. The banjo is effectually laid aside. From being the joyous promoter of many a breakdown it has itself come to break down, and the forsaken instrument is regarded with feelings akin to those with which we view a banquet hall deserted.

Musical Matters in Detroit.

During the month past, musical affairs in Detroit have been very dull. The first musical entertainments that occurred were the concerts by the musical classes of Prof. M. N. Dane, in St. Andrew's Hall. On the evening of June 13th the first of these was given, Miss Nelly E. Moulton acting as organist and Miss Emma Rice as pianist, and both acquitted themselves with credit. The solos of Misses Tenwinkle, Middlewood and Levington were received with approbation, Miss Tenwinkle being *encored* in the song "Leve's Request." Her voice is very fine, and brilliant anticipations were formed of her future musical conquests. Miss Fanny L. Chaffin, in the song "Ye Pretty Birds," was received with a perfect furor of delight. "Rock of Ages" was rendered in a manner that provoked unseemly mirth. The choruses were very good, and in these were shown the best results of Professor Dane's instructions.

The second evening a very fair audience assembled, the programme being nearly the same as on the first occasion—the hymn tunes, and the "Rock of Ages" among them, being omitted. The concerts, on the whole, were meritorious, and should have received larger patronage than fell to their lot.

THE article by C. O. Brown, in the last number of THE SONG JOURNAL, has met with great approval from the press and public. Mr. Brown's "Music in the War" has been reprinted by the Benton Harbor *Pulladium*, a journal of much esteem in Western Michigan.

Personal Peculiarities of Auber.

A correspondent of the N. Y. *Post* makes known some reminiscences of Auber's history that we do not recollect of having heretofore seen. We condense his long account to the following facts:

Auber, it seems, was very regular—minutely so—in his habits. He was a very poor sleeper. He kept late hours at night—retiring at one in the morning and rising at four in summer and at five in winter. This was a remarkably small amount of sleep, yet he never varied from it. He was somewhat of a beau, and very scrupulous about his dress, which usually was in sober colors. His toilet occupied some time, which completed, he sat down to the piano until six or seven o'clock, at which hour his doors were thrown open to visitors. No person was refused that asked admittance.

For a couple of hours he listened to applications of persons who desired to enter the *Conservatoire* of Music of which he was director; heard the complaints of pupils as to the modes of singing they were obliged to learn; listened to demands for changes of class, or gave audience to singers who wanted his opinion or advice. In this case he accompanied the applicant himself on the piano, and was pleased if one of his own compositions were chosen for trial.

At nine o'clock his doors were closed, he going at that hour to the *Conservatoire*. A ride about town followed, after which he went back to his work of composition.

In summer, on fine afternoons—from four to five—he drove about the *Champs Elysees* in a low carriage, with two black horses of English breed, and an English groom on the box behind him. This was the acknowledgment he paid to England for her superiority in all that relates to horses or horsemanship. On the seat to the left he invariably had a little black and tan terrier, a great favorite with him.

He knew and was known to all persons of distinction in Paris, consequently, when driving about the *Bois de Boulogne*, constant salutations were by him given and received. In this he was very graceful, and to the fair sex particularly obsequious. The Emperor and Empress constantly acknowledged his presence by a wave of the hand. He was a favorite at the Tuilleries and frequently dined there, although the annoyance was greater than the pleasure, as it interfered with the regularity of his habits.

At half-past five he took his only meal of the day—his dinner. He neither breakfasted or lunched, his one repast being light and simple. After dinner he went to the Grand Opera, returning at one o'clock in the morning alone. He always patronized the ballet corps, assisted in its selection, and was a great favorite with the ladies who composed it.

He was very fond of female society and particularly gallant to the ladies. Auber was also a great amateur in pictures, of which he had a rare collection, as also of marbles. He had much love for horses, and spent a great deal of time and attention on his stables. His movements, even when advanced in life, were very quick and graceful.

He retained his vital powers to the last. Until the day of his death, he was never seen to wear glasses, and his hearing was exceedingly acute. Auber enjoyed an income of one hundred and fifty thousand francs. He was humane and generous and ever willing to oblige. All his attendants were old people, some of whom had waited on him for thirty years. He inhabited the same house for thirty years or more, and never left Paris once, even in summer, during the last twenty years of his existence.

A Good Example.

We are gratified to learn, through our correspondent "Allegro," of the formation of a Musical Union in Allegan county. Such an association must exert great influence in the cultivation of a taste for music. As regards the development of talent, the Allegan

society has hit upon the correct method. The discipline and drill, not less than the criticism, of a society of thoroughly enthusiastic spirits cannot be otherwise than beneficial. The example of Allegan is commended to other localities in the State. There is no means of culture so good—no way of attaining excellence—no society so refining, as that to be had from a musical union projected on the plan of that of Allegan. Its influence on the community is second only to that of the church or the school. We should be pleased to chronicle the formation of similar societies elsewhere.

There remains but one thing to increase the efficiency of the Allegan Musical Union. Let the members—as doubtless a majority do—subscribe for *THE SONG JOURNAL*. They need an exponent and an organ. To add to musical taste and to encourage genuine refinement, and to give the latest information of occurrences in the musical world, is the object of *THE SONG JOURNAL*. To advocate and aid such organizations is always our highest pleasure. Let our friends in Allegan, one and all, keep us informed and report in due progress.

Garden Concerts.

About fifteen years since, the renowned Jullien, with his electrical and explosive orchestral adjuncts, appeared, and astonished the New Yorkers. His son, Louis George Jullien, under the prestige of his father's name, is meeting with considerable success in a series of garden concerts at New York. Jullien inherits considerable of the skill and genius of his father. The performances of his orchestra in a varied selection, from an overture to a symphony—from Strauss' "Morgenblatter" to "Le Prophete"—are described as being admirable. Vocal music was also introduced, mainly of a ballad character—English and German—and solo oboe and trombone by the specialists Castegnier and Harvey. These garden concerts are becoming more and more popular, and under cultivated leadership and with trained musicians, must become as much an institution in this country as in Germany. Their effects, as a popular educator, cannot but be gratifying.

A Monument to Von Weber.

A new monument is to be erected to Carl Maria von Weber at Dresden. The inscription of the monument will be the words with which Richard Wagner received the remains of Weber, upon their arrival from London at Dresden in the year 1844: "Never has a more truly German musician lived than thou. * * The Britons esteem thee, but love thee only the German can. Thou art his own; a beautiful day from his life; a warm drop of his blood; a piece of his heart."

A MONSTER CONCERT ON THE PACIFIC COAST.—The *San Francisco Chronicle*, June 26th, says:

"Sumner W. Bugbee leaves for New York this morning, for the purpose of securing some leading vocal artist, either Nilsson or Clara Louisa Kellogg, to take the principal part in a series of monster concerts, to be given some time in August, or at the time of President Grant's visit to this coast. They are to be given at Union Hall, which will be freed and rejuvenated for the occasion. Mr. Bugbee managed the Camilla Uroo concerts, which were the grandest musical, as well as financial successes ever achieved on this coast, which is a sufficient guarantee of his ability to satisfactorily carry out the present enterprise. Mr. Bugbee informs us that he has the assurance of leading citizens of their hearty co-operation to make the concerts a financial success."

ARRANGING THE TIME.—A gentleman was one day composing the music of a roudou for a lady to whom he paid his addresses. "Fray, Miss D.," said he, "what time do you prefer?" "Oh," she replied carelessly, "any time will do, but the quicker the better." The company smiled at the rejoinder, and the gentleman it was surely thought would take her at her word, but he did not!

Leger Lines.

ALBONI will sing in London this year.

NILSSON will venture in opera next October.

A NEW HAVEN church has a choir of male voices.

FRANZ LISTZ is studying Turkish and Arabian music.

SACRED concerts are weekly held in New York churches.

BRASS bands are in demand for the various summer resorts.

"CAN'T I STAY TO TEA?" is a new Philadelphia comic song.

The Trin-Marchions of Lorne delights in Scotch ballads.

EDWARD, Ole Bull's brother, a fine organist, will visit America.

NILSSON has sent to Europe for an architectural design for a house.

"GOOD EVENING FOR ME" is the title of a new grotesque melody.

THE bagpipe is once more in favor at fashionable English parties.

"THE BRIGANDS" of Offenbach has been translated into English.

ADDIE RYAN, once with the Mendelssohn Club, has gone to Europe to study.

Madam Anna Bishop has given up singing, and is at work on her autobiography.

A CHICAGO clergyman, with a ringing voice, is styled the "clerical Nilsson."

It costs Boston thirty-two thousand dollars a year for music in the public schools.

ALEX. CUMMINGS was paid four thousand dollars for a week at the Boston festival.

THE chorus choir and boys have been dispensed with at St. Paul's Church, Buffalo.

A BEELIN lady asserts that "Thalberg is the greatest pianist, but Listz is the only one."

FABELLI, who was to have sung in America in October, is reported to have lost his voice.

ANNE DOLEY has been reproduced at London, for the first time in twenty-five years.

THE London managers have combined against paying exorbitant prices to great singers.

THE pitch of the big Boston organ has been raised from the French to the usual standard.

MADAME RUDESDORFF received six thousand dollars for her week's engagement at Boston.

SIGNOR PADOVANI is delighting the New Yorkers with original solos on the violin and octavo violon.

A "MESSE SOLENNELLE," by Pergolesi, of Stabat Mater fame, has been discovered at Naples.

ANNE L. CARL, at her concerts, appears in a plain walking dress, and lays her hat upon the piano.

THE property of the New York Beethoven Männerchor is valued at \$100,450; their debts are over \$86,000.

PIERRE BERNARD and wife, Caroline Richings-Bernard, have a very fine residence in Delaware county, Pennsylvania.

FOUR HUNDRED camp stools are used every Sunday at a fashionable New York church. The choir singing is the attraction.

ATREB's coffin was broken in the Holy Trinity Church, at Paris, by the Communists, and the remains of the composer are lost.

VERDI has thus far received from European managers for his "Trovatore" more than nine times as much as Mozart got for all his operas.

LEVY, the cornet player, will till only for J. Fisk who is to pay him therefor ten thousand dollars a year. The report is open to doubt.

NILSSON's building lot at Peoria is shown at fifty cents a head, the funds going to the city. Thus boldly insinuates the disappointed Jolietiers.

PATTI and Trebell will sing at the German watering-place, Homburg, this summer. Patti's pay is to be forty thousand francs for ten performances.

RISTORI canceled an engagement at Madrid because a company formerly engaged at the theatre, of which her cousin was a member, had been unkind.

MISS LALLMEYER, the beautiful and famous opera bouffe prima donna of Vienna, who surpasses in grace and vim even the Schneider, is coming here next fall.

MRS. HOWARD PAUL sang before Prince Umberto and Princess Margharita at a musical festival given by T. Buchanan Head, the poet-painter, in Rome, on the 19th ult.

A KENTUCKY boy took his "Harp of Judah" in the garret on Sunday and roared away at "Oh for a thousand tongues." His father thrashed him for saving claphorns.

FRANCESCA ELIZA, a twelve-year-old prima donna, of Vienna, is coming to America, and will be ng with her large orchestra, wholly composed of ladies, and conducted likewise by a lady.

The projector of some charity concerts in a New York church set forth on the programmes that no applause would be allowed, and a contribution of ten dollars—no less—would secure an encore.

TAKE BACK THE HEART.

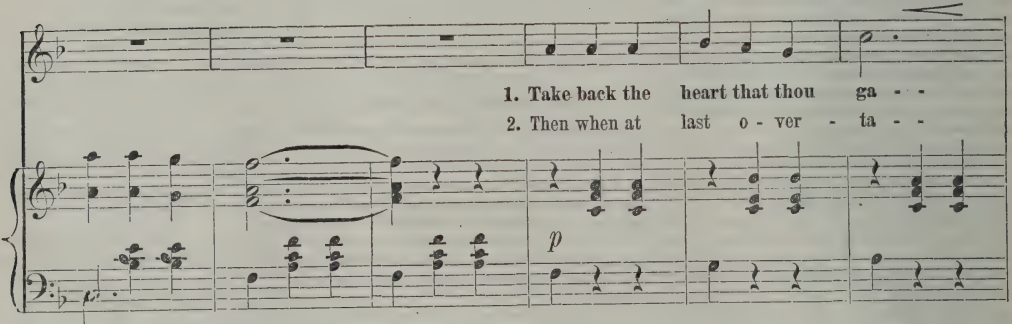
Composed by CLARIBEL.

Allegretto.

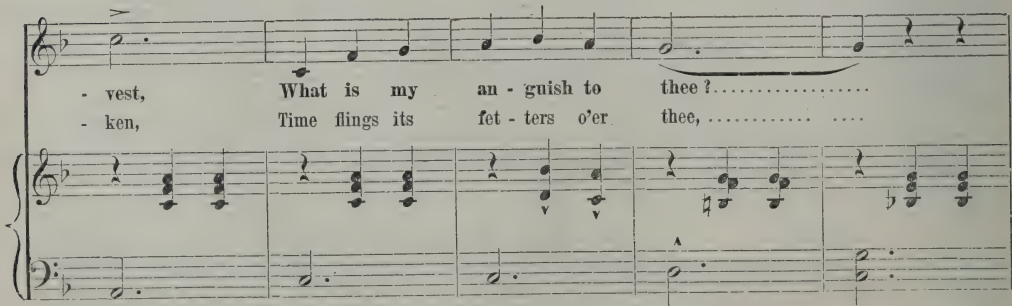
VOICE. 

PIANO. 

1. Take back the heart that thou ga - -
2. Then when at last o - ver - ta - -



- vest, What is my an - guish to thee ?.....
- ken, Time flings its fet - ters o'er thee,



Take back the free-dom thou era - - - vest, Leave-ing tho'
 Come, with a trust still un-sha - - - ken, Come back a

Sf *dim.*

fet-ters to me, Take back the vows thou hast
 cap-tive to me, Come back in sad-ness or

Sf *dim.*

spo - - - ken, Fling them a-side and be free,
 sor - - - row, Once more my dar-ling to be,

Smile o'er each pi-ti-ful to - - - ken,
 Come as of old, love, to bor - - - row,

rall:

Leav - ing the sor - row for me..... Drink deep of
 Glimp - ses of sun - light from me..... Love shall re -

rall:

life's fond il - lu - - - sion, Gaze on the storm-cloud and
 - sume her do - min - - - ion, Striv - ing no more to be

flee,..... Swift - ly thro' strife and con - fu - - - sion,
 free,..... When on her world, wea - ry pin - - - ion,

1 2

Leav - ing the bur - den to me.....
 Flies back my lost love to me.....

rit:

DER THAUTROPFEN.

THE DEW-DROP.

(BLUETTE DE SALON.)

Tempo di Marcia.

E. A. FAVARGER.

First system of musical notation. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The music features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Pedal markings are present: "Ped. f" in the first measure and "f Ped." in the third measure. There are also asterisks (*) in the second and fourth measures.

Second system of musical notation. It continues the piece with a grand staff. The key signature remains two flats. The time signature is 2/4. Pedal markings include "mf Ped." in the first measure, "Ped." in the second measure, and "rall: Ped." in the third measure. Asterisks (*) are used in the second and third measures.

Third system of musical notation. It continues the piece with a grand staff. The key signature remains two flats. The time signature is 2/4. The tempo marking "Allegro Moderato." is at the beginning. The instruction "con eleganza." is written above the first measure. Pedal markings include "f Ped." in the first measure, "Ped." in the second and third measures, and "Ped." in the fourth measure. Asterisks (*) are used in the second, third, and fourth measures. Fingerings are indicated with numbers 1-4 and crosses (X).

Fourth system of musical notation. It continues the piece with a grand staff. The key signature remains two flats. The time signature is 2/4. Pedal markings include "Ped." in the first, second, third, and fourth measures. Asterisks (*) are used in the first, second, and third measures. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

stacc. poco più. *f*
Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *cres.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. * *mf* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

THE DEW-DROP.

5

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff begins with *p* *delicato.* and *Ped.*. The system contains six measures with various chords and single notes, each marked with *Ped.* and an asterisk. The final measure has a *f* dynamic.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The system contains six measures, each marked with *Ped.* and an asterisk. The final measure has a *f* dynamic.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff begins with *ff*. The system contains five measures. The second measure is marked *elegante.* and *mf*. The system includes *Ped.* markings and asterisks. The final measure has a *f* dynamic.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The system contains five measures, each marked with *Ped.* and an asterisk. The final measure has a *f* dynamic.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The system contains six measures. The first measure has a *f* dynamic. The second measure is marked *Ped.*. The third measure is marked *Ped.*. The fourth measure is marked *ff* and *Ped.*. The system includes *Ped.* markings and asterisks. The final measure has a *f* dynamic.

C. J. WHITNEY & CO.'S

MONTHLY BULLETIN

OF

NEW AND POPULAR MUSIC.

June, 1871.

EXPLANATION OF LETTERS AND FIGURES.

The Letters indicate the *Key* in which the piece is written. The Figures indicate the degree of difficulty: 1, very easy; 2, easy; 3, medium; 4, difficult. DK, different keys.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Sweet Nannie Lee. Words by C. C. Haskins.
Music by M. H. McCheesney. D♭ 3. 35.

Bright beamed the sunlight on that rosy morning,
Dim in the distance of boyhood life to me,
And gay were the moments in youth's early springtime,
When I first beheld the maiden, sweet Nannie Lee;
Wild waved her dark hair in the balmy breeze,
Joyous her laughter with heart so light and free,
And sweet as a bird-song, carols ever flowing
From the lips I loved so well of sweet Nannie Lee.

CHORUS—
Hark, the bells sadly toll their parting blessings,
Mournful the sound echoes loud o'er the sea;
Gently we'll breathe her name where, 'mid roses blooming,
Song-birds will chant the praise of sweet Nannie Lee.
This is a most charming song, and though but just
issued is meeting with fine success.

Come back to Erin. By Claribel. C 3. 35.

Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Come back, Arvon, to the land of thy birth;
Come with the shamrocks and springtime, Mavourneen,
And thy Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
This is one of the best of Claribel's songs, and is
immensely popular. We also have several other
pieces by the same composer now in press, which will
soon be ready.

I will Kiss your Tears Away. By C. C. Haskins.
Music by M. H. McCheesney. G 2. 35.

Come to mother, pretty darling,
Bring to me that throbbing brow,
Little tears for little troubles—
On a mother's breast must flow;
Little hearts have clouding sorrow—
Night succeeds each brilliant day—
Come to mother, little darling,
I will kiss your tears away.

No Little Baby's Voice To-day. By F. B. Naylor.
Song and Chorus. G 3. 30.

In death our little baby sleeps,
The one we loved is gone;
In anguish now your mother weeps,
For death has claimed our little one;
No little patterting feet we hear,
Or baby's voice murmuring so mild,
For now all seems so dark and drear
Since I have lost my little child.
No little baby's voice to-day, etc.

Don't Leave the Farm. By Clara F. Derby.
Music by I. D. Hart. B♭ 2. 30

Come, boys, I have something to tell you;
Come near, I would whisper it low,
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vines and elms!
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins.

Lost Oleane. Song and Chorus. E♭ 2. Chas. M. Norris. 35.

Well do I think of the day, sweet Oleane,
When we together did stray
Down 'neath the evergreen free, sweet Oleane,
Just at the close of the day,
Fondlest of vows there we pledged, sweet Oleane,
There 'neath the evergreen tree,
That we'd be constant and true, sweet Oleane,
Till I should come back to thee.

This is the latest song from this young composer,
and we predict for it a fine sale. The melody is a
pleasing one.

Let us Speak Softly. Ballad. A♭ 2. M. F. H. Smith. 30.

Gone from this beautiful bright world of ours,
Gone from the sunshine that gladdens the flowers,
No more on earth midst its trials to roam,
A spirit has gone to a happier home,
Wearied of life with its pleasure and pain,
Wearied of striving to tread the vain,
Gone from this earth, where we're journeying on,
Let us speak softly, a spirit has gone.

A beautiful and effective melody.

Instrumental.

PIANO.

Cascade de Dew Drops. Sylvia E. Baird. E♭ 3. 40

Greeting March. Prof. Wm. Bendix. C 3. 30

Twilight Mazurka. Prof. Wm. Bendix. F 3. 30.

This is one of the latest from the pen of our genial
Professor, who has a happy faculty of catering to the
public taste when he offers anything in a musical way.

L'Autonne (Autumn) Polka de Concert. D♭ 4. James E. Stewart. 50.

A very fine and effective piece for concerts, and all
good players, written in an artistic manner, and is of
the very highest order of music.

Dripping Waters. Polka. G 2. J. H. Simonds. 3.

This is a very beautiful and original Polka, and
although it is the author's first effort, displays good
taste throughout, and is well worth learning.

Sweetly Thine Eyes are on me Boaming. Transcription. A♭ 4. M. H. McCheesney. 75.

A remarkably fine arrangement of Mr. I. C. V.
Wheat's beautiful melody of that name, and is han-
dled throughout in a thoroughly artistic manner, and
should be on the piano of every advanced performer.

Lyra. Grand March. C 3. W. H. Barnhardt. 40.

A very fine teaching March, and is within the reach
of the average run of players.

Salutation. Mazurka. C 2. Thos. R. Watts. 40.

Medium as regards difficulty, and is having a very
good sale.

Excursion. Polka. C 2. Wm. B. Colson. 30.

One of those pieces that take whenever heard, and
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MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

WINTER TIME TABLE.
TAKING EFFECT, MONDAY, JAN. 23, 1871.
GOING WEST—MAIN LINE.
Through trains leave Detroit as follows:
Mail 7:00 A. M.; Day Express 9:00 A. M.; Evening Express 5:25 P. M.; Pacific Express (Sundays included) 9:50 P. M., connecting with the various branch lines, as below, and arriving at Chicago at 8:05 P. M.; 7:05 P. M., 6:30 A. M., and 5:00 A. M. respectively.
The Dexter Accommodation leaves Detroit at 4:15 P. M.

AIR LINE DIVISION.
Mail Train leaves Jackson at 10:45 A. M., and arrives at Niles at 3:30 P. M., connecting with Mail Train on Main Line at both places.
GRAND RIVER VALLEY DIVISION.
Leaves Jackson at 12:15 P. M. (Mail); 5:10 P. M. (Evening Express), and 7:00 A. M. (Mixed), arriving at Grand Rapids at 4:25 P. M.; 9:10 P. M., and 3:15 P. M. respectively.

DETROIT, HILLDALE & INDIANA R. R.
Leave Ypsilanti at 8:35 A. M. and 6:00 P. M. on arrival of Mail and Dexter Accommodation.
FT. WAYNE, JACKSON & SAGINAW R. R.
Leave Jackson at 12:15 P. M. (Mixed), connecting with Day Express from Detroit; and 4:50 P. M.
JACKSON, LANSING & SAGINAW R. R.
Leave Jackson at 6:00 A. M. and 3:30 P. M., and arrive at Wrentham at 1:40 A. M. and 5:15 P. M.
Trains arrive at Detroit as follows:
Atlantic Express 3:35 A. M.; Night Express 7:25 A. M.; Dexter Accommodation 10:00 A. M.; Mail 6:30 P. M., and Day Express 6:45 P. M.
Mail Trains and Day Express run daily, except Sundays; Pacific Express, west, and Atlantic Express, east, daily; Evening Express, west, daily except Sundays, and only to Jackson on Saturdays; Night Express, east, and Dexter Accommodation, daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.
Palmer Palace Cars on all night trains, and Ladies' Cars on all day trains.
Trains run by Chicago time.
C. H. SARGENT, Gen. Supt., Chicago.
H. E. HULD, Asst. Gen. Supt., Detroit.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

MARCH, 1871.
Trains leave Windsor (Great Western Railway time, which is 15 minutes faster than Detroit time) as follows:
Atlantic Express, daily 4:35 a. m.
Day Express, daily except Sundays 5:15 a. m.
Night Express, daily except Sundays 11:30 a. m.
N. Y. Express, daily except Sundays, 7:45 p. m.
The Railway Ferry leaves Detroit (Detroit time) as follows:
Third Street—4:00 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 11:00 a. m., and 7:15 p. m.
Brush Street—7:40 a. m., 10:30 a. m. and 6:40 p. m.
Trains arrive at Windsor from the East at 9:00 a. m., 8:45 a. m., 5:15 p. m. and 4:30 p. m.
Company's Passenger and Ticket Office, corner Jefferson avenue and Griswold street, Detroit.
FRANK K. SNOW,
Western Passenger Agent, Detroit.
W. K. MUIR, Gen'l Supt., Hamilton.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, December 6, 1870, Trains will leave Detroit daily (except Sundays, Chicago time) as follows:
For Buffalo, New York and all places East—7:10 a. m., Express; 6:20 p. m., Fast Express.
For Portland, via Toronto and Montreal—7:10 a. m., Express; 6:20 p. m., Fast Express.
4:00 p. m., Accommodation to Port Huron.
Trains leave Detroit Junction after arrival of Western trains.
Palace Sleeping Cars on night trains to and from Buffalo and Toronto, without change in Canada.
Trains arrive at Detroit at 9:10 a. m., and 6:00 a. m.
Company's Ticket Office, cor. Jefferson and Woodward ayes, and at Depot foot of Third st.
EDWARD REIDY, Passenger Ag't, Detroit.
H. S. KELLY, Ticket Ag't, 155 N. 4th St., Montreal.
C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director, Montreal.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN R. R.

Winter Time Table for 1870-71.
GOING WEST—
Trains leave Detroit for Chicago at 8:10 a. m. and 6:00 p. m.
Trains leave Detroit for Toledo at 7:20 a. m., 9:25 a. m., 1:35 p. m., and 6:00 p. m.
Trains arrive at Chicago at 10:10 p. m. and 6:50 a. m.
Trains leave Chicago for Detroit at 9:00 p. m. and 5:30 a. m. Arrive at Detroit at 9:00 a. m. and 6:40 p. m. From Toledo at 3:30 p. m. and 11:20 p. m.
JACKSON BRANCH.
Trains leave Jackson at 7:00 A. M. and 1:15 P. M., arriving at Jackson at 1:15 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.
Trains leave Jackson at 12:45 P. M. and 9:00 P. M., arriving at Jackson at 3:00 P. M. and 11:15 P. M.

KALAMAZOO DIVISION.

Trains leave Three Rivers at 5:52 P. M. and 7:02 A. M., arriving at Grand Rapids at 10:20 P. M. and 10:50 A. M.
Trains leave Grand Rapids at 6:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M., arriving at Three Rivers at 10:20 A. M. and 9:24 P. M.
Trains run by Chicago time.
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F. E. MORSE, Gen. Pass. Ag't, Cleveland, O.

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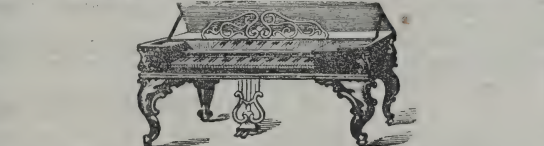
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IONIA & LANSING RAILROAD.

On and after Monday, December 5, 1870, Express train leaves Lansing, going north, at 2 p. m.
Express train leaves Ionia, going north, at 7:40 P. m.
Express train arrives at Greenville at 8:45 p. m. Express train leaves Greenville, going south, at 6:50 a. m.
Express train leaves Ionia, going south, at 7:53 a. m.
Express train arrives at Lansing at 10:05 a. m. Mixed train leaves Lansing, going north, at 8:15 a. m.
Mixed train leaves Ionia, going north, at 12:30 P. m.
Mixed train arrives at Greenville at 2:30 p. m. Mixed train leaves Greenville, going south, at 3:45 a. m.
Mixed train leaves Ionia, going south, at 10:40 a. m.
Mixed train arrives at Lansing at 2:20 p. m.
R. LAUGHLIN, Supt., Lansing.

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Silver Wings,	35	3 60
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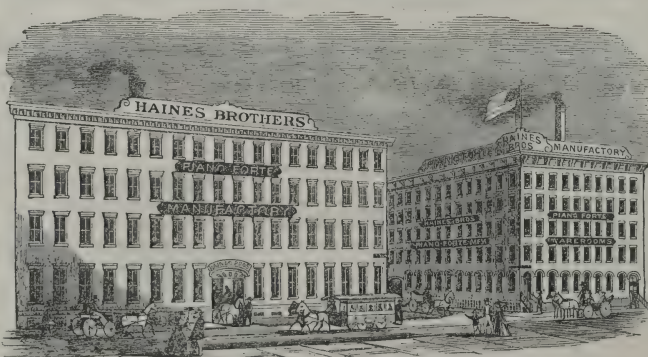
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VOLUME I.

DETROIT, AUGUST, 1871.

NUMBER VIII.

The Sisters.

Three bonny maidens went out on a day
While the summer sun was shining—
Janet and Annie and Margery Gray;
None were fairer, I ween, than they,
As forth that morn they took their way,
While the summer sun was shining.

Through the blooming gorse, by the dancing brook,
While the summer sun was shining,
Laughing and sporting, their way they took—
Now stooping for flowers, now loitering to look
For honey stored in the wild bees' nook,
While the summer sun is shining.

Up by the side of the hill they climb,
While the summer sun is shining,
Till they hear the bells of St. Agnes chime,
And they stop, for they know 'tis the holy time
When the nuns are singing their hymns sublime,
While the summer sun is shining.

Annie grew weary, and waited to rest,
While the summer sun was shining,
Where the church-yard graves with flowers were
dressed,
And she laid her down where the shadow blessed
Of the chancel cross fell over her breast,
Where the summer sun is shining.

Janet and Margery rove where they list,
While the summer sun was shining;
The day wore on, and the way they missed;
They met the young lord with his falcon on fist—
He stooped from the saddle and Janet he kissed,
While the summer sun was shining.

Janet is gone with Lord Hugh to his tower,
While the summer sun is shining;
Margery hied back again to her bower,
In the peaceful vale ere the evening hour,
And there she lingered, a lonely flower,
While the summer sun was shining.

My lady Janet rides gayly dressed,
While the summer sun is shining;
Annie sleeps sweet with the cross o'er her breast;
Margery dwells in her bower at rest—
One rich, one patient, and one with the blessed,
While the summer sun is shining.

After.

After the shower the tranquil sun;
After the snow the emerald leaves;
Silver stars when the day is done;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky;
After the tempest, the lull of waves;
Quiet woods when the winds go by;
After the battle peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells;
After the bud the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells;
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful mead;
After the flight, the downy nest;
After the furrow, the waking seed;
After the shadowy river—rest!

How I Bought an Organ.

If at one period of my life anybody had told me that I should ever be able to buy an organ for our parish church, I should have laughed him to scorn. How this unlooked-for event came to pass I am about to relate.

My father is rector of St. Winifred, Sunningdale. It is true his stipend is small, but there are only a few model poor people to look after, and some half dozen country families who vie with each other in acts of kindness toward the rector, his wife, and myself, his daughter.

The rectory is the most perfect home in all England, and I never intended to leave it, but—

My life had passed very happily, for I was good-looking, enjoyed excellent health, and a superabundance of spirits, which from my infancy upwards often led me into trouble, and always helped me out again.

In an unlucky moment my parents accepted an invitation for me to spend six months in London with an uncle and his family. I enjoyed my visit very much, and came home heart whole, and my taste for first-rate ecclesiastical music strongly developed.

St. Winifred had been recently renovated by subscription, and to the great annoyance of the subscribers the expenditure was just double what was at first calculated. My proposal to get up a concert, or bazaar, or something to enable us to replace our broken-down organ, which was not only worn out and toneless, but a positive disfigurement to the church, was met with such a storm of "noes," that even I was silenced.

Sunday after Sunday I listened in silent agony to the bronchial gasps of that wretched instrument, until I verily believe that going to church did me no good, and I was little better than Sir Giles Gascoigne, who boasted that he had not entered a place of worship for thirty years, and had never given a penny for the benefit of our church.

I had not the same excuse for my wickedness that Sir Giles had, for he was wrong in the head; not decidedly mad, but unpleasantly eccentric. His violent temper caused him to be disliked and feared by all who knew him, with two exceptions, Captain Hugh Gascoigne, his nephew, and myself.

The secret of the old gentleman's friendship for us was that we did not fear him, and very often contradicted him.

One of Sir Giles' peculiarities was a strong desire to possess anything which another person valued. Now it would be horse or dog, then a picture or bust; even a rare species of fern in the conservatory of a neighbor, which he chanced to hear the priested, aroused his envy, and he gave her no peace until she put a price upon it; and although it was a very large one he paid it without a murmur. Whenever Captain Gascoigne offended his uncle, the irascible old man would say, "Are you aware, sir, that I can out you off with a shilling, and leave 'The Cedars' to be made use of as an asylum for idiots?"

"Perfectly so, *mon oncle*, and I am quite sure you will avail yourself of that privilege," would be the careless reply; and Hugh fully believed what he said.

One day, when Hugh was on a visit to Sir Giles, he lounged into the rectory to spend the morning with me, as had been his custom since I was a baby in arms and he a small boy of ten, a pupil of my father's. "What are you looking so grave about, eh, Winnie?" he asked.

"I do so want an organ!" I replied, dolefully.

Hugh burst out laughing at my singular requirement.

"Do you wish for a bird organ?—or are you desirous of making a tour in the provinces with a barrel organ and a monkey?" he asked.

"Don't talk nonsense," was my pettish reply; an ungratified wish was such a novelty to me at that time. "I want an organ for St. Winifred; it would cost £120; but all the people here are so mean they will not subscribe a penny towards purchasing one."

"I will subscribe a 120 pence with pleasure," said Hugh. "Apropos of monkeys, I've a bright idea." He stooped down and whispered something in my ear, and I thought his idea particularly bright.

The next day Hugh returned to London, and when I had seen him off by the train, Sunningdale seemed very dull and cloudy.

It was a hot August afternoon, my mother was stitching hard at flannel. I believe our poor people lived upon that useful fabric, for the consumption of it, both in summer and winter, was enormous.

"Please may I have a pet monkey?" I asked, with an assumed air of indifference.

"A monkey!" exclaimed my mother, with a look of horror.

"Yes, a monkey," I replied.

"My dear child, pray do not think of anything so dreadful! The very idea makes me shudder," said my mother.

"You cannot have a greater horror of the creatures than I have, yet, for certain important reasons, I must bear with and caress a little ape which Hugh will send down to-morrow from London," I answered, so decisively, that my mother almost wept.

Vain were my mother's endeavors to induce me to give up the obnoxious pet. I was firm to my purpose.

The next day came the much-dreaded guest. It was a small ring-tailed monkey, with bright, wistful eyes, and an inexhaustible supply of fleas.

When the little animal sprang from the arms of the railway porter, who brought it from the station, into my lap, I felt quite faint with a mixture of disgust and dread; but I made an effort and kissed the creature, calling it by fond names.

"It's a pity that Miss Winnie hasn't got somebody better to kiss than a nasty monkey," remarked the porter to our housemaid, who was his *fiancée* and my confederate.

"Lor' bless you, Brown," replied Mercy, solemnly, "my young mistress positively adores monkeys! She's been pining for a little ring-tailed monkey ever so long!"

"Well," said Brown, "there's no accounting for taste where young ladies are concerned. I met Sir Giles as I was coming up here, and he says to me, says he, 'Where are you going with that monkey?' 'It's a pet for Miss Grey,' says I quite short, for he's that mean and rich I can't abide him. 'Indeed!' says he, 'a queer pet for a young lady!' 'Everybody to their fancy,' I answers; and away he walks."

When this conversation was retailed to me, it gave me great satisfaction.

The misery which my mother and I went through while Apollo (the name of our monkey) was with us baffles description; yet, at the end of a week after its arrival, I began to positively like the little beast, for it loved me with an affection peculiar to its species.

One day I was sitting on the lawn with Apollo on my lap, when I heard the heavy tramp of Sir Giles Gascoigne's over-fed horses coming along the high road.

As I anticipated, they stopped at our gate; the fame of my pet had raised his envy and curiosity. I lightly changed my position, so as not to appear to notice the arrival of my guest, then clasped Apollo to my heart (dare, believe my assurance that monkey's fleas do bite human beings, whatever naturalists may say to the contrary).

"My own dear, darling treasure, I love you better than anything else in the world!" I exclaimed tenderly, while the blood in my veins seemed to turn to ice when the creature laid its cheek against mine.

"May I be allowed to look at your new pet, Winnie?" asked Sir Giles in the tone of assumed gentleness which he always put on when he wished to obtain an object.

"You may look at and caress the dear darling," I replied; "but you must not attempt to take him from me, the dear pet; I would not part with him for less than a hundred and fifty pounds."

"A hundred and fifty pounds!" exclaimed Sir Giles in blank astonishment. "A hundred and fifty pounds for a small monkey!"

"Yes, ten pounds for each ring on his dear little tail, and the rest for his symmetrical body. One hundred and fifty pounds will purchase my treasure, not a penny less," was my decisive reply.

"Nobody would be fool enough to give you such a sum for your pet," said Sir Giles.

"Of course not; I never thought they would," said I. "And so, Apollo, my beautiful, we shall live and die together."

Six times did Sir Giles call and offer me various sums below the price I had named for Apollo, but I steadily refused. At the end of three weeks he brought a cheque for one hundred and fifty pounds, and carried off Apollo in triumph.

Alas, poor monkey! had I known what his fate would be, I would not have let it go. The affectionate animal refused to eat from any hand but mine, and rapidly pined away. At length Sir Giles sent a message, begging me to come immediately to "The Cedars." I went directly, wondering what he could want with me. I found the old gentleman nursing the sick monkey.

The moment Apollo saw me he sprang into my arms with a shrill cry, then uttered a low moan, and expired.

I am not ashamed to own that I positively shed tears over the faithful animal.

My object was attained; but like many other ardent wishes when realized, it became a subject for regret.

I never hear the thrilling tones of our beautiful new organ without a pang of remorse for my ingratitude toward poor Apollo. Alas, how seldom do we find our own species so faithful!

A year after the untimely end of Apollo, Sir Giles Gascoigne died. He left all his property to Hugh, on condition that he should make me his wife. Failing this arrangement, "The Cedars" was to be turned into an asylum for idiots.

Neither Hugh nor myself found it difficult to fulfill the orders expressed in Sir Giles' will.

In a snug corner of the avenue we placed a stone tablet to the memory of Apollo.

The Estey Organ Factory at Brattleboro'.

A correspondent of the Ware (Mass.) *Standard* writes thus concerning the famous establishment of Estey & Co., at Brattleboro', Vermont:

The simply momentary tourist to upper Vermont and the New Hampshire mountain region, will find no more inviting stopping place for a day than Brattleboro', where the hotel of the same name is hospitable and homelike, while summer attractions can be enumerated by scores. This is the paradise of lively stables, and the Elysian fields of the artistically inclined.

Our brief visit allows a call on J. Estey & Co., whose firm name is a household word in the family circles of our entire country. They are the celebrated manufacturers of the Estey cottage organ, which, as a musical instrument, ranks second to none of its kind. This business has attained an immense magnitude, now employing about three hundred hands and turning out thousands of organs yearly. To the merely mechanical eye, there is rare study in the details of manufacture to be witnessed at the shops of Estey & Co., as the harmonies of Heaven, cradled in wood, are given shape, from the raw materials. But in the complete instrument centres our personal admiration. Of architectural beauty, combining pleasant proportions with faultless finish—of most unexceptionable workmanship throughout and in every part of the rarest delicacy of touch and sensitiveness to manipulation—of the widest and tenderest extremes of expression, giving the heaviest and most sympathetic interpretations of music—the Estey organ takes its foremost rank, and is fast finding favor over other patterns and inferior styles. With a Chickering Grand, which, of pianos, alone is brilliant, and enduringly so, and an Estey cottage organ, our drawing rooms are complete. The piano gives us the lively sort of music, which froths and rattles, reminding one of a champagne *fete*. The Estey organ seems to touch every hallowed association of our hearts, as it transforms sacred tunes to harmony, and we listen to its playing in a dreamy unconsciousness; a sort of reverie where the beautiful and eternal fill our souls.

If you want to live to a green old age compose musical comedy at Paris. The direct line of composers show this: Monsigny lived eighty-eight years, Gossec ninety-six, Cherubini eighty-two and Auber eighty-nine.

Correspondence.

From Boston.

THE CITY AS A SUMMER RESORT—OPERATIC ENGAGEMENTS—MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS IN PROSPECT—GILMORE IN AGAIN FOR GREENBACKS AND GLORY.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

BOSTON, July 20, 1871.

The "Hub," musically speaking, has quietly shut up shop and gone out of town—fled to the sea-shore or the mountains, away from the heat and the dust. After all Boston is one of the best watering places in the country. It is delightfully situated, scores of pleasant little excursions may be made from it out into the country or to delightful little seaside resorts, and its hotels and homes are the perfection of comfort and convenience. Still it is fashionable to go out of town, and out of town everybody goes, putting up, perchance, with not half their common home comforts at some crowded hotel where show and frivolity take the place of everything else. The amusements enjoyed by the stay-at-homes, just now, comprise out-of-door concerts on the Common and public squares, by Gilmore's and other leading bands (these being paid for by the city), Robert Craig's inimitable burlesque and comedy performances at the Museum, and Bryant's Minstrels at the Globe Theatre. The other theatres are closed, and the actors are rusticating all along the coast from Long Branch to Cape Elizabeth. At the latter spot seven members of the profession, including Messrs. Barron, Hardenbergh, Burrows, Salisbury, Crisp and Norris, of the Museum, and Lemoine, late of the Globe, are camping out on the bluffs.

Next season promises to be a busy one, both at our theatres and in our concert halls. Nilsson will begin her operatic season in Boston, appearing at the Boston Theatre, October 9th, in conjunction with Miss Cary, Capoul, Jamet, Brignoli, etc. The Parepa-Rosa troupe will first appear in New York, and their Boston season will not begin until January 8th.

About the first thing in the way of concerts will be a series of Popular Concerts, ten in number, to be given at Music Hall, under the management of Alfred P. Peck. These will begin sometime in September. Although the attractions are really first class, Mr. Peck has fixed his prices at twenty-five and fifty cents, or four dollars for a season ticket, with a reserved seat. Among the artists already engaged are Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Adelaide Philipps, Miss Anna Cary, Mrs. J. Houston West, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. C. A. Barry, Mrs. Anna Granger-Dow, Mr. F. C. Packard, Mr. W. H. Fessenden, Mr. M. W. Whitney, Mr. H. C. Barnabee, the Temple Quartette, Ole Bull, Mr. B. J. Lang, Mr. E. Perabo, Mr. Eugene Thayer, Mr. H. M. Dow, and a select orchestra.

Mr. Theodore Thomas will give a series of concerts here early in October.

The regular series of Harvard Concerts will begin on Thursday afternoon, November 9th, and continue fortnightly, as usual, through the season, the whole number of concerts being ten. The price of tickets will be slightly reduced, it is rumored, and also the numbers of the orchestra. Mr. Thomas has engaged several prominent members of the Harvard orchestra for his New York orchestra, including the leader, Mr. Bernhard Listemann, Mr. Fritz Listemann, his brother, and also a violinist, and Mr. Heindl, the viola player.

The English Ballad Troupe, under the management of Mr. George Dolby, are to give eight concerts at Music Hall, in October, opening on the 13th and closing on the 23d. In addition, the principal artists of the company will give, in conjunction with the Handel and Haydn Society, six oratorio representations, November 25th and 26th, December 24th and 25th, and on two evenings about the middle of January.

Madame Parepa-Rosa will give a concert in Boston, aided by some of the leading artists of her troupe, Wednesday evening, December 27th.

There will be a long string of Fairs at Music Hall during the winter and spring, and the usual quota of lectures. Three or four courses of weekly lectures are already arranged for.

Mr. B. J. Lang is now in Europe, but will soon return to resume his place at the head of the piano department in the New England Conservatory of Music.

Mr. P. S. Gilmore contemplates an early trip to Europe for the purpose of trying to enlist foreign governments and foreign composers in his International Musical Festival, which he proposes shall be held in Boston in June, 1872. Meetings have recently been held in Boston in reference to this affair, and there is the strongest kind of a disposition manifested on the part of the business men who "backed up" the Jubilar in 1869 to again put their shoulders to the wheel. An architect has been at work upon the plans of the building for months. The structure will be twice as large as the Coliseum of 1869, and capable of holding one hundred thousand people.

RANGER.

From Jackson.

THE OPERETTA OF LAILA AT JACKSON.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

JACKSON, July 21, 1871.

The operetta of "Laila" given at Union Hall, last Wednesday and Thursday evenings, by Mr. George D. Herrick, with a chorus of 125 little girls selected from the public schools, was a perfect success. This operetta is in itself a gem, and the manner in which it was rendered brought out to the very best advantage all of its beauties, and the scenery was very fine and entirely adapted to the piece. In the opening chorus—

"We are merry mountain children,
Light of heart and gay are we."

the children appear in a shady grove, and are engaged in picnic sports, some dancing, some making wreaths, and others amusing themselves in a manner appropriate to the occasion. The acting was very natural, and the interest of the audience was awakened at once and not suffered to abate during the entire performance. But the manner in which the music was rendered far exceeded the expectations of all who were present, as it was not supposed that one hundred and twenty-five misses, so young, could be made to sing so perfectly together, with the alto and soprano so well balanced, and in such good time and tune. The solos, duets and chorus were equally well rendered, and it all was a high compliment to the teaching and management of Professor Herrick, who has labored with most decided success the last two years as teacher of vocal music in the public school of Jackson. Mrs. North at the piano was capital, and the orchestra, composed of Prof. H. Bick and Mr. Clark Nee as violinists, Mr. William Lawson double bass, and Julius Krumry flute, was very fine. G. W. S.

From Akron.

MUSICAL NORMAL AT AKRON.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

AKRON, OHIO, July 19, 1871.

The Normal School for the season of 1871, under the direction of Mr. N. Coe Stewart, opened July 10th, with very favorable prospects. Mr. Stewart has an enviable reputation, both as teacher and director, and also the happy faculty of making all under him feel perfectly at home. We are fairly settled down to work and are progressing finely, have heard no word of complaint, but rather words of commendation from pupils thus far. Each evening is devoted to chorus practise. We are using the "Chorus Wreath," a fine selection of sacred and secular choruses. Every Wednesday, at 4 P. M., we have a lecture on piano

playing, by Mr. Cook, of New York, our able piano teacher. Perhaps instead of lectures I should say "social talks," for they are really more of the latter, as a teacher would talk to his pupils, in an easy, social way. Our first one was very instructive. Mr. Cook is a teacher of nearly twenty-five years' experience, and has a large class in New York. Mr. North, of St. Louis, in vocal culture and harmony, has a faculty for crowding work and still making his way plain. He is a very pleasant man and a thorough worker. Mr. H. C. Cook, also of New York, young in years, but an exceedingly able pianist, and Mrs. Trowbridge, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, comprise our corps of teachers. Will inform you of anything special occurring during our session.

W. B. C. JR.

East Saginaw.

The Sengerfest—Decoration of the City—The Concert—Influence of such Musical Assemblages.
Correspondence of The Song Journal.

EAST SAGINAW, July 29, 1871.

The city of East Saginaw was gay with wreaths, mottoes, arches, flowers and evergreens on the occasion of the Sengerfest or "feast of song," held here the present week. Flags, the American and the German intertwined, added their spice of color to the green of the street decorations, and as for music, the whole town overflowed with an outburst of melody. We had music in the rink and music in the halls, on the streets, in the saloons and every household nearly. The boys caught the infection and instead of going along whistling in the stereotyped way, broke out in little couplets, triplets, quartets, etc., etc., of songsters, and raised with much force if not melody, such snatches of German *Lieders* as they may have caught from listening to the performances of their elders. The multiplicity of bands upon the street was an era in the musical history of East Saginaw.

The forenoon of Tuesday was devoted by the local societies to the reception of invited guests. Among these was the "Teutonia Song Society" of Bay City; Professor Bishop's Opera House Orchestra, of Detroit; the song section of the Detroit Arbeiter's Society, and a large number of amateurs from other places.

In the evening the grand concert was given at the Rink. The building is large and good enough as far as capacity goes, in other respects the least said is of it the better. The walls of the rink were decorated with evergreens interspersed with mottoes. A few of these latter were the bearers of cheerful words of welcome, but the larger portion contained appreciative and appropriate verses, extolling music and fraternity which is inseparable from it. The names of German composers were placed in letters of green on the posts of the gallery. The list consisted of "Wagner," "Kreutzer," "Haydn," "Von Weber," "Lutz," "Bach," "Mozart," "Beethoven" and "Mendelssohn."

A large audience were assembled, not so large however as it would have been had not an erroneous impression gone abroad that the grand concert would be held on the next (Wednesday) evening.

The programme was as follows, and was carried out with the exception of the substitution of the "Evening Prayer" for "Wie kam die Liebe," by the Teutonia Club, of Bay City. This was made necessary by the illness of their principal tenor. The piece performed was warmly received and encored:

PART I.

Overture—"Oberon," G. M. Von Weber; Prof. Bishop's Detroit Opera House Orchestra.

Auf der Wacht, (On Guard), C. Reinecke; Mass Chorus with Orchestra.

Dedication of the New Flag of the Lyra Singing Society.

Was ich mir frohlich Aufgebaut (What I have joyfully built), F. Moehring; Lyra, East Saginaw.

Concert for Violin, De Beriot; Mr. Tinnette, of Detroit.

Wie kam die Liebe (How came Love), M. Frei; Teutonia, Bay City. ("The Evening Prayer," by substitution.)

"Casta Diva,"—from Norma, Bellini; Mrs. Melchers.

Im Walde (In the Forest), Kueken; Concordia, of Detroit.

Finale—2d Symphony, L. Von Beethoven; Detroit Opera House Orchestra.

Intermission, fifteen minutes.

PART II.

Meeresstille und glueckliche Fahrt, (Ocean's Silence and Safe Journey); Mendelssohn-Bartholdy; Detroit Opera House Orchestra.

Das macht das dunkelgrüne Laub, (The Dark Green Leaves), Dr. F. Eyrich, Mass Chorus.

Solo—Selected, Mr. Rogers.

Traum der Liebe, (Love's Dreaming), Ed. Hormes; Singer Section of Detroit Workmen's Association.

Schnuscht nach der Heimath, (Longing for Home); Von Hall; Quintette for three Violins, Viola and Violoncello.

Rock of Liberty, Male Quartette, Clark; Messrs. Shaw, Frost, Tyler and Newcombe.

Liebesbitte, (Love's Prayer), Reichardt; Miss Krenkel.

Hallelujah, from the Messiah, Handel; Mass Chorus and Full Orchestra.

The entire performance was acceptably rendered.

The applause was very enthusiastic and demands for encores were frequent, but owing to the length of the programme, they were not complied with. The only error was in the too clamorous instrumental accompaniment to the massed chorus "Auf die Wacht." This rather drowned the vocal parts, and marred the effect of the whole.

The ceremonies attending the presentation of a beautiful flag to the Lyra Society of East Saginaw were of a dramatic and pleasing nature. When the members of the Lyra were arranged in a semi-circle upon the stage for the rendering of the piece set down for them on the programme, twelve handsome young ladies stepped upon the platform and Charles L. Orman with the banner in his hand, came forward and presented the same to the Lyra Society, addressing them as follows:

"Mr. President and members of the Lyra Society: It gives me great pleasure to present to you this beautiful banner, and in doing so let me urge upon the Lyra Society the fact that in union is strength, and so long as with united sentiment, each shall stand by this beautiful banner, no separation or bickering can take place. Let harmony of feeling as well as harmony in music be the guiding influence of your connection, and, as the months and years roll on, and in harmony we assemble around this beautiful flag, the remembrance of this evening will bring pleasure to every heart. May this banner in after years prove a rallying point around which we all may gather in harmony and union."

After the presentation, the concert proceeded, and was listened to by the audience, which could not have been composed of less than 1,500 persons, with rapt attention. The performance on the violin by Mr. Tinnette was greatly admired, and Mrs. Melchers in the "Casta Diva" was very warmly applauded. The orchestral performances were also received with great approbation. Miss Krenkel, of Port Huron, in the soprano solo, "Liebesbitte," carried off the honors of the evening. Her voice is one of much sweetness and compass. Her manner and her attire—both charming for their simplicity—gained at once the hearts of the audience, who showed their appreciation by a tremendous outburst of applause at the close of her song.

About fifteen hundred people were present at the rink who all agreed in extolling the musical cultivation of our German friends. The value of these contests to the development of vocal music cannot be over-estimated. They bring together men who are aiming at the realization of a common ideal, and the interchange of views and the awakening of a generous emulation cannot fail to be productive of the best results. The cultivation of the human voice is everywhere recognized as a means of furthering what is, perhaps, the noblest of the arts, and one which in the future may do more to civilize the people than all the sermons that have been preached within the last thousand years have done. If

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak,

then what may it do in the way of soothing the millions of human creatures whose breasts are now, perhaps, agitated by passions much more mild than those of the conventional savage? The Germans, despite their recent gigantic exploits in war, are re-

garded as consistent lovers of peace. May not their attachment to the Muses be the root of this love? It is true the Muses find a large share of their material in the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," but our greatest of modern poets has not seen fit to draw to any great extent from that mine. The most sublime of musical compositions were created in honor of events not in the catalogue of martial achievements.

The second day was devoted to a procession, social intercourse, and a concert in Bellevue Hall. The affair was very successful, and the impetus given thereby to musical culture in East Saginaw was very great.

MARTHA.

London.

Persuading Dulness—The New Prima Donna—The Handel Triennial—The Philharmonic Society—Prince Poniatowski's Private Concert.
Correspondence of The Song Journal.

LONDON, June 29, 1871.

Musical matters in the metropolis are assuming their usual summer quietude. The singers and musicians are recuperating at the various spas and seaside resorts preparatory to the opening of the fall campaign. Managers are casting about for novelties, and busy in negotiating with the various stars who compose the musical constellation. Among these the one that just now excites most speculation is the new prima donna, Marie Marimon. At this present writing not much is known regarding her, but those who have had opportunities of hearing her on her first appearance as *Amina* in "La Sonnambula" describe the enthusiasm with which she was received as entirely deserved. Having been absent at the time, I cannot speak from personal knowledge, and therefore prefer to say but little.

The triennial Handel festival at the Crystal Palace was an unexampled success, artistically and pecuniarily. Every part, vocal and instrumental, was well rendered and multiplied largely in the choral portions, and the solos were sang precisely as Handel wrote them.

The first day was given the Messiah, the principal parts being taken by Mad'llie Titiens, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Madame Patey, Messrs. Vernon Rigby, Kerr, Gedge and Santley. The choruses were given with vigor and precision.

The next day was called "The Selection Day," and the performance began with the "Dettingen Te Deum," a performance almost exclusively choral. An organ concerto by Mr. W. T. Best was much admired. Sims Reeves, Madlle. Titiens, Madame Sinico, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Alexander Cummings and Mr. Santley also appeared in various selections from Handels works.

The last day was given "Israel in Egypt," with a sublimity impossible to describe. Sims Reeves took part in the oratorio, which was conducted by Sir Michael Costa, Mr. J. Coward at the organ. The performers received most marks of approval were Mr. Santley and Signor Foli in the charming duet "The Lord is a Man of War."

At the Royal Italian Opera, Madame Patti and Mad'llie Pauline Lucca divide the honors. The tenor, M. Naudin, is a singer of surpassing voice. Mario, whose retirement is shortly announced, is still regarded with feelings of admiration, despite his waning voice, by the *habitués* of the Royal Italian.

The Philharmonic Society gave several concerts last month, rendering on the fifth occasion Schubert's Symphony No. 9, but without exciting enthusiasm. At their next entertainment the dramatic overture "Cymbeline" was given and promptly recognized as a work of great merit. The principal vocalists were Madame Norman-Neruda, Madame Sinico, Mr. Bentham, Signor Sivori, M. Capoul and Mlles Titiens and Ilma de Murska.

Private concerts have been numerous. They scarcely, however, deserve the name of private, since the principal performers are paid artists, of whom there are many, arranged mainly in quartettes, who sing anywhere for hire. One exception must, however, be noted in the case of Prince Poniatowski, who gave a concert at St. James' Hall on the 14th ult. The music, consisting of a "mass" and detached pieces from operas, was in every case the Prince's own composition. The music, though unequal, was above the average, and would have done no discredit to any composer not of the first rank.

W.

How Two Immortals Met.

In Prague there was to be another of those grand musical jubilees for which the capital of Bohemia was noted during the last century, and from every direction journeyed thither artists and laymen, either to participate in the exercises or to listen.

Already on the day before the *fete* the inns—large and small—of the city proper were overfilled, and the landlords, desirous as they were to profit by the occasion, could not do other than turn away the late arrivals.

Many were therefore compelled to seek lodgings in the taverns of the suburbs, which were usually patronized by people of the lower orders.

A young man—a “pianist,” said his passport—from Vienna had, like many others, sought lodgings in all the hotels of the city without success, and finally decided to go to an inn in one of the suburbs, where he was told he would probably find very comfortable quarters and very good fare.

The youth was received by a landlord of a very surly mien, who, after measuring him from head to foot with a forbidding glance, replied that he could not accommodate him—he was full!

But there was a pretty young serving-girl within hearing who did not seem to be at all afraid of the cross-grained old landlord, and ventured to differ from him.

“Yes, we can accommodate the gentleman, too,” said she. “There will be no one in the wine-room this evening; everybody will be in the city. It’s very easy to make up a bed for the gentleman there.”

“Do so, for all I care,” muttered the landlord, and turned away.

The young pianist decided to remain, as the girl assured him that she would see that he was made comfortable, and that the landlord was really not half so much of a bear as he seemed.

She now hastened to prepare the evening meal, and the young musician in the meantime repaired to the large room that was destined to be his bedroom for the night. As the usual evening guests were not expected, the room had not been lighted; but the moon shone through the vine-bordered windows, as if to enable the youth to see his way, although indistinctly. In one corner he discovered a sofa, on which he threw himself, in order to rest his weary limbs while waiting supper. He had been there but a few moments when the door opened and a man entered, who walked to the farther and darker end of the room with a certainty of step that showed he was not a stranger to the apartment.

A moment afterward the youth heard the tones of a piano—at first a few accords, then a melody, a wild melody, that might have been likened to a chorus of angels. The youth started from the sofa, and listened as one who would catch the faintest sound. How radiant was every feature of his face with ecstatic delight! This improvisation—this heavenly improvisation—it seemed to transport him into another and higher sphere! There was but one—only one—who could produce such harmony, and to see and hear him was the chief object of the youth’s journey.

He rose, and walked on tiptoe over toward the piano, in order if possible to see the performer. The tones grew softer and softer, until they finally died away.

The *finale* was divinely beautiful, and held the youthful enthusiast spellbound until the *musetto* himself roused him from his reverie. The latter, when he had finished playing, rose, went toward the sofa, and threw himself upon it, apparently fatigued. As the light of the moon fell on his face, the youth saw he had before him an elderly man of a peculiarly noble and benevolent mien.

Seeing that he had not, as yet, been observed, an idea suddenly occurred to him, and he seated himself noiselessly at the piano.

Again the instrument was made to utter its sweetest tones, and the man on the sofa listened in profound admiration. He saw no one; but he heard, and what he heard was sufficient to rivet his entire attention. How pure the tones came from this master-hand! That it was a master-hand the listener on the sofa quickly discovered.

The joys of a youthful heart seemed to find utterance in the first accords of the young musician. Then, gradually, the tones became deeper; the passions and trials of a large, struggling nature spoke in the full and powerful accords, until they became the cry of bitter despair.

What music it was! The older musician clasped his hands across his breast, and listened with his whole soul.

He knew of but one composer who was capable of producing such music, and it was mainly in the hope of meeting him that he had come to the *fete*. He was confident the *virtuoso* before him must be he, and he only.

Finally he arose and noiselessly approached the piano, until he stood behind the performer, who was so absorbed that he neither saw nor heard him.

At last he, too, ceased playing. He struck the last accord and sunk back exhausted. At that moment a hand was laid gently on his shoulder, while another took him by the arm and led him toward the window, where the light of the moon could fall full upon his face. An elderly man, his eyes beaming with delight, gazed at him a moment, and then cried, in a tone that betrayed deep emotion:

“Mozart!”

“Hayden!” responded the young man, in an accent not less joyous.

Thus met, for the first time, these two immortal composers, whose greatest wish had long been to know each other.

The Songs of the Circus.

It is one of the features of the canvas entertainment that the clown at intervals between the tumbling and riding enters the ring, and after a profound obeisance to the audience and a vivacious introduction with the ring-master as a prelude, breaks out into song, and with such effect—the merry troubadour that he is!—that one is at a loss whether most to admire the sentiment of his verse or the melody of his voice. And what thunders of applause follow each stanza from the not nicely critical audience, which, having come to laugh, is not to be cheated of its enjoyment.

The clown, as in the old days when a jester in cap and bells was as indispensable at court as the hound and falcon in field sports, is expected to hit off the follies of the times, and it would be as uncourteous now as it was uncourtly then to show displeasure, however coarse the jest, or however barbed the shaft of his wit. Clowns are not proverbial as nightingales for musical voices; they rather roar like Nick Bottom, the weaver. But what could a clown do with such a delicate organ as Nilsson’s in the sawdust arena, and a restless and chattering populace, rising tier upon tier around him in the sweltering amphitheater. He needs the lungs of a Stentor and a larynx of sonorous bell metal to be heard and appreciated. With what infinite grimace and grotesque action he musically relates how he

—“walked out the other morn,
In the middle of July,
Admiring all the pretty dars,
As they went tripping by.”

and how a thrill went through his frame as he saw “such a sweet little duck” cutting a dash in her Grecian bend as she promenade the avenue. He, your true clown, gives an imitation of the pretty dear as she produced all the curves of which the bend is capable, and some of which it is not, and what jolly laughter follows. He proceeds to make the lovely creature’s acquaintance in this fashion:

“As I walked by she looked so sly,
Says I, ‘Miss, is your name Jolly?’
Says she like a saint, ‘Well, no it ain’t,’
In oh! such lovely tones;
Says she, with a wink, ‘It’s no such thing;
My name I’ll tell to you;
It is Maria Stout, and I live out
On ——— avenue.”

The blank, of course, to be filled up with the name of some avenue familiar to the audience. It in a manner localizes the adventure. Your clown gets on famously. They walk and talk “of love and things divine” till they come to the house in the avenue, where the sweet Maria informs him that “they don’t let lovers in the house,” but if he’ll come at night he’ll make it right. An appointment he religiously keeps, but is made to stare on discovering that the doors are all shut. To reach his love he gets on a water butt, the lid of which gives in, and he is submerged. Poor Maria lets out a shrill scream, which brings “a chap down in flannel dressing-gown,” who helps him out and then calls for the police. Clown exit, while Maria suspends herself from a barber’s pole in the avenue, and so tragically ends the amorous adventure and the tale of the “Grecian Bend.”

The Grecian bend seems to be a favorite theme with your clown, who, in the character and dress, duly exaggerated, of “the Girl of the Period,” minces and wriggles round the arena, singing as he goes:

“The Grecian bend, as I now show,
You must admit is all the go;
With your head well forward,
And your body you extend,
To be perfect in the Grecian bend.”

Among these songs is one for which Colonel Fisk evidently furnished the inspiring theme. It is comically sentimental. The “dear Birdie,” whoever she may be, is gravely informed that he—the clown—has “grown healthy now,” but he remembers when the ladies used to pet him, sing nursery songs to him, lay him down to sleep with a white pillow under his

head, and put him in his little bed, and then comes the dolorous refrain—

“So carefully they’d tuck me in—
But O! those happy days have fled;
I’d like to see them rise up now,
And put me in my little bed.”

And the absurdity of the proposition puts a broad grin upon every face but that of the melancholy Jacques of the ring.

Your clown is a very impressive fellow by his own account. A pretty face, a laughing eye, a neat glove, a delicate foot, are sure to captivate him, and the inconstant fellow goes immediately off in search of fresh fields and pastures new. His misadventures, his joltings, his bonanzas, do not cure him of his folly. He relates, in one of these songs, how he was “cut out” of the affection and good graces of a girl with whom he was desperately in love, by

“A dashing young man on the flying trapeze.”

Whose name was

“Signor Bona Blang,
Tall, big and handsome, as well made as Chang;
Whenever he appeared the hall loudly rang,
With ovation from all people there.”

A formidable rival, surely, for his movements were all grace, and he pleased all the girls. What else could be expected than that he’d “purloin away” the object of the jester’s admiration—and this is how he did it:

“He’d smile from the bar on the people below;
And one night he smiled on my love;
She winked back at him, and she shouted ‘Bravo!’
As he hung by his nose up above.”

It was in vain that the father and mother of this demented girl took the side of her rejected lover, sighed and cried over her. It availed nothing. One night the rejected went to her father’s house, and asked for his love, and found to his horror that she had run away.

“She’d packed up her box, and eloped in the night

With him, with the greatest of love;
From two stories high he had lowered her down
To the ground, on his flying trapeze.”

But there was consolation. No sooner had the chimpanzee of the trapeze got her fairly in his clutches, than he taught her gymnastics, dressed her in tights, made her assume a masculine name, and do the trapeze business herself.

“She does all the work, while he takes his ease,
And that’s what’s become of my love.”

He had better luck in wooing and winning “Sweet Polly Primrose,” but his happiness was suddenly dashed by her falling overboard on a voyage for Union Square, and she went to the bottom of the sea. Thinking of sweet Polly it is not unnatural that he should—

“Wish I was a fish with a great long tail,
I wish I was a fish with a great big tail,
A tiny little title-bat, a wrinkle or a whale
At the bottom of the deep blue sea. Oh, my!

The song relates the adventure in detail; how the Captain and his gallant crew dared all things but death to save sweet Polly, and when they told him of her fate, he tore his hair, and requested the poor little privilege of being allowed to plunge in the deep. The two concluding verses of this affecting song are as follows:

“I had a dream last night that I
Was down below the wave,
And there I saw my Polly
In a gorgeous coral cave;
She’d changed into a mermaid,
And she had such a splendid tail;
She was doing a beautiful dance,
In conjunction with a whale.

“While she’s a sportive mermaid,
I’m so wretched here above;
So I think I’ll take a plunge and be
A merman with my love;
But the precise location,
I don’t exactly know,
Where I may find my Polly,
So perhaps I’d best not go.”

—Cincinnati Commercial.

The Chickering Piano.

The following glowing tribute to this standard instrument, of which Messrs. C. J. Whitney & Co. are the Michigan agents, is found in a late number of the *Chicago Journal*: “The first Chickering piano was made in 1832, nearly fifty years ago. Since then thousands upon thousands have been made and sent to all the civilized parts of the globe. Go where you may, the Chickering piano is a recognized American institution. It is truly one of the landmarks, no other name having been so closely identified with the growth of the piano in this country as Chickering. We believe it to-day to be without a peer, the greatest pianist of Europe, the Abbe Liszt, pronouncing them ‘perfect—superlatively perfect.’ The Messrs. Chickering are, if we may be allowed the expression, a thorough-bred American firm, which makes their victory of double interest to us.”

Thalberg's Playing.

It was at Niblo's that Thalberg played. Many of the *virtuosos* had been, like De Meyer, so extravagant in their action, and so evidently what we now call "sensational," that there was great curiosity to see the master whose name had been familiar since 1830, and famous since 1835, when he first played in Paris. The comparative estimate of the two men, Liszt and Thalberg, was that the former was a player of eccentric genius, the latter of consummate talent: a judgment which is very apt to spring from a superficial theory that eccentricity is the signet of genius. The long hair, the wild aspect of Paganini, have done much to confirm this feeling.

At the concert of Thalberg there were some preliminary performances, and then a gentleman of ordinary size, with side whiskers and no mustache, and unostentatiously dressed, entered upon the platform. His manner was grave and tranquil, and he bowed respectfully as he seated himself at the instrument. Immediately, without a flourish or grimace, steadily and calmly watching the audience, he touched the piano, and it began to sing. There was no pounding, no muscular contortion. Nothing but his hands seemed to be engaged, and apparently without effort they exhausted the whole force of the instrument. It was in every respect, except its great effectiveness, the reverse of De Meyer's playing. The effect, indeed, was astonishing. When he arose, as quietly and gravely as he had seated himself, there was a tumult of applause, to which he bowed and tranquilly withdrew.

The characteristic of his style is well known. It was a series of harmonious combinations of all the resources of the key-board, through which the melody was clearly articulated. It was by study and by long practice only that he carried this method to perfection. Thus in one of his grand fantasias, that from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," the sentiment of the whole opera is reproduced. You do not admire brilliant variations upon a theme selected from the opera, but you are affected by the passionate movement of the entire work. It is a wonderful euphony. Yet the same respect which he showed for his audience and for himself, and which made him always a self-possessed gentleman, he always had for his instrument. De Meyers, for instance, seemed to suppose that the full range and power of the piano could not be developed except by grotesque methods. Other players treat it as if impatient of its limitations, and resolved to make an orchestra of a feeble key-board. But Thalberg instinctively apprehended the character of the instrument, and respected its limitations as well as its powers, and knew that its utmost resource was obtainable by skill and motion rather than by brute force. Therefore it was that he played with his hands, and not with his knees and his body. But the force of his fingers was magical, and the volume of sound that followed was as great as any player could.

Indeed, Thalberg was a player only, and not, in the sense of Chopin, a composer. What are called his compositions are arrangements and adaptations of themes from operas treated in his manner, and for the purpose of developing them with all the richness of the instrument. The originality is in the method of instrumentation, and in this he was original, and is really the founder of the present piano school. As a player his characteristic was the cantabile—the singing quality—and this he had beyond all players. The flowing sweetness of his style is indescribable. There were many, indeed, who complained of a want of fire, and denied him that passion without which no work of art is perfect. But it was impossible to hear him play his fantasia from "Don Giovanni," for instance, without perceiving all the passion of the original. Mozart was not dimmed under his hands. And the impression of coldness was largely due, doubtless, to the tranquillity and propriety of his appearance and manner.—"Easy Chair," in Harper's for July.

A New Musical Instrument.

Mr. Thomas Atkins, of Cincinnati, has invented a new musical instrument. It presents externally somewhat the appearance of an upright piano, and has a similar key-board and action, including hammers and damper. In other respects it differs from the piano, having no strings, no tension, and consequently fewer imperfections. The tones are produced by the hammers striking upon steel hooks of a peculiar construction. These hooks have three prongs, the center one being used to attach the hook firmly to a metallic support. The outer prongs differ in length, and herein lies the value of Mr. Atkins' discovery. We speak of it as a discovery, not an invention. Mr. Atkins, who is both an excellent musician and an ingenious mechanic, has devoted years to the construction of an instrument that would obviate

some of the insuperable imperfections of the piano. In the process of experiment he hit upon the hook of the form described, and upon testing it, discovered to his delight, the development of a new acoustic principle, the only like discovery made in nearly a thousand years. When struck, the hook gives out not only a pure sustained tone, but a perfect harmonic. It would be long to tell how many years have been wasted by musicians in reaching after the effect which Mr. Atkins produces by this contrivance. Liszt himself spent some years in experimenting with tuning forks, but found himself limited to a scale of about four and a half octaves. Others have tried, and after tedious labor have met with no better success. The attempts to construct a keyed instrument out of steel have hitherto been failures. Mr. Perkins, Mr. Atkins, seated at this novel instrument. It is as if a musical box fifty times enlarged were playing. The high notes have all the brilliancy of strings, but in descending the scale the tones approach the timbre of wind instruments, like the organ. The purity of tone throughout make other musical sounds comparatively coarse. It is continued and singing, and its volume is regulated by the touch of the player and the pressure of the pedal; its only harmonic is the octave. It is a wonderful success, considering the steel hooks were forged upon an ordinary anvil, and have flaws and imperfections that will be avoided when they are out by proper machinery. Doubtless there will be many modifications and improvements, but there can be none in the acoustic principle developed. Theoretically its power is without limit. It would be as easy to give it a range of ten octaves as seven, and its volume may be vastly increased by greater bulk in the steel hooks. Chimes could be as readily constructed as an instrument for the concert-room or parlor. As there is no tension, it can not get out of tune, and nothing about it out of order but the action. Its simplicity, its durability, its quality of tone, its possible cheapness of construction, point it out as the instrument, on which the "music of the future" will be played in nearly every house in the country.

The New Prima Donna.

A London correspondent of the New York World writes: "On Thursday, May 4th, Mlle. Marie Marimon made her debut at Her Majesty's opera, Theater Royal, Covent Garden, and by her first performance proved her right to reign." As the position of a reigning prima donna is great, so is it proportionately difficult of attainment, and to estimate rightly the success of Mlle. Marimon, it must be borne in mind that it was obtained by the verdict of an audience accustomed to listen nightly to Titiens, Adeline Patti, Trebelli-Bettine, Ilma di Murska, Miolan-Carvalho, Pauline Lucca and Christine Nilsson. All of these artists, without exception, are at the present moment in London, competing with Mlle. Marimon for public favor, and the fact that the lady is without doubt the brightest particular star of such a constellation as this speaks for itself. It must also be remembered that a numberless artists appear every season in London, all bringing good Continental reputations with them, only to find that the coldest and most fastidious audience in the world had been educated up to far too high a standard in art for their efforts to be successful in obtaining a triumph. When the name of Mlle. Marie Marimon appeared in Mr. Mapleson's prospectus none but careful readers of foreign musical intelligence and recent visitors to Paris or Brussels knew anything of her, though from the number of parts assigned to her (which includes almost every role in the repertoire of the most popular prima donna), it was evident that the director had every confidence in her versatility and talent. Marimon's first appearance as "Amina" was sufficient to convince every one present that the new-comer was destined to create an extraordinary sensation in the operatic world. Gifted with one of the most exquisitely beautiful voices ever heard, of exceptional compass, and vocalizing the most daring passages with an ease and fluency that have never been surpassed, was it wonderful that Mlle. Marimon should have roused her audience to almost outrageous enthusiasm? Connoisseurs were in the house who remembered every "Amina" who had appeared (and the part has been a favorite one with artists of the greatest celebrity), and declared that Mlle. Marimon's singing (especially in the last act) had never been surpassed within their recollection. Mlle. Marimon's second impersonation—"La Figlia del Reggimento"—even eclipsed her "Amina," as, in addition to her magnificent singing, she acted with a freshness, spirit and finish that completely carried away her audience. As the lively vivandiere, gaily dashing off "Ciascun lo dice," or taking leave of the regiment in heart-stirring tones; and in the second act as the lady of fashion, tearing Caffariello's old romance to pieces

with a shower of brilliant roulades, and breaking off into the familiar "Rataplan," Mlle. Marimon was equally charming. Her singing of "Evviva la Patria" and of a valse aria from Ricci's opera "Une Folie a Rome," introduced as a finale, were a perfect marvel of executive ability; and when, after a display of every variety of cantabile and staccato passages, she concluded her extraordinary effort by a perfect and brilliant shake on the upper D sharp, ending with a sustained E in alt, she excited a furore seldom witnessed within the walls of any opera house. The secret of Mlle. Marimon's genuine triumph may be found in the fact that her achievements are not mere vocal gymnastics, but the effects of a surpassingly sweet and beautiful voice, cultivated and trained to such absolute perfection that it at once astonishes and enchants. Mlle. Marimon's original and delightful impersonations of "Maria" and "Amina" have caused so enormous a demand for places that she has not yet had an opportunity of appearing in other parts. She will, however, shortly represent "Dinorah" and "Marguerite," and those who have heard her must be convinced that all the most fascinating soprano roles are easily within her means. It is difficult to describe the impression produced by Mlle. Marimon's sympathetic voice and faultless style without using terms which might appear extravagant to those who have not experienced her magic influence. The new prima donna possesses a voice, genius and charm of manner which will assuredly render the name of Marie Marimon famous in every country where Italian opera flourishes, and where the greatest lyric artists are welcomed and appreciated."

Wagner's "Rienzi."

Wagner's "Rienzi" has been brought out at the Imperial Opera House with very qualified success—the applause seeming due more to splendor of dress, scenery and dancing, than to the music. Owing to the scenic and mechanical effects, the actors seem to have a very lively time of it. A correspondent of the London Musical World says:

"Every artist in 'Rienzi' runs no inconsiderable risk, if all the characters are as perilous as that of the heroine, played by Mlle. Rabatinsky, who was seriously injured in the last scene by a piece of the ruins of the Capitol falling upon her head and laying it open. Though the blood flowed freely from the wound, the lady bore bravely up, and disdained to faint. In the midst of her sufferings, she declared most emphatically she would never appear in another of Herr Wagner's operas. It was quite sufficient, she said, for singers to have to immolate their voices, without having to sacrifice their lives as well, on the altar of Herr Wagner's Muse. All the members of the company have become very anxious since the accident to Mlle. Rabatinsky. It appears that one gentleman belonging to their number wanted to insure his life the other day, but he had great difficulty in getting any company to take him, because he was liable to be called on to sing in Herr Wagner's operas. At length, by dint of great perseverance and touching solicitations—not unmixed, some say, with tears—he prevailed on the directors to relent; but the rate per cent on his insurance was raised most considerably. One young lady, a prima ballerina, is so scared by what has taken place that she asserts she must have a certain extra sum nightly, whenever she appears in any opera where there are any traps or water, double salary were there are burning palaces, and a resitiation of her engagement when falling beams form a part of the stage business."

The Intuition of a Master.

The following anecdote, which relates to that time in Beethoven's life when he resided with Prince Lichnowsky, shows to what degree a special faculty in music may become developed: On one occasion a new pianoforte quartette by Forster, a well-known composer of the day, was in progress of rehearsal. The violinist was suddenly called out, when Beethoven, who was at the pianoforte, instantly began to sing the missing part in addition to going on with his own, which he read for the first time. The Prince asked him how he could sing music with which he was not acquainted. Beethoven smiled, and replied, "The base must have been so, otherwise the author could have known nothing of composition." On the Prince remarking further that Beethoven had taken the *Presto* so quickly that it was impossible for him to have seen the notes, he answered, "That is not at all necessary. A multitude of faults in the printing do not signify. If you only know the language, you don't see them or pay any heed to them."

The Song Journal.

DETROIT, AUGUST, 1871.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,
 stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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Summer Evening Music.

Romantic aspirations cluster around summer evenings. Life is then at its most enjoyable season. The twilight, with its grateful coolness, define all the sharper the contrast with the heat and the glare of day. The enervation induced by the sultriness of the noon makes most desirable the rest of the night. The open air, the converse of friends, the magic exhilaration of music, are then most potent to charm the fancy and restore the vigor of the individual.

The increasing attention paid to music in the open air in this country, is owing in a great degree to the German element in our population. This people are great admirers of music, and sustain in every village nearly—where their numbers are great enough to permit of it—summer concerts. It is a gratifying fact that Americans are coming to acknowledge the benefits and assisting in maintaining open air music in the public parks. A park, a summer evening and music, are most conducive to innocent enjoyment, to the public health, and to improvement of the national taste.

Here, in Detroit, we have parks of a certain circumscribed extent—containing, so far as finish is concerned, only the bare outlines of landscape beauty, trees and greensward. Yet, once a week, on summer evenings, this bit of greensward, with its preposterous fountain, has been the resort of a delighted company. To the attractions of the open air and social intercourse, were added the beautiful music of the First United States Infantry Band. The selections arranged by Professor Schrems, the capable leader of the band, not less than the admirable manner in which they were executed, have been the topic of praise. These open air concerts have been gratuitous, a favor for which the people of Detroit are under obligations to Col. Pinckney Lugenebel, commandant at Fort Wayne. The *Free Press*—a journal quick to perceive and prompt to recognize merit—has acknowledged the favor on behalf of the citizens generally. The SONG JOURNAL would be lacking in courtesy to a gallant and obliging officer did it not, as speaking for the musical portion of the Detroit people, also express its thanks to Col. Lugenebel, and its appreciation of the admirable music executed by the band under the direction of Prof. Schrems.

The Theatre Lyrique is a mass of ashes, but the Theatre du Chatelet has not been destroyed, as reported. Strangely enough, the New Opera has escaped all injury; Carpeau's statuary, which furnished so many texts for sermons on the demoralization of the Imperial era, is left untouched—unstained even with ink.

MARIE CABEL, Tietjens, Trebelli-Bettini, Miolan-Carvalho, Marimon, Ilma di Murska, Patti, Lucca, Sessi, Gaziana, Gardini, Bettini, Tagliaficio, Stanley and Sims Reeves, with a host of lesser lights, are all singing in London at once.

The Parepa Troupe.

Parepa-Rosa has recovered from her long nervous illness, and is making arrangements to return to America. Details have already been settled, and on the 2d of October she will open her season of English Opera at the Academy of Music, New York. Her repertoire will consist of the usual English stock Operas, and a new version of Donizetti's "Anna Bolena." This production has never been given in America, and for the last twenty years has not been heard in London. Pasta originally was very effective in it, and Grisi won renown in the same part. The tenor part was designed by the composer for the voice of Rubini.

In addition to herself Parepa has engaged Madame Vanzini. Clara Doria Vanzini—known equally as well by her proper name of Mrs. Van Zandt, which an absurd affectation caused to be Italianized—has declined an offer from St. Petersburg in order to take part in Parepa's American engagements.

Clara Doria-Vanzini—since she prefers to be so called—has been singing for some four or five seasons at Covent Garden. She has also sung at various Italian theatres, and been highly commended in the newspapers of that country. Her father was the English composer, John Burnett.

Parepa has engaged as principal tenor Tom Karl, of whom in this country not much is known. At Malta he is reported to have made a hit in "I Promessi Sposi," and also passed the artistic ordeal of singing at La Scala, in Milan. Ellis is the basso profundo—a new name in musical circles—but a good singer, or Parepa-Rosa would not have engaged him. Mr. and Mrs. Cooke, two singers of repute, comprise the last of these fresh importations.

The English Opera Troupe includes, in addition to those mentioned, the well known favorites Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Messrs. Castle, Campbell, De Solia and Whiffen. A large number of artists of inferior reputation complete the company.

Altogether, it will be the very best English opera troupe ever seen in America. As far as regards scenery, costume, chorus and other accessories, the management promise that every opera shall be given in excellent style. The enterprise is a bold one, in view of the fact that many superior attractions are preparing for the operatic season next fall. Nevertheless there is every expectation that the venture will be successful. English opera is growing more and more in favor. It is coming to be regarded as in many respects superior to the Italian, which for a long time it has been the fashion to extol. This affectation of superiority on the part of Italian opera never had much support from the masses of our people. An effort was made to appear enraptured with it, but, like all feigned sympathies, it was spasmodic, forced and reluctant.

On the other hand, there are many reasons why English opera should receive a large measure of support. Musical culture is more general among English and American people than in that of any other nations—if not so perfect or so demonstrative. We have tacitly held that no music but that of other tongues was worthy of high estimation. It is time that the people were disabused of this impression. Parepa-Rosa, with her well-selected troupe of artists of first rank, presenting in the most complete manner the masterpieces of English song, will do much to set us right as to the merits of our own composers. For this reason she deserves every encouragement and doubtless will receive it.

The Vocal Trill.

Music is reported, by long-established tradition, to be of potent power. The savage beast and the more savage man are tamed and soothed by it—so say the poets. Whether there is any truth or not in this assertion depends much upon the music.

There is a growing tendency to acquire scientific

music. This taste is unduly cultivated. It bids fair to supersede that music which touches the heart and appeals to the emotions, rather than to the critical standard set up by the head. A paradoxical part of this acquirement of skill in scientific music, is the attempt to copy after nature. This is most marked in the trills, which are presumed to create the impression that the music is "bird-like."

Now, a trill moderately employed is very pleasing and effective. Its successful execution requires no mean adaptation and cultivation of the vocal organs. The trill is by no means objectionable, but the manner of it—presuming it to be a bird-like imitation—is open to unfavorable criticism. Those who really hope to surpass in this variety of vocal gymnastics would not do amiss to study ornithology; not the feathers nor the classes of birds, but the distinguishing characteristics of their melodies. The discovery would be made that there is a great difference between the trilling of a linnet and the melancholy prolongations of the screech-owl. This fact noted, erroneous impressions in regard to the proper nature of the trill would be corrected.

There is no accomplishment more becoming to a lady than the ability to sing and play. There is none that throws a brighter charm over the home circle. But to evolve the highest effects from the voice of the singer, the music must be of that class that awakes the sensibilities and touches the heart. The great majority of mankind love music—a very rare number pretend to admire the meaningless screams that are surreptitiously made to pass muster by the false title of "scientific music."

An Ancient Instrument.

An esteemed correspondent at Tekonsha, in Calhoun County—whose modesty is only exceeded by his merit—sends an account of an old gentleman, "Father Burley," who has a violinello that has been in the possession of the family of Burley for one hundred and sixty years. It has an interesting history, the present owner saying he is but a beginner upon it, having played it for only fifty-five years.

Father Burley, it appears, with a fond attachment for the tunes of his youth, plays no modern music upon his instrument. His repertoire, though large, contains certain favorites, consisting mainly of such church melodies as "Windham," "China," or "Brattle Street;" such romances as "Corydon's Ghost," and the plantation airs, "Zip Coon" and "Old Dan Tucker."

His masterpiece, however, is a descriptive extravaganza and recitative called "Mammy's Broke Her Ankle." The manner in which Father Burley executes this piece of music needs no interpreter. The incidents of the story are vividly brought out; the wailing cry for a surgeon, the order for the saddling of the horse, the goit of the animal as it hastens from a trot into a canter, the diagnosis of the surgeon, the lamentations of the patient and the fainting fit, and the indignation of the old farmer at the causeless panic when the surgeon proclaims that the ankle is not broken, but sprained—all are completely imitated by the instrument.

Mr. Burley has very refined and musical tastes, and his home is the resort of the musical people of the vicinity.

MADAME ERARD, the noted piano and harp manufacturer of Paris, had \$1,000,000 worth of mahogany stored in a lumber yard, and the fires which devastated all the region round about spared her property. She left \$40,000 in gold in a closet in her house, and, after the fighting, returned and found it safely there.

PRO NONO, though so advanced in years, is said to be a most excellent singer and a most eloquent orator, having retained all the depth, richness and sweetness of his voice, and speaking to-day as clearly and sonorously as he did in the fullness of his youth.

Mario's Adieu to the Stage.

Mario, the world-renowned tenor, on the night of the 18th of July sang his farewell song to an immense audience, in Covent Garden Theatre, London.

The opera chosen was "La Favorita," and on the entrance of the artiste whom all had assembled to honor, he was received with a demonstration unparalleled in the annals of the lyrio stage. The entire assemblage arose with tumultuous enthusiasm, and it was a long time before the performance could go on. Mario was deeply affected by this outburst of feeling, and all through the entertainment his emotion was perceptible.

Eleven times was he called before, the curtain, royalty itself being represented in the boxes, and the beauty, talent, wit, wealth and elegance of the British metropolis being gathered to listen to the last notes of the "Swan of Italy."

Showers of laurel wreaths and bouquets of rare flowers burdened the stage. The critics are unanimous in their approval of the delicacy with which he bore himself in a scene of such excitement, and declare that his voice rang forth in all its pristine vigor.

The newspapers of London have been filled with complimentary notices of the great tenor, and the New York *Herald* correspondent, not to be behind them, telegraphed a minute account of the scene.

On the same occasion he delivered a brief account of his life. The following is

A SKETCH OF MARIO

as written by himself:

I was born in 1810, on the 18th of October, at Cagliari, in Sardinia. My father was the Marchese di Candia. I was sent to the Military Academy, and served in the army seven years. I was aide-de-camp to my father at Nice, where he had been appointed Governor. At that time the Duchesse de Berri made her expedition to the south of France, and I visited her on board the steamer in which she was concealed. My father being ordered to Genoa, where he also filled the post of Governor, I followed him thither, still in the same capacity. When at Genoa I was suspected of associating with those who were politically opposed to the government, and was in consequence deputed to carry despatches to Sardinia. This being evidently a pretext to get rid of me, I protested, and was anxious to appeal to the King, Carlo Alberto, against what I considered an indignity put upon me. However, the Marchese Paolucci showed me the general order and the note affixed to it, according to which, if the lieutenant objected to the duty, he was to consider himself at the disposal of the general in command—which, in fact, was equivalent to my being placed under arrest. In spite of the advice of my good friend, the Marquis, I sent in my papers to the authorities, and decided to embark for Spain. It being some time before the preparations for my departure could be made, I had to conceal myself in Genoa, which, thanks to the assistance of a young lady to whom I was much attached, I successfully accomplished for a month. At the expiration of that time I took passage on board a boat bound for Marseilles, intending to proceed thence to Spain. On arriving at Marseilles and making myself known to the authorities I was received with the greatest hospitality, and strongly advised not to continue my journey as I intended, but to make my way to Paris, which advice I followed. I remained in Paris but a short time, and was persuaded to join a party going to London.

Being well acquainted with Admiral Fielding's family, through them I was introduced to the Duke of Wellington. Still anxious to visit Spain, I asked the Duke to give me some facility for so doing. He assured me it was a country in which I should make no progress—that the more energy I displayed the more enemies I should make, and that the only thing I could hope for there, with any certainty, was a *coup de fusil*. He concluded his advice by telling me, "*Amusez vous et je ferai quelque chose pour vous plus tard.*" This counsel I followed to such good purpose that time passed away and with it all my money, until at last I found myself without any means of support. I then resolved to go to America, and secured a cabin on board a sailing vessel starting from the Thames, having with some difficulty managed to scrape together £40 to pay the passage. A week before the ship was to sail I fell ill. I had to abandon the idea of going to America, and, what was worse, to forfeit the £40. During this illness I experienced the *profondeur* of English hospitality and was treated like a brother by those with whom I had the good luck to become acquainted. I was urged to go to

Paris to consult the doctors, and was taken there by one of my English friends in his traveling carriage.

In Paris I improved in health, and made the acquaintance of the Marquis Aguado, then the director of the two theatres—the Opera and the Theatre des Italiens. I was also intimate with the Prince Belgioioso, with whom I used to sing duets *en amateur*. My financial circumstances, however, became so serious that I made them known to the Prince, who insisted upon my turning my vocal abilities to account. This was at first very obnoxious to me. I had looked forward to a very different career from that of an artist, which I then thought unmanly and unsuited to my tastes. But the Prince would not listen to my objections, assuring me that were it not for family considerations, he would, in spite of his social position, go himself upon the stage. He spoke to the Marquis Aguado on my behalf, and obtained for me an engagement for three years. For the first year, which was to be passed in study, I received 14,000 francs, for the second 32,000, and for the third 45,000. For the first six months I was placed under the tuition of Meyerbeer, whom I daily visited. No composer that ever lived took such pains with his work as Meyerbeer—and of this I had frequent opportunities of judging while studying with him.

I made my first appearance in Paris on December 1, 1838, in "Robert le Diable," at the Grand Opera. I sang there two years and a half, and played in the "Comte Ory," "Le Drapier," and other operas. In 1840 Aguado made me sing at the Italiens, where I appeared in "L'Elisire d'Amore." I really forget whether it was in 1839 or 1840 that I came out at Her Majesty's, in "Lucrezia Borgia," with Giulio Grisi, but it was about that time. I was not considered a success at any rate; and, in fact, my career did not begin until 1842, when I sang in Dublin with Tamburini, Grisi and Lablache, and with Benedict as conductor. After that I returned to Paris, and sang the "Rubini Repertoire," in which I was most fortunate. Since then my life has passed but too quickly away in going from Paris to London every season, and meeting always with the greatest kindness everywhere. In the winter of 1849 I went, for the first time to Russia, and in 1854 to America. London and Paris, however, have been the two cities of which I shall always have the most pleasant recollections, unless it be Dublin, where I first received the greatest encouragement. Strange to say, I have never sung in Italy.

A Michigan Musician.

Professor William Bendix—well known to Michigan people as a musician of great excellence—is about leaving Detroit, which has been his home for the past thirteen years. Mr. Bendix has entered into an engagement with John A. Ellis, manager of the Cleveland Academy of Music, to act for five years as leader of the orchestra. He takes with him his band of twelve pieces, and will doubtless at once become as popular as a musician and a man in his new home as he is in his old one.

The fine musical talents of Professor Bendix, and his wonderful success as a teacher, have been long acknowledged. By his zeal and enthusiasm he did much to elevate the standard of music, and the proficiency of his band was such that citizens of Detroit were accustomed to regard him as adding reputation to the musical fame of the city.

We express the regrets of the music-loving community at parting from Professor Bendix, and though confident that in his new field he will achieve perhaps a greater meed of success, we still deplore the necessity that deprives Detroit of so accomplished a musician.

MME. VANZINI (Mrs. Jenny Van Zandt), who joins the Parepa-Rosa English Opera Company in this country next fall, is meeting with very great success abroad, if we may judge from the following extracts from foreign journals. The London *Daily News* speaks of the great impression she has created in several scenes in "Faust," especially in the jewel song; and of her performance in "Lucia," the *Edinburgh Review* says that "her singing throughout gave evidence of her proficiency in every form of lyric expression, and at the same time displayed the flexibility of her voice to great advantage." This lady is the daughter of Signor Blitz, the well known old magician of Philadelphia.

MISS MINNIE HAUCK, the American *prima donna*, has left Vienna, and is singing with extraordinary success in the large provincial cities of Austria.

Eger Times.

The Russian singers are in Texas.

BROOKHOUSE POWELL is in New York.

PAERFA ROSA is expected August 10th.

HERR AUER is concertizing at Wiesbaden.

M. PARDELOUP is to revive the opera at Paris.

PAERFA will open in Philadelphia in October.

PAULINE CANTERA is to sing next fall with Nilsson.

HERR RUBENSTEIN will pass the winter in Vienna.

MUSICAL critics now investigate the ladies' dresses.

The Liverpool Amphitheatre will be sold at auction.

The new Baltimore opera house is nearly completed.

PAERFA sang one evening last month for Earl Dudley.

VERDI's new opera, "Aida," will be brought out at LaScala.

THEODORE THOMAS is making money by his garden concerts.

MISS NILSSON and Miss Cary are both reported to be hoarse.

ENGRAVING on glass is a mania among some New York belles.

ADOLPH PHILLIPS has gone for a summer visit to England.

The Buffalo Liedertafel comprises some very excellent singers.

MADAME STATES has gone to Australia to warble her native notes.

JARRELL is creating a sensation by his piano-forte playing in Geneva.

HE has not decided on any novelties for the Grand Opera House as yet.

The latest regarding Fisk, Jr., is that he will abdicate the managerial stool.

At Florence, Signora Pia Marchi sang on her benefit in a new opera, "Il Falconiere."

"DER NACHTWACHTER" is a new comic opera uncommonly successful at Leipzig.

A PORTUGUESE shepherd has achieved wonderful musical execution on a ram's horn.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN sang a song for the entertainment of an audience in Ireland.

DR. MUEHLNBERG composed the hymn "I Would Not Live Always" forty-six years ago.

MISS ABBOTT, the pretty Western girl, *protege* of Miss Kellogg, will make her *debut* next fall.

WESTERMAN, the noted piano maker of Berlin, lost his immense establishment by fire.

"LE ARTISTE FEMMINILE" is a new opera by Cimarosa promised at Covent Garden, London.

The Canadian bands at the recent military encampment at Niagara were exceptionally poor.

The Crystal Palace at Sydenham is the best hall, acoustic properties considered, in England.

MARIE SASS is to sing at the Grand Opera House, New York, with a full Italian Opera Company.

NAOMI MYRTLE TOWN, of Plymouth Church choir, will spend two years in Germany studying music.

The Sultan has several European bands, but their music is not exactly to the popular Mohammedan taste.

SOME Eastern journals estimate Mary Louise Cary as a better vocalist than Nilsson, and much more of a lady.

CARL BERGMAN is emulating the example of Thomas and Julien and giving open air concerts in Brooklyn.

MR. CHARLES DREW, a rising young American vocalist, is to be the chief tenor of Mrs. Oates' comic opera company next season.

DURING the last forty years, of all the piano makers who have started in the United States, but sixteen failed to make large fortunes.

MRS. EMMA J. BRACKETT, with years one of the Grace Church choir, at Troy, fell out for the vestrymen, who had her ejected. She sues the church for damages.

HERR NIEMANN, of Berlin, is over six feet high, and is without doubt the greatest living tenor, being able to do the tenor parts in Wagner's operas, which most tenors modify or omit.

The Khedive will have a season of Italian operas at Cairo, and has engaged Signorina Antoinetta Pozzoni, Anastasia and Caroline Septa, from the Florence Teatro Nuova, as *prime donne*.

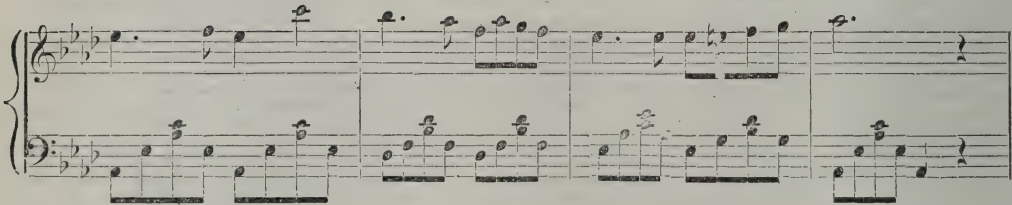
MRS. ANNA BUTLER is a new SOPRANO who will make her *debut* at New York in September. Her father, W. Newman, was a caricature artist on Punch, and has amused the readers of Frank Leslie's publications.

CAROLINE RICHINGS BERNARD, offered a fine engagement in a church choir, refused, but will accept one in opera. She was the adopted daughter of the late Peter Richings; her father, who was a writer on a London newspaper, being Mr. Reynolds.

PROF. RICHARD MULDER, Mad. Fabri-Mulder, Anna Elser, a clever singer of twelve years of age, and Herr Jacob Mueller, first baritone of the Frankfort Opera, are on their way to the United States, in pursuance of an engagement to continue several years.

ANGEL MAGGIE.

By R. S. CRANDALL.

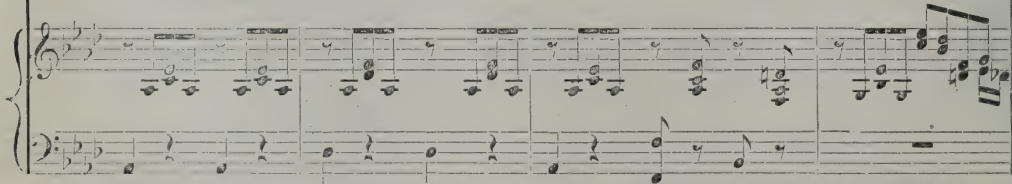


3. *But ere long this bark returning, To its native shining shore,*



1. Lit - tle Maggie, blue-eyed Maggie, Mag-gie with the silv'ry voice:

2. Lit - tle Maggie was a cherub, Cra-dled in a fra-gile bark:



Bore a-way the guile-less spir-it, Whose earth life so soon was o'er,

Laughed, and lisped, and chirped so glad-ly, That she made all hearts rejoice.
That had drift-ed out from heav-en, T'wards this world so drear and dark,

And dear Maggie, fair-haired Maggie,

Maggie with the tender eyes ;

Sang her sweetest song at day dawn, With her lit-tle birdling pet,
Where it anchored for a sea-son, In a haven built of love:

Left us in the early spring-time,

For her home beyond the skies.

Lisped her sweetest words at evenin', As the sun in glo-ry set.
Safe from harm because pro-lect-ed, By the angels from a-bove,

4. Darling Maggie, angel Maggie, should we grieve while she is glad,
God: forgive us, if we suffer, selfish love to make us sad.
Good-by Maggie, angel Maggie, where thou art we'll strive to come,
And thou'lt wait to meet and greet us at the portals of thy home.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO. *pp*
 Good-by Mag-gie An-gel Maggie, Where thou art we'll strive to come,

ALTO.

TENOR.
 Good-by Mag-gie An-gel Maggie, Where thou art we'll strive to come.

BASS.

PIANO. *pp*
pp

And thou'lt wait to meet and greet us, At the portals of thy home.

mf
 And thou'lt wait to meet and greet us, At the portals of thy home.

mf
mf

ALBUM LEAF.

With expression, not too fast.

TH. KIRCHNER, Op. 7.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, Treble and Bass, in 2/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The melody in the Treble staff is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The Bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. Below the system, there are four measures, each marked with "Ped." and a decorative floral ornament.

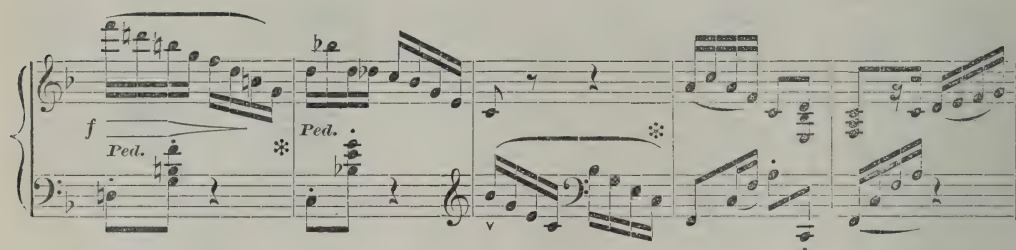
The second system continues the piece with two staves. The Treble staff features a more active melody with some slurs. The Bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. Below the system, there are four measures, each marked with "Ped." and a decorative floral ornament.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The Treble staff has a melody with some grace notes. The Bass staff provides a consistent accompaniment. Below the system, there are four measures, each marked with "Ped." and a decorative floral ornament.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The Treble staff continues the melodic line. The Bass staff provides accompaniment. Below the system, there are four measures, each marked with "Ped." and a decorative floral ornament.



First system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a pedal point (*Ped.*) indicated by a star symbol. The right hand plays a series of chords and arpeggios, while the left hand provides a steady bass line.



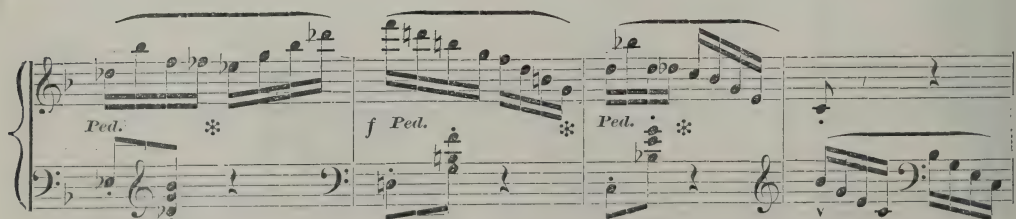
Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and a pedal point (*Ped.*) indicated by a star symbol. The right hand plays a series of chords and arpeggios, while the left hand provides a steady bass line.



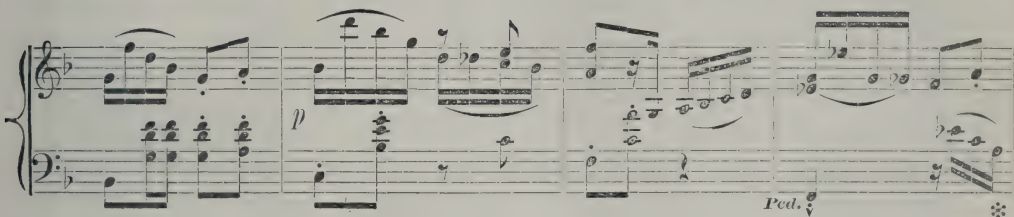
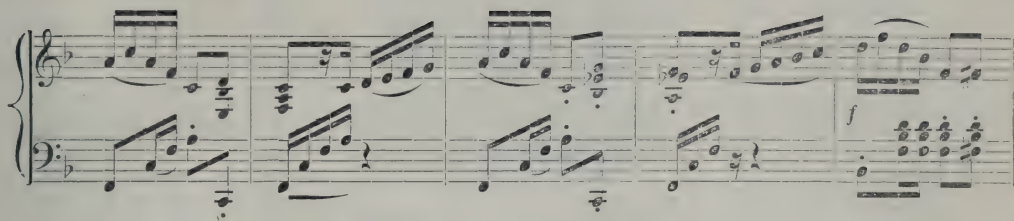
Third system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a pedal point (*Ped.*) indicated by a star symbol. The right hand plays a series of chords and arpeggios, while the left hand provides a steady bass line.



Fourth system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a pedal point (*Ped.*) indicated by a star symbol. The right hand plays a series of chords and arpeggios, while the left hand provides a steady bass line.



Fifth system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and a pedal point (*Ped.*) indicated by a star symbol. The right hand plays a series of chords and arpeggios, while the left hand provides a steady bass line.



MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

TAKING EFFECT, MONDAY, JAN. 23, 1871.

GOING WEST—MAIN LINE.

Through trains leave Detroit as follows:
Mail 7.00 A. M.; Day Express 9.00 A. M.; Evening Express 5.25 P. M.; Pacific Express (Sundays included) 9.50 P. M., connecting with the various branch lines, as below, and arriving at Chicago at 8.05 P. M.; 7.05 P. M.; 6.30 A. M.; and 8.00 A. M. respectively.
The Dexter Accommodation leaves Detroit at 4.15 P. M.

AIR LINE DIVISION.

Mail Train leaves Jackson at 10.45 A. M. and arrives at Niles at 3.30 P. M., connecting with Mail Train on Main Line at both places.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY DIVISION.

Leaves Jackson at 12.15 P. M. (Mail); 5.10 P. M. (Evening Express), and 7.00 A. M. (Mixed), arriving at Grand Rapids at 4.25 P. M.; 9.15 P. M., and 8.15 P. M. respectively.

DETROIT, HILLDALE & INDIANA R. R.
Leaves Ypsilanti at 8.35 A. M. and 6.00 P. M. on arrival of Mail and Dexter Accommodation

FT. WAYNE, JACKSON & SAGINAW R. R.
Leaves Jackson at 6.20 A. M.; 12.00 M., connecting with Day Express from Detroit; and 4.50 P. M.

JACKSON, LANSING & SAGINAW R. R.
Leaves Jackson at 6.00 A. M. and 3.30 P. M., and arrives at Wenona at 11.40 A. M. and 9.15 P. M.

Trains arrive at Detroit as follows:
Atlantic Express 3.35 A. M.; Night Express 7.25 A. M.; Dexter Accommodation 10.00 A. M.; Mail 6.30 P. M., and Day Express 9.45 P. M.

Mail Trains and Day Express run daily, except Sundays; Pacific Express, west, and Atlantic Express, east, daily; Evening Express, west, daily except Sundays, and only to Jackson on Saturdays; Night Express, east, and Dexter Accommodation, daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

Pullman Palace Cars on all night trains, and Ladies' Cars on all day trains.
Trains run by Chicago time.

C. H. SARGENT, Gen. Supt., Chicago.
C. H. HURD, Asst. Gen. Supt., Detroit.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

MARCH, 1871.
Trains leave Windsor (Great Western Railway time) which is 12 minutes faster than Detroit time) as follows:

Atlantic Express, daily 4.35 a. m.
Day Express, daily except Sundays 8.25 a. m.
Pacific Express, daily except Sundays, 11.30 a. m.
N. Y. Express, daily leaves Detroit, 7.45 p. m.
The Railway Ferry leaves Detroit (Detroit time) as follows:

Third street—4.00 a. m., 8.00 a. m., 11.00 a. m., and 7.15 p. m.
Brush street—7.40 a. m., 10.30 a. m. and 6.40 p. m.

Trains arrive at Windsor from the East at 9.00 a. m., 6.45 a. m., 5.15 p. m. and 9.30 p. m.
Company's Passenger and Ticket Office, corner Jefferson avenue and Griswold street, Detroit.

FRANK E. SNOW,
Western Passenger Agent, Detroit.
W. K. MUIR, Gen'l Supt., Hamilton.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, December 5, 1870, Trains will leave Detroit daily (except Sundays, Chicago time) as follows:

For Buffalo, New York and all places East—7.10 a. m., Express; 6.20 p. m., Fast Express.
For Portland, via Toronto and Montreal—7.10 a. m., Express; 6.20 p. m., Fast Express.
4.00 p. m., Accommodation to Port Huron.

Trains leave Detroit Junction after arrival of Western trains.

Palace Sleeping Cars on night trains to and from Buffalo and Toronto, without change in Canada.

Trains arrive at Detroit at 9.10 a. m., and 6.00 a. m.
Company's Ticket Offices, cor. Jefferson and Woodward aves., and at Depot foot of Third st.
EDWARD REIDY, Passenger Ag't, Detroit.
H. S. HILL, Gen. Pass. Ag't, Montreal.
C. F. FREYDGEN, Managing Director, Montreal.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN R. R.

Winter Time Table for 1870-71.

Trains leave Detroit for Chicago at 8.10 a. m. and 6.00 p. m.
Trains leave Detroit for Toledo at 7.30 a. m., 9.30 a. m., 1.35 p. m. and 6.00 p. m.
Trains arrive at Chicago at 10.10 p. m. and 6.50 a. m.

Trains leave Chicago for Detroit at 9.00 p. m. and 5.30 a. m. Arrive at Detroit at 9.00 a. m. and 6.40 p. m. From Toledo at 3.00 p. m. and 11.30 p. m.

JACKSON BRANCH.
Trains leave Jackson at 7.00 a. m. and 1.15 p. m., arriving at Adrian at 9.15 a. m. and 5.30 p. m.
Trains leave Adrian at 12.45 p. m. and 9.00 p. m., arriving at Jackson at 3.00 p. m. and 11.15 p. m.

KALAMAZOO DIVISION.
Trains leave Three Rivers at 5.52 p. m. and 7.02 a. m., arriving at Grand Rapids at 10.20 p. m. and 10.30 a. m.

Trains leave Grand Rapids at 6.00 a. m. and 6.00 p. m., arriving at Three Rivers at 10.20 a. m. and 1.20 p. m.

Trains run by Chicago time.
CHAS. F. HATCH, Gen. Supt., Cleveland, O.
F. E. MOORE, Gen. Pass. Ag't, Cleveland, O.

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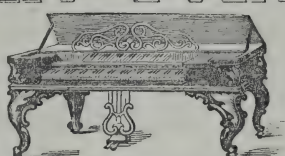
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On and after Monday, December 5, 1870, Express train leaves Lansing, going north, at 5.25 p. m.

Express train leaves Ionia, going north, at 7.40 p. m.

Express train arrives at Greenville at 8.45 p. m.

Express train leaves Greenville going south, at 6.50 a. m.

Express train leaves Ionia, going south, at 7.55 a. m.

Express train arrives at Lansing at 10.05 a. m.

Mixed train leaves Lansing, going north, at 8.15 a. m.

Mixed train leaves Ionia, going north, at 12.30 p. m.

Mixed train arrives at Greenville at 2.30 p. m.

Mixed train leaves Greenville, going south, at 3.45 a. m.

Mixed train leaves Ionia, going south, at 10.40 a. m.

Mixed train arrives at Lansing at 2.20 p. m.

R. LAUGHLIN, Supt., Lansing.

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4. DURABILITY.

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VOLUME I.

DETROIT, SEPTEMBER, 1871.

NUMBER IX.

Forecasting.

If sitting with this little worn-out shoe
And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered through
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt heaven and me,
I could be reconciled and happy too,
And look with glad eyes toward the Jasper Sea.

If, in the morning, when the song of birds
Reminds us of a music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty broken words,
And for the music of his dimpled feet,
I could be almost happy though I heard
No answer, and saw but his vacant seat.

I could be glad, if, when the day is done,
And all its cares and heart-aches laid away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun,
And, with a heart full of deep yearnings, say,
"To-night I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of a single day."

If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals wrought of light in better lands,
And that the foot-prints of a tender God
Ran side by side with his, in golden sands,
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod,
Since Benny was in wiser, safer hands.

If he were dead I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee,
I would not kiss the tiny shoe, and say,
"Bring back again my little boy to me!"
I would be patient, knowing it is God's way,
And that He'd lead me to him o'er death's silent sea.

But O! to know the feet, once pure and white,
The haunts of vice have boldly ventured in!
The hands that should have battled for the right,
Have been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin!
And should he knock at heaven's gate to-night,
I fear my boy could hardly enter in!

Blackberries.

The trees were flushed with red and gold,
As, in the warm September weather,
Among the country lanes we strolled,
And picked the blackberries together.

Standing among the russet-brown
And withered leaves that hid the roots,
I pulled the bramble branches down,
And watched her pluck and eat the fruits.

With tender, purple finger-tips,
That shunned the thorns with dainty skill,
She put them to her pouted lips,
And laughed and looked more pretty still.

Her ringing tones awoke the air
To joyful echoes as she passed;
Each opening prospect seemed more fair,
Each lane more tempting than the last.

And even now, when strolling through
The by-ways hedged with bush and bramble,
I pull a blackberry or two
In memory of that far-off ramble.

The Abbe Liszt and a New American Prima Donna.

A Leipsic correspondent gives the following interesting intelligence concerning the progress of a young American girl who is studying for the lyric stage: The Abbe Liszt is at present on a visit to Weimar, the guest of the Grand Duke of Altenburg, and occupies the house that Goethe lived in for forty years, now the Duke's property. A few days ago the great pianist gave a *matinee musicale*, at a reception of the highest personages, both in rank and talent, and through the influence of his friends, who had heard of the wonderful vocal talent of our country-woman, Miss Violetta Colville, he extended an invitation to the young lady and her mother, Madame Mary Provost, to attend his entertainment.

When we arrived at his house the Grand Duke was already there, with ladies and gentlemen of the court, and several celebrated musicians and friends. The Abbe received us very cordially, and conducted Miss Violetta and her mother to seats near the piano, where a gentleman was about to play, evidently waiting to begin. After his performance, which was excellent, the Abbe requested Miss Violetta to sing. Our nightingale was so frightened that the old man said to her, "Don't tremble, my child; I will accompany you myself." The auditors were astonished, imagining the honor. There were several ladies and gentlemen sang through the morning, but there was an accompanist for them, and for our coming American *prima donna* alone did the great master of music deign to be so good.

When she had finished he got up, and, taking her hands, said: "Very good, very good," smiling, and looking in her face, while the ladies and gentlemen applauded. But the second piece she sang, when her fright had passed away, was so much better, that the old man embraced her, holding her head against his breast with one hand, while he patted it with the other, and, looking toward Madame Provost, most feelingly remarked, "The feeling of Malibran, with the voice of Sontag," and smiled. "What shall I say of the Abbe's performance? There were several performers, as I have told you, one an especially brilliant player, who has gained a considerable reputation; but when Liszt performs all others seem insignificant and soulless. At the touch of his hand the piano has another voice—it is not the same instrument; it wakes up as if touched by galvanism, and for the moment it is a living creature—groans, and weeps, and sings, and laughs, and cries out, just as it is whipped, or caressed, or tickled, by the hand of its lord and king. For never looked the proudest monarch on his coronation-day so noble and grand as this sovereign of the music world on the throne of his music seat. There is something of the lion in the appearance of Liszt, his eyes so full of fire, his magnificent hair, remarkably abundant even if he were still a young man, thrown back from a massive brow, and face full of an admirable intelligence, and an expression of wonderful force, power, and energy, which his pleasant smile cannot conceal. In any station of life, in any profession he might have adopted, Franz Liszt would still have been the chief of all competitors.

Miss Violetta Colville has been under instruction of the best masters of Europe for three years, and two more years of study are deemed necessary before the young lady will make her public *debut* in opera. Her father, Mr. Samuel Colville, is pursuing a wise course in not hastening her public appearance before she has become a thoroughly cultivated musical artist.

DESIGNED FOR AN ORGANIST.—A young American, Master Willie Shelton, of New Haven, Connecticut, son of a gentleman of fortune, is now in England for the purpose of improving himself on the organ. His extraordinary ability has quite stirred up the people of Brighton, and he was about to go to London to show the pretenders in that metropolis what the capabilities of the instrument really are.

Doubtful Advantages of Piano-Pounding.

How many of those who spend time and means in the cultivation of music have any object in view beyond the entertainment of company? My young friend, do you feel yourself sufficiently rewarded for the time you are spending every day in practice, dry and disagreeable as the mere mechanical part is, by the exaggerated applause of the shallow people of whom fashionable society is mostly composed? If you have a true soul for music, you have found that in company a style of music pleases altogether different from what you would play at home for your own enjoyment or that of your family. In company, you are expected to appeal to the eyes as well as the ears of the listeners. Your fingers must perform feats equal to those of the most accomplished gymnast. Some people delight in watching the fingers to such a degree that they think of nothing else. Finding this to be the case you are anxious to make the best of what technical ability you have acquired by the diligent practice of scales, chords, etc., and astonish yourself even, in the execution of the music of a Gotschalk, Wehl, or some other rattletrap. Or perhaps your teacher "composes," and his music is particularly striking in its way. He has inspired you with respect by his finished performance, and, when he presents you with a copy of his last composition, with the request that you learn it, you feel at once so flattered that you are ready to devote any amount of time to studying the peculiar effects through which he astonishes his hearers. He may play octaves particularly well; the public are informed of the fact by the unmeaning frequency of octave passages. Or he has a wondrous power in his left hand, and therefore uses this member to the exclusion of the right. Or he excels in rapid, brilliant runs, calculated to exhibit the quality of touch, of which he is master. Although you are versed in none of these artifices that constitute the popular musician, and though as yet developed in no particular direction, you diligently spend an unaccountably long time to produce the effect intended by the composer.

In the meantime, what becomes of the pieces you learned before? They are forgotten, of course. Not one of them can you remember. The last piece is the only one, to be laid aside in its turn and forgotten, while working to master another of even greater difficulty. And so on until the young days are spent. This music has never been any real enjoyment to you, for it is barren; it is not the language of the heart; for a brief moment it sparkles, glares, makes noise, and is burst out like a rocket. And as the desire to inspire admiration ceases, when you are settled in life and have the care of a family, the piano is never opened except when an occasional visitor tries her skill. On the music-stand are the bound books full of emptiness, with your maiden name on the cover, and you can hardly believe that you ever played them, so little remains in your remembrance of the pieces they contain.

Josef Strauss.

The musical world of Vienna is *en duel* over the sad death of Josef Strauss, who about a year ago received such barbarous injuries at the hands of some drunken Prussian officers for whom he refused to play, after they had insulted him, that he died from their effects after long sufferings. Those who have enjoyed the Strauss Concerts before, miss his earnest Beethoven looking face now, and the lovely music he was wont to give them, in which was always a yearning minor chord and a sorrowful, haunting refrain that came back again and again like the tolling of the Ave Maria bells in Venice, when their eyes sweep over the blue *loggia* and reach you on the lovely island of Lido where they are lost in the murmurs of the Adriatic. Of the three survivors of the celebrated Johann Strauss, they are now left his son Eduard, who is always in Vienna, and Johann, to whom the Russian Government pays an enormous sum in order to retain him in St. Petersburg.

Correspondence.

From Boston.

Coming Musical Events—Parepa-Rosa to Open the Operatic Season—How Jubilee Gilmore is in for making Money—What Deeds are to be done in the name of Music.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

BOSTON, August 24, 1871.

In my letter last month I gave a little foreshadowing of what is to be done in a musical way in Boston next season. I can add but little except to correct one or two matters where changes have been made since that letter was written. Theodore Thomas will not visit Boston until after his westward trip, which will carry his concerts forward some time. Madame Parepa-Rosa has decided to give three concerts at Music Hall in advance of her operatic opening in New York, assisted by Mrs. Seguin, Carlo Patti, the violinist, and other artists. She will not introduce the new members of her operatic troupe until she appears at the Boston Theater, in January. These concerts will take place on the evenings of September 20 and 22, and the afternoon of September 23.

Gilmore's great International Jubilee, of which I have heretofore written the SONG JOURNAL, is beginning to excite attention among our citizens. Mr. Gilmore's prospectus was recently published, and naturally created a little excitement, as the promises of a building to hold one hundred thousand people, a fortnight of national concerts, a chorus of twenty thousand, an orchestra of between two and three thousand, and the other great features of the gigantic scheme were read. Mr. Gilmore does not enter upon his great undertaking single-handed, as he did upon the work of organizing the Peace Jubilee of 1869. He will have no difficulty in drumming up pecuniary aid as he had before, and by a simple device to be carried out in the sale of season tickets, even a guaranty fund will not be required—that is, a subscription, such as was gotten up in connection with the first Jubilee. Mr. Gilmore sailed for Europe on the 12th, upon business connected with the great festival, having the week previous visited Long Branch and induced President Grant to give him an autograph letter, indorsing his scheme, and recommending him personally to all the representatives of the United States Government abroad. Mr. Gilmore will endeavor to interest foreign governments in the festival to the extent of sending over representative bands, and will try hard to secure some representatives from court. He will also make it his mission to secure the co-operation of some of the most eminent composers of the Old World. Why should not Verdi, Wagner, Gounod, or Costa, or what is better still, all four, come over on a visit to a country which has done so much in performing the music they have written? Then, again, some one of the European composers will be invited to compose the opening hymn of universal peace, with which the monster gathering is to be inaugurated. The words will probably be contributed by some one of America's distinguished poets. The organization and drilling of the chorus will soon be begun, or at least as soon as the summer vacation is over. Dr. E. Tourjee, the superintendent of the last Jubilee—the most valuable assistant Mr. Gilmore had—will again assist in this department. To raise an efficient chorus of twenty thousand voices will by no means be a difficult matter, and, as before, the only difficulty will be to keep the number within the proper limits.

The structure will have an auditorium of twice the space of the Coliseum of 1869, and it will be built in a more substantial manner and in a more ornamental style. Imagine a building which is to cover an area of nearly eight acres, 822½ feet long and 442½ feet wide. The roof, without the elevations for the windows, monitor, etc., will have the appearance of an

elongated dome. The construction of the building will be begun this fall, and the festival is to open June 17, and continue a fortnight or more. It is probable that the structure will be kept standing several years to be used for other purposes.

RANGER.

From London.

The new Albert Hall Organ—An American Receives the Silver Medal for Composition—Morning Concerts—The Opera Houses—A Gay Season Anticipated.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

LONDON, August 10.

On the 18th of July the fine organ for Albert Hall was opened. The builder was Mr. Willis, and the organist for the occasion was Mr. W. T. Best. A very excellent programme was provided, and Mr. Best's playing was considered by critics to be superior to anything he had ever had done before—in fact, Best's best.

The organ has four rows of keys, and upward of two octaves of pedals. Most of the stops are of good quality, but when the full power of the organ was displayed, it was made manifest that the Hall required to be well filled in order to subdue the powerful sound.

Among the pieces performed were the prelude and fugue of Bach in E flat; Handel's organ concerto, No. 1; Mendelssohn's sonata, No. 1; a choral song and fugue, on a theme by Travers; an Andante Grazioso, by Mr. Hopkins, and an air, with variations, by Mr. H. Smart. Mr. Best also introduced two compositions of his own—a march in A minor, and an "Andante Pastorale."

Mr. Parry, an old resident of America, but more recently of England, was awarded the silver medal for composition at the recent concert of the Royal Academy of Music. Mr. Parry first gained his reputation at a National "Eisteddfod," at Swansea, Wales, where Mr. Brinsley Richards selected his composition for the first prize among one hundred that were submitted for composition. Since then Mr. Parry has taken his degree as Bachelor of Music, at Cambridge.

Mr. G. W. Hammond has recently been very successful with a series of "morning concerts," which he has been giving at Hanover Square. These were largely instrumental, the music being evolved from four pianos, two violins, a tenor violoncello, and double bass. The fashionable world paid heavily, and patronized the concerts in large numbers.

At the Royal Italian Opera, "Il Matrimonio Segreto," by Cimarosa, has been revived. The music, though slightly antiquated, is very dramatic and pleasing. Mile. Sessi sang the part of "Bellina; Madame Vanzini was much applauded as "Ersilia," and Madame Salchi, as "Leonora," won approbation. Madame Patti has since made her appearance at this establishment as *Valentina*, in "Les Huguenots." At Her Majesty's Opera "Rigoletto" created the most enthusiasm, M. Capoul appearing as the Duke, his best aria being the favorite "*La donna è Mobile*." Signor Mendioroz made his first appearance as *Rigoletto*. He has a very good baritone voice, but is lacking in sustained energy. The other two new comers, Signors Bignio and Prudenza, were closely scanned. The former was unfavorably received, but Prudenza is considered to be the best performer of secondary parts that has appeared for some time on the London lyric stage.

The Philharmonic Society gave their eighth and last concert on the 3d. Mile. Titieni appeared in the place of Mile. Miramon, and was rapturously encored. Madame Trebelli-Bettini also made a very good impression on the large audience. Weber's jubilee overture ended the performance.

The coming season bids fair to be more interesting than ever. Already artists of repute have made their appearance. The very elite of the French companies have been engaged by London managers. W.

From Kalamazoo.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

KALAMAZOO, August 24.

A meeting was held in the Methodist Church building at this place to hear the report of a committee appointed for the purpose of inquiring into the feasibility of establishing in Kalamazoo a Normal Musical Institute, Mr. G. E. Curtiss in the chair.

The following is the report:

"After giving the matter some thought and investigation your committee are of the opinion that the surest and perhaps the only way of securing united and well-directed effort in such an enterprise is through the formation of a Musical Society, which, being governed by laws of its own making, and administered by officers of its own choosing, will contain all the elements necessary for the establishment of such an institution. When such an organization shall have been perfected, the time will have come, in the opinion of your committee, for considering the question of who shall be Musical Director, and whether it shall take the form of a school immediately, or approach it gradually.

"Your committee would therefore most heartily recommend the immediate formation of a Musical Society.

J. S. CHAPIN,
DR. W. T. STILLWELL,
W. F. LEAVITT,
H. D. WILBOR,
G. E. CURTISS,
Committee."

The report was accepted and adopted by an unanimous vote.

Moved and carried that a committee of four be appointed to secure attendance at some future meeting of not less than twenty-five persons of competent musical abilities, who shall constitute and act as charter members, for the purpose of organizing a Musical Society, as set forth in the report just adopted. The following were chosen as that committee: H. D. Wilbor, W. F. Leavitt, George E. Curtiss, P. F. Van de Sande.

Moved and carried that Mr. Van de Sande and Mr. Leavitt be a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws, to be presented for consideration at the next meeting.

After extending an invitation to the citizens of Kalamazoo to attend the next meeting, which was appointed for August 30, the assembly adjourned.

T.

Rossini's Fondness for Macaroni.

Rossini was always extravagantly fond of macaroni, and used to boast that he knew how to cook it fifty different ways. The following story is amusing: Near the Passage Vivienne, in Paris, is a vast establishment where only vermicelli, Italian paste, cheese, and macaroni are sold. This store a few years ago was frequented by a fine-looking old man, who passed hours examining the gastronomic wealth spread out before him with as much care as would a book-worm hunting for some rare volume. He would smell the savory cheese with as much delight as if it were a bouquet of heliotrope and roses, while his fingers, covered with brilliants would daintily toy and caress the golden stalks and strings of the Neapolitan pastes. No one knew him, or his social position, only hazard betrayed his incognito one bright day. The mysterious macaroni amateur was in the act of getting into his carriage when a gentleman passed and bowed most respectfully, in return receiving a mere nod. The proprietor of the paste store inquired immediately. "Are you acquainted with that gentleman?" "I have the honor." "Is he a person of distinction?" "Of the highest." "A Duke?" "Far better." "A Prince?" "Keep on." "A King?" "Still higher." "Well, then, he must be an Emperor?" "Yes, indeed, one of the most powerful Autocrats in the Empire of Art. His name is Rossini." "Per Baccho!" cried the excited Italian, proud of possessing such an illustrious customer, "if the maestro knows as much about music as he does about macaroni, I don't wonder that he composed the "Barber of Seville!"

Memoranda of Mario.

HIS UNEXAMPLD CAREER.

How many great singers of the other sex have been rivals and successors, and challenged together or in turn the admiration of the world of London, while Mario ruled, not merely supreme, but almost alone. Giulia Grisi, with the beauty and symmetry of an unique statue, with her superb voice and the unsurpassed splendor of her dramatic genius; Jenny Lind, the most popular and successful, if not the greatest singer to whom the world ever listened, and who quitted the field magnanimously and wisely while yet in her prime; Viardot, with thrilling power and passion; Bosis, that bright light of the firmament of song, so prematurely and suddenly extinguished; the bold brilliancy of Cravelli; the virid force of Piccolomini; Patti's exquisite purity and sweetness; Lucie's energy of dramatic expression; the noble classic dignity and grandeur of Tietjens; the sympathetic tenderness of Nilsson—these are only some of the names and gifts which will spring at once to every recollection, as we think over the years of Mario's career. But during that time how many great tenors have crossed the stage whereon he appeared! On a small scrap of paper one might write down all the names; and it is not too much to say that not one could claim to be, in the union of lyrical and dramatic qualities, the rival of Mario. It is a wise resolve that bids him to withdraw from the scene of so prolonged and complete a success.

WHAT FIRST STIMULATED HIM.

The *Athenæum* gives the following paragraph about Signor Mario, whose retirement from the stage may thus be called one of the great musical events of this generation:

"That Grisi exercised a potent influence over the mind of Signor Mario, inspiring him with a desire to shine as an actor, there can be little doubt; but close observers of the career of Signor Mario will be disposed to admit that it was coming in contact with Madame Viardot, in the 'Huguenots,' that was the turning point in his marked changes as an actor. This great artist, who came to sing the part of *Valentina*, in Meyerbeer's master-piece, was really the representative of the composer in the mounting of the work, the opposition to which from the Italian singers was more than strong—it was rancorous. The lady succeeded in her exertions, and the genius of Meyerbeer, in 1848, for the first time in this country, asserted its supremacy. Mario, at first somewhat lifeless and listless, as *Raoul*, changed his tone when the French tenor, M. Roger, one night, through the indisposition of the Italian, was called upon to sing the part, which he did in French, Madame Viardot, on the spur of the moment, from memory, singing in French also, so that *Raoul* and *Valentina* were declaiming in the Gallic tongue, while the other artists in the cast were reveling in their choice Italian. M. Roger wroth Signor Mario from lethargy; from that night the septon of the duel was a reality; the duet with *Valentina* was inspired.

THE ACCOUNT OF HIS APPEARANCES.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* publishes a curious analysis of the career of Signor Mario in London, where it seems he has sung every season since 1839, with the single exception of 1869. He has appeared on 976 occasions, all but 41 being representations of complete operas. His favorite roll has been *Raoul* in 'The Huguenots,' which he has sung in London 119 times. Next comes *Almaviva*, in Rossini's 'Barber,' which he has given 102 times. *Gennaro*, in 'Lucrèce Borgia,' 91 times; *Faust*, in Gounod's opera, 59 times; and *Pesundo*, in 'La Favorita,' 59 times, were his other most popular personations.

THE TESTIMONIALS HE RECEIVED.

Mario's testimonial, presented to him after his benefit, consists of an elegant octagon-shaped casket, richly ornamented with gold mounts at each corner, and having a medallion on which was engraved an inscription in verse. Another gift was an ivory cigarette, mounted in gold, and bearing on a shield of gold a laurel wreath, surmounted by the Marquis' coronet of his illustrious race, with these lines beneath: '*Pretosi dissero gli dei, O da in terra una volta ti musicò del Ciel, E le ubere coronarono di Mario.*' It was given by a lady, with a wreath of bay leaves.

RAFF AS A PIANIST.—Carl Wolfsohn has lately visited Joachim Raff, the celebrated composer, at his home in Wiesbaden. Raff is said to exclude himself entirely from society, and live in and with himself. Wolfsohn adds: Raff played for me during the afternoon. He is not, by any manner of means, a perfect pianist, but he plays with the utmost delicacy and feeling, and then again with immense breadth and passion.

Ole Bull's New Piano and Other Pianos.

The peculiarity of this instrument, of which rumor has said so much, consists chiefly of the soundings-board, which is detached from the frame of the piano, and is made of thick pine wood, formed in many pieces, so as to secure fineness of grain, and strengthened by wooden ribs below. In addition to this, much of the iron usually used about the soundings-board is discarded, metal being done away with as much as possible. The result of this, Ole Bull contends, will be to make the piano mellow and become richer with age, as does a violin, and the theory has many supporters. On the occasion of its first exhibition, it proved to have a delicate, sympathetic tone, but lacked of the *forte* qualities so requisite in a grand piano. This, however, may come with age, and, if it does, Mr. Bull's piano will be a decided success.

In an ordinary piano there are fifteen kinds of wood, namely, pine, maple, spruce, cherry, walnut, whitewood, apple, basswood, birch, mahogany, ebony, holly, cedar, beech and rosewood, from Honduras, Ceylon, England, South America and Germany. In this combination elasticity, strength, pliability, toughness, resonance, lightness, durability and beauty are individual qualities, and the general result is "voice." There are also used of the metals, iron, steel, brass, white metal, gum metal and lead. There are in an instrument of seven and a half octaves 24 strings, making a total length of 787 feet of steel wire, and 500 feet of white (covering) wire. Such a piano will weigh from 900 to a thousand pounds, and will last with constant use (not abuse) fifteen or twenty years.

In Cincinnati a new sort of piano has been invented and patented during the present month. The peculiar feature of the invention is, that, instead of strings stretched across the soundings-board, small steel tongues, each with a hook or arm on either side, are attached to the soundings-board, and struck by hammers similar to those of the ordinary instrument, only the tongue and hammer are worked perpendicularly. One hook of each tongue being half the length of the other, the result is, that, on an octave higher, thus each stroke of the hammer produces two notes, an octave apart. The vibration produced is full as continuous as that obtained from strings, and the tone is readily stopped by the application of a check or damper. It is said to be entirely practicable to manufacture instruments of this pattern much cheaper than those of the ordinary style.

Adelina Patti as Valentine.

(From the London Times.)

The most interesting and important event of the week, the new reform of Signor Mario, has already been described. Next in interest was Madame Adelina Patti's first appearance as *Valentine* in the 'Huguenots,' on the occasion of her benefit. All we feel bound to say at present about this new and ambitious essay of the richly-endowed lady is that, if the enthusiasm it excited among an audience which crammed the theatre to the roof can be accepted as a genuine test, Madame Patti must be accredited with a new triumph. At the end of the great duet with Raoul she was thrice called before the curtain with acclamation; Signor Mario had to pick up bouquets and wreaths till he was fairly exhausted, and many were left on the stage to be gathered by less distinguished hands. Nevertheless, we cannot but feel that there are limits even to the versatility of this, one of the most versatile, and in her own particular line, which need not be designated, incomparable of artists; and we are also of opinion that Madame Patti's physical attributes alone would constitute a barrier to her obtaining the like eminence in the higher walks of lyric tragedy. Her *Leonora*, in the 'Trovatore,' we admit, is admirable, as she has shown on more than one occasion; but there is a long step between *Leonora* and *Valentine*. Meyerbeer's music, moreover, notwithstanding all that has been said about that of Verdi, being infinitely more trying to the voice. At the same time, we are so convinced of the thorough earnestness of Madame Patti in whatever she attempts that we prefer awaiting another opportunity of forming a judgment as to her capabilities for excelling in the new sphere to which she is now apparently directing her thoughts. Though a first experience does not justify a verdict of unqualified approval, it is equally insufficient, on the other hand, to warrant condemnation without appeal. The performances of no artist whom we can call to mind have been worthier calm and deliberate consideration than those of Madame Adelina Patti.

WHITNEY.—Mr. M. W. Whitney, the well known singer, of Boston, has received an offer to take part in the great London oratorios next fall. He will sail for England shortly.

"Good Words."

"A WELCOME GUEST."
(From the Flint Globe.)

THE SONG JOURNAL, for August, published by C. J. Whitney & Co., is a welcome guest on our table. Its musical miscellany is interesting, its song, Angel Maggie, is full of exquisite melody, and the instrumental piece entitled Album Leaf, will be appreciated by all lovers of music.

THE LATEST MUSICAL NEWS.
(From the Pontiac Jacksonian.)

THE SONG JOURNAL for August is received. It contains all the latest news in the musical world, and several fine pieces of instrumental and vocal music.

(From the Hillsdale Democrat.)

THE SONG JOURNAL for August contains a choice variety of music, musical miscellany, etc.

(From the Ypsilanti Commercial.)

THE SONG JOURNAL.—This invaluable journal of music and song, published by C. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit, comes to us as bright and beautiful as a May morning. "Angel Maggie" is a nice thing.

(From the Pontiac Bell Power.)

THE SONG JOURNAL for August is at hand. It is a musical publication for the masses.

"POPULAR MUSIC—INTERESTING ARTICLES."

(From the Laingsburg Recorder.)

THE SONG JOURNAL.—This literary and musical journal has again come to hand. It contains several popular pieces of music, and a fine array of interesting articles. Every one should subscribe for it before sending out of the State for a foreign musical sheet.

"NO CHANCE FOR IMPROVEMENT."

(From the St. Joseph County Republican.)

The last number of C. J. Whitney & Co.'s SONG JOURNAL has arrived. We fail to see any chance for improvement in this young and excellent monthly. In addition to a large supply of first class musical literature, the proprietors give two pieces of music, "Take Back the Heart," and "Der Thautropfen."

Jenny Lind.

Justin McCarthy writes from London to the New York Evening Mail as follows: "I 'assisted' the other night at a rather melancholy entertainment. It was the performance of Otto Goldsmidt's sacred pastoral, 'Ruth,' the principal *soprano* part in which was taken by his renowned wife, Jenny Lind. There was a brilliant house resolute to be pleased. Jenny Lind had a grand reception, the cordiality of which was doubtless enhanced by a general desire to mark a sense of indignation at the wanton and cruel calumnies which lately assailed her person and her husband. But it was a heavy and mournful business. 'Can that be Jenny Lind?' some of the younger listeners whispered. That heavy, homely matron—that striving singer with the worn-out voice which struggles so painfully with the high notes and is so hoarse with the low. Can it be that twenty years ago Europe and America were filled with rapturous admiration over the divine glories of that voice, the artistic perfection of that style? Greater singers than Jenny Lind there certainly were, but no singer ever bore the same triumphs and the same renown. What was the Piccolomini mania, the Patti mania, the Nilsson mania, when compared with the madness for Jenny Lind? And now, what remains? Nothing, it seems to me, except a knowledge of music and high artistic purpose. No fancies, no art could do anything with that wrecked and faded voice. Nothing even hinted to me of the Jenny Lind of fame. The papers here praised the performance of course, which is a pity. It is a cruel mistake for a singer to appear in public after her time."

An Auction of Auber's Effects.

A sale of the furniture and works of art belonging to the late M. Auber has been going on at the Hotel des Ventes. The paintings, although signed by some celebrated masters, brought in general very low prices, the highest being paid for a female figure by Chapin, and which only sold for 323 francs. A portrait of Mme Thillon the singer, by Horace Vernet, was knocked down for 28 francs; one of Mme. Malibran, by the same artist, but unfinished, for 100 francs; a sea piece, a sketch by Gudin, sold for 27 francs; a miniature of Mme. Deshayes, by Isabey, for 200 francs; and one of the Duke of Orleans, by d'Angigny, 225 francs. The library is exceedingly limited, but contains some operatic scores and editions of classical music.

Paganini.

Of course Paganini had first earned his reputation on the Continent, or he would not have been invited to the Italian Opera in London.

However, this event, usually occurred, and then his foreign reputation being duly paraded and posted, a very crowded house assembled for the concert on his opening night. There is no orchestra in front. The curtain rises, and the orchestra is seen ranging upward at the back of the scene. His figure and face have been portrayed. A symphony plays, and pauses. A tall black skeleton protrudes its head and shoulders at the side entrance, and advances with a stealthy gesture as of "a thing forbid." It is the Magician with his violin. He bows very low—almost ironically; then rises, and from that moment takes no more heed of the presence of the audience than if the house were empty. To describe his marvelous performance, words are inadequate, and yet he is bound to say something, as follows.

I had previously heard all the other celebrities of the time on this instrument, and had supposed that nothing could surpass what their life-long labors produced. It was felt, however—and this feeling and opinion was the common one—that no other living player could be called second to Paganini, the interval being of a kind that put all resemblance or approach to him clear out of the question. The quality of his tone was of the richest, and sometimes exuberant, and seemed to overflow, so to speak, not only the bounds of what a musical note can bear, but that the hearer can bear. Many were the persons of keen musical sensibility, and they often felt his tones in the roots of their hair, and even at times vibrating and tingling throughout their whole being. His powers and skill in expression were of a kind to produce alternately tears, laughter, astonishment, the noblest emotions, and the most beautiful or eccentric fancies. No wonder that his hearers shed tears when he could make the violin itself appear to weep. His execution surpassed belief, even with those who were present, as it seemed impossible that a single instrument could give the effect sometimes of half a dozen. His double-stopping was as rapid as any other player's single notes, and he could make a rapid cadence of single notes by the power and use of the fingers only, and while waving the bow in the air. Indeed, his bow was continually seen flourishing in the air like a magic wand, as a signal or command to the orchestra behind him. While his powers of expression varied from deep passion to the most delicate shades of emotion, he had also a descriptive and even imitative faculty which led him now and then into effects that laid him out to accusations of foul play and illegitimate means from instrumentalists who were incapable of such strikingly ingenious feats. For example, one of the pieces (for, unlike the common run of meaningless execution, all his pieces really did mean something, and often conveyed definite pictures to the imagination) was of a kind of Witches under the Walnut Tree." You heard—let me say we were—an old bel dame come hobbling along in the twilight of evening. She is evidently toothless and lame. Her faltering, mumbling old song suggests this as she advances toward the foot of the walnut tree. Presently another bel dame, with a different voice, advances to a somewhat different measure. The two meet and confer together in a weird dialogue—not merely singing, but talking. When it came to this pass, the audience exploded, with one accord, in an overwhelming applause. But the Magician proceeded, without taking any notice of this, and the noise speedily sank down to its previous state of silence. The old lady then sang a song of whistling, toothless duet; then came whizzing and quivering, wild, rushes of rain, and the gloom of midnight. Then it cleared off, and some birds sang in the upper branches of the tree, in shrill cold notes, indicative of dawn breaking; and then, in the far distance, we distinctly, though faintly, heard a cock crow. There could be no doubt of it, nor of any of these effects. Everybody felt it, and the triumph of Paganini in London was complete. Paganini was the first to demonstrate—and he did it to perfection—the capabilities of a single string in music. His grand solo, on the fourth string, of the prayer from "Moise en Egypte," was at once a triumph of musical expression and of artistic skill. All sorts of romantic stories were circulated about him in consequence, and among others that he had committed some terrible crime in his youth, and been shut up in a dungeon for many years; but during the last ten years he was allowed by a sardonic gaoler to have a violin with one string. Paganini was eventually compelled to "write to the *Tones*" explaining that these tales were fabrications, and that having conceived the idea of a solo on a single string, "one day taught another." He subsequently played various pieces of classical music, but the impassioned and the imaginative were his forte. In these qualities, as in his general powers over the instrument, he had never

been approached previously, and he has never been equalled, by a long way, ever since. In quartette playing and over classical music he has no doubt been equalled, possibly surpassed, by several of the great violinists who have followed him. Those who in the higher flights of fancy and feeling have most nearly approached him are Ernst, Ole Bull, Miska, Hauser, and Joachim—the latter especially in his "Trillo di Diabolo," by Tartini, though the German phlegm of his bearing does not come up to the Italian fire. But although some of these latter artists may really be admitted to be perfect, still they are not like the never-to-be-forgotten "Magician." One or two detractors of his memory and his "too potent art" have feebly endeavored to show that his marvellous skill was a sort of trick, and that he won his laurels by foul play; but you will always find that these people can do nothing of the sort themselves—and never heard him. The rarest qualities of a great artist are high passion and imagination. These are gifts of nature; the rest must be the labor of years.

THE BEETHOVEN CENTENARY AT BONN.—The Beethoven centenary celebration took place at Bonn on the 20th, 21st and 22d of August, under the direction of Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, and Herr Wasielewski, of Bonn. On the opening day (Sunday) the mass in D and the symphony in C minor was performed; on Monday the "Eroica" symphony and the "Leonora" overture (No. 3), with excerpts from "Fidelio" the march and chorus from "The Ruins of Athens," the violin concerto and the choral fantasia. On the last day the programme comprised the choral symphony, the piano forte concerto in E flat, the "Egmont" overture, and the scene, "Ahl perido." The leading soprano was Mme. E. Bellingrath, of Dresden, the first contralto, Mme. Joachim, and a second contralto, Mme. F. Schrech (of Bonn); Herr Schultze, of Hamburg, was the basso, and Herr Walter, of Vienna, the tenor. The solo pianist was Herr Halle; the solo violinist, Herr Joachim; and the organist, Herr Franz Weber.

THE PHILHARMONIC MEDALS.—The directors of the Philharmonic Society, London, in the presentation of the gold medal struck in commemoration of the Beethoven centenary, have wisely resolved to honor the representatives of each branch of the art, composers, conductors, vocalists and instrumentalists. The recipients of this distinction are confined to those artists who have rendered service to the society, including Mme. Arabella Goddard, Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Sir W. S. Bennett, Mr. Cusins and Mr. Santley. The foreigners to whom the medal is to be presented are Mlle. Linzbauer, Mlle. Nilsson, Mlle. Tietjens, Herr Joachim and M. Gounod. Casts of the bust of the great composer, presented to the society by Mlle. Linzbauer, are to be supplied to the University of Cambridge, the Royal Society of Musicians, the Royal Academy of Music, the Crystal Palace, and Messrs. John Broadwood & Sons.

A NEW RUSSIAN TENOR.—The Russian tenor of the future is M. David Meierovitch. He was intended by his father, a rich proprietor of Kowno, for trade, but preferring the study of music, which he could not pursue at home, he ran away to St. Petersburg. Here, after many hardships and privations, he succeeded in becoming acquainted with some of the leading artists at the Imperial Opera, who soon discovered his splendid voice. He next applied to Mme. Lucca, then fulfilling an engagement in the Russian capital, who not only aided him with money, but by her interest in official quarters, procured him admission into the Conservatory.

A CONFIDENT CRITIC.—Spontini was a man of overweening vanity. At the last rehearsal of his "Olympia," he arrived last. He was in full dress, his breast covered with decorations from nearly every court in Europe. He walked in a stately manner to his place, and then assumed his seat with the fervor of a priest at the altar. He raised his conducting stick, and cast a glance around him. "Gentlemen," he said "the work we are about to have the honor of rehearsing is a masterpiece. Let us begin."

ENGLISH GIRLS' MUSIC LESSONS.—The *Echo* states it as a fact, that "out of her available hours of study the British school-girl spends on an average by far the largest proportion, or not less than a clear fourth, in music." The same authority calculates that arithmetic takes up one-thirteenth of her time, and history, geography, grammar, and other such insignificant trifles, about as much more, making altogether one-half. What becomes of the other half of her time, the writer fails to tell us.

THE GREAT LONDON ORGAN.—The great organ in the Royal Albert Hall, in London—the largest organ in the world—has just been completed, and the first exhibition of it was given on the 18th of July. We published last year a scheme of the instrument, showing the points in which it is superior to the only great organ in America—namely, that in the Boston Music Hall. The London organ is said to have many important improvements in the couplers, mechanical stops, and action; but to offer no special novelty in the registers. There are 111 stops, besides fourteen additional combinations of manuals and pedals, four rows of keys, and more than two octaves of pedals.

SUNDAY MUSIC IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Springfield *Republican* propounds this conundrum: "Is it any worse for poor people to hear the music of Beethoven—or of Rossini or Verdi for that matter, performed by a band in the open air—than for rich people to hear the same music played on an organ in the church? If there is an intrinsic sinfulness in open air music, we suggest the propriety of getting up a Sunday law against the birds. They are the most hardened desecrators of the Sabbath in this particular line that we know of."

A NEW OPERA.—We are glad to learn that Mr. Remington Fairlamb intends reviving the musical *soirees* he gave last season with such success. Mr. Fairlamb is at present hard at work on his opera, "Leonello." Having examined the score carefully, we can pronounce it a truly charming work, full of melody, and at the same time admirably written with the skill of a true musician, Mr. Fairlamb having received his musical education in Europe. We believe he is in communication with Madame Parepa Rosa for its production.—*Washington Chronicle*.

A WISE MAN'S CONCLUSION.—Horace Walpole once said: "Had I children, my utmost endeavors would be to breed them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor yet thought of music, the preference seems odd; and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it the most profitable method. It is a resource which will last their lives, unless they grow deaf; it depends on themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasures it is the cheapest."

THE VIENNA OPERA HOUSE.—Herr Robinson, baritone, and Madame Robinson, soprano, are engaged for three years, commencing in the autumn, at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna. They are to receive between them a rising salary of 14,000, 16,000 and 18,000 florins. Herr Lebatt, one of the tenors at the same theatre, it is appears, a Swede, and moreover an active caterer for the Swedish stage. He carefully follows all the dramatic novelties produced here, and forthwith translates into Swedish such as he considers the best.

A CANADIAN CANTATRICE.—Mlle. Emma Albani is engaged by Mr. Gye for five years, the terms being £250 per month for the first three years, and £300 for the rest of the engagement. This Mlle. Albani is a Canadian by birth, her real name being Emma La Jeunesse; her father is of an old French Canadian family, and her mother of Scottish descent.

GOUNOD'S PERSISTENCY.—Gounod wrote seven operas before he was able to get a work of his performed on the stage. He was invariably told by musical critics and music publishers that he had no talent, and that it would be better for him to choose another career than that of a composer. It was his young wife that caused him to persist.

MINNIE'S RECEPTION IN VIENNA.—Miss Minnie Hauck is reaping many honors in Vienna, the second musical city in the world. She has an engagement, on very advantageous terms, to remain there for the next two years. She has improved immensely in her method, and her sweet, fresh voice is as attractive as ever.

MISS KREBS.—Theodore Thomas has not engaged Miss Menter, in view, it is whispered, of some rather eccentric notions of business on the lady's part, and Miss Krebs will make the Western tour instead.

THE violin is becoming a very fashionable musical instrument for the ladies.

The Song Journal.

DETROIT, SEPTEMBER, 1871.

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Songs and Song Writers.

The influence of songs upon the mental characteristics of mankind, have been long acknowledged. From the cradle on through life, we are soothed, excited, inspired by the tranquilizing or passionate words of familiar songs. Even the last scene of all is rendered more beatific to the passing soul by the triumphant strains of Christian hymns.

Aside from the mind-composing qualities of songs, they have borne no unimportant part in the economies of the world. That Amphion, with his lyre, raised the walls of Thebes, has been regarded as a mythological fable. A study of the industrial habits of Eastern lands, in the earlier days, reveals for this expression of the poet a foundation of solid truth. In the absence of our modern engines and apparatus, heavy burdens were transferred by human hands. A multitude of these were required to place in position the ponderous blocks that composed the temples, pyramids, and city walls of antiquity. That they might exert their strength in unison, the power of song was called upon. The cantor was not the least important of the laborers. He was, so to speak, the directing power; and so with truth might it be said the walls of Thebes were raised by the sound of Amphion's lyre. The inscriptions, exhumed from the ruins of Nineveh and other cities, show the cantor on his perch, chanting away his song of labor, while the slaves below tug in unison on the ponderous blocks.

The familiar yee-heave-ho of the seaman, and the stirring boatman's song, are modern instances of the application of the power of music to economic uses. The harvest and the oar songs of the Scottish Highlanders, and the ditties of the Venetian gondoliers, exemplify the same characteristics.

Fletcher, of Saltoun, was the author of the aphorism, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." This was only the expression of a feeling that many wise rulers before his time had acted upon. Lorenzo de Medici took pains to write songs, and the traveler in that portion of the Italian peninsula once subject to him still may hear the songs composed by that magnificent ruler.

There is no telling of the influence exerted by Dikken on the British sailors, by the force and beauty of his sea songs. They breathe an air of courage, of devotion, and of duty, that as much as anything enabled England to boast that "Britannia rules the Sea." Dikken himself, with modest exultation, was happy to hear that his songs had cheered the seaman on the lonely sea, aroused him to courage in battle, and recalled him to duty when mutiny was rife among the fleet. These are historical incidents, and doubtless similar ones could be found in the annals of other nations.

The agricultural ballads, as they might be called, of the French peasants, the songs of the vineyard—*chansons vendange*—are of acknowledged weight in tranquilizing the hardy toilers, and making them the better satisfied with their occupation. These, often

made the vehicle of a local satire, gave a pungency to every day affairs. From the place of their origin, the *Vau de Vire*, comes the word "vaudeville," descriptive of that peculiar style of composition. Olivier Basselin, at the end of the 14th century made himself famous by his vaudeville songs.

Our earlier English songs have been well described as consisting of "humble and amusing strains, founded upon the squabbles of a wake, tales of untrue love, superstitious rumors, or miraculous traditions of the hamlet." They were sung at ale-house doors, at harvest festivals, at weddings, and other public gatherings. The airs were often of singular beauty, so much so that the Puritans adopted the music, and parodied the words. Their excuse for this was that it "was not well to permit the devil to monopolize all the good things."

The heroic ballads of an earlier date, whose theme was warlike deeds, and lays of the tender passion, were not without their influence on the English character. Shakespeare was very fond of the homely English songs, and takes every opportunity to put snatches of them in the mouths of his clowns and fools. Antolycus, in "A Winter's Tale," reproduces many specimens of these songs.

The song writers of the present are exhibiting instances of improvement over those of the generation immediately preceding us. There is less desire to dwell on the morbid sentimentality of death-bed scenes. The day of the "Lost Kitty's," "Cot were the Old Folks Died," "I'm lonely since my Mother Died," "The death of Little Poll," "Blue-eyed Carrie," and similar depressing songs, is happily almost over. There are topics enough for the song writer to enhance upon without infringing in this overworked field. Too many, in their struggle for the pathetic, strike on the lachrymose, and confound sentiment with dolorous sighs. It is a sign of improvement that those songs which avoid such maudlin, melancholy strains, are most in demand. Let one recall the songs most popular within the last ten years, and the truth of this will be apparent at once.

Theory of Monster Concerts.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, speaking of the New York Sengerfest, propounds accurately a theory of monster concerts. The exertions that Gilmore is making to reproduce his humbug in the shape of another monster concert, renders this elaborate investigation into the advantages and defects of mammoth concerts particularly timely:

The general verdict about this singing festival must be that it has been an inferior one. The orchestra was comparatively small, entirely too small for the rink, and elsewhere the brass instruments were unpleasantly predominant. The modulation in the singing was often very good, but the chorus never arrived at making a smooth, gradual descending, in which respect, as in many others, they fell far short of the Handel and Haydn festival lately held in Boston.

We may say, in general, that the necessities of monster choruses are:

1. An immense body of musically intelligent persons, more than one city can usually produce.
2. Reunions of such bodies from various cities, involving great expense and time.
3. A great number of rehearsals—very many more than this sengerbund had, or than are usually had on similar occasions.
4. Immense buildings, the open air being entirely out of the question as radically bad.
5. The fitness of things requires that the audience should also be very large.

Let us now grant that all these attainable conditions have been fulfilled, and we have the following

POSSIBLE RESULTS:

1. The time kept perfectly.
2. Almost perfect intonation, since the mistakes of individuals are always lost in the mass of voices.
3. An immense volume of sound—a vast wave, impressive and overpowering, not from its inherent excellence, but merely from its depth and force.

On the other hand we have the following

INEVITABLE LOSSES:

1. The impossibility of affecting the listener by any sweetness of the human voice, which is the essence of vocal music. That is to say, the fine quality of the voices is utterly lost. This may be said of all choruses to a certain degree, but the loss increases with the size of the chorus, until at one or two thousand voices it becomes total.

2. Modulations involving much flexibility of the voices; rapid changes, or staccato passages must be avoided as impracticable.

3. It is almost impossible for the enunciation to be clear and distinct.

4. All passages of power and force are completely lost in piano passages.

5. Since the class of pieces appropriate to a mammoth chorus is very small and narrow the choice is limited almost to a necessity.

6. Solo performances in connection with the chorus become absurd. A certain distance (say 150 feet) is necessary between the chorus and listener in order that the latter may hear the voices blend, but if the nearest of the audience are 150 feet removed, the farthest part of a mammoth audience will be 300 or 500 feet distant, and there a solo simply means "an occasional sneeze." The result is, then, that the nearer half of the audience hears one-half of the concert, and the rest of the good people hear nothing. The true pleasure to be derived from music is either from sweet harmonies that touch the soul, or from some very artistically performed piece, and when we approach monster concerts we commence to lose both, and such Gilmore clap-trap as anvils and cannon are inexcusable impositions.

Music in the Park.

The open air concerts in the Grand Circus Park have been continued every Saturday during the past month. The selections were characterized by good taste, and the performances were in every respect unexceptionable. The First Infantry Band has greatly enlarged its reputation among the citizens of Detroit, and Professor Schremser is becoming as popular among the public at large as he is among the musical fraternity. As a composer, arranger, and leader, the expressions of approval that have been made regarding Mr. Schremser are complimentary in the highest degree.

The concerts will be continued for the coming month, Colonel Lugenbeel very kindly placing the services of the band at the disposal of the citizens gratuitously. Readers of THE SONG JOURNAL, either resident or visiting the city, cannot pass an hour more pleasantly than in listening to the music in the Grand Circus Park.

AUBER IN HIS OLD AGE.—The Paris *Opinion Nationale* gives some anecdotes of the late composer Auber. Two of them are based upon his well known fastidiousness on the subject of his age, although the writer pretends not to believe the first. A white hair was found upon his coat. "Probably from some old man," said the octogenarian, "who has brushed against me." The other is declared to be authentic. "People complain," said he, "of old age. And yet it is the only way there is of living a long time."

HEDWIG RAABE.—Hedwig Raabe, who will visit the United States this fall, is the greatest of the living actresses of Germany. She has been but seven years on the stage, and was mostly in St. Petersburg during that time. Her appearance is most fascinating. She is a blonde, with large blue eyes, a very sweet face, and lively manners. She is married to Nieman, the great tenor, who was divorced some time ago from Madame Seebach.

HEINE AND DAUGHTER.—Mr. Joseph Heine, violinist, and Miss Ada Heine, pianist, have attracted the admiring attention of Brooklyn at Mr. Bergmann's summer concert in that city. Mr. Heine is a remarkably expressive player with a good technique, and Miss Heine a forcible and skillful pianist.

ROSE HERSEE'S BOUQUETS.—Rose Hersee has not left the United States this summer as she intended to do. M. Julien has persuaded her to remain and sing at his concert. The fair vocalist has received unbounded applause, and the other evening in New York two men were required to carry the bouquets presented to her to her carriage.

The Resources of the Voice.

When Rossini began to develop his peculiar style, which gives the singer opportunity to make all the excellencies of a well-cultivated instrument available, voices were raised against him even in Italy. The complaint was made, instead of taking his predecessors, Cimarosa, Zingarelli, etc., for his models, and letting the singer produce his effect through the beauty of a sustained tone, he has turned the human voice into an instrument, and destroyed the natural power of tone. If we compare Rossini's demands upon the singers with the style of the older Italian opera, if we consult the traditions which have come down to us from that epoch, it will become clear enough to us that the charm felt in the fullness and power of the human organ in its highest development has been perceptibly weakened by Rossini in order to make room for a more one-sided culture of mere technical facility. To be sure, the older Italian singers trained themselves in passages which scarcely fell short of that of the newer singers of the Rossini school. But their chief aim was the tone itself, and the effect produced upon the hearers purely by this. What we read of the formation of the tone, the cultivation of the breath, the flexibility of the voice, in the singer of that time, judged by our present ideas, sounds almost fabulous. The singer, Ferri, for example, who died in 1710, is said to have possessed such a control over his voice, that in the delivery of passages of feeling he actually thrilled his hearers. Yet at the same time he had developed his technical facility to such a degree that he executed consecutive trills, for instance, through two octaves, up and down, in one breath, such passages requiring fifty seconds time. Similar things are told of Sassaroli, soprano castrato of the King of Saxony, who sang as late as 1820 in a musical festival at Gorlitz. Farinelli (died 1782) executed in one breath passages requiring fifty seconds time. Moreover, it is said that he could increase his tone to such a degree of strength that it completely covered up the sound of a trumpet. —*Das Musikalische Wochenblatt.*

Auber's Sensitiveness.

Auber was never able to witness the performance of any of his works from the front of the house; he knew them only by having heard them at rehearsal. The reason of his nervous phenomenon, over which his will and courage in vain attempted to triumph (who would believe such a thing of an artist consecrated by so many successes, and satiated by so much glory?) was—well, was insurmountable timidity. A chord of his own music when sounded before fifteen hundred spectators, affected him like the Biblical trumpet which overthrew walls. He could not escape this emotion, which amounted to almost intolerable suffering, even by throwing himself to the back of a box, after Meyerbeer's fashion, and being present invisibly at the execution of his operas; it was absolutely necessary that the fiery semi-circle of the front should separate him from the public. One evening it came to pass that he took his seat in the stalls at the opera with the sweet calm of a man who is collecting his thoughts and enjoying beforehand a masterpiece. The bills of the morning had announced "Guillaume Tell." Habeneck gave the signal to his musicians. But oh, treachery! instead of the violoncello solo, a *tutti* burst out of the orchestra. The brazen and unexpected explosion wound the musician to the heart; a film covered his eyes; there was a singing in his ears; he would have given a thousand francs for the trap that swallows up Bertram. He rose from his seat; he wanted to reach the corridor leading out of the house, and it was to the middle of the stalls that he directed his course. He had to retrace his steps; his neighbors began to murmur aloud, and send to the devil the boar, the Goth, the savage, who smothered under the ill-mannered shuffling of his feet the *andante* of the overture. When he had completed his painful journey between knees and feet most evilly disposed to him, and hidden from all eyes his confusion by taking refuge in a corridor, it seemed to him as though he had carried away in his glance all the gas-jets in the chandelier and the float. The performance had been changed, and it was "La Muette," which put him to flight.

AN INDIANA POET.—Auburn, Indiana, has a brass band. The poet lost touch with immortalities:

"The leader's name is Joe McKay,
And music's son is he.
Joe and Palmer E. date play,
Young, Long, and Shaffer B;
Abright and Johnson also join,
Geo. Brant, 'till the drum beats,
And Arnold, with his young right arm,
The thundering bass drum bangs."

CURIOUS APPARATUS.—Some recent letters in the *Guardian*, says the *London Musical World*, have brought to light a curious piece of apparatus used in village psalmody of the olden days. This is a gigantic tin singing trumpet, of which several specimens still exist. One at East Leake, Notts, was in use within the last twenty years for the bass singer to sing through. It measures, when drawn out (it has a slide like a telescope), seven feet six inches, with a bell mouth one foot nine inches in diameter. As to one at Thorney, Notts, the old clerk's story was that it was used to call people to church, before bells were invented. Another at Braybrooke, Northants, is in good condition, with a stand five feet high to rest it on. The possessor "has heard the voice through it, and it is rendered very powerful in singing. They say in the village that it was used for leading the singing within memory. The effect is rather like that of the ophicleides one hears abroad, and they suit Gregorians capitally." It seems quite clear that these instruments were used to make the most of the voice of the principal village vocalist, whether in leading generally by singing the melody, or in leading the basses.

MUSIC VERSUS BURLESQUE.—A London journal says: "It must be a curious misconception of the value of female burlesque parts which can tempt a respectable music teacher in the country to throw up her teaching connection for the sake of donning tights in London. Here is Miss Alice Phillips, daughter of the celebrated singer. She has a good *locus standi* as teacher of music at Stourbridge." Somebody writes and offers her an engagement in an unknown company in London to perform *Juno* at a pound a week. She has never performed *Juno* or anything else, yet having a good *locus standi* as a music teacher, what does this lady do? She telegraphs back her acceptance, dismisses her pupils, winds up her connection, and comes to settle in town permanently to play *Juno* at less than dock-laborer's wages. When she arrives here, she finds the *Juno* scheme has broken down; theatrical plans often do. She brings an action in a county court, and receives a *solutum* of £25. If decent music teachers in the country only knew the mysteries of burlesque life in Babylon, they would not be in a hurry to throw up their own *locus standi*, whatever drudgery this may entail."

PAREPA'S INTENTIONS.—A private letter from Madame Parepa-Rosa to a friend in New York says: "I come to you in the dear old States with renewed vigor, and all my energies put up for work, and doing it as well as possible. Both Carl and I have been at work for our season now for over eight months, and all is very well arranged, I believe, and we will eclipse our former doings I hope. My voice is in excellent trim, and I am working hard learning new parts. We are going out every day to balls, parties, and operas, and I feel quite strange at having nothing but pleasuring. To crown all, we bring a young and splendid *tenor di grazia*, Tom Karl, who is now singing with great success at La Scala, in Milan. He is so handsome that he is called the 'Apollo tenor' in Italy. He is English, and has studied in Italy. Carl has engaged him at a heavy salary, but as we hear that so many opera companies are coming up next season, we must all try to outdo one another, and I think there is plenty of room for all in dear, grand America, and with emulation the public will be all the better served."

STUDYING THE DETAILS.—Herr Anton Bruckner, court organist at Vienna, and professor to the Conservatorium of that city, has arrived in London to play on the great organ of the Royal Albert Hall. The dates of his performances will shortly be announced. It takes some little time to become acquainted with the details of so large an instrument. Herr Bruckner's strong points are said to be classical improvisations on the works of Handel, Bach, and Mendelssohn.

A MILITARY CONSERVATORY.—The Emperor has approved the project submitted to him by the Minister of War of establishing an imperial conservatory for military music in Vienna. The merit of originating the project, and of following it up unceasingly till it was crowned with success, is due to Herr Zimmermann, a band-master, and Herr W. Westmeyer, the composer of the opera entitled, "Der Wald bei Hermannstadt."

SIMS REEVES IN AMERICA.—The first probability of hearing Mr. Sims Reeves, the famed English tenor, in this country, is now offered. A proposal has been made to Mr. Sims Reeves, by which he is to receive \$100,000 in gold for 110 concerts. There is every reason to look for its acceptance.

Leger Lines.

PATTI opens soon in Hamburg.

"SEMIRAMIDE" dates from 1823.

HELLER, the pianist, is in Australia.

The Schneider has married a nobleman.

CARLOTTA PATTI will return to New York.

SIGNOR NUNO is singing at Scarborough Beach.

AMEE will try opera bouffe again this winter.

VERDI is reported to be a notorious spendthrift.

SILLY is making her opera bouffe pay in California.

SURINT has made considerable of a stir in California.

WENAWKEI has engaged for two years with Umanu.

A DELAWARE organist is hard at work on an oratorio.

PROMENADE concerts have been revived at concert gardens.

MISS STATION is an American singer in great favor in London.

"GENTLEMEN'S CONCERTS" are popular at Manchester, England.

WAGNER'S "Lohengrin" is just now very popular in Germany.

It is now asserted that Mozart never composed the "Requiem."

The theater at Geneva has an orchestra of one hundred performers.

Any sort of a Sunday concert is called "sacred" by irreverent dilldars.

CLARA LOTHE KELLOGG is reported engaged to a wealthy New Yorker.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP has been offered \$10,000 to write her autobiography.

MISS RICHINGS, it is rumored, will organize another troupe for the coming season.

MME. ALOATHA STATES is singing in San Francisco, alternating with Miss Ridgeway.

THE Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, is pronounced to be a great educator of the people.

MR. OTTON and MME. LIND GOLDSCHMIDT have left London for a tour on the Continent.

MR. CHAFFIN, a young gentleman of education, is pronounced the best organist in Buffalo.

M. BARRE, baritone of the Paris Opera Comique, will come to America with Mons. Capoul.

WILLIAM GROSCRUITE, late conductor of the Buffalo Liedertafel, is about to remove to Cincinnati.

VIVIER, the French horn player, received \$3,000 for playing four tunes for Lady Castleton, in England.

CARL LEUTZ has made a few cents, by say nothing of a sensation, at his garden concerts in Philadelphia.

MR. MARLBORO, at Covent Garden, has paid out two hundred thousand pounds for salaries for a year past.

MME. PAREPA-ROSA has gone to Sharon Springs to prepare for the English Opera season at the Academy of Music.

ANNIE CRANE, of Boston, and Antoinette Henry, of Cincinnati, gave a successful concert in Florence recently.

MME. STATES' opera season in San Francisco was a success artistically and financially. The receipts were \$18,000.

MRS. HORSE and Matilda Toelt have formed a concert party, and will travel through the principal New York cities.

LEVY says "The Adieu" was not Schubert's composition, but the work of a Russian with an unpronounceable name.

MARIA MENTER will not accept of Theodore Thomas' offers, and consequently remains in Germany for one year more.

A BUST of Madame Gazzaniga adorns the Philadelphia Academy of Music. She was the first prima donna that sang there.

GABRIEL, the gendarme of "Genevieve de Brabant," is not dead after all, but will soon appear in a "Un Sapeur," a new vaudeville, at the Palais Royal.

MR. ALFRED RICHTER, son of the celebrated musician of that name, and a very eminent pianist, proposes to give some musical soirees in New York during the season.

A LONDON manager would like to form a troupe with Titiens as soprano; Albini, alto; Sims Reeves, tenor; Santley, baritone; Liezt, pianist; Joachim, violinist, and Strauss' orchestra, but has no hopes of ever accomplishing it.

GROUND wrote seven operas before he could get a work of his performed on the stage. He was invariably told that it would be better for him to choose another career than that of composer. It was his young wife that caused him to persist.

THE Minstrel business is in a "bad way." As one after another the New York troupes straggle back to the metropolis they endeavor to adapt their entertainments to the new order of things. The latest dodge is the use of the panorama.

A BOSTON youth warbled "I'm lonely to-night lone without thee," until the irate father let loose the dogs. The same youth gave a tailor a fourteen dollar job, and just now does not sing "I'm sitting on a stile Mary," because sitting with him is an impossibility.

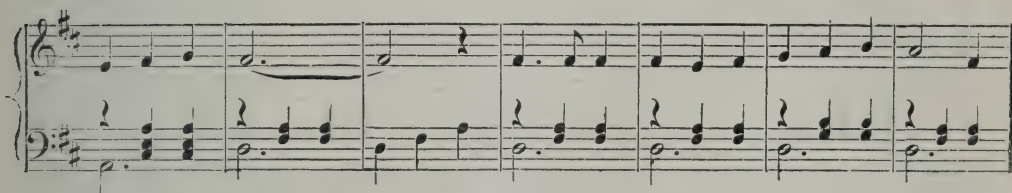
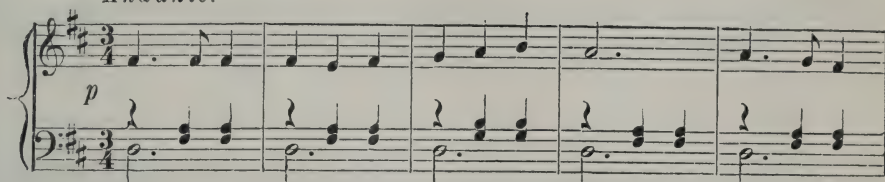
THERE'S NO ONE TO WELCOME US HOME.

SONG & CHORUS.

Words & Music by

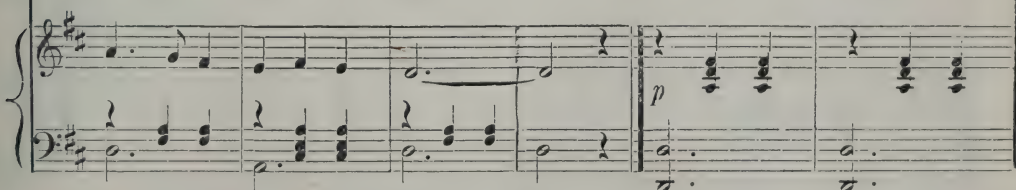
M. H. MCCHESNEY.

Andante.



con espressione.

1. In the deep twi - light I
2. Cold is the hearth-stone, de -
3. O! how for - sa - ken and



wan - der a - lone Thro' the old house as of yore-----
 - sert - ed the hall; Once filled with glad - ness and joy
 lone - ly and cold; Ev' - ry where dark - ness and gloom-----

But the dear home friends my childhood hath known; Are gone to re - turn never-
 Fath-er will ne'er a - gain an - swer my call, Or wel - come his wan - dering
 Will ye not come to me dear ones of old And wel - come your wan - derer

- more----- Way - ward and care-less; I left hearts of gold, A
 boy----- A - ged and bending he sank to the grave With
 home? Moth - er and sis - ter and broth-ers all gone— I

stran-ger the wide world to roam,----- Gone are the dear ones who
 prayers on his lips for his son,----- Though in its mer-cy Heav'n
 wrote you I sure-ly would come,----- Naught do I hear save the

loved me of old, There's no one to wel-come me home -----
 an-swered to save; There's no one to wel-come me home. -----
 winds plaintive moan, There's no one to wel-come me home.....

CHORUS.

con espressione e moderato.

AIR. *p* There's no one to welcome me home ---- There's no one to

ALTO. *p* There's no one to welcome me home, ---- There's no one to

TENOR. *p* There's no one to welcome me home, ---- There's no one to

BASS. No one to wel-come me, no one to

PIANO. *p*

wel - come me home, Gone are the dear ones who
 wel - come me, no one to wel - come me, Gone are the dear ones who
 wel - come me home, Gone are the dear ones who
 wel - come me, no one to wel - come me, Gone are the dear ones who

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) in G major, with lyrics: "wel - come me home, Gone are the dear ones who", "wel - come me, no one to wel - come me, Gone are the dear ones who", "wel - come me home, Gone are the dear ones who", and "wel - come me, no one to wel - come me, Gone are the dear ones who". The fifth staff is the piano accompaniment, featuring chords and single notes in the right and left hands.

loved me of old, There's no one to wel - come me home.
 loved me of old, There's no one to wel - come me home.
 loved me of old, There's no one to wel - come me home.
 loved me of old, There's no one to wel - come me home.

The second system of the musical score also consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) in G major, with lyrics: "loved me of old, There's no one to wel - come me home.", "loved me of old, There's no one to wel - come me home.", "loved me of old, There's no one to wel - come me home.", and "loved me of old, There's no one to wel - come me home.". The fifth staff is the piano accompaniment, continuing the harmonic support with chords and single notes.

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First system of musical notation. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/4. The music is in G major. The first measure is marked *mf*. The system consists of four measures. Pedal markings are present at the beginning and end of the first, second, third, and fourth measures, each followed by a double asterisk (**) indicating a repeat.

Second system of musical notation. The first measure is marked *p*. The system consists of four measures. Pedal markings are present at the beginning and end of the first, second, and third measures, each followed by a double asterisk (**). The fourth measure is marked *mf* and ends with a double asterisk (**).

Third system of musical notation. The system consists of four measures. The first measure is marked *Ped.* and followed by a double asterisk (**). The second measure is marked with a double asterisk (**). The third measure is marked with a double asterisk (**). The fourth measure is marked with a double asterisk (**).

Fourth system of musical notation. The system consists of four measures. The first measure is marked *Ped.* and followed by a double asterisk (**). The second measure is marked with a double asterisk (**). The third measure is marked *Ped.* and followed by a double asterisk (**). The fourth measure is marked *Ped.* and followed by a double asterisk (**).

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill marked with an '8' and a dynamic marking of *p*. The bass clef staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. Pedal markings are indicated below the bass staff: *Ped.*, ✱, *Ped.*, ✱, *Ped.*, ✱, *Ped.*, ✱.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melodic development. The bass clef staff features chords and single notes. Pedal markings are indicated below the bass staff: *Ped.*, *Ped.*, *Ped.*.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff includes a trill marked with an '8'. The bass clef staff features chords and single notes. Pedal markings are indicated below the bass staff: *Ped.*, ✱, *Ped.*, ✱, *Ped.*, ✱, *Ped.*, ✱.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff includes a trill marked with an '8'. The bass clef staff features chords and single notes. Pedal markings are indicated below the bass staff: ✱, *Ped.*, ✱, *Ped.*, ✱, *Ped.*, ✱.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff includes a trill marked with an '8'. The bass clef staff features chords and single notes. Pedal markings are indicated below the bass staff: *Ped.*, ✱, *Ped.*, ✱, *Ped.*, ✱, *Ped.*, ✱.

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Karl Merz. D 3 30.
- Take Back the Heart.
Claribel. F 2 30.
- O Take Me from the Festal Throng.
Song and Chorus. M. F. H. Smith. Bb 2 30.
- Come Back to Me, Darling.
James E. Stewart. G 3 30.
- Sweet Nannie Lee. Words by C. C. Haskins.
Music by M. H. McChesney. Db 3. 35.

Instrumental.

PIANO.

- Who Cares Galop.
Karl Merz. D 3 40.
- Dor Thautropfer (The Dew Drops).
E. A. Fawceter. Eb 3 20.
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- Perche (Why).
Lucantoni. G 4 35.
- Don't Believe a Word of It.
Bassford. Eb 2 30.
- Ever 'Tis True).
Campana. DK 4 45.
- *Barney A'leen.
G. W. Peraley. F 2 40.
- *Cross and Crown.
J. R. Thomas. Eb 2 40.
- Arranged for mixed quartette.
- She's a Charming Little Widow.
Gorham. E 2 30.
- Comic song, with chorus.
- Un Bacio (A Kiss).
Torrente. Eb 4 65.
- Marguerite.
Gounad. C 3 35.
- He Loves Me—Loves Me Not.
Bassford. Bb 3 30.
- Like a Rosebud. Song and Dance.
Long. C 2 30.
- Far Away. Song or Quartette.
Miss Lindsay. F 2 30.
- La Innocencia.
Millet. E 3 35.
- Must I Leave Thee, Mother Dear?
Halery. Ab 3 35.
- Non Torno (He Never Returned).
Matti. Ab 4 35.
- We shall Miss Thee, Nannie Darling.
Song and chorus. Chas. E. Pratt. A 2 30.
- Una Voce Poco Fa.
Rossini. F 4 60.
- Were I an Angel.
Brignoli. Eb 3 50.
- Repeat that You Love Me.
Giorza. F 4 50.
- The Swallow.
Pensuti. Ab 3 30.
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Hacit. F 3 50.
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Mail 7:00 A. M.; Day Express 9:00 A. M.; Evening Express 5:25 P. M.; Pacific Express (Sundays included) 9:50 P. M.; connecting with the various branch lines, as below, and arriving at Chicago at 8:05 P. M.; 7:05 P. M., 6:30 A. M., and 8:00 A. M., respectively. The Dexter Accommodation leaves Detroit at 4:15 P. M.

AIR LINE DIVISION.

Mail Train leaves Jackson at 10:45 A. M. and arrives at Niles at 3:30 P. M., connecting with Mail Train on Niles at both places.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY DIVISION.

Leaves Jackson at 12:15 P. M. (Mail); 6:30 P. M. (Evening Express), and 7:00 A. M. (Mixed), arriving at Grand Rapids at 4:25 P. M.; 9:15 P. M., and 3:15 P. M., respectively.

DETROIT, HILLSDALE & INDIANA R. R.

Leave Ypsilanti at 8:30 A. M. and 6:00 P. M. on arrival of Mail and Dexter Accommodation

FT. WAYNE, JACKSON & SAGINAW R. R.

Leave Jackson at 6:20 A. M.; 12:00 P. M., connecting with Day Express from Detroit; and 4:50 P. M.

JACKSON, LANSING & SAGINAW R. R.

Leave Jackson at 6:00 A. M. and 3:30 P. M., and arrive at Wernona at 11:40 A. M. and 9:15 P. M.

Trains arrive at Detroit as follows:
Atlantic Express 3:35 A. M.; Night Express 7:25 A. M.; Dexter Accommodation 10:00 A. M.; Mail 6:30 P. M., and Day Express 6:45 P. M.

Mail Trains and Day Express run daily, except Sundays; Pacific Express, west, and Atlantic Express, east, daily; Evening Express, west, daily except Sundays, and only to Jackson on Saturdays; Night Express, east, and Dexter Accommodation, daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

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I had a Dream just now, Mother. Quartet.....	W. S. Hays.
I'll remember you in my Prayers. Duet and Chorus.....	W. S. Hays.
I'm still a Friend to you. Song and Chorus.....	W. S. Hays.
Left all alone. Duet and Chorus.....	Cox.
Let the Dead and the Beautiful rest. Song and Chorus.....	Wesley Martin.
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Little white Cot in the Lane, (The.) Song and Chorus.....	Muse.
Living Waters, (The.) Song and Chorus.....	J. G. Clark.
Lone Rock by the Sea, (The.) Duet or Quartet.....	Scott.
My Father's growing old. Duet and Chorus.....	W. S. Hays.
My poor Heart is sad. Duet.....	Bishop.
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Near the Banks of that lone River. Duet or Quartet.....	La Hache.
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Sweet Little Nell. Song and Chorus.....	Kimmel.
Take me back Home. Duet and Chorus.....	W. S. Hays.
There's none left to love me. Duet and Chorus.....	Alice Mortimer.
To the Cross I cling. Quartet.....	Milard.
Two on Earth, and two in Heaven. Duet or Quartet.....	Webster.
What is full of Beauty, (The.) Duet and Chorus.....	Donisetti.
Write me a Letter from Home. Duet and Chorus.....	W. S. Hays.
Yes, we'll write you a Letter from Home. Song and Chorus.....	Tucker.
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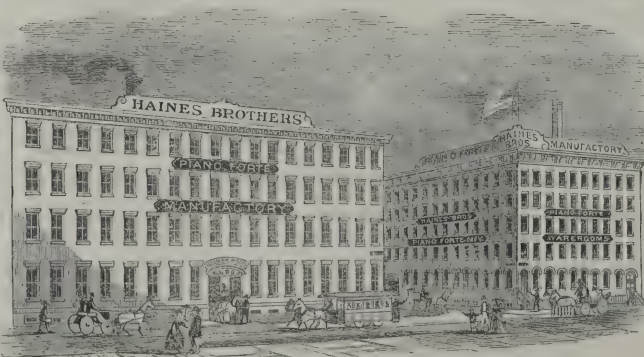
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VOLUME I.

DETROIT, OCTOBER, 1871.

NUMBER X.

Shipwreck.

On the smiling sea was never a curl,
On the bright sky never a frown,
Never an omen of coming fate,
When my beautiful bark, with her costly freight,
In the glory of noon went down.

Boldly launched from a quiet shore;
Well framed with storms to cope;
By Youth and Courage nobly manned;
The sails were won by Love's own hand,
The rudder was held by Hope.

The merilees sun shone full and fair,
The pitiless waves were calm,
No whisper of woe in the wooing breeze,
The gulls poised over the sleeping seas,
The treacherous air was balm.

With happy laughter, with joyous dreams,
We glided in fearless faith;
Then—the sudden jar on the sunken rock;
The grinding crash, the horrible shock;
The headlong plunge to death.

A moment's whirl of boiling foam,
A shriek through the slumberous day.
Then, smooth blue waters and calm blue skies,
And the startled birds with their keen dark eyes,
Intent on their darting prey.

The bright sea dimpled, the bright sun shone,
With nor cloud nor white crest flecked;
A thousand barks sailed gaily past,
A thousand flags light shadows cast,
Where my beautiful boat was wrecked.

Wrecked, with its hopes, its loves, its trusts,
Sunk deep to the seaweeds brown,
The great world turns and the great waves break,
What should either heed of the moan we make
When a life or ship goes down?

Autumn Woods.

Ere in the Northern gale
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of Autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that enfold
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and in gold,
That guard enchanted ground.

Oh, Autumn, why so soon
Depart the hues that make the forest glad,
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave the wild and sad?

Ah! 'twere a lot too blest
Forever in thy colored shades to stray,
Amid the kisses of the soft southwest,
To roam and dream for aye.

And leave the vain, low strife
That makes men mad, the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life
And waste the little hour.

Love's Choice.

The stroller in the pensive field
Doth many a wilder flower decay,
Sometimes to him the Roses yield,
Sometimes the Lilacs feed his eye;
Sometimes he takes delight in one,
Sometimes in all, sometimes in none.

How She Became a Prima Donna.

Paul Smith was a poor old man. He had a back room in the top of a noisy lodging house, where he slept nights, and munch'd his meals of bread and cheese (or Bologna sausage when he could afford it), and from whence he crept, as harmless and unnoticed as a fly, down the corner of the dingy street, to the little music shop of Carl Bertmann, a German settler somewhere in Soho.

There he tinkered all day on broken violins and other musical instruments, never absenting himself for a moment, save on Saturday afternoons, when he went to the house of a small tradesman to teach the piano to three or four very stupid girls. Sundays he curled up in his den, and amused himself, nobody knew how, until Monday morning.

There are a few certainties: he never went to church; but he picked ragged children from the pavement when they fell near him, and gave them half pennies when he had any; shared his dinner often with a mangy, dirty cur, who acted as a sort of escape-valve for the ill-temper of half the men and women in the street; and he roused Pat Ryan from his mid-night snooze in the gutter many a cold night, and literally carried him home to Norah and the children.

As for his honesty, a neighbor remarked, "If he found five shillings in the street, he'd wear out ten shillings worth of strength and shoe leather to find the owner."

One cold night Paul was returning from his work, with a loaf of bread under one arm and a violin under the other, when at the street door he stumbled and nearly fell over a small object crouched on the step.

"Bless us! What's this?" cried Paul, striving to regain his equilibrium.

"Only me, sir!" And the small object stood up, and became a very pale, thin, and ragged child.

"Are you hurt, little girl?"

"No, sir."

"What are you doing out here in the cold?"

"Nothing."

"Why don't you go home?"

"I ain't got any."

"Dear me! Where's your mother?"

"In heaven!"

At this Paul was dumfounded; and, seeing that great tears were stealing down the child's wan face, he thrust the violin under the arm which held the bread, and putting the other around the tiny figure, he said:

"Oh! I've got a home—a real jolly place! Come up and see."

And this is the way old Paul came to have a neat little housekeeper, and to be buying gowns and shoes out of his poor salary.

The winter of 186—came in like a lion, as many a poor wretch well remembers, and with the first blast came Paul's enemy. He turned one night a sad face from his warm corner in Bertmann's shop among the violins, and hobbled up the cold street, feeling the approach of the old rheumatic pains, and wondering what would become of his poor little Camilla.

His excitement carried him up to the last flight of stairs, and hearing Camilla's voice, he paused to rest and to listen. She was singing in that sweet and expressive manner which made her voice seem to him the sweetest and purest he had ever heard. At the end of the stanza, she took breath, and another voice said, "Child, you astonish me. Either I am a poor judge of music, or else your voice is the finest I ever heard. You are right in preferring it to anything else."

An electric thrill shot through old Paul's frame and quickened his blood to a rapidity that quite carried away his rheumatic pains, and in a twinkling he was up the stairs and in his little attic.

He was terrified at the sound of a man's voice, but the sight of a handsome and polished gentleman, with diamond studs in his snowy linen, a heavy ring upon

his dainty white hand, unquestionable broadcloth upon his back, in close conversation with his Camilla, whose wondrous beauty had of late startled even his dull perception, was more than Paul could bear.

He was a very small man—had been in his youth—and now that Time's withering fingers had touched him, he was shriveled and dried like withered fruit, but in his virtuous indignation he puffed out to his fullest extent, and in his falsetto voice piped:

"Camilla, how dare you invite anyone here?"

"Oh, Uncle Paul! This is Mr. Clavering, a gentleman whose—whose—"

"Whose mother she saved from death. Your niece, sir, a few days since, was passing through our crowded thoroughfare, when my mother's carriage drew up to the pavement. The horses were restive, and bidding the driver attend to them, she began to descend unassisted. Her foot was on the step, when the animals sprang and flung her violently from her foothold. But for the sudden act of your niece, who received my mother in her strong young arms, the fall might have proved a fatal one. My mother at once entered a shop, and keeping your niece near her, sent for me. I came to-day, at my mother's earnest request, to express our heartfelt gratitude, and to offer—"

"You needn't offer Camilla a penny, sir. She will never suffer while I've a pair of hands to work for her," said Paul.

"You mistake me. I do not wish to insult you, but would raise this child from her poverty and educate her, that she might be of use to you and to herself, and become a refined woman. Don't let your selfish love stand in her light, and shut it out from her. She sings like a prima donna, and wishes to study music."

The great lustrous eyes of the child turned imploringly to her guardian.

"Lor', Camilla, I can't stand in your way. I know you're every bit a borp lady, if your poor forsaken mother did die in a hovel among wretches who turned her child into the cold as soon as the breath had left her body; but deary me I can't part with you."

"And you shall not. Let me serve little Camilla, and she shall never leave you, but prove a blessing to you in your old age."

Paul could say nothing, and the strange visitor departed, with no further injury to his darling than an eloquent glance from an expressive pair of eyes.

Day after day, Camilla went with her books to the teacher so strangely provided; and after a little time there came days when passers paused to listen to the warbling of the rich young voice.

When she had been there six months she entered one morning to find Mrs. Clavering in the music master's room.

"What do you intend to do with your famous pupil?" said her soft voice.

"Madame, Camilla is capable of doing anything in a musical way. She will be a songstress of whom this country will be proud. Ah, here she is!"

"You have improved wonderfully, my child," said the lady, holding out her gloved hand. "I came to bring you Richard's farewell. He leaves for London to-night, and will remain abroad for many years. Here is a little gift, as a token of remembrance."

She did not understand that Mrs. Clavering had placed a pretty necklace of coral in her hand, and then gathered up her shawl and departed; but when her teacher spoke, she cried out as if in mortal pain, and, without a word, flew down the street toward home. As she turned the corner, she rushed pell-mell into the arms of a gentleman, who, on seeing her pale and tearful, said:

"Why, little Camilla, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Mr. Clavering, you are going away!"

Richard Clavering's fine face grew sad and expressive as the tearful eyes looked into his own, and for the first time he comprehended that he was a young man, and that his protegee was stealing from childhood into beautiful girlhood, and was undeniably a beauty.

"Camilla, I am going away, but will you wait for my return?"

"Wait for you? I am not going to run away."
 "You do not comprehend me. Well, it is better so. Perhaps two years later you may understand me. Good-by, Camilla. Kiss me good-by."

It was a very quiet street, and so Camilla lifted her head and kissed him. In all probability the child would have kissed him in the main thoroughfare as readily as this, and I only mention the fact of the street being a quiet one to silence the startled propriety of those who are shocked at the publicity of it.

Well, there they parted. He to go over the sea, she to remain at home and improve the opportunities he had placed before her.

The great heart of the music-loving public was agitated with mingled emotions of joy, pride, astonishment and awe. A new songstress had been criticised, picked over piecemeal, ground down to the finest point, dissected, examined through the most perfect musical microscope, and pronounced perfect! And now the manager of a first-class, fashion-patronized theatre had engaged her for a single night at an almost fabulous sum, and the world was to hear her voice.

To-night came. The theatre was crowded from pit to roof. The orchestra peeled forth a grand overture, the expectant crowd filled the air with perfume, and soft murmurs of whispering voices and rustling silks arose in a subdued sound; and then the broad curtain rolled up and disclosed the elegantly fitted stage.

Suddenly there was a hush in the vast building, and eyes grew bright with eager anticipation, as from the wing came the *debutante*.

A tall, graceful girl, with gleaming shoulders, and white, perfectly shaped arms, with a crown of purple-black hair upon the royal head; with great dark eyes scanning the crowd, and then, with almost childish shyness, veiling them beneath the long lashes; a mouth, soft, tender and beautiful; and a cheek as fair as the pure white satin of her sweeping robe; and they had seen the long-talked-of and highly-praised beauty.

A roar like the rushing of distant waters sounded in her ears, and then swelled into a thunder of applause; and coming slowly down in the splendor of the footlights, her beautiful head erect, her eyes glowing with excitement, her beauty enhanced by the elegance of her costume, Camilla, the poor little waif, the child of poor old Paul Smith, the *propre* of proud Richard Clavering, received the homage of the assembled crowd.

When the acclamations had ceased, the orchestra began a soft symphony; and then through the building echoed the clear, pure notes of a voice that sounded far away, a dreamy mystic voice, full of hope, of doubt, of pain. Nearer, still nearer it sounded, and hope had drowned the doubts, but yet a plaintive sorrow seemed to remain. It came nearer, and the sorrow was a half-expected, trembling glimpse of something better; and then suddenly the strange voice broke forth in a triumphant strain, and listeners held their breath as the wondrous notes rang out upon the air, and then faded away.

For a moment a deathly silence reigned, but it was for a moment only; and then the building vibrated with a crash of enthusiasm that came from the music-crazed audience. Men arose in their seats, and hundreds flung their floral tributes at her feet.

In one of the boxes, above the one where the music-master and manager sat, an old, odd-looking man waved his handkerchief and cheered, with great tears falling down his wrinkled cheeks; and Camilla looked up to that one box, and gave him the only smile that crossed her lips during the night.

But at length the curtain fell, and Camilla, weary and worn, went up to the dressing room. Some one stood in the shadow of a side-scene, and when she asked permission to pass, caught her by the hands and drew her out into the light.

"Camilla, little Camilla, is it you? Have I been listening to my little girl all this glorious evening? Speak to me! I am bewildered and blind."

"Mr. Clavering! When did you come? Oh, I am so glad—so very happy!" she exclaimed.

"Are you glad? Are you happy? Oh, is this my welcome? Have you waited for me, my love, my darling?"

She put her hands over her eyes, mourning.
 "You do not mean your words! I am dreaming! I am mad!"

"You are here, wide awake, Camilla, and I am asking you to love me, and to be my wife."

She drew him away for a brief moment, and laid her weary head within his arms. Then she passed on to her dressing room, and when she returned, she put out her hands, saying:

"Oh, Richard, take me away! I am soul-sick of all this."

"And you will only sing!" —

"In your nest. Come, we must not forget Uncle Paul. He is waiting in the box for me."

The box was near at hand, and in a moment they stood at the door. It was ajar, and Richard pushed it open to allow Camilla to enter, and saw the old man sitting in one of the luxurious chairs, his head lying back upon the soft cushions, and his hands peacefully folded.

"Uncle Paul!" cried Camilla. "Why, you naughty boy, you're fast asleep! Come, it is time to go home. Ah!"

She started back with a cry, for the hand she touched was icy cold and fell back, stiff and helpless.

"Camilla, darling, come away, I will attend to him."

"Oh, Richard!"

"Hush, love! He is beyond us now. Those strains of music have carried him to heaven from whence they came."

The poor old man was dead. With the consummation of his heart's wish, his quiet, unpretending, unoffending life had passed out into the new existence.

There were loud growls in the music-loving world, but nothing ever came of them; for Richard Clavering removed their singing bird so deftly, that few knew the cause of her flight; and now she sings only to him, and to her brood of young Claverings.

Music at Phoebe Cary's Funeral.

It is stated that the music at the funeral of Miss Phoebe Cary was improvised by Senor Antonio L. Mora. Called upon at a late hour, and unprovided with music for the poet's own beautiful hymn, which it was the wish of her friends should be sung, he repaired to the church to find only two volunteers in the choir. During the address he wrote out music for the different parts in pencil and handed them to the singers who had the difficulty of adapting them to the words to overcome. The music and its execution have been universally praised.

Correspondence.

From New York.

OPENING OF THE MUSICAL SEASON—THE STRAKOSCH TROUPE—NILSSON IN OPERA—HERR WACHTEL, THE NEW TENOR—THE GERMAN OPERA TROUPE—PAREPA-ROSA AND HER COMPANY—OTHER MUSICAL EVENTS.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.

The autumn woods are taking on their crimson and golden hues—the song birds of our northern woods and meadows are singing their farewell notes, prior departing for southern climes. The air is pervaded with a premonitory chill of winter, and the streets are filled with a bustling and warmly clad concourse.

While the feathered songsters are departing, others with notes not less sweet are hastening to fill the void, and maintain, spite of temperature, the musical equilibrium between the temperate and the tropic zones.

The promises for the coming amusement season are plentiful, and, from appearances, they will be amply fulfilled. To be sure, the managers indulge somewhat in rhetoric, as is their custom. A rare and costly series of concerts, dramas and operas are announced, and nothing in the past—if the street posters may be believed—can compare with the amusements to come.

The season will, so far as can be judged from arrangements already perfected, be surpassingly brilliant. The Messrs. Strakosch have fixed upon a really fine series of performances in Italian opera. Miss Nilsson, of course, is their leading prima donna, and her abilities have been too well tested to admit of any speculation. Her appearance in opera will be the signal for a renewed *furor*. Among the novelties that are expected to afford her opportunities for fame, are the "Hamlet" and "Mignon" of Ambroise Thomas. Mlle Marie Leon-Duval, a young singer of European reputation, who has satisfied a London audience in *Marguerite*, even after Patti and Ilma di Murska, is also a member of Strakosch's troupe. Anna Louise Cary, the favorite contralto, whose suc-

cess is a matter of national fame, and M. Capoul, the tenor, are also retained among the troupe. Capoul is described as a tenor of the light French school, with a voice of sweetness and purity, and an impassioned, dramatic style. Brignoli is among the same company. He is too well known to need special mention. It may be said, however, that just now he is somewhat unpopular, as from some performances of his during a recent concerting trip, he incurred the displeasure of several audiences in the New England States. M. Armand Barre is the baritone, and M. Jamet the basso of the organization, which also includes the favorite of last season, Signor Buongiorno. Maretzek and Signor Bosini lead, and there is no fear for the success of the performance on this score.

The German opera season began on the 18th at the Stadt Theatre, on which occasion Herr Wachtel made his debut in America, the opera being the "Postillion of Longjumeau." Herr Wachtel has been trained in the Italian school, and has sung in most of the great cities of Europe. He is not a tenor of the lackadaisical school, but a robust singer and a very spirited actor. His voice is not only of great compass, but is very thoroughly under control. He executes with ease, and if occasionally untrue to pitch, this may be looked upon not as a habit, but as due to the nervousness of a first night. His appearance was warmly greeted, and he was received throughout with approbation, but the enthusiasm was not of the thundering sort. The *New York World*, commenting on this, says:

"Wachtel is perhaps the most famous tenor now living. Certainly he is the most famous of living German tenors. In any provincial capital of America or Europe, the first appearance of such a singer would set all the æsthetic quidnuncs agog. Such would have been the result in the New York of ten years ago. But in the New York of to-day, so far is this event from exciting our special wonder, that it diverts scarcely anybody from the discussion of more serious themes, and it is transacted without even the knowledge of a very large number of music-loving New Yorkers. Herr Wachtel will be heard and judged strictly upon his merits, and without the least reference to his European fame."

The company that supports Herr Wachtel is one of moderate excellence, the prima donna being Madame Rotter. She sings with heart and voice, and her acting is of the sprightly, agreeable kind. The chorus and orchestra are fair.

Carl Rosa will open in a short time. His force includes three sopranos. Of these, Mme. Parepa-Rosa is well known and admired; Mme. Vanzini (Mrs. Van Zandt) sang here with fine promise seven years ago, and Mlle. Clara Doria comes hither as a stranger. Mme. Vanzini has won for herself, during the past few years, a distinguished European standing. Mlle. Doria, the daughter of the English composer, Mr. John Barnett, is said to be beautiful as well as clever. Mrs. Seguin and Mrs. Aynsley Cooke are the contraltos, and Mr. Tom Karl the new tenor. Mr. William Castle is regarded as the robust tenor of the assemblage; Mr. Aynsley Cooke, Mr. S. C. Campbell and Mr. Ellis Ryse will sing the baritone and bass parts, while Mr. Edward Seguin is the buffo. Mr. Howard Glover is to direct a numerous chorus, including efficient importations, and Mr. Rosa will preside in the orchestra.

Apart from this, English song is to be represented by a superb ballad troupe, managed by Mr. George Dolby. The concerts of Mr. Dolby begin on the 9th of October, and four will be given in the same week. Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Santley, Mme. Patey, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. J. G. Patey lend a strength to this combination that must be at once acknowledged, and such as should assure admirable concerts, and the hearty support of refined lovers of art.

Besides these concerts and those of the Philharmonic, the Church Music Association, and others by our various societies, Mrs. Charles B. Moulton will, it is expected, give a series of musical soirees at Steinway's, which are sure to be numerously and fashionably attended. YGERNE.

From Boston.

OPENING OF THE MUSICAL SEASON—LEVY AND ARBUCKLE COMPARED—PAREPA-ROSA'S TROUPE—OLE BULL IN ILL-HEALTH—A CATALOGUE OF CONCERTS TO COME—THE LECTURES TO BE INTERSPERSED WITH MUSIC—"FAINT PRAISE" OF GILMORE BY A LONDON PERIODICAL.

Correspondence of THE SONG JOURNAL.

BOSTON, September 23, 1871.

Boston has plunged recklessly into the musical season of 1871-72; or, to put it more correctly, the artists and managers have done the plunging in, for, to tell the truth, the public has not come out very strong as yet. Col. Jim Fisk's Ninth Regiment Band had the honor of opening the ball, which it did quite handsomely in three concerts given on the 16th and 17th instants—a matinee and two evening concerts. The last concert was a so-called "sacred" affair, but some of the Boston Puritans found it difficult to desecrate with their optics the sacredness of the Blue Danube Waltzes, the Carnival of Venice and Levy's Leviathan Polka. Nevertheless, the audience, which was more numerous than either of the others, applauded each of these pieces vigorously. Levy's success was very great. Comparisons between him and our own cornet player, Arbuckle, were inevitable. Levy is unexcelled as an executant, but in soul and true feeling, Arbuckle is the better player. Arbuckle and Levy are personally strong friends, and it is a great treat to get the two talented musicians together, as it often happens when Levy visits Boston, or Arbuckle visits New York.

Following close upon the heels of Fisk's Band, Levy and Miss Peiris, came the appearance of Madame Parepa-Rosa and some of her artists. Madame Rosa paid a delicate compliment to her Boston friends and admirers by appearing in three concerts before them previous to beginning her regular operatic season in New York. Some of the New York critics seem greatly offended because both Nilsson and Madame Parepa-Rosa begin their seasons in Boston instead of in their town, but after all, the artists themselves have the best appreciation in the matter, and they invariably rely upon the "Hub" rather than upon Gotham for substantial rewards and a reputation. Madame Rosa gave her first concert Wednesday evening, the 20th, and the second, last evening. Never has her glorious voice sounded richer and fuller than now, and I should add that never, in the experience of the Bostonians, has the great artist looked so charming. How magnificently she sang the recitative and air from Handel's "Judas Macabbeus," "From Mighty Kings!" It was a new revelation of this stupendous song. In the simple English ballads, of which she has given a good allowance at the two concerts, she has been equally as fine. Mrs. Sequin has shared the honors with Madame Rosa in some respects. Signor Bianchi, the tenor, has not made much of an impression. His voice has become worn and hard. Mr. Laurence, the baritone, Mr. Gustavus Hall, basso, and Carlo Patti, the violinist, were among the other assistants. Madame Rosa's closing concert takes place to-day, and it will be the last time in which she will appear in the concert-room this season.

It has at length been definitely ascertained that Ole Bull is ill, and in consequence will be prevented from fulfilling his concert engagements the present season. It was not until the middle of the present month, however, that this fact was authoritatively announced. The Norwegian violinist was engaged to appear at the opening concert of Mr. Peck's Popular Series on the 27th and 28th, and would then have opened his season. As he cannot play, Mr. Peck has engaged Mr. Joseph Heine, the blind violinist, who has recently been playing with Jullien's and Bergman's orchestras in New York and Brooklyn. The other concerts will be carried out as originally announced, Miss Kellogg appearing at the succeeding two, and Miss Adelaide Phillips at two more, to be given October 27th and

28th. A host of resident talent will assist all these concerts.

Miss Antonini, a ten year old violinist, lately from Italy, gave a concert at Tremont Temple, on the 19th, and she is to assist at one of the New England Conservatory Concerts in Wesleyan Hall, next Tuesday.

Miss Adelaide Phillips is to give a concert at Music Hall October 2d, when Miss Cornelia Stetson, a young vocalist who has just returned home from her European studies, will make her debut.

Mr. Dolby's English Ballad Company, consisting of Miss Edith Wynne, soprano, Mrs. Patey, contralto, Mr. William Cummings, tenor, Mr. Santley, the great baritone, Mr. Patey, basso, and Mr. Sidney Sloper, pianist, will give six concerts at Music Hall, next month.

It has been announced that Mrs. Moulton, the vocalist, is to give concerts the coming season under the management of the Strakosch brothers. This is not correct. She will make a tour on her own hook, giving four concerts in this city, the first two of which are fixed for October 30th and November 4th.

The managers of the various lecture courses (and Boston gets a terrific lecturing every winter), include musical entertainments in their lists for the coming season, as a general thing. October 2d, Mr. H. C. Barnabee and the Temple Quartette open the Berkeley course. October 18th, in the Boston Lyceum course, we are to have a concert by Jullien's Orchestra augmented by Gilmore's Band. October 24th, Mrs. Scott-Siddons is to give a reading with musical accompaniments (probably "A Midsummer Night's Dream"), in the Parker Fraternity course. November 3d, in the Citizen's course, Madame Anna Bishop will give a concert, aided by Gilmore's Band and Orchestra, and Barnabee and others are to give a concert in the Bay State course at a later date.

The New England Conservatory of Music has begun its fall term with a greatly augmented list of pupils. Dr. Tourjee has recently compiled a collection of hymns and tunes for public and social worship, and for use in the family circle, entitled, "The Tribute of Praise," which is having a large sale. It is intended for all denominations. The profits on the book go to the Boston North End Mission.

The Boston Chorus begins its oratorio practice on the evening of October 2d. This organization furnished three thousand singers for the Peace Jubilee Chorus in 1869.

The London *Musical World* of the 9th instant, contains a commendatory article on Gilmore, in which the writer says: "The project has our heartiest sympathies; nothing can possibly be higher and more noble than its object; the establishment of peace on earth." * * * For ourselves we welcome most sincerely Mr. P. S. Gilmore's project, and to use his own words, wish it, "God speed!" Among the choral societies in all parts of the country there is a lively interest already awakened, and Dr. Tourjee, the chorus superintendent, has received many letters of inquiry thus early.

The Nilsson Opera season begins at the Boston Theater October 9th. "Faust" is the opening Opera, with Nilsson as Margherita, Miss Annie Cary as Siebel, M. Capoul as Faust, and M. Jamait as Mephistopheles.

RANGER.

From Port Huron.

AN ORGAN CONCERT—A MUSICAL CITY—VOCALISTS OF MORE THAN ORDINARY REPUTATION.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

PORT HURON, Sept. 18.

Matters musical here are quiet. Our vocalists and instrumentalists keep on the even tenor of their way. Private concerts and musical recreations of that kind are numerous, but as for public affairs, the only one of importance was the organ concert last month. Knowing the desire of THE SONG JOURNAL to keep its readers posted on all such matters, I send you an account of the concert.

It was held at the Congregational Church for the benefit of Mr. Cawthorne.

Many of the finest musicians in the city were among the performers. Prominent among the features of the entertainment, were the organ solos by Mr. Cawthorne.

After the first organ solo, Herold's splendid "Overture to Zampa," the chorus "Heavens are Telling" was given by the entire company. Next came Handel's song "Angels ever bright and fair." Miss Ada Kibbee's rendering of the exquisite and difficult melody was surpassingly sweet. Miss Kibbee's performance should deservedly place her in the front rank of our singers. After the organ solo, "Home Sweet Home," came the sacred quartet, "Rejoice the Heart of Thy Servant," by Misses Krenkle and Kibbee and Messrs. Emmons and Barnum. C. B. Stockwell then gave the old familiar song, "Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep," one of the most pleasing performances of the evening. Mr. Stockwell has a superb voice, and has given it through cultivation. The solo and chorus "Indammatus," by Rossini, was then given, with Miss Krenkle in the solo part.

Part second opened with an organ solo, "An Invitation a la Valse," which was succeeded by a quartet "O Give me Music," by Misses Krenkle and Skinner and Messrs. Stockwell and Spaulding, after which came a quintet, "Continental Railroad Chorus."

By special request, Miss Krenkle sang the song which created such a *furor* at the East Saginaw Sangerfest. Dressed in the same tasteful costume in which she appeared upon that occasion, and wearing the rich jewels, the gifts of her admiring friends of the State Society, our queen of song came gracefully forward and sang the beautiful melody, "*Leibesbitter*," with which she had charmed thousands of strangers' and which equally charmed friends at home.

Part third was introduced by an organ solo, Rossini's "Overture to William Tell," followed by a duet and quartet, "I Waited for the Lord," by Misses Krenkle and Kibbee and Messrs. Stockwell and Meisel. This was followed by a trio by Misses Farrand, Skinner and Kibbee. The duet, "I heard a voice from Heaven," by Miss Krenkle and Mr. Emmons was well received, and the concert closed with the grand Hallelujah chorus.

VIOLA.

Constantine.

The Silver Band—A Musical Community.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

CONSTANTINE, MICH., Sept. 22.

The village of Constantine may boast of having the best band of all the inland towns of the State. Professor F. M. Crossett, a wealthy and influential citizen of Constantine, has recently organized a silver cornet band in that village, nearly all the members of which are old and skillful musicians. Upon the organization being completed, the band sent directly to Boston and purchased a complete set of improved silver instruments. To say that this new band performs beautifully is no compliment, for it is no more than a merited commendation to say that under the leadership and the special arrangement of Mr. Crossett, the most difficult and complicated style of classical music is executed by this band in the most artistic manner, many of the selections under Mr. Crossett's arrangement being such as none but the most skillful and experienced musicians would attempt.

Constantine is celebrated for its musical talent and genius. It is said that in this beautiful village one is never out of hearing of music, and that nearly every house contains a musical instrument. The silver band, however, adds a new feature to the musical interests of the village, and greatly enhances its notoriety as a favorite locality of the muses. May success attend the Constantine Silver Band. C.

Sir Michael Costa will go to the sulphur baths of Ischia this summer.

Kalamazoo.

The Musical Institute—An Oratorio.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

KALAMAZOO, September 2.

The Normal Musical Institute at this beautiful village, celebrated alike for the culture and liberality of its citizens, has just closed. There were 199 students in attendance during the term. Three concerts were given; the first two were miscellaneous; the last consisted of the oratorio of "The Messiah." It is the first time that this classic oratorio has ever been given in Central Michigan. The solos, as well as the choruses, were sustained by the pupils of the Normal. The soloists were as follows: Misses E. E. Pitkin, L. Chapin, Stella Stilwell, A. Coleman, Mrs. Metcalf, Mrs. Barned, and Messrs. Leavitt, Wilbur, Longenecker, Hubbard, Rosecrans, Plome, DeFoe and Field. The solos were well rendered, and especially "Rejoice Greatly," and "I Know that my Redeemer liveth," by Miss E. E. Pitkin, who was much complimented for her finished vocalism. S.

Concerning Two Abominations.

BY P. GREEN.

Will Mr. Murray hold my hat while I address a few words of mild remonstrance to the crowned heads of our church choir? This is, undoubtedly, a proper designation of the chorister and organist, who are really the monarchs of all they survey from the choir loft, the gentleman in black who stands in front of them being only their Prime Minister, and not always strictly prime at that.

The matter about which I wish to labor with their majesties is a couple of nuisances (you may print that in small capitals, Mr. Printer, thus: NUISANCES, and let their majesties "take it up" if they wish to), which are often allowed to characterize the so-called service of song in the House of the Lord.

The first and worst of these is chargeable to his untious *charivari* performances known to the organist as interludes, the supposed object of which is to relieve the monotony of a long hymn and rest the lungs of the singers, but the usual effect of which is to draw the worshiper's attention entirely away from the devotional lyric in which he is engaged, and inspire him instead:

1. With admiration for the finger exercise of the organist;
2. With a perplexed curiosity as to what in thunder the fellow is trying to evolve from the key-boards;
3. With a sense of fatigue and *ennui*;
4. With unmitigated disgust, and a desire to go home; and

5. With any sentiment but that of the hymn in which he had recently been engaged, and to which he is asked to return, after the organist shall have soared, like a kite, till the string of his imagination breaks, and he flutters down hap-hazard.

Think of returning to plain old Boylston, after such a madhouse medley as that! What does the worshiper care, in such a predicament as those measures leave him, whether his "days are as the grass," or whether "Yankee Doodle has come to town riding on a pony?" The feather which Yankee Doodle stuck in his hat, and called it macaroni, is certainly more suggestive of "grass" and "macaroni" than this fellow's *charivari* is of the tune which he was set to play. Suppose the minister were to stop in the midst of his prayer and read the squib columns of a cheap newspaper, or introduce the Can-Can between the thirdly and fourthly of his sermon? The profanation and aesthetic impropriety would be no greater than the average of these interludes.

In singing ordinary hymns, in which the congregation is or even is not expected to join, the only interlude admissible, in my humble opinion, is two or three measures which consist either of the last strain of the tune echoed, or a *little* flourish, leading naturally into the first strain of the succeeding stanza; no suspensions, nor considerable retards, or other diversions which break the continuity or sacrifice the unity of the hymn.

The other nuisance is one, under an inflection of which I am freshly smarting. I went to church yesterday for the pure purpose of carrying into action a sense of my duty to my Creator; of joining, as well as a sinner may, in the prayers and hymns of the morning. With the former I got along very well. But when it came to the latter, I was all at sea. The hymns were simple and devotional, and both words

and music were before every member of the congregation. Good singers seemed to abound, too, and the pews were vocal with praise. The organist was on a milder rampage than usual, and the spirit of song had become refreshingly wrought up, when *smash!* went the whole "calm and heavenly frame," its timbers (if I may be allowed the expression) falling about the heads and ears of the worshippers! For the chorister had found a stanza in which there were some words about "love," or "death," or "vale of tears," or kindred idea; encountering which he caused his "trained choir" to drop to a pianissimo on the instant, and his organist to take the softest stop of the choir manual. The result was that a fat lady with a fine soprano voice, who was singing, as she should, in time, and not following the choir at a beat's distance, blurted out a word or two in a *mezzo forte* tone, making a very ridiculous sensation, similar to that which the good deacon caused by

"Trinkum traddle, trinkum traddle,"

in the story which you have heard told.

Of course the people knew better than to get caught twice by the same trick, and they kept a respectful distance after that. I noticed that there was a pianissimo dodge introduced into every hymn, but that there was no certain rule whereby the congregation could tell where to suspend worship and allow the "trained choir" to go through their vocal gymnastics. Thus, supposing the hymn to be Dr. Watt's excellent lyric

"How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,"—

we all knew that there would be a *pianissimo* demonstration somewhere; but whether the little joker would come in on the "beauteous feet," or the "charming voice," or the "happy ears," or the "blessed eyes," was more than any one outside the choir railing could divine.

Now, it seems as if any person of adult years would know better than to violate, not merely literary and musical laws, but plain common sense, in this matter. And yet it is a fact that the leader of the choir and the instigator of all these tricks on a simple-minded congregation, is a prominent musician and teacher. His grievous error and that of the obstreperous organist to whom I have already paid my respects, consists in regarding the choral part of the Sunday service as a performance to be exhibited instead of a portion of the worship. It may be that trustees and wardens and music committees do something to encourage this idea; but if they do, they should be taught better, or forgiven on the ground that "they know not what they do."

The absurdity of performances in the choir is demonstrated by this simple test: would it be right or the congregation to applaud as at a concert, when the singing is good, and hiss when it is bad? If so, then your performances are proper, and may go on; and as church-goers are supposed to be honest, on Sunday, at least, I am of the opinion that the hisses would predominate.—*Song Messenger*.

The Opera at Vienna.

After what is jocosely termed, in mild family circles, "playing old gooseberry," with the singers regularly engaged at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, fate appears resolved to treat the "guests," or stars in a singular manner, so that consequently, some of them will be conspicuous by their absence. For instance, Herr Schelpler, the baritone, who was to have appeared during the present month, has written to cry off. Herr Niemann, too, has done the same. He went for the benefit of his health, to drink the waters, or to subject himself to the "cure" at Kissingen; and it seems the said "cure" cured him too much, so that passing beyond the limits of health he sailed round the sanitary globe till he returned to the regions of ailments. In addition to this, he has had a swelling in one hand, in consequence of which he suffered immense pain, and was obliged to undergo two operations. The result is that he feels so weak as to be utterly incapable of fulfilling his engagements here. The new season will shortly commence at the Royal Opera House. In the way of Novelty, the management is hesitating between "Don Carlos," and "Hamlet." The choice will, most probably fall on "Don Carlos," because, in the first place, the "Hamlet" of M. Ambroise Thomas, without Mlle. Nilsson, is like the Hamlet of Shakspeare without Hamlet; because in the second, Mlle. Nilsson is not in Europe; and because in the third, Herr Herbeck would not be able to pay her terms if she were in Europe.

The works of the new opera house, Paris, has been resumed; a sum of 600,000 francs, voted before the outbreak of the war, having been placed at the disposal of M. Garnier for that purpose. No other credits, however, are opened for any subsequent operations.

Beethoven's Experience as a Cook.

A musical festival to the memory of Ludwig van Beethoven was held at Bonn, on the Rhine, Germany, the birthplace of this renowned composer, August 20, 21 and 22. A celebration of his centenary on December 17th last, in his native city, was prevented by the late European war. To the many incidents of Beethoven's life narrated on the occasion of his centenary, quite a ludicrous one, which occurred when he lived in Vienna, has been added in a late number of the *Leipziger Gartenlaube*. It illustrates the sad domestic life of the great but unfortunate man, who never was married and died deaf. Adapted from the German the incident reads as follows:

The great musician extended his genius to his household, producing chaos. He strictly forbade the things in his room to be put in order. Only with his special permission was the broom used to sweep the floor. He used this as a waste basket, throwing all envelopes on it, and sometimes the torn letters too. Books or notes were lying on every chair. The dishes even from breakfast were sometimes left in his room till the next morning. When he was searching for something the chaos became alive. Loosened manuscripts fell in their several ways to the floor, and wine bottles came rolling from the corners. But what he was searching for he could not find, because the confusion grew still worse by his impatient, unsystematic searching. He frequently mislaid something, however, and searching was, therefore, a common occupation of his.

The active composer on such occasions often chided his housekeeper, whom he strangely called, Mrs. Schnapps. He asserted that all the trouble, all the disorder, was her fault, stating that he himself was strictly orderly, and could find even a pin again at night-time if everything in his room had not been changed by her. The principal cause of this disorder was the discontented, morose composer's frequent change of residence. He frequently changed his residence, but never took necessary time to fit up a new home properly.

Once he missed a most precious manuscript, the score of his favorite symphony, copied completely and neatly. Poor Beethoven searched for it over a fortnight. Finally he found it. But alas! it was in the kitchen, where it was placed under butter, bacon, and other provisions. Quite beside himself from ire, he threw all the eggs at hand at his cook's head and turned her out of the house. He determined not to admit such a person to his kitchen again. The meals moreover, he said, for a long time had not been to his taste. Remarking that cooking was not more difficult than composing, he determined to tend the kitchen himself. He went to the market and made his purchases. Glad of the choice and cheapness of the provisions, he invited several friends to dinner, and went to work to prepare all the dishes himself. When the guests came they were astonished to see their host in the kitchen. He wore a white cap and apron, like a cook by trade. The fire on the hearth blazed, the pots seethed, the butter in the pan sizzled, but nothing was ready at the appointed time. Beethoven stood in despair, menacing now with the ladle, then with the carving knife; the ungovernable pots he overset and set them up again; he burnt his fingers, but he burnt the roast meat far more. The guests waited impatiently for the results of Beethoven's labors as a cook.

At last he came triumphantly from the kitchen, like a warrior from the battle-field. But his victories were not great. The soup looked thin and poor. Beethoven did not know that it had to be skimmed, and let it boil too long, continually adding water. The vegetables had not come in contact with the water. They were covered with sand and swam in grease. But the most horrible of all was the roast meat. Nobody could eat anything except Beethoven himself, who did full justice to his cookery. The guests asked for some bread, butter and cheese, and drank of the good wine which had been ordered in addition to the dinner.

On the day following Mrs. Schnapps entered into Beethoven's kitchen again. He had seen that cooking must be learned, like his own sublime art, and he thought it best not to meddle with it any more.

AN ECCENTRIC WILL.—An eccentric Parisian, Narcisse Pierrot, died recently, leaving the following remarkable will: "It is my will that any one of my relatives who shall presume to shed tears at my funeral shall be disinherited. He, on the other hand, who laughs most heartily shall be my sole heir. I order that neither the church nor my hearse shall be hung with black cloth, but that on the day of my burial the hearse and church shall be decorated with flowers. Instead of the tolling of bells I will have drums, fiddles and fies. Fifty of them shall open the procession with hunting tunes, waltzes and minuets."

The Song Journal.

DETROIT, OCTOBER, 1871.

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The Peace Jubilee.

Gilmore is in Europe, and has written to his coadjutors in Boston, concerning his success. His industrious friends telegraph to the daily press glowing descriptions of the conquests Gilmore has made, and the bright prospects of the forthcoming jubilee. According to the reports of these interested friends, Gilmore has secured bands in nearly every European city, and several from Asiatic and African towns.

As to securing musicians in Germany there is no difficulty to be apprehended. With the thorough cultivation of the people in music, where every cross-roads boasts of its brass band, the matter of collecting forty or fifty trumpeters and drummers requires just about as much business energy as the importation of as many drums and trumpets.

There is one thing that Gilmore undoubtedly succeeds in, and that is the business of advertising. Not even Barnum, that great master of humbug, nor our friends the circus agents, who periodically regale us with stories of frightful encounters with tigers, falls from giddy trapezes, and gory breakfasts by whole dens of lions on the bodies of some unlucky orchestral performers—even they must yield the palm to Gilmore.

First, we had the National Musical Congress, either an outgrowth or the beginning of the "peace jubilee." Some little minor matters were discussed at the Congress, matters of no importance, and even if they were no one was the wiser for their being discussed. The members of the Congress soon became aware that the principal object of its being summoned was to puff and assist Gilmore in his projected money making project. A portion of the members of this musical Congress has no idea of playing into the hands of Gilmore, and yet another portion were cajoled into endorsing his project.

The ramifications of the National Musical Congress are wide-spread over the land. An endorsement by such a body carries some influence. Gilmore set diplomatically to work, and with able assistance secured an expression in his favor from the Congress before the Congress really knew what he was driving at.

Then hies him—our elated Gilmore—to Long Branch—not, however, until he had caused to be telegraphed all over the land a half column description of his proposed "colosseum," and had secured the good will of the musical and literary correspondents resident in Boston. To Long Branch to secure the endorsement of the President. The opinion of the President on some matters is worth heeding. There are several branches of human knowledge that he surpasses in—on these he may be taken as an authority. But he knows nothing whatever of music, and makes no pretensions. He gives to Gilmore a sort of an unmeaning introductory letter, as he might give to one desirous of having his name to a paper for the amelioration of the heathen Kamtschatskans, his signature. This secured, straightway Gilmore had the facts, with his construction of them, telegraphed all over the country. Another advertisement, of course, and a good one.

Then the energetic Gilmore takes ship and sails to Europe, and soon by cable we hear that his project has excited such wonder and envy in London, that the bold Britons, bound not to be outdone, are to get up a peace jubilee of their own. What an aggravating, stimulating advertisement is this. Shall Britannia dare compete with Boston in a "peace jubilee?" Shall our heroic Gilmore be beaten on his own chosen colosseum shrieking ground? Decidedly not; we must stand to Gilmore, and money and music must flow to Boston, and out roar the combined boiler shops of the United Kingdom.

Then Gilmore to Belgium and to Germany, to converse with counts and band masters, and to write beseeching notes to kings and kaisers. Telegraphed of course, and added to the despatch the tale as Gilmore tells of African, and Indian, and Egyptian, and Turkish musicians to swell the throng of German and Yankee bands on the colosseum at Boston.

Gilmore, it must be conceded, is an adept at advertising. Under his skillful management the grossest humbug must succeed in drawing a crowd. First, local pride and pecuniary gain—Boston is enlisted.

Delicate attention and shrewd diplomacy—the National Musical Congress advocate the "jubilee."

Political influence and personal appeals—the President unwittingly endorses.

A cable dispatch from London, calculated to arouse national pride and emulation—the whole country interested.

Announcement of the securing of several thousand musicians from all parts of the Eastern Continent, (Turks, Arabs, Afghans, Persians, Hindoos, Cossacks, etc., clothed and instructed in London, these details not made public)—unparalleled curiosity awakened to see the "peace jubilee."

VIVE LA GILMORE! VIVE LA BAGATELLE!

The Vienna Lady Orchestra.

This organization made its first appearance in New York early in the past month, and have been very favorably received. The New York papers are unanimous in their commendations. A portion of the amusement seeking public were disappointed, expecting to witness a performance of similar character to that common in French Opera Bouffe, or a peculiar order of female minstrelsy. They have learned that good music and lady-like characteristics—as was to have been expected from a troupe of such favor in the select circles of the old world—are the distinguishing traits of the Vienna Lady Orchestra.

The instruments used by the young ladies are two flutes, ten or a dozen violins and violas, a 'cello and contrabasso, harp, bass drum, tympani, cymbols, triangle, pianoforte, and reed organ. This latter instrument is intended, no doubt, to supply the place of the wood and brass instruments as far as possible, for on no other ground can we conceive of its being introduced into an orchestra. The instruments are under the control of twenty young ladies, guided by the firm *baton* of Miss Josephine Weinlich. The selections performed on the first evening were mainly such as we are familiar with, among others the "Nabucco" and "Poet and Peasant" overtures. To perform pieces which have been played in New York till almost thread-bare, would be a hazardous undertaking, indeed, for any orchestra. But the talented Viennese showed, by their energetic and inspiring work on the opening night, that they are not only willing to court criticism, but also fully capable of substantiating their claims as musicians.

MUSIC AND THE LETTER M.—A singularity which has perhaps passed unperceived by many is that the letter M, not only being the first of the words "music," "melody," is also the first of a great number of names of ancient and modern composers: for example, Marcello, Monsigny, Menul, Mozart, Martini, Mercadante, Moupon, Meyerbeer, Malibran, Mayseider, Mme. Musard, Masini, Mailart, Mendelssohn, Masse, Moscheles, Membree, Marmet, etc.

A Biographical Sketch of Beethoven.

The recent festival in honor of Beethoven at Bonn, seems to have been one of the most successful musical feasts ever held. It lasted three days, during which time the entire city was given up to music; and the devotion of people, students, professors, and even priests to the occasion of celebrating the memory of the great master, rose to the highest enthusiasm. All Germany was represented in the festival. The concerts were given in a vast hall erected for the occasion, and such a rendering of the master-pieces of this great composer was never achieved before. The city itself trembled with the excitement, and even the most unmusical of its inhabitants caught something of the enthusiasm of the occasion.

Beethoven was a remarkable man in every respect. He was born at Bonn in December, 1770, and was trained by his father to play at the piano before he was four years old. Very soon he excelled his father, and at the age of eleven he was able to play nearly all the preludes and fugues of "The Well Tempered Clavichord," and had composed variations, bagatelles, and sonatas for the pianoforte, which are printed among his works. In his fifteenth year he was appointed assistant court organist, and three years later was sent to Vienna, at the Elector's expense, to study with Mozart; but the illness and death of his mother soon recalled him to Bonn. The habits of his father were so bad that the duty devolved upon him of assisting in the support of his two young brothers. In his twenty-second year, his two brothers being no longer dependent upon him, he returned to Vienna under the patronage of the Elector, and continued to reside in Vienna for the rest of his life, except to be absent now and then on a short journey. He first appeared before the public as a pianoforte virtuoso. His wonderful gift in free improvisation at that youthful age was something truly wonderful.

Here he studied with Hayden and Albrechtsberger for a time, but soon tired of the unsystematic ways of the one and the mechanical pedantry of the other, and withdrew himself from the public as a performer, to give himself up henceforth to an ideal world, peopled with the forms of his imagination, whose truth and beauty were more akin to his own lofty spirit than the meanness of humanity by which he was in a large measure surrounded. It is not clearly ascertained how many of his earlier works were written in Bonn, and during these first years in Vienna. It is certain, however, that before the close of the century he had composed more than twenty piano sonatas, three sonatas for piano and violin, three sonatas for piano and violoncello, the quartette for piano and stringed instruments, the quintette for piano and wind instruments, the piano concertos in C and B flat, five trios, six quartettes, and the quintette for bowed instruments, the septette, his first two symphonies, the ballet music to "Prometheus," and a number of songs and variations.

But he began to be afflicted with deafness, and in 1802 nearly died of a severe illness. But upon his recovery he resumed his labors with renewed ardor, and proudly and patiently endured his fast increasing deafness, the calamity which isolated him from his brothers, the sneers and cavilings of unfriendly rivals, and never in the course of his life sought to defend himself against attacks on his professional abilities. He would not bow down to rank and wealth, looking upon it as a degradation of his genius. The prince held no higher position in his estimation than the private citizen.

The first fifteen years of the present century were the most productive of his life. After this he became involved in legal difficulties and family bickerings of a distressing nature; his works had failed to please the fickle populace, and his maladies had increased. Yet during these latter years of his life he composed his greatest pieces, which include the glory of his art, amidst all the wretchedness of his lot, his pure and lofty spirit maintained itself superior to the poor tragedy of life, and sang the glorious strains of joy and hope and love embracing millions. He died, after a painful illness, from the effects of a severe cold, March 26, 1827, in the midst of a violent storm, nature seeming to sympathize with the agony of her lover, and bearing his spirit hence in a passion of triumph.

THE BOSTON CATHEDRAL CHOIR.—During the grand fair to be held next fall in the magnificent cathedral on Washington street, two sacred concerts will be given by the Boston Catholic Choral Society.

The society have been industriously rehearsing for some months under their director, Mr. George E. Whiting, organist of the cathedral. Mozart's "Requiem" will be the *pièce de resistance* at one of the concerts, and if it be as well performed as present indications seem to promise, the occasion will be an unusual and gratifying one to lovers of music.

Foreign Musical Notes.

Herr Strauss, the distinguished violinist, was present at the Beethoven centenary festival which commenced on the 20th ult., at Bonn.

Last week, all the refugees from Paris had quitted London. Some, both painters and musicians, intend to return for the harvest of 1872.

Sir Julius Benedict's "Un Anno ed un Giorno," will be performed in an English dress at St. James' Theater, under the direction of the composer.

Great dissatisfaction is experienced in Leipzig and elsewhere that a native Kappellmeister pianist is not invited to perform at the Cologne Beethoven festival.

Mr. George Osborne's three act opera "Sylvia" is likely to be one of the novelties in the ensuing season of the Royal National Opera at St. James's Theater.

The first of a series of weekly garden fetes was given on Monday, by the directors of the People's Garden Company to the shareholders, their families, and friends, in the gardens at Willesden. It was attended by about 1,000 persons.

A young Russian tenor, said to possess a "magnificent" voice has just been discovered at Kowno. His name is David Meierovitch, and he has been received into the conservatoire at St. Petersburg, through the influence, it is said, of Mlle Pauline Lucca.

The London *Figaro* is pleased to see among the civil list pensions of the year, one of £100 per annum awarded to James Robinson Planché, Somerset Herald in the College of Arms, but better known as the author of those pretty, fairy extravaganzas which were so infinitely preferable to the present rough-and-tumble style of burlesque which has taken their place.

The international opera house scheme, which has been for some time under consideration, is now, according to the London *Echo*, definitely settled. The site for the new theater is situated in one of the best parts of Oxford street, and the building itself will be large, elegant and commodious. The architect is Mr. Walter Emden. It is intended to make the International Opera House, the local of M. Offenbach, who will be associated with Mr. Raphael Felix in the direction of the theater.

A fortnight ago, the Prince of Wales, who visited the Queen's Theater, in London, found his way to Mr. Rousby's dressing room, and knocked at the door. The actor answering the summons, was astonished to find the heir of the crown waiting in the passage. But his royal highness put him at his ease with a few well-turned and impressive compliments. The Prince then asked to be introduced to Mrs. Rousby, whom he felicitated on her charming assumption of "Joan of Arc."

The Burgtheater, Vienna, is undergoing a regular transformation. The stalls and parterre seats are to be made more comfortable, but of course they will become dearer. The room will be better ventilated through a new system, and a spacious wardrobe is to be built for the accommodation of the visitors. The directors, Dingeldeit of the Burgtheater, Herbeck of the Opera House, and Ascher of the Carltheater, are re-collecting their strength at the different watering places in Germany, and preparing for the next campaign. At the Imperial Opera House, they are rehearsing the grand ballet of Taglioni, "Fantasia," and preparing "Dinorah" for the *rentrée* of Mlle de Murska, who is coming next autumn to help the desolated Imperial troupe.

A PRIZE CONCERT.—The American Musical Fund Society for the relief of disabled musicians, and of their widows and orphans in the United States, is preparing to give a subscription concert of a novel kind. "The programme will consist mainly of music composed in America, and to secure fresh work the Society will offer seven prizes for the best composition sent in. These prizes will be distributed as follows: \$250 for the best symphony for whole orchestra; \$100 for the best overture or grand march for whole orchestra; \$50 for the best song with English, French German or Italian words; \$25 for the second best song, as above; \$25 for the best solo for piano, violin or other instrument; \$25 for the best duet or concerted piece for two or more instruments; and \$25 for the best chorus for male or female voices, or both.

WHERE HE STAYED.—At the concert by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club in St. John, the other evening, a fair damsel asked her attendant swain: "Which is Mr. Mendelssohn, I wonder?" "I don't think he's there," was the reply. "Why didn't he come, I wonder?" "O," said the other, determined to be determined to be equal to the emergency, "I am told he hardly ever leaves Boston now."

Home Again.

After a residence of two years in Leipsig, spent in the Conservatory of Music, under the instruction of Prof. Plaidy, Prof. I. I. Hahn has returned to Constantinople. Mr. Hahn was considered a first-class pianist before he went to Germany to finish his musical education. After taking lessons for two years from Plaidy, and practicing daily under his immediate eye, it may well be believed that he returns an accomplished artist, and perfectly at home with the classic music of Germany.

AN AMERICAN VOCALIST IN LONDON.—A concert has been lately given at St. George's Hall, London, the object of which was the introduction of an American lady, Mme. de la Motte, to an English audience. The musical world says of the new singer: "Her rendering of the airs in 'Orfeo' fully proved such a reputation as the lady enjoys elsewhere to be well founded. Mme. de la Motte—who was formerly known in the States as Miss Washburne, has a mezzo-soprano voice of considerable power and capacity of expression. She sings with earnestness and intelligence, moreover, while her appearance and bearing are such as encourage a belief that she would prove acceptable on the lyric stage. The verdict of the scanty audience was highly encouraging; and seeing that empty benches are notoriously the most effective dampers of enthusiasm, Mme. de la Motte had good reason to be satisfied with the applause she elicited. The lady must make herself heard again by English ears—but not in the last week of July.

Mlle. Tedesca.—Mlle. Fernanda Tedesca, violinist, in enjoying her summer vacation at her home near Baltimore. Like a true artist, however, she mingles pleasure with study, and has prepared an entirely new repertoire for the fall concert season, when her services as a soloist will again be in constant requisition. This repertoire is far larger than that of the majority of violinists, and includes Paganini's first concerto, Rhodes seventh concerto, Spohr's eighth, Lipinski's concerto militaire, and Joachim's Hungarian concerto. All the above are quite new to the concert room. To these must be added De Beriot's second concerto (which has not previously been played by any lady violinist in America); the caprice of Neuvième, a theme of Mozart, arranged by David; Der Kotte Scharf, by the same composer; the elegie of Ernst, Vieuxtemps' reverie, Palolka's staccato, Ernst's carnival, etc.

INTERNATIONAL COURTESY.—The following story is told of the siege of Paris: A professor of music, who was obliged to abandon his house, in the hurry of departure left the unfinished score of a musical composition behind. The war over, he returned with intense anxiety for the fate of the precious manuscript, to find his house destroyed. Only one wall remained standing, but luckily high up on its side could be seen the cupboard, with its key still projecting from the lock, in which was deposited the valuable papers. A ladder was procured, the impatient composer ascended, and took out his treasure safe and sound. What was his astonishment to find it not only complete, but completed, the composition brought to a happy close, with a brief note of explanation, signed "Koenemann, Musician-in-Chief of the 23d Line Regiment."

EFFECTS OF MUSIC ON THE FEATHERED CREATION.—A Zanesville (O.) paper relates a strange but charming story of the effects of music. A young lady, living about four miles from that city, is in the habit of performing on the violin a beautiful air—a religious song—and her brother playing the accompaniment on the bagelot. It has been noticed for some time when this air is played that a beautiful bird, known as the golden winged warbler, comes and hovers on the wing; only comes when his piece is being played, and is not seen at any other time. When any one desires to see the bird the lady plays this air on the violin, but it never comes in response to any other song, and only when the young lady plays.

TRANSLATIONS PRESERVING THE MELODY.—A Paris correspondent mentions a very remarkable translation of Moore's Irish melodies into French by a French lawyer. They have been rendered in the same measure as the originals, and can be sung to the same music. This has not interfered with the true sense of the poetry. Some of the most feeling of Moore's pieces have been rendered almost literally. "The Last Rose of Summer," so disfigured in "Martha," has been very exactly rendered by the new translation.

Tiger Times.

Liszt has become offended with the Pope.

ALFRED JARRELL is playing the piano in Germany.

FLOTOW is ill at Leichenheim in Bohemia.

THESE CASTELLAN is a lately arrived violinist.

CHARLES MATTHEWS will act at Wallacks.

THEODORE THOMAS has re-organized his band.

A minstrel company is being formed in Detroit.

STRAKOSCH has been in more hotels than any musician of them all.

AUBER has left five thousand francs to be given annually as a premium for the best comic opera.

Mlle. LILLIE RICCI died at Prague after an illness of only twenty-four hours. Her father was the composer Luigi Ricci.

JOACHIM delights Carl Wolfsohn with his playing.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP will give concerts in the principal cities.

The beautiful and progressing (musically) Cassie Renz will make New York her future residence.

Mrs. VAN ZANDT will make her first re-appearance at the Academy of Music in "Satanella."

FECHEER has re-christened the French theater the "Lyceum."

JAMES NIXON has been engaged as assistant manager of the Viennese Lady Orchestra. The troupe will take a departure West soon.

The critics differ about Wachtel's standing as a tenor—but all agree in calling him a surpassing actor.

The Bonn Festival concluded with a *Wasser fahrt* on the Rhine.

Liszt finished his oratorio, "Christus," at Eichstadt in Hesse Darmstadt.

MADAME VARIAN HOFFMAN is ready for the fall campaign.

S. B. MILLS having spent the summer in the Catskill, is fully prepared to render perfectly the fantasia of "Rip Van Winkle."

MISTRESS CHARLES B. THOMPSON, after a successful series of triumphs in Italy, will return next month, making her first appearance at Steinway Hall.

DOLBY has an idea that he surpasses every other ballad singer.

MR. ST. ALBEN, late of the Pyne and Harrison troupe, died in England last month of consumption.

SIGNOR TAMBERLIK received three thousand bouquets on the occasion of one performance of "Credo" in Mexico.

FIGARO, says a London manager, has offered a thousand francs a night to Theresa. She has repeatedly, according to the newspapers (and herself), had such offers.

WALDECK, the artist, has survived his one hundred and sixth birthday.

THE New York Madrigal Club will repeat, during the winter, their charming concert.

TWELVE immense and peculiar drums have been imported by a Philadelphia firm from Patagonia.

NOT a single piano is to be found on the Azores.

ISABELLA, late of Spain, plays charmingly on the accordion.

The English military band-masters are to have their pay increased.

VISCOUNT VILLAN XIV is the title of a member of the Belgian legation at present in New York.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN has re-appeared on the stage at Booth's theater, taking the part of *Queen Catherine* in "Henry VIII." She has been in retirement for thirteen years.

ROSE D. ERINA has had good success in concert giving at Chicago.

SOTHERN, with a prestige of British popularity, will soon make his re-appearance at Niblo's, New York.

DALY, the dramatist, has got out a new play called "Eileen Oge."

MATILDA HERON will re-introduce the frail and reformed "Camille" to the sympathies of the public.

MR. EBEN TOULKER is taken to task by the *Season* for ingeniously scattering advertisements of his musical school through the pages of a biographical book—published ostensibly by a respectable firm—and designed for the information of children.

MRS. LILLIE MOULTON, a relative of the sculptor Greenough, and one who in times past was something of a pet at the Tuileries, is to give some concerts in New York about the middle of the month.

THE American Musical Fund Society offers seven prizes, varying in value from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty dollars for the best song, symphony, instrumental solo, or other musical composition that may be submitted to a jury of unprejudiced musicians, members of the society.

LITTLE ROSEBUD.

(SONG AND CHORUS:)

Con espressione.

Words and Music by B. A. FINNEY.

Piano.

The first system of the piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, and a quarter note C5. The left hand (bass clef) plays a series of chords: G2-B2, G2-B2, G2-B2, and then a single note G2. The system concludes with a final chord of G2-B2.

The second system contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal line (treble clef) has three verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

1. 'Twas in the mer-ry month of May, When rose - buds first were in their blooming, Our
 2. She with - ered 'ere the win - ter came, When sum - mer birds were homeward flying, The
 3. The snow is rest-ing on her now, An er - mine man - tle for her sor-row, But

The third system contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the chorus. The vocal line (treble clef) continues the melody. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) continues with chords and single notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

dar - ling, hap - py as the day, Un - fold - ed, with fragrance all per - fum - ing.
 cold frost touch'd her gen - tle frame, And na - ture, with fall-ing leaves seem'd dy - ing.
 sun - ny skies will yet un - close Her pe - tals up - on a brighter mor - row.

Darling lit-tle Rose-bud, dar-ling lit-tle Rose-bud, Light-some as a flit-ting fay, She
 " " " " " " Un-der-neath the wil-lows sleep-ing, The
 " " " " " " Au-tumn's frost no more con-sum-ing, In

was the joy of ev-ery heart, So mer-ry and blooming in the May
 twi-light dews up-on her grave, Are gent-ly, for lit-tle Rose-bud, weep-ing.
 gar-dens of e-ter-nal May, Is ev-er in per-fect beau-ty bloom-ing.

CHORUS.

1. Lit-tle Rosebud, lit-tle Rosebud, Lightsome, lightsome as a flit-ting fay..... She
 2. " " " " " " Un-der-neath the bending willows sleep-ing, The
 3. " " " " " " Chil-ly autumn's frost no more con-sum-ing, In

1. Little Rosebud, lit-tle Rosebud, Lightsome as a flit-ting fay.... She
 2. " " " " " " Neath the bending willows sleep-ing, The
 3. " " " " " " Autumn's frost no more con-sum-ing, In

1. Lit-tle Rosebud, lit-tle Rosebud, Lightsome as a fay,..... She
 2. " " " " " " 'Neath the willows sleep-ing, The
 3. " " " " " " Frost no more con-sum-ing, In

was the joy of ev-ery heart..... So mer-ry and blooming in the May....
 twi-light dews up-on her grave..... Are gent-ly for lit-tle Rose-bud weep-ing.
 gar-dens of e-ter-nal May..... Is ev-er in per-fect beau-ty bloom-ing.

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 gar-dens of e-ter-nal May..... Is ev-er in per-fect beau-ty bloom-ing.

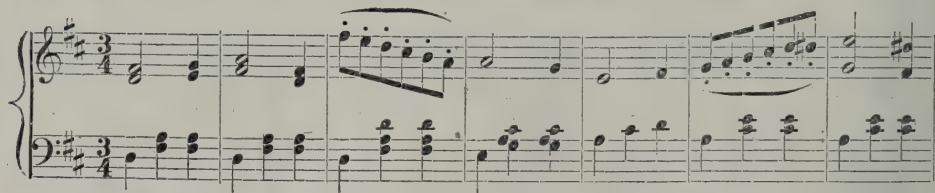
The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has four staves: two vocal staves (treble and bass clef) and two piano staves (treble and bass clef). The second system has four staves: two vocal staves (treble and bass clef) and two piano staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment features chords and single notes.

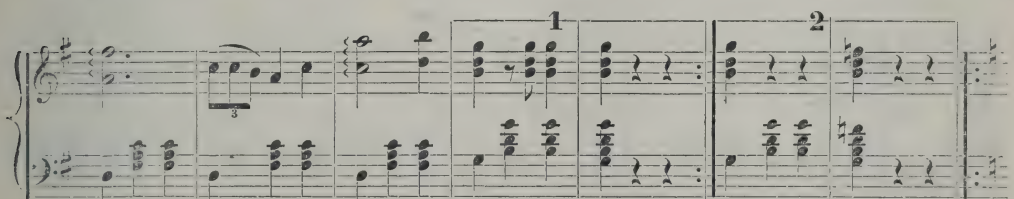
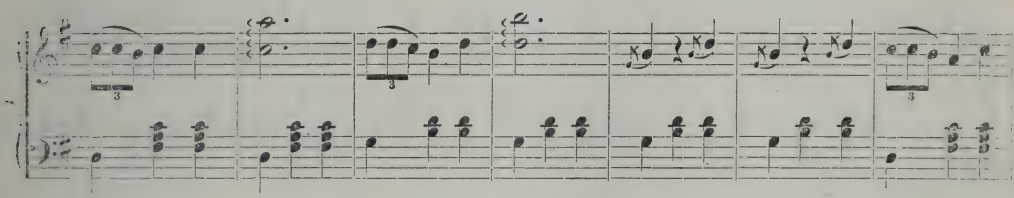
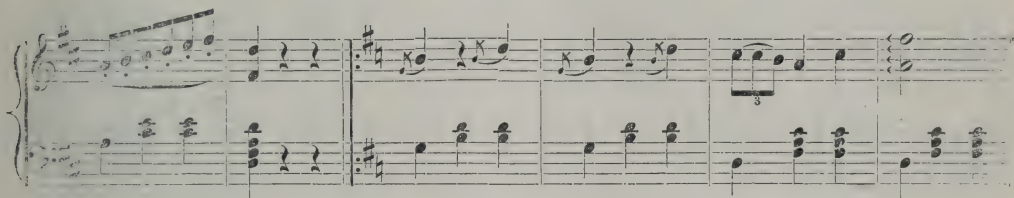
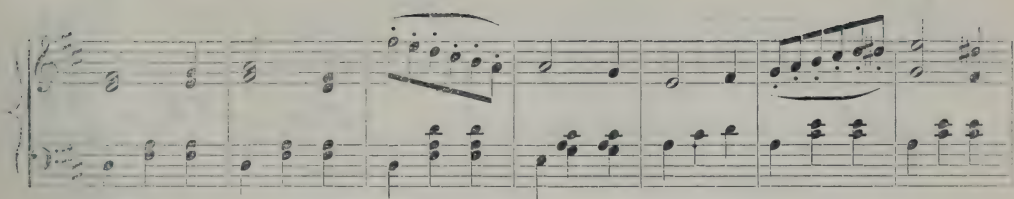
The musical score continues with two systems. The first system has four staves: two vocal staves (treble and bass clef) and two piano staves (treble and bass clef). The second system has four staves: two vocal staves (treble and bass clef) and two piano staves (treble and bass clef). The piano accompaniment features chords and single notes. The lyrics are not present in this section.

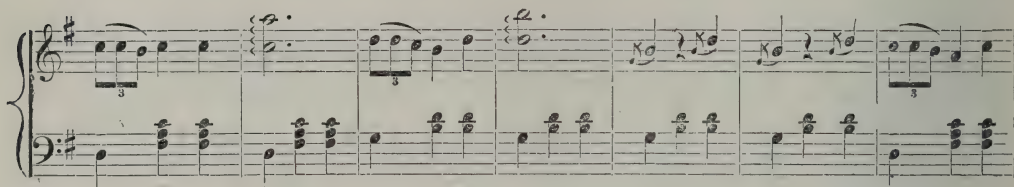
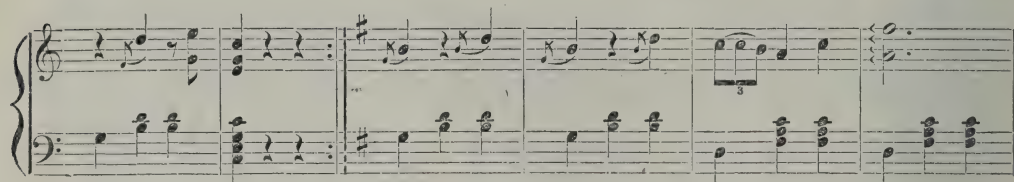
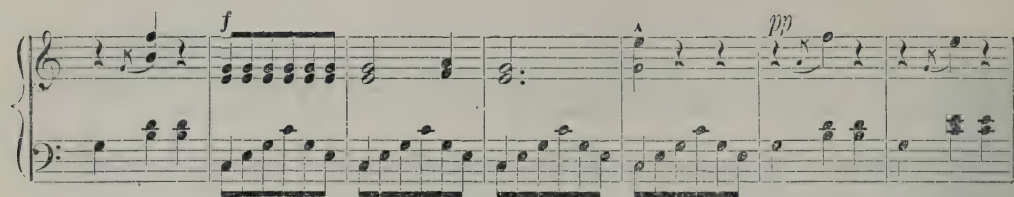
DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND, FREDRICK HOFFMAN, ESQ.

ORIOLE WALTZ.

By R. S. CRANDALL.







S. BRAINARD & SONS, PUBLISHERS.

C. J. WHITNEY & CO'S
MONTHLY BULLETIN
OF
NEW AND POPULAR MUSIC.

August, 1871.

EXPLANATION OF LETTERS AND FIGURES.

The Letters indicate the Key in which the piece is written.
The Figures indicate the degree of difficulty: 1, very easy; 2, easy; 3, medium; 4, difficult. DK, different keys.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- The Corsair. As sung by Mr. S. C. Campbell.
Music by Wm. Wright Hill. G 3 40.
Arranged with symphonies by E. S. Mattoon.
This is really a perfect gem, and is just the song for the concert hall.
- One Kindly Word. Ballad.
As sung by Wm. Castle, of the Parepa Rosa Opera Company.
Music by Wm. Wright Hill. Arranged by E. S. Mattoon. Eb 2 30.
- Waiting for Thee.
Ballad. M. F. H. Smith. G 2 30.
- The Dream of Home.
Karl Merz. D 3 30.
- Take Back the Heart.
Curibet. F 2 30.
- O Take Me from the Festal Throng.
Song and Chorus. M. F. H. Smith. Bb 2 30.
- Come Back to Me, Darling.
James E. Stewart. G 3 30.
- Sweet Nanette Lee. Words by C. C. Haskins.
Music by M. H. McChesney. Db 3. 35.

Instrumental.

PIANO.

- Who Cares Galop.
Karl Merz. D 3 40.
- Der Thautropfer (The Dew Drops).
E. A. Pavarger. Eb 3 30.
- Period Mazurka.
Miss R. Mendelson. Ab 2 30.
- Saginawian Polka Mazurka.
Paul Horvinski. D 2 30.
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Mail 7:00 a. m.; Day Express 9:00 a. m.; Evening Express 8:25 p. m.; Pacific Express (Sundays included) 9:40 p. m., connecting with the various branch lines, as below, and arriving at Chicago at 5:05 p. m.; 7:05 p. m.; 9:50 a. m., and 8:00 a. m. respectively.
The Dexter Accommodation leaves Detroit at 4:15 p. m.

AIR LINE DIVISION.
Mail Train leaves Jackson at 10:45 a. m. and arrives at Niles at 3:30 p. m., connecting with Mail Train on Main Line at both places.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY DIVISION.
Leaves Jackson at 12:15 p. m. (Mail); 5:10 p. m. (Evening Express), and 7:00 a. m. (Mixed), arriving at Grand Rapids at 4:25 p. m.; 9:15 p. m., and 3:15 p. m. respectively.

DETROIT, HILLSDALE & INDIANA R. R.
Leave Ypsilanti at 8:30 a. m. and 6:00 p. m. on arrival of Mail and Dexter Accommodation

FT. WAYNE, JACKSON & SAGINAW R. R.
Leave Jackson at 6:20 a. m.; 12:00 m., connecting with Day Express from Detroit; and 5:40 p. m.

JACKSON, LANSING & SAGINAW R. R.
Leave Jackson at 6:00 a. m. and 3:30 p. m., and arrive at Wenona at 11:40 a. m. and 9:15 p. m.

Trains arrive at Detroit as follows:
Pacific Express 3:35 a. m.; Night Express 7:25 a. m.; Dexter Accommodation 10:00 a. m.; Mail 6:30 p. m., and Day Express 6:45 p. m.

Mail Trains and Day Express run daily, except Sundays; Pacific Express, west, and Atlantic Express, east, daily; Jackson express, west, daily except Sundays, and only to Jackson on Saturdays; Night Express, east, and Dexter Accommodation, daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

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Good-by, but come again. Quartet.....	J. R. Thomas.
Go, little Barque. Duet and Chorus.....	Kinkel.
Hattie Bell. Quartet.....	Webster.
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Little white Cot in the Lane, (The.) Song and Chorus.....	Mate.
Living Waters, (The.) Song and Chorus.....	J. G. Clark.
Lone Rock by the Sea, (The.) Duet or Quartet.....	Scott.
My Father's growing old. Duet and Chorus.....	W. S. Hays.
My poor Heart is sad. Duet.....
Natalie, the Maid of the Mill. Solo and Chorus.....	Peters.
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No Home to shelter her poor little Head. Duet and Chorus.....	Walbridge.
Now I lay me down to sleep. Duet and Chorus.....	Cummings.
Old Aunty Brown. Song and Chorus.....	Bishop.
Only a little Flower. Song and Chorus.....
Paddle your own Canoe. Duet and Chorus.....	Heath.
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Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep. Song.....	Palmer.
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Sweet Little Nell. Song and Chorus.....	Kimmel.
Take me back Home. Duet and Chorus.....	W. S. Hays.
There's none left to love me. Duet and Chorus.....	Alice Mortimer.
To the Cross I cling. Quartet.....	Millard.
Two on Earth, and two in Heaven. Duet or Quartet.....	Webster.
World is full of Beauty, (The.) Duet and Chorus.....	Donizetti.
Write me a Letter from Home. Duet and Chorus.....	W. S. Hays.
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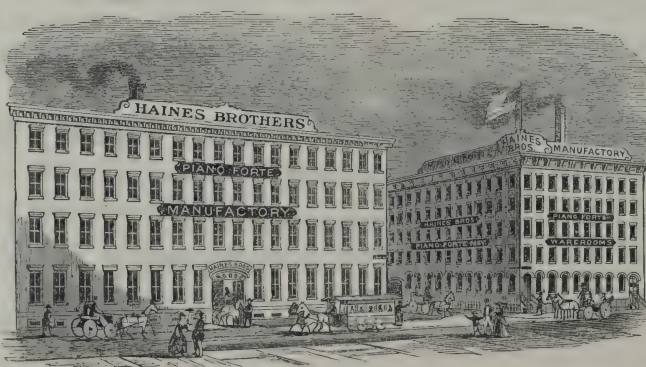
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VOLUME I.

DETROIT, NOVEMBER, 1871.

NUMBER XI.

The Old Choir.

BY J. B. SWETT.

'Twas a glorious thing in those good old days,
As far back as memory goes,
When all who would sing Omiscient's praise,
Could do so whenever they chose;
And each Sunday morning, at toll of the bell
In the gallery spacious and long;
The opening hymn with its solemn swell,
Was sung by the musical throng;
And the chorister's face
Wore a marvelous grace,
As he measured the time of the song.

'Twas a quaint little church in our village town,
And it stood on the principal street;
With the door from the walk, only two steps down,
Wide open the whole world to greet;
And in through that door every Sunday there passed
More singers than those who were not;
And they filled up the gallery silent and fast
Until vacancy dwindled to jot;
And then what a song
Sang that musical throng,
When the nod from their leader they got!

The organ ne'er pealed forth its harmony grand
On the ears of the worshipers then,
But the strains that arose at the leader's command
Will never be equaled again,
'Till the spirit that long ago fled at the tread
Of the customs and whims of the day
Shall rise up again from the realms of the dead,
And the days which have vanished away,
And the good times return
When no jealousies burn
Nor selfishness stands in the way.

The little old church has been painted anew,
And the gallery all torn down,
And each of the old choir sits in a pew,
While the notes of an organ drone
The elegant strains of a paid quartette,
Who howl with a might and main,
Through the maze of a piece only lately set
With a solo and trio strain,
That some musical quack
By the dint of his knack,
Has dragged from his suffering brain.

The good old choir with the social heart,
Is as dead and as dumb as a stone,
And the friendly ties all broken apart,
And the spirit of love is gone;
And discord and tumult among them reign,
And Jealousy's flame burns high,
And the song of true worship will never again
From thence float up to the sky;
For the soul is dead,
And the music is dead,
And the fountain of praise is dry.

The Wish of To-day.

I ask not now for gold to gild
With mocking shrine a weary frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,
Melting in Heaven's blue depths away,
Oh! sweetened dream of human love,
For thee I may not pray.

To-day beneath Thy chastening eye,
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in Thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

The Unwritten Overture.

From "Mozart: a Biographical Romance," by H. Rau.

Venice, the ancient city, the pearl of Italy, every one knows; but only those who have lived in Prague are acquainted with "Little Venice."

It is an island in the Moldau, and belonged, at the time of which we write, to a company of sharpshooters of Prague. On certain days, all through the summer, they held meetings here, and shot at a target for prizes. They had, moreover, excellent music on such occasions, so that "Little Venice" was a favorite place of resort for all pleasure-loving people.

In the great room of the shot-house, which was really "Little Venice," but gave its name to the whole island, hung upon the walls hundreds of painted targets, perforated with the bullets of past prize-matches. There was Venus rising from the sea-foam; but there was a hole through her girdle. Next her was that favorite character of those times, Harlequin, with his nose shot away. Farther on was Diana, descending upon clouds to Endymion; but the murderous lead had taken her on the wing, and an eye was gone. In fact, nothing had remained sacred to these "Freischützen," as they called themselves. "Free-shots" indeed they seemed to have been. There were Roman emperors, and Greek goddesses; Delilah, with a bullet-hole through her shears; and Judas, the betrayer, who had received a shot through the bottom of his eye, which did not at all add to the amiability of that feature's expression.

It was one of the last days of October, bright but cool, and there was only one guest to be seen. He was a man in a gray overcoat, with large figured buttons, in black silk hose and buckled shoes, with the inevitable cue at the back of his handsome head. He was pacing up and down the long alley, evidently buried in absorbing thought.

He seemed to be a strange fellow, for now his gaze was fixed on the ground, and then his head would be suddenly raised, and his great beautiful eyes would distend and darken, as if mighty ideas were flashing through his brain.

A beggar spoke to him. Without looking at him, he put his hand in his pocket, and gave the fellow a piece of money. The beggar looked surprised and delighted, and glanced in astonishment from the gift to the giver; for he held a bright thaler in his hand. "H'm!" he muttered. "That's a fool. I must try him again!" So he limped to the opposite end of the alley, and begged of the abstracted man again. And again the man put his hand in his pocket and gave him something. The gift must have been a considerable one, for the beggar chuckled and limped away.

But the man saw him not. Always brighter his eyes shone, and his face beamed more joyfully, as with a livelier motion of the hand he beat time to an invisible music.

"The done!" he spoke aloud to himself, stopping in his walk; "done to the last note! But—if I only had it written down! I hate the horribly tedious, mechanical work of writing it."

He went a few steps farther, stopped again, and rubbed his forehead, as though it ached with the long concentration upon some intense labor. Then he said, smiling gayly to himself: "Poh! what matters it? I've got six or eight days yet, and, thank heaven, my memory will hold fast to every note of it!"

And the man, who of course was no other than Mozart, walked back to the shot-house.

Six days after this walk in "Little Venice," Mozart was sitting in his room when Bondini entered. The Impressario's face, usually so calm and good-humored, betrayed by its look of anxiety that something lay heavy on his heart. Frankly and straight-forward as ever, Mozart asked what was the matter.

"My dear Maestro!" answered Bondini, "I should think you would know what the matter was!"

"I?"

"Who else?"

"Is it about the opera?"

"Yes."

"Why, I thought the rehearsal went capitally!"

"Couldn't have been better!"

"And to-morrow evening the curtain rises."

"Yes, at six o'clock!" and the look of anxiety on Bondini's face deepened into despair at the thought.

"Well, what's the matter then?" asked Mozart.

"Weren't the tickets all sold in advance a week ago?"

"What more could a Director ask?"

"Nothing; only the opera can't be given to-morrow!"

"Can't be given?" cried Mozart, staring at Bondini with great eyes. "What's the reason it can't be given?"

Bondini only spread his hands wide apart, and gasped.

"Is Saporitti sick?"

"No."

"Your little wife?"

The Director shook his head.

"In the devil's name, then, who is it? Bassi? Lolli? Baglioni?"

"Nobody's sick!" said Bondini.

"See here, my friend!"—and Mozart began to get angry—"if you don't want to drive me mad, tell me what the matter is? Has the police got its nose into the affair, at the last minute?"

"Oh, bah! The police! it is possible you don't know what the matter is? Do you mean to say that you don't know why I can't give it to-morrow—this 'Don Juan,' for which all Prague has been waiting impatiently, for which every seat was sold a week ago?"

"No, I don't!" said Mozart.

"Well!" exclaimed the astonished Bondini; "if a man wasn't ready to cry over it, he could laugh himself to death! It's nothing—nothing at all! only—you haven't written the overture yet!"

"Is that all?" said Mozart. "Oh, there's time enough for that!"

Bondini was thunderstruck; at last he stammered,

"For the overture to a work like 'Don Giovanni!'"

Amadens smiled archly, then going up to Bondini, he laid both hands on the director's shoulders, looked him in the eyes, and asked—

"Do you suppose, my friend, that I would with my own hand, ruin the best work of my life by a bad overture?"

"No!" cried Bondini, "certainly not."

"Well, then, see your mind at rest."

"But, Maestro, the parts will have to be all copied."

Tell the copyist to be here at seven o'clock to-morrow morning."

"And the rehearsal—?"

"Oh, this doubting Thomas!" cried Mozart, laughing aloud; "he doesn't know his own orchestra. I tell you, Bondini, my Prague orchestra plays at sight!"

"You have an enormous faith!" returned the director, still looking troubled. "Everything depends on the overture; if that goes wrong—"

"Now, Bondini!" exclaimed Mozart, coaxingly;

"just you trust to me and your orchestra!"

"Well, all right! But if it goes straight, I shall hand you over to the Inquisition."

"What for?"

"As a sorcerer!"

"Only see that the copyist is here at seven, and we shall need no sorcery. I will commence the overture at once. Good-bye!"

Bondini hurried away, somewhat encouraged, as he saw the composer nest himself at his desk, take out his music paper, and dip his pen in the deep inkstand.

Scarcely was he out of the house, when Duscheck entered the room.

"Mozart!" he exclaimed, "I have the horses harnessed, and Constanze and my wife are already in the carriage. It is a splendid day, and there won't be many more such this year. Come along!"

When they came back the short November afternoon had already darkened into evening; and through its darkness they saw from afar all the windows of

the Duscheck mansion illuminated as for some grand festivity.

Mozart was the first to notice it—

"What has broken loose at home?" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"You'll soon see," replied Duscheck.

But what was Mozart's surprise on reaching the house and alighting, to find himself surrounded by a group of his best friends, who had prepared a little feast in honor of the completion of "Don Giovanni."

It was a delightful company. Bondini was there with his little madcap of a wife, as well as all the members of the opera troupe, except Saporiotti, who to the sorrow of everybody—had a headache, and had remained at home as a precaution against being ill the next day. She had set her heart on appearing in the opera, and was as pleased with her role as a child.

The evening and a good part of the night flew away in unrestrained merriment and gaiety, and at last they sat down to a fine supper. Everybody was in excellent spirits, but Mozart exceeded them all, laughing, joking, and reeling off endless strings of comical verse.

"Fill your glasses," cried Duscheck. "Here is to the success of 'Don Giovanni!'"

The glasses clinked, and the toast was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm. Then said Bondini—"It's very well for you to drink to the success of the opera; but if you had suffered the anxiety and despair which I have for the last few days, till this forenoon in fact—"

"How so?" asked Duscheck, while Mozart went on laughing and bantering with little Madam Bondini, not hearing what the others were saying.

"How so?" returned the director. "I will tell you. Till this forenoon our good maestro hadn't written a stroke of the overture!"

"What?" exclaimed several voices at once. "And it is done already?"

"Certainly!" said Bondini, quietly; "for when I left him he had gone to work on it. The opera couldn't possibly have been given otherwise."

At that moment Mozart turned his merry face toward them.

"Well!" cried Bondini; "how did you get along with the overture this forenoon?"

"With—"

"The overture?"

Mozart turned pale. Everybody started, and a universal expression of dismay went from face to face.

Amadeus pulled out his watch—it was almost midnight!

"It is, eh?" said he, thoughtfully. "Then I've got no more time to lose. In ten minutes it will strike twelve, and at seven the copyists are to come. Some hours yet! Good-night, gentlemen; good-night, ladies—I kiss your hands! Stanzel, bring a glass of punch with you to keep me awake. And now, may all the good spirits stand by me!"

Mozart hastened to his room, where pen and paper were lying as he had dropped them in the forenoon. The company broke up in great anxiety, with gloomy forebodings of the morrow. For the opera could not be given without an overture, and what mortal could in a few hours of the night write one that would be worthy of the "Don Giovanni!"

Bondini was in perfect despair, and only his wife kept up her courage and confidence.

Meantime Mozart had seated himself. Just as he was on the point of diving into his work, he caught sight of Constance's face, which was full of deep sorrow.

"Stanzel!" said he, in a gentle voice—"my treasure! come and let me whisper something in your ear."

"But, Wolfert!" she replied, imploringly, as if expecting some new prank, "won't you please begin?"

"Come here!" repeated her husband; "put your little ear down, here, a second."

Constance obeyed. Amadeus gave the soft cheek a kiss, then whispered lightly—

"You needn't be a bit anxious, dear heart. It's all finished long ago!"

"How? where?" she exclaimed, her face lighting up.

"Here," said Amadeus, laughing, and pointing to his forehead. "I finished the overture a week ago, hid it all away safely in my skull; only I was too lazy to do the horrid work of writing it down. It shall all be on the paper by the time the copyists come, and my Stanzel will be satisfied with it. I think the world will, too!"

"If it has all stayed there when you put it," said Constance, a little dubiously.

"Ah, ha!" cried Amadeus, laughing, and beginning to write at the same time. "If I could carry Allegri's *Miserere* home with me when a youngster, without dropping a note, I think I can carry an overture of my own for a week. Now then, Stanzel, sit down here by me, and tell me a story out of the 'Arabian

Nights'—Aladdin's Lamp, or something—so that I shan't go to sleep."

"Shall I tell you about Nouredin-Ali and Bedreddin Hassan?"

"All right!" And Constance set the glass of punch before him, took her knitting-work, seated herself by his side, and began.

So it went on for three hours. Mozart wrote rapidly; but now weariness began to overcome him, and at last his yawns and nods grew more and more frequent, till sleep could no longer be fought off. Constance clasped him on the shoulder, and said—

"Dear, it won't do; you are too tired. Come! Sleep an hour. I will keep awake and call you."

Mozart rubbed his forehead and eyes. "Well," he exclaimed drowsily, "I'll take your advice; but be sure you wake me up after an hour."

And he lay down on the sofa. "You are a good little wife," he whispered; then he kissed her once, and was asleep.

Constance sat by his side and went on knitting. And as she thought over the past, image after image of her whole life arose before her. How many pleasant hours at the side of her husband; and ah, how many sorrowful and anxious ones! Then she fell to thinking of the new opera, and how much renown it would bring Amadeus, and what change it would make in their life.

The hour had passed. She put out her hand and opened her lips to wake her husband, but he was sleeping so quietly!

"It will be time enough if I let him sleep one more little hour," she thought. "His genius makes things easy for him which would be impossible to others. Sleep on, dear soul! in an hour you can go to work again."

So she took up her knitting once more, and went back to her dreams.

At last the clock struck five.

There was no more time to lose—Constance must wake her husband. He rubbed his eyes, sprang up and looked at his watch.

"Five!" he exclaimed, threatening her laughingly with his finger. "That was contrary to the agreement."

"But you were having such a good sleep!"

"Well, it will do yet," he answered. "But now, dear child, go you to bed. You look utterly tired out."

Constance obeyed, and Mozart went at his work with fresh strength. Two hours afterward the copyists entered. It was seven o'clock, and the overture to "Don Giovanni" that masterpiece of Mozart's creations—lay finished before him!

Bottosini's New Opera.

"The most important effort yet made by the Italian Opera Bouffe Company was the production at the Lyceum Theatre of 'Ali Baba,' a new opera, expressly composed for the occasion by Signor Bottosini. This gentleman has been long eminent here for his remarkable skill as a performer on the double-bass; and abroad he is also known as an orchestral conductor. The work now referred to is the most ambitious essay yet made by Signor Bottosini as a composer. The well known subject from the 'Arabian Nights' has before served as a basis for operatic treatment. Nearly half a century since it was set by Marschner, the composer of the once popular 'Der Vampyr'; and 'Ali Baba' was the last of the long series of stage works by Cherubini, who produced it in 1833, when nearly seventy-three years old. A story in which the romantic prevails and the horrible largely enters is scarcely eligible for treatment as a comic opera, and it has undergone wholesale alteration by its present adapter, Signor Taddei, according to whom *Ali Baba* is a rich merchant of Ispahan, who has grown wealthy by trading with smuggled goods. His daughter *Delia*, beloved by *Nadir*, is promised by her father to *Aboul Hassan*, chief of the custom-house, who is to bestow a large dowry on the lady, and his official protection on the parent. The former lover, wandering in despair, accidentally overhears the password 'Open Sesame,' by which the robbers gain entrance to their cavern, and avails himself of it. This ends the first act. The second act shows *Delia* and her attendants preparing for the nuptials of the former with *Aboul Hassan*. *Nadir* becomes suddenly enriched by his visits to the cavern, and demands the hand of *Delia*, proffering wealth far beyond that of his rival, *Ali Baba*, insisting on knowing how *Nadir* has acquired his treasure, is intrusted with the secret of the cavern, under promise of not going there. A scene of altercation between *Ali Baba*, his daughter, and her two lovers ends the second act. In the third act *Ali Baba* has sent his daughter to a distance; one of her lovers is in despair, the other threatening vengeance. *Delia* is carried off by the robbers; her father, contrary to his promise, enters the cavern, is there seized

by the thieves, and only escapes death by the offer of a large ransom, for the sake of which he and his daughter are allowed to return home, accompanied by the Captain and his Lieutenant. In act four the denouement is brought about, as in the story, with the agency of *Morgiana*; but instead of the traditional forty jars, the dramatist has substituted as many casks of supposed Mocha coffee, each of which conceals one of the robbers. The sudden entry of *Aboul Hassan* and his officers, and the condemnation of the conspirators to be burned, result in the dislodgement of the thieves, the punishment of vice, and the triumph of mutual love. Such is the new version of 'Ali Baba,' in which it will be seen Signor Taddei has largely availed himself of the freedom supposed to be granted to operatic dramatists. An English translation of the text, in verse, has been cleverly executed by Mr. C. L. Kenney. In the music which Signor Bottosini has supplied to this subject, he has judiciously avoided any emulation, either of the romantic style of Marschner, or of the classical and elaborate construction of Cherubini. Compactness, and frequently brevity, in the form of the movements, rather than the prolongation and development of the last-mentioned style, are the conspicuous characteristics of Signor Bottosini's music, and this will probably be of advantage to the sale of detached pieces from the opera, the whole of which was received with enthusiastic applause last night. The pervading style of the music is a light impulsive vivacity, with a frequent use of strongly-marked dance rhythm; while there are also occasional instances of graceful melody, and, in several situations, much skill in effects of combination. Like most composers of his country, Signor Bottosini writes well for the display of the solo voice, and hence is secure of the sympathies of his singers. The opera is prefaced by an overture, slight in style and construction, and including in its last night's performance the commencing introduction, which also enters into the opening introduction. The most effective pieces in the first act were a graceful little romance for *Delia*, 'Non c'è poter,' a trio 'Eustimio,' for the principal characters, (enacted,) a graceful duet for the two lovers, 'Dal giorno,' and an expressive romanza, 'Lunge da te,' for *Nadir*. The prominent pieces of the second act are *Delia*'s recitative and air 'O Nadir,' a clever duet for her and *Aboul*, 'Parla imponi,' an effective quartet; a graceful duet, 'Sei tu dunque,' for the two lovers; and a concerted finale, one of the most elaborate and best written movements in the opera. This piece discloses considerable dramatic power, and produced a great effect in last night's performance, the commencing portion having been redemanded and repeated. The third act contains a balata, 'Io straniero,' for *Nadir*, which pleased so much that one verse had to be repeated; a recitative and aria, 'In questa grotta,' for *Delia*, and an elaborate aria for *Ali Baba*—both of which were greatly applauded—besides some very effective choral writing for the robbers. The fourth act, which is short, contains little calling for remark, beyond the waltz aria 'So un bicchier' and 'E l'Ebberza,' sung alternately by *Ali Baba* and *Delia*."—*London News*.

Wolfson in Switzerland.

Carl Wolfson has been writing letters from Germany to the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*. The following is an extract from his last:

"A very interesting day I spent in Stuttgart. Mr. S. Sikelwager introduced me to Prof. Zacharias, who has become quite famous for his invention, the 'art-pedal,' as he calls it. I spent the whole morning with him, and he explained it and showed me all its points. He deserves a great deal of credit; some wonderful fine and novel effects can be produced with the use of his pedal. He is now in treaty with the Conservatory at Stuttgart, and if he succeeds before his life gives out—his whole fortune has been spent already—there is no doubt that he will reap the fruits of his tremendous labor. He meets, as yet, with a great deal of opposition; but for no other reason except that the piano teacher will not go to the trouble to learn the new system, and you know it is very easy to say something is bad when you don't care to investigate what it is. I am perfectly sure that in a very few years no fine pianist will be without it.

"I have paid a little attention to the Stuttgart Music School, and find that it compares most favorably with the Leipzig Conservatory. You know Miss Mehlig is one of the pupils. There are excellent professors, and a good many young American ladies are now studying there. Trubner, the pianist and Singer, the violinist, are the shining lights. There is also a splendid singing teacher there—a lady, whose name I have forgotten. Music is far more cultivated there than in Frankfurt, and the advantages of a good opera and quite a number of symphony concerts add not a little to the perfection of those in the musical career."

Italian Organ-Grinders in Council.

A number of the leading Italians of New York, recently called a meeting with a view of canvassing the best means to be adopted in ridding the country of that well-known street pest, the Italian organ-grinder. It had occurred to them that many a strong healthy countryman of theirs might be better employed than in tormenting society for twenty-five or thirty cents per day, on the average, and thus redeem respectable Italian musicians from the disgrace heaped upon them by the hurdy-gurdy. One of the high-toned attendants at the meeting is credited with the following harangue in English:

"I am an artist. Sacramento! I do not want this hurdy-gurdies, this organs, this harp. No, I do not want it. Sangre de dio. Everywhere I go it is a disgracement to me. I am soloist. When I perform they say who is this man's? Sir, I stand all the while as a true Italian. I say this man is Italian. Then they say he is musician of de street, or some of them go behind my back and make dis—" here the irate Italian gave a vivid representation of the operation of organ-grinding. "But I say to these committee, what do not comes, if a man comes to this America and can not speak but Italian, he must be a loafer, or a thief, or a murderer, or something. I say geov de Italian something to work, and den we shall have no more hurdy-gurdies."

His argument seems conclusive. At this meeting a society was organized, with ramifications extending throughout the country, having for its object the rescue of the Italians from degradation and the hurdy-gurdy, and the diverting of his predatory instincts into less ignominious and more remunerative channels. Success to the society.

In speaking of the meeting, the *Chicago Republican* facetiously says:

"Not that we have ever openly counseled conolasm as toward the organs, or a Saint Bartholomew of their managing directors. The most we have ever said, even when three hundred peripatetic Orpheuses were simultaneously exhorting 'Old Dog Tray' outside our window, within ear-shot, but beyond pistol-range, was to express a wish that the Mayor would have the organs muzzled, and that the collections might all be bogus, so that the recipients might be sent to the State Prison for coining. The hurdy-gurdy, like adversity, had its sweet uses. Sweeter than the honest watchdog's bark, was it to hear one wheezing under our apologetic uncle's window, thereby determining a rush of blood to his head before he could alter his will. Was sweet to hear the crash of dormitory crockery on the skull of the minstrel, or to see him run over by an express wagon, and not the blushing avowal of a maiden's love, on a moonlit night, in a clover-field, under a peach-tree, afforded a more pleasurable thrill than that which pervaded the bosom as a dog, with encouraging symptoms of rabies, rent the stern-sheets of the itinerant's pantaloons into shreds and patches."

VIOL DE GAMBA.—The viol is an ancient musical stringed instrument, long superseded by the violin, and other instruments of that family, of which it may be considered the parent. Its general shape was that of the violin, and it was furnished with six, and sometimes with more strings, the tones of which were regulated by being brought by the fingers into contact with frets placed at regular intervals along the neck, and was played on by a bow.

Viol were of three kinds: the treble, called also the *viola alto*, or *viola de braccio*, which bore some resemblance to the modern violin. The *viol de gamba*, or viol of the leg, so called, because it was held by the performer between the knees, was the largest of its numerous kinds, and remained in use until the close of the eighteenth century, nearly one hundred years after all other viols had disappeared. This, in turn, has been superseded by the violoncello.

A PRINCELY LEADER.—A Boston paper says: "Prince George Galitzin, with his famous orchestra, composed of emancipated serfs whom he has freed and instructed, has sailed from Russia for America, and will give a series of concerts in the various cities during the autumn and winter. The Prince's father, it will be remembered, was the friend and patron of Beethoven. The son has inherited all the enthusiasm of the father for music, and his knowledge and genius are remarkable. He has given up all the honors of the court and devoted himself exclusively to harmony. When he arrives with his troupe he shall perform something different from any music hitherto brought from the Old World to the New, and it will no doubt prove most interesting. Prince Galitzin telegraphed to a gentleman in Boston, a few days ago, that he has started on his voyage across the Atlantic."

Mrs. Moulton's Concerts.

Mrs. Charles Moulton, formerly a resident of Rochester, where she still has many friends, and where she was known as Lillie Greenough, is about commencing a concert tour of the principal cities. She is to sing in New York on the 16th of October, and subsequently in Boston, after which she is coming west. Mrs. Moulton, when quite young, gave the unmistakable evidence of rare musical talent and the inspiration of genius in her interpretations of the melodies of the most celebrated masters of the divine art, and those who heard and appreciated her wonderful vocalization then have scarcely been surprised at her later triumphs in the centres of art and refinement in the old world. For several years past Mrs. Moulton has resided in France, spending much of her time in Paris, where her rare musical powers have astonished and delighted the most critical and discriminating audiences possible to that most critical capital. She was there the acknowledged first amateur soprano, and was the recipient of the most flattering ovations and the most distinguished testimonials of esteem. She was the bright particular star of that high court of art, her rendering of the rarest gems of melody, and her brilliant social qualities, winning for her hosts of friends and admirers. She was ever an enthusiastic lover of music, and she has returned to her native land with a higher appreciation of her art, with a thorough culture of voice, with improved capacities and matured powers, while she has retained the winning simplicity and the girlish freshness and sparkle of her earlier years. She is still young—indeed is one of that rare class of American girls which does not grow old; and although she is young in years, she is yet much more youthful in heart and feeling. Her personal appearance is decidedly prepossessing, and in that respect she at least has nothing to lose in comparison with the most gifted singers who are now, or who have been most prominently before the public for many years. She has an irresistible vivacity, wit, amiability and eloquence of expression, with decided dramatic ability and taste, and a natural and graceful adaptation of character and costume to place and circumstance which lends a peculiar charm to her presence in the concert room and invests her with a magnetism which draws her auditors into immediate and entire sympathy with her.

In the scale of merit Miss Moulton has few equals, and fewer superiors among the most gifted of the celebrities who have become famous in song; indeed, it is difficult to institute any comparison of her powers with those of any others who have been before the public, as her gifts are peculiar to herself in a great degree, and she is, as an artist, inimitable. Her voice is extremely sweet, and marvelous in its tenderness and sensibility, and withal she has a soul of fire and a power of emphasis which rounds into completeness the scope of her capabilities.

Mendelssohn's High Pressure.

Mendelssohn killed himself with overworking his excitable brain. His premature death was as complete a case of suicide as if he had daily opened a vein in his arm and deprived himself of an ounce of blood. That his brain was premature in its physical growth can not be doubted. The octette which he wrote at the age of sixteen is the work of an experienced and thoroughly trained musician; and the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream," which he wrote at eighteen, is not only as thoroughly original a composition as any that he ever afterward produced, but it can not be matched for originality by any other work of genius produced by a lad of that age. What Mendelssohn needed, therefore, was a clear conviction that the indulgence of his excitable temperament, whether in work or in mere pleasure, was equivalent to self-destruction. Whereas, from the first, he seems never to have dreamed for a moment that for himself the one grand duty was the cultivation of a certain amount of idleness per diem. So far from this, he lived at high-pressure speed wherever he was and whatever he was doing. When he was paying his addresses to the ladies, he had no leisure to be idle, he was still going; excitement that his doctor sent him off to take a course of sea-bathing to strengthen his nerves before he made the lady the offer he was contemplating. After the sister's death, which told so heavily upon him, he resumed his labors with eager haste and burning zeal, in spite of repeated headaches and attacks of faintness. His wife in vain entreated him to spare himself. "Let me work on," he said; "for me, too, the hour of rest will come." When his friends assailed him with similar remonstrances, he replied, "Let me work while it is yet day. Who can tell how soon the bell may toll?" Who, indeed, they might have added, when the first laws of nature are violated? And yet while the increase in his nervous irritability never suggested to him the mischief that was going on. It showed itself in listening to music, or playing himself.

Mlle. Nilsson in "Lucia."

The representation of "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the theater last evening, was in many respects the most noteworthy performance of that opera which has been given in Boston for a score of years. The audience which was very large and critical, felt itself stirred with intense and unwonted excitement, and at the close of the second act, and in the middle of the third, the enthusiasm became fairly rapturous, and found expression in cheers and shouts and bursts of the wildest applause. Mlle. Nilsson's performance certainly justified the admiration which it excited. She completely filled the role of Lucia, her magical voice, her transcendent art, and the magnetism of her grace and beauty combining in an impersonation of incomparable loveliness and pathetic power. The long familiar opera, in which so many "first ladies" have wept and raved, was recreated and endowed, as it were, with a new life and soul. The most romantic girl and the most exacting critic, alike, could ask for nothing more complete and satisfying. Mlle. Nilsson's rendering reproduced in the most delicate of the character creations of the "Gross Wizard of the North," in all the varying forms of her pure and devoted love, of her grief, longing and desolation, and, finally of her madness and despair. In action the performance had the ideal beauty of a finished and faultless poem, rising at its close to a tragical vehemence which revealed the intensity and passion that underlie the artist's finished forbearance of style. The delivery of the great recitative of the last act, "*Il dolce suono*," with its swift transitions of feeling—as one after another the delusive fancies of insanity arise in the darkened mind—was a masterpiece of dramatic discrimination and power; while the love passages of the early scenes were clothed with an ideal sweetness and exquisiteness which enchanted the fancy and touched the heart of the listener. The music of the part was rendered with the subtlest expression and refinement, and with almost faultless purity of tone.

THE PAREPA-ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—The near approach of the season when the organizations which arrive here is already made apparent by much talk in musical circles and by familiar portraits in the music stores. The high reputation of the company, and the brilliant talents of Madame Rosa, will make the success of the troupe undoubted. In New York her present appearance has been beyond precedent for the popular enthusiasm which it has produced. Even on stormy evenings the crowds have been so great that ladies have contented themselves with standing places or seats on the steps. So, at least our correspondent from that city informs us. Parepa, it is said, was never in better voice, and all of the old favorites have shown excellent excellence in the presence of her presence among them. Of the new tenor, Tom Karl, the two sopranos, Mrae. Vanzini and Miss Doria, and the basso, Mr. Ryse, we prefer to speak when we have heard them.

The destruction of the places of amusement in Chicago will doubtless disarrange the plans of several concert and opera organizations, and from this cause it is possible other engagements may be made here. The Parepa Company, for example, had intended shortly to follow their season here with one in that unfortunate city. Instead of this we notice that on Saturday evening Madame Parepa gave in New York a concert, the proceeds of which are to be handed over to the relief fund for the benefit of the sufferers. We have been informed that she is herself a loser of some thirty thousand dollars by this sad calamity.

Curious Story of a Bullfinch.

A musician employed at one of the London theatres possessed an ebony flute with silver keys. He seldom used it, in consequence of the imperfect upper notes. The musician had as a lodger a tailor, who worked for the theatre. A strong friendship sprang up between the two. One night while the musician was at the theatre the flute was stolen, and suspicion fell upon an old woman who used to work for him.

Nothing, however, tended to show her guilt, and matter was at last dismissed and forgotten. In a few months the tailor left the town, but their friendship lasted. About a year afterward the musician paid the tailor a visit, and found him in possession of a beautiful bullfinch that could distinctly whistle three tunes.

The performance was perfect, with this exception, whenever he came to certain note, he invariably skipped it and went on to the next. But little reflection convinced the musician that the note in which the bullfinch was imperfect, was the very one which was imperfect in the human flute. So he was told was that he sharply questioned the tailor, who confessed having stolen the flute, and that all the bird knew was learned from the same instrument.

Plain Talk about Music.—No. 1.

By Wm. C. Webster.

If sectarianism is in all other pursuits odious, it is in music perfectly ridiculous. How is it possible to laugh louder at anything than at a parcel of people quarreling about an affair of taste, a position of honor or preferment in a musical performance, full of discord, for the sake of harmony, hating one another for loving the same thing differently? But when the object is nothing less than pleasure itself, as in the case of music, then the animosities of party are not simply odious and contradictory, but ludicrous in the highest degree. Should we not laugh at a man who, at a feast, while he disputed the comparative merits of the dishes, should suffer them all to grow cold? or at one who, having retired to rest, should find the morning breaking in upon him, while he still was tossing from one side of the bed to the other, laboring to satisfy himself on which he should lie?

It is an incontrovertible fact, that the way to true enjoyment of music is mistaken nine times out of ten. The will to enjoy is not wanting, but men lose sight of the fact that there is necessary to all pleasure a contentment with the limits of the object, an unqualified restriction of desire to that object, and an indifference to anything beyond.

Amongst those who enlist themselves votaries of music, three kinds may be enumerated. Those who entirely love the thing—who pursue it for its own sweet sake alone. Those who have certain laudable perceptions of music, and a limited love of it, but who are divided between that and some extraneous influences such as fashion, or self-conceit. And, lastly, those who move solely in obedience to these latter or extraneous influences, and who, in selecting music as a stalking horse for worldly objects, are not even led by any preference for that over another, but by some mere accident of position.

In speaking of music in this number, I shall confine myself to the music of the church, and allude to churches and congregations as one.

Of all things in this uneasy world, nothing is more at variance than the opinions and tastes of the performers and lovers of music. Their ears differ as much as their voices and faces. It may be possible to find some one tune that is so universally pronounced good, that no one dares deny or condemn it; but no one supposes that equal pleasure is enjoyed by all in hearing it: nay, if the truth were known, it would be found that many had no pleasure in it. But let any one who has taught and led singing for any number of years, relate the salutations addressed to him by the multitude in regard to likes and dislikes of hearers, and it will furnish a picture of human ears and tastes, if not of nature, quite varied, and show better than anything else the trials and perplexities of a chorister, as well as the impossibility of satisfying even the members of a congregation. And would the picture might terminate the never-ending criticisms and fault-finding of those who never take any part in the music, but are ever ready to give their opinions, and generally without knowledge!

I venture to say that the following observations will sound familiar to all leaders of choirs, and even to many who have only taken an humble part in them:

When they leave the church the inquiry will be first, perhaps, "What was that tune you sung last? It was an awfully dragging affair." Another says, "The last tune you sung was a capital tune, but I think you sung it rather too fast for music so grand and majestic." Another, "It was sung too soft. I love to hear singing spoken out with energy, and move with animation." Another, "I think the choir sang too loud; if the tune had been sung softer, the words would have been heard distinctly."

Then, in regard to the tunes in general, a friend meets you, and observes, "You seem to have a good choir, but the singing does not go off with so much

life as when Mr. B. was chorister." Another, "Your singing is good enough, but you have a poor set of tunes." Another, "You sing too fast altogether, such rapid music was never intended for the church." Another, "I wish you would sing tunes that have more solos and duets. We want to hear Mr. C. and Mr. D.'s voices more." Another, "I hope in mercy you will avoid singing tunes with solos and duets in church; I consider them entirely inconsistent with the spirit of devotion." One says, "I was glad to hear you sing one tune that sounded somewhat like tunes I heard when a boy, I mean where one part comes in after another, it reminds me of good old times." But another expresses astonishment that the present enlightened generations of singers should stoop so low, as to revive or introduce tunes similar, if not the same, as those sung a hundred years ago, where the words were scattered in every direction.

We will venture a little further, and hear something about chants and anthems. We hear it said by some, "What sense there is in those chants? There does not seem to be any tune to them." Another, "How beautiful and devotional is this chanting, when the words and sentiment can be so perfectly understood." Then again the chorister is often accosted: "Why don't you sing more select music and anthems? We used to hear them often, but now, for some cause, you seem to have discarded them; there is nothing more reviving and animating than a good lively anthem at the close of service." But another one says, "I was distressed and mortified, that after so solemn a sermon as we had last Sabbath, you should undertake to perform an anthem; I think it was calculated to dissipate all the serious impressions made by the preaching. I hope we shall never have anything of the kind again."

In regard to the organist, there is less knowledge, and, if possible, more complaints or diversity of opinion. Each one in the congregation gives his decided opinion, and considers himself competent to judge; and the poor organist has all kinds of exclamations heaped upon him, such as, "That was horrid! how tame his playing! what miserable voluntaries and interludes, they are quite too long, they make me nervous." Another, "Why voluntaries and interludes so short? They are so sweet I never should be tired of hearing them." One thinks they are "too loud," another, "too soft," and so it goes, too long or too short, too loud or too soft, too lively or too solemn.

I have one more presentation of the church and congregation to make, and that relates to the assistance rendered or attempted in joining in the singing with the choir. I have spoken freely of their sayings; but they have doings also, worthy of notice, some of which it seems proper to present. If asked, "Is congregational singing desirable?" I answer, yes; but not till all or a majority have learned to sing. It requires more skill and independence to sing sitting or standing remote from a choir than to be among them. There are many tunes of a choral character, where those who can sing may join all over the church, but in music of a mixed nature, where words are changing in sentiment, and the choir trained to a particular movement to give expression to the music, the best of singers, separate from the choir, will often find himself beginning or finishing some words *solus*. There is little, however, to fear from this class; they soon learn either to proceed with care, or become hearers only. Another class of persons always sing, not knowing what they sing. Their voices will be generally found following after the air of a tune, but very seldom found there, being quite as likely to be on some other part having some prominent note or notes, dragging after, heedless themselves, but not unheeded by those who have any sense of propriety within hearing.

There is one more class to mention, but I am at a loss what to say or how to describe them. These are they that mumble and jumble over the words in an unknown noise and tongue. And if they have the spirit of singing within, they have no understanding without. Yet nothing can induce them to desist.

They say they wish to sing, they love to sing, they are commanded to sing, and have a right to sing. This class are, of all grades, the worst, beginning with those who have voices to follow after others, down to those who can sound but one note.

There are, at the present day, customs prevailing in worshiping assemblies in which all are more or less interested. In my next, I propose to speak of these, and point to some of the means to be applied to correct existing evils.

Correspondence.

Plymouth.

A CONCERT BY THE CHURCH CHOIRS.

Correspondence of THE SONG JOURNAL.

PLYMOUTH, October 25.

A concert was recently given in this place, the performers being twelve in number from the church choirs here, and the hall being crowded on two successive evenings. The supervision of the affair was entrusted to Mr. Hartough, a resident of Plymouth, but who, for some time back, has been engaged in conducting musical conventions and giving instruction on the organ in the western part of this State. The success that attended him is creditable to his talents and enthusiasm.

Part first of the programme consisted of a choice selection of choruses, quartettes, &c.

Part second consisted of the Cantata of the Months and Seasons. This is a very beautiful production, in which each month is represented by a solo. Choruses, trios and tableaux are interspersed, which make it a very entertaining affair. The respective parts were well performed, and speak highly for those engaged.

The participants in the Plymouth concert gave an entertainment at Wayne on the evening of the 17th. The hall was well filled by a highly appreciative audience.

H. C.

BEETHOVEN AND HIS BROTHER.—Beethoven, as is well known, did not live on the best terms with his brother, the druggist and land-owner, because he always ridiculed Beethoven's love for music before the latter became famous. B. determined that his brother should never see him conduct an orchestra, and if he could have prevented it he would never have allowed his brother to hear even any of his music. Beethoven was one day giving a concert in the Au-garden in Vienna, where the most refined audience was assembled, and being about to begin, he saw his brother among the audience. Quickly he went for a police officer, telling him to conduct the third person on the fourth bench out of the hall. "He is my brother," said he, "and if he stays, I am determined not to begin the concert." The police tried every means to pacify Beethoven, telling him that they could not turn out any one who paid for admission. Mr. B. insisted upon his brother's departure. The officer politely informed the brother of Beethoven's demand, and told him that as long as he was there no music would be performed. What else could he do, but leave and let the concert be given without his presence.

ROSSINI'S USE OF BRASS INSTRUMENTS.—It was not for nothing that he and his father had played the horn together when the young Rossini was gaining his earliest experience of orchestral effects. He was always faithful to his first instrument. "The art," says M. Fetis, "of writing parts for the horn, with the development of all its resources, is quite a new art, which Rossini, in some sort, created." In looking over the score of *Otello*, with Donizetti, Sigismondi, the librarian of the Conservatory at Naples, is said to have complained of the prominence given to the clarionets, and to have exclaimed with horror at the employment of horns and trombones without number. "Third and fourth horns!" cried he; "what does the man want? The greatest of our composers have always been content with two. Shades of Pergolesi, of Leo, of Jomelli! How they must shudder at the bare mention of such a thing! Four horns! Are we at a hunting party? Four horns! Enough to blow us to perdition!" The old professor was still more shocked by "1st, 2nd, 3rd tromboni," which, according to an anecdote, the authenticity of which can scarcely be guaranteed, he mistook for "128" trombones.—*Life of Rossini*, by Sutherland Edwards.

The Song Journal.

DETROIT, NOVEMBER, 1871.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,
 stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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OUR PREMIUMS.

In another portion of the present number will be seen one of the most complete premium lists ever offered by any journal. Without reference to this list particularly we may be allowed to say that THE SONG JOURNAL has achieved much popularity, and is such a periodical as will commend itself to every family of culture. The subscription price is so low that every person may be furnished with the latest musical intelligence at a cost of but little more than eight cents a month. Taking in view the high character of THE SONG JOURNAL, and the cheapness at which it is afforded, these premiums are beyond all precedent. A very little exertion on the part of any person will secure a handsome present. No more appreciative present can be given to any young lady by parent or friend than a copy of THE SONG JOURNAL for the coming year.

See the premium list and form a club.

A Musical Disaster.

The effects of the great fire of Chicago will be severely felt by musical people. All of the musical firms of that city were burnt out, as were the various musical institutes. In the single article of pianos alone, it is estimated that at least one thousand were destroyed. The publication offices of the *Song Messenger* and *Musical Independent* was destroyed, as were the establishments of the publishers, Root & Cady, and Lyon & Healy.

As most of the wealthy and cultivated people of Chicago lost their all, until they recover, in some measure, the occupation of many musical instructors will be gone. The effect also upon the various bands of the city cannot be bad. All the theatres are consumed, with no probability of their being rebuilt until another season has past. Consequently there is no demand for orchestral performers. Many musicians have already left the city, and others are looking about them for situations elsewhere.

With regard to concerts of organized troupes, all the engagements made in Chicago will be canceled. The Opera House, Farwell Hall and other suitable places for performances are, of course, leveled. There are two frame buildings heretofore used as minor concert halls. These will probably be engaged and refitted by some of the enterprising theatrical managers of Chicago. But the musical and dramatic profession have practically erased Chicago from their tablets. There is, it is true, an immense city left, but as that portion of the population who supported refined amusements, are incapacitated from paying for them, no troupes of recognized merit expect to visit Chicago.

Among the individual losses, that of Louis Staab, the famous pianist, is to be noted. Mr. Staab had several pianos and other musical instruments, all his collection of music, the plates of his publications, and even the original manuscripts. While the loss to him was great pecuniarily, it is not the less so professionally. Many mementos, interesting for their associa-

tions, were lost. Mr. Staab had made preparations for two grand concerts to be given some time in November. Great anticipations were formed concerning these, but the devastation of the city will prevent their realization.

It is noteworthy that the musical firms are not inferior in enterprise to any class of business men in that energetic city. Most of them have procured temporary quarters, and are going forward as usual. The loss in stereotyped plates of standard publications is very great, and will take long years to replace.

In this state of affairs, the music houses of Detroit have been largely called upon to supply the deficiency. C. J. Whitney & Co. have a very complete stock of all the favorite Chicago musical publications—a fortunate thing—giving them the means of supplying the large orders from every section of the country, and particularly that heretofore tributary to the desolated city.

Music in Schools.

The fact that musical culture in schools in America has been so much neglected, has been more than once adverted to. Outside of the great cities—perhaps it should be said outside of Boston—no attention has been paid to this important branch of the education of our youth. Here in Detroit, the matter has been disregarded, and our public schools, otherwise of so excellent a character, are very deficient in this department of culture.

It is time that the subject received the attention of superintendents and school boards. Michigan renowned throughout the Union for her excellent system of public instruction, should by no means be behind other places in the teaching of music in the common schools. Indianapolis has made a move in this matter. We observe that at a recent meeting of the Board of City School Commissioners of Indianapolis, the Committee on Text Books and Course of Instruction reported as follows upon the subject of music and drawing in the High School:

"The committee have considered the subject of music and drawing as now taught in the schools, and herewith recommended that the above branches be placed on an equality with other school exercises, and that proficients in music shall be fully recognized in the grading of pupils, and that the same requirements be observed in the above as in any other branches of study in the schools."

High Prices for Entertainments.

The extravagant prices charged by Nilsson's managers for admission to her concerts, is causing much complaint all through the country. There is no doubt but these prices have been all things considered exorbitant. There is a question among critics whether or not Nilsson's voice surpasses in so great a degree that of other vocalists, as to justify her in obtaining prices heretofore unheard of. Kellogg and Patti, Parepa Rosa and Cary, of the present, to say nothing of the famous cantatrices of a past period, have their adherents who do not scruple to make comparisons not altogether favorable to Nilsson.

The *Musical Visitor* speaking of Nilsson says, "her merits, though great, should never have caused a higher price than one dollar for admission tickets, and fifty cents extra for reserved seats, to be charged for her concerts. Mr. Strakosch has a legal right to charge ten dollars a ticket if the public desire to pay it. The people have the power, however, to put down extravagant prices. If they decline visiting overcharged places of amusement, exorbitant rates would soon tumble down to a proper figure."

FROM BOSTON.—An interesting letter from the talented correspondent "Ranger," whom readers of *The Song Journal* have learned to regard very highly, having been received at the moment the present issue went to press, is necessarily excluded.

Instruction.

Prof. Wm. C. Webster announces himself as prepared to give instruction in singing—classes or private—on the piano or organ, thorough bass and harmony, and to conduct musical conventions. Orders left at C. J. Whitney & Co.'s, 107 Jefferson Ave., will receive attention. Mr. Webster has achieved very great popularity as a teacher of music, not more, however, than his talents deserve. Persons desiring instruction may be sure that in him will be found a competent teacher.

Miss Webster, teacher of the piano, etc., can be found at 21 Lewis street. Herself instructed by the best masters, she thoroughly understands the capacities of the instruments which she teaches, and has a peculiarly happy faculty of imparting musical knowledge to her pupils.

Singing Schools.

The season is approaching for the organization of these enjoyable and old fashioned musical fetes. In the country many accomplished teachers are already perfecting arrangements, and it is to be feared, many incompetent ones are doing likewise.

While the instruction in some of these singing schools may not be all that could be wished, yet the majority of them are deserving of support. Their influence in forming and stimulating a taste for musical culture, and consequent refinement is great. In this aspect alone their value to the country at large, enters into the calculations of the student of humanity. Whatever tends to refine the people, dispels in ignorance and crime, and aids in the advancement of morality.

Church's Musical Visitor.

The first number of a new monthly publication devoted to music and the fine arts, has been received. The publishers are the well known Cincinnati firm of John Church & Co., and the editor is Frank H. King. The number is handsomely printed, and the contents original and selected show on the part of the editor, taste, talent and versatility. The salutatory opines that there is "room for one more musical craft on the Western waters," a fact there is no need of disputing, especially when that "one more" is of the staunch and well rigged character of the *Musical Visitor*.

"The White Squall"

It is well known that the words of Gottschalk's beautiful song, "O loving heart, trust on," were written by Henry C. Watson, Esq., of the *New York Art Journal*. An edition of this poem with new music has been reprinted in London without the slightest credit given to the writer of the words. Mr. Watson at once informed the London publishers of the facts of the case, but they refuse so far to deal justly in the matter, saying that the words are by an American and that they have a right to do with them as they please.

A correspondent of the Journal is reminded by the above, of a little incident which he relates as follows: You have all heard of the song called the "White Squall," and the probability is that if you go into any music store, and call for it you will see the name of Barry Cornwall on it as the author of the words. W. T. Langen Johns, a gentleman connected with the press of San Francisco and one of the best theatrical critics, had occasion to call for a copy of the song, and seeing the name of Mr. Proctor (Barry Cornwall) upon the title-page, mildly suggested to the music seller that his father had written the words many years ago, when serving as a lieutenant in the British Navy, and that he had among his various copies a copy of the original edition. The music man replied, "Well, sir, the fact is, nobody knew who 'Richard Johns' was, and everybody has heard of Barry Cornwall and that sold and sells the song now."

A tombstone in a country churchyard erected to the memory of a husband and wife, is said to bear this inscription: "Their warfare is accomplished."

SONG JOURNAL

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Candles at a Concert.

A very laughable circumstance occurred at Arundel a few nights ago, where a concert was given at the Town Hall by Madame Bodda Pyne's concert party. Just before eight o'clock, the gas lights began to flicker suspiciously, and it was evident there was "water in the pipes," for after jumping about to the bewilderment of those present, the gas finally went out. All the shops in the town were closed, and the hall was in darkness. Several gentlemen, were next seen rushing about in great confusion to collect candles and candlesticks. The hall-keeper brought out his small supply of candles, and in the absence of candlesticks, one or two "cotton dips" were stuck in some vases. One gentleman came back to the hall armed with two tin chamber candlesticks and two brass ditto, in which candles were placed; and by putting one chair on the top of another, and a candle in the seat of the uppermost chair, sufficient light was found for the pianist. The skirmishing party sent out into the town soon returned with candlesticks of every conceivable design, chiefly antiquated, and with candles as could be best collected. By these means a row of about twelve circular lights was placed in front of the platform, where were high and some were low; and after each piece the ticket-taker who was armed with a pair of snuffers walked round and topped the wicks. In the latter part of the evening the lighting up became grander as the tallow "dips" were substituted by wax candles, and the performance proceeded with an occasional encore.—*London Musical World.*

Moscheles' Execution.

A well instructed German critic, in giving his opinion of the talent and execution of the late eminent German professor, Moscheles, says:

"His command over the keyboard of the piano was truly extraordinary, whether considered in relation to force, delicacy, or rapidity of execution. His wrist, hand, and finger-joints exhibited a variety of position and a pliability that were truly wonderful; yet so nicely did he control his touch that when, from the elevation of his hand, the spectator might have expected its descent in thunder, as it were, the ear was never shocked with the slightest harshness. There was a spring and an elasticity in his fingers when applied to quick *arpeggio* passages, that brought out the most brilliant tones, whilst in those touching movements that constitute generally what is termed expression, his manner was no less effective. But the most extraordinary part of Moscheles' playing was perhaps the velocity and certainty with which he passed from one distant interval to another. His thumbs—they were very large and thick—"seemed to act as intermediate points, from which his fingers were directed almost to the remote parts of the instrument, over which they flew with a rapidity wholly inconceivable; yet the uniformity of that touch and tone were so strictly observed, that an imperfect note was never, and an unfinished note seldom heard. Every great player has his *forte*; but in this species of execution Moscheles was unrivalled."

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Dr. Cuyler says of Sarah Flower, the writer of this soul-touching hymn: "She was worthy of the name. For 'Sarah' signifies a princess, and sweeter fragrance has rarely exhaled from any flower in the garden of the Lord. This gifted girl married Mr. William B. Adams, an English civil engineer of superior abilities. She was of frail constitution, and amid many bodily sufferings she kept her pen at work upon various poetical productions. At what time she caught the inspiration to compose that one immortal hymn, which is now sung around the globe, we have never learned. Probably it was some season of peculiar trial when the bruised spirit emitted the odors of a child-like submission to a chastening Father. It must have oozed from a bleeding heart. Her hymn first appeared in a volume of sacred lyrics, published by Mr. Fox, in England, about the year 1841. The author died not live to catch the echoes of the fame it was to bring, for she died in 1849, at the age of forty-four. She was buried near Harlow in Essex. Presently the hymn began to work its way into various collections of songs for worship. It was married to the noble tune of 'Bethany,' and everybody caught the glorious strain. In noontday gatherings for prayer, it soon became so familiar that if any one 'struck up' the hymn, the whole audience joined in."

VERDI.—Verdi is described as an odd, puzzling character, stiff, abrupt, rough, icy to mere acquaintances, avoiding society, never expressing an opinion, especially about musical matters—a man of untarnished honor and proverbial shyness.

Leger Lines.

OLE BULL has recovered his health.

TOM TAYLOR writes comedies to order.

ADELINA PATTI has gone to Hamburg.

MISS NILSSON and Miss Cary sing duets.

MRS. DION BOUGCAULT is a fine vocalist.

PAULINE CANISSA has arrived in this country.

THERE are 321 Italian harpists in New York.

ZONTE has been singing in Boulogne-sur-Mer.

CARL ROSA pays Wachtel \$30,000 for fifty nights.

THE NORWALK, Conn., opera house, seats 1,000 persons.

BRIGNOLI is advised not to give any more "farewells."

BANDMANN sings Dibdin's song, the Mariners of England.

THE Tiebomné baronetcy case is to be made into an opera.

NILSSON is to adopt the French pitch in her present concert tour.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is thinking of a matrimonial engagement.

MISS SCHONBERG, the belle of Philadelphia, is to appear in opera.

MAD. TREBELL BETTINI alternates with the Marquise de Caux as contralto.

THE Thiers government has conceded the usual subventions to the theater.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, after ten years of absence, has returned to the stage.

SOME Georgia ladies propose to play the piano for the State championship.

CAROLINE RICHINGS goes out traveling this season, producing musical dramas.

PAYSON, late business manager for Miss Kellogg, is to import a foreign opera troupe.

INJUDICIOUS sea-bathing killed Mrs. Gomersal, the well known lyric actress of England.

MRS. CUSHMAN, Charles Mathews and Herr Wachtel are each above sixty years of age.

BOUNTHEIM, the Nestor of tenors, sixty-two years of age, is singing in Meyerbeer's operas at Frankfurt.

HOWARD PAUL and wife have "adapted" their entertainment into French, and given it at Baden Baden.

W. S. MULLALLY, late leader of Lisa Weber's burlesque troupe, will conduct Gilmore's band orchestra this winter.

THE Hyers Sisters and Joseph S. LeCount (colored) have proved themselves vocalists of more than ordinary reputation.

GOMES, a Mexican composer, has produced an opera called "Il Guaraní," which is being performed at Milan quite successfully.

ANDREW FORRETT, of Boston, is organizing an English opera troupe—Miss Hunt, soprano; Miss Mary Shackelford, contralto.

MAD. ARABELLA GODDARD is in treaty for a lengthened tour in the principal cities and towns of the United States next year.

MISS ANNIE B. STARBIRD, of Portland, Me, now in Florence, has accepted an offer to sing in opera at Milan, during the carnival season.

GOUNOD, the composer, refuses to return to Paris. He likes the climate of southern England, and thinks of settling there permanently.

MRS. OLGA JANINA, a Polish pianist of merit, has arrived, and will soon arrange for a concert tour. Of course she was one of Liszt's favorite pupils.

MISS ANNA MEHLIG, the pianist, will return to this country in November, and will make her reappearance at the Harvard Symphony concert.

THEODORE TOMAS was not within a hundred miles of Chicago when the fire broke out, and the story of his troupe losing their instruments was a falsification.

On dit, that the great Strauss is coming to the United States this fall, with his celebrated orchestra of sixty-two musicians, to make a tour through the country.

WORK on the new opera house at Paris has been resumed, 600,000 francs voted for the construction before the war having been re-authorized by the Thiers government.

THE Liverpool Theater Royal, where Siddons, Keon and Macready acted, and Pasta, Grisi and Mario sang their sweetest, has fallen from its high estate and become a music hall.

MARHO, after that tremendous yet touching farewell forerunner from the operatic boards, in London, where royalty and nobles assembled to do him honor, has concluded to sign an engagement for next year.

THE identical music book out of which Arnold used to sing was recently discovered among a pile of ancient rubbish in a garret at Norwich, Conn. Some of the scores are in Arnold's own handwriting.

ROSE HENSEN and Mr. Nordblom are members of the English opera company performing at the St. James' Theater, London.

Nordblom, who it will be remembered was Parepa Rosa's second tenor last year, doubtless fills a similar position in this company, as Sims Reeves is one of its members.

"WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE."

SONG.

Written and Composed by CLARIBEL.

Andante moderato.

The first system of the musical score is in 6/8 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic and consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The vocal line starts with a whole rest followed by a half note, then continues with a melody. The first vocal note is marked "1. The".

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics "puir auld folk at hame, ye mind, Are frail and fail - ing sair, - - And". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

The third system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics "weel I ken they'd miss me, lad. Gin I came hame nae mair, - - - The". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

and is out, the times are hard, The king are on - ly three, - - I

can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet - ter bide a wee - - I

can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet - ter bide a wee - -

can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet - ter bide a wee - -

mf

dim.

2. When first we told our sto - ry, lad, Their bless - ings fell sae
 3. I fear me, sair, they're fail - ing baith, For when I sit a -

free..... They gave no thought to self at all, They
 part..... They'll talk o' Heav'n sae ear - nest - ly, It

did but think of me..... But lad - die that's a
 well nigh breaks my heart! So lad-die din - - na

time a - wa, And mi - ther's like to dee,..... I
 urge me mair, It sure - ly win - na be,..... I

can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet - ter bide a
can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet - ter bide a

This system contains the first line of the musical score. It features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

wee..... I can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd
wee..... I can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd

This system contains the second line of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with a long note for the word 'wee'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

bet - ter bide a wee.....
bet - ter bide a wee.....

mf

This system contains the third line of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with a long note for 'wee'. The piano accompaniment features a crescendo leading to a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking.

dim.

This system contains the final line of the musical score. The piano accompaniment concludes with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The system ends with a double bar line.

TO MY DAUGHTER, LESBIA A. McCHESNEY.

LESBIA POLKA.

M. H. McCHESNEY.

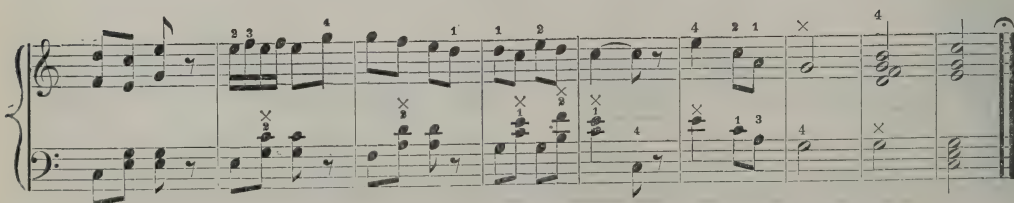
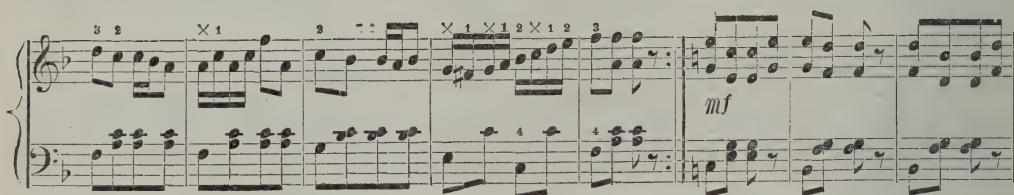
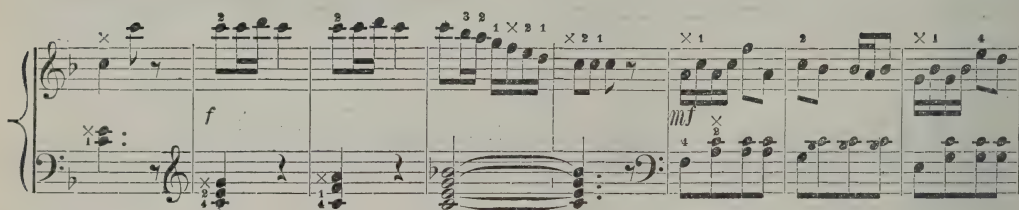
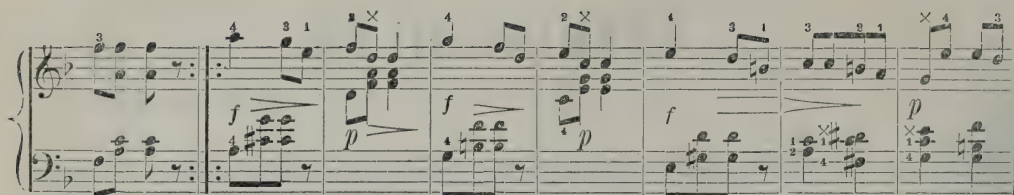
Allegro vivace.

Introduction.

The introduction is written for piano in 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has six measures, and the second system has five measures. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing triplets. Fingering numbers (1-4) and 'x' marks are present above and below the notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegro vivace'.

POLKA.

The polka section is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has six measures, and the second system has six measures. The music is characterized by a steady eighth-note rhythm in the right hand and a more complex bass line. Fingering numbers (1-4) and 'x' marks are present. The first measure of the first system is marked 'mf'.



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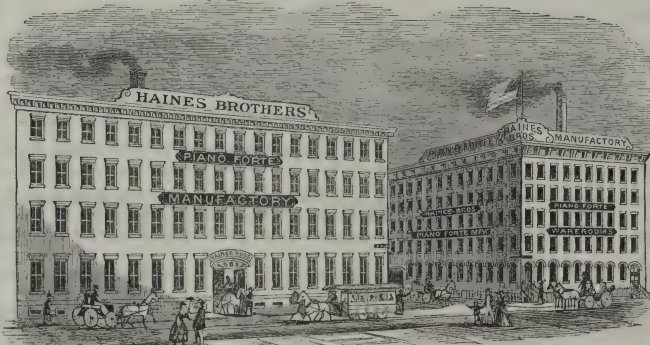
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VOLUME I.

DETROIT, DECEMBER, 1871.

NUMBER XII.

Only a Dream.

Only a summer dream,
Sport of an idle day.
A meadow range, a wave beside the stream.
A parting and—away.

Only a dream of love,
Of heart inclined to heart—
As clouds that in the blue of heaven meet,
And white clouds cling and part.

We dream'd and we awoke;
No more! But ah, for dreams
Engender'd of the sublime light of love,
Bright with its iris gleams!

Again the meadow flowers,
The waters' rippling speed,
The willows wave as in the dream; but I,
Why should I, waking, heed?

The summer voices blend,
In music as of yore.
But from the melody has dropped a note;
There will be sung no more.

The glory and the wealth
Of nature all things share,
But in my heart is no responsive throb
That tells me it is fair.

Back on the sunny dream
I turn an aching gaze,
But the clear splendor of its glory throws
A shadow on my days.

My Father's Flute.

Hark to the low-toned melodies
And rich cadenzas flowing sweet!
The flutist makes our pulses beat
Unto the time and tune of his.

Now strong and full—now faint and thin—
His pleading voices sound, till each
Fair cadence seems a living speech,
Because there is such soul within!

It seems of breathing birds, with wings
That sail and soar o'er golden spheres,
And strangely moves our tranced ears,
And grows an angel while it sings.

And I am wafted to those years
When life and time the music went,
And hope was stronger than content,
And happiness too light for tears.

I see again the olden scene,
The cottage door, the strip of lawn,
The skirting wood's perpetual dawn,
And changeless dusk of shadowy green.

And then I hear my father's flute
Co-warbling with the nightingale;
It is a song, it is a wail,
It is a sigh—and all is mute.

We happy children catch the strains
And mimic them with piping throats,
As loth to lose the liquid notes
While memory of them remains.

So shall some master voice outsping
For us some wondrous melody,
The music of our lives to be,
And make us angels while we sing.

Tommy is dead.

Reminiscences of John Schneider, the great Organist.

Of John Schneider but little is known in this country, except his Organ School; and that little more than by name, for it is not now used by any eminent organ-teachers of our acquaintance. The London *Orchestra* gives the following rather questionable and improbable story of his visit to England:

The German organist is by birth and education a pedal organist, although in Germany until these recent times the playing of Sebastian Bach's pedal compositions for the organ was a rarity. In the early part of this century the only man famous for the Bach pedal playing was John Schneider, of Dresden, and had John Schneider visited England in 1820, his performances would have been looked upon as next to impossible. But the simple-minded artist was told there was no pedal organs in England—a fact which could not be denied—and he remained in Dresden, happy in his beautiful organ by Silbermann, and contented with the approbation of all Germany. But when the Exeter Hall organ was fashioned into the large thing that it is, and the late Mr. Stammers became a spectator in the chancel of the celebrated "Wednesday Evening Concert" in that place, seeing the organ silent and useless he seized the idea of importing John Schneider and sitting him down at the Exeter Hall organ, to give all London an opportunity of hearing the eminent German organist and the way in which Bach's pedal music ought to be played. John Schneider, of course, knew nothing of England, nothing of the Exeter Hall organ, and nothing of the tastes of the public.

He was great in what was then called "extemporaneous performance," but in these days we say "improvisation" John sat himself down before the organ duly to improve the occasion, and the organists in London were gathered together to take the lesson. John's prelude was of no ordinary length, his theme was unobtrusive and rather common-place—a matter of no consequence to John, because he could talk musically upon any subject—and he found so much to say upon his well-worn text, that ten minutes passed and there seemed no prospect of the appearance of the fugue. The audience got restless. There was a murmured buzz and suppressed chatter on all sides, and John was told he should play his fugue and use as much counterpoint in as short a time as possible. John shook his head and said, "These things must not be hurried."

Five minutes elapsed and John entered upon his fugue, a short, stern, solid theme one which would evidently be supported by two, if not three counter-subjects, and would travel up and down, inverse and reverse, in quarter time, half-time, in double and double-double time. Five minutes more, when John, who had been doing the playful in the diminishing and augmenting business, began the more solid stuff of the counter-themes. John took up a splendid rill upon the pedals and displayed his skill in the embroidery of suspensions. It was no dapper inter-twiddling, after the fashion of the late Thomas Adams, but a thing of length and breath, and requiring time on the part of the organist, and patience on the part of the audience. But the audience had already exhausted their stock of the latter article, and there were cries on all sides, "Enough," "Leave off," "That will do," "Cut it short." But John kept true to his text, himself, and his country.

The greater the noise, the more persistently did John trample on the pedals, as though he thus, there and then, trampled on his enemies. Now there was a general cry for "Mr. Stammers," and Mr. Stammers came forward with his interpreter, and bowing his best to the great organist, "hoped he would defer to the strongly expressed wishes of the audience, and conclude as quickly as possible." John replied, "I have just begun the third subject, and then there is the *stretto*, and I may have a *coda*."

Mr. Stammers, prudently blinking the entrance of third subject, announced that all would shortly be

over, for there were only the *stretto* and the *coda* remaining. Then came a universal shout of laughter and a little patience, or rather a lull, which lasted but for a minute. Now followed cries for the "*coda*," but John was in all the throes of his *stretto*, and heard nothing else; his eyes and his ears were lost to the outer world, and in vain did Mr. Stammers entreat and gesticulate.

At last one of the committee, more practical and less polite than the impresario, reached up and seized the coat-tails of John. Had they not been stitched on by some honest German tailor they had certainly given way. All to no purpose, for by this time John had got to the *coda*, and a terrific *coda* it was. It was hail-stones and rain, with "fire mingled with the hail." The organ shivered and quivered, and bellowed and groaned. One half of the audience were shouting with laughter, and the other screaming their top-most, crying "Seize his hands! Hold his legs! Off with his boots! Off with his head! Stop him! stop him!" Hereupon the wretch who had pulled his coat-tails seized a foot, Mr. Stammers caught at one arm, an assisting friend took possession of the other, and the three fairly lifted John from his seat. The audience, having gained their end, for very shame gave forth the most extraordinary bursts of applause ever heard. John was cheered till the roof rang again, he bowing the while with all the complacency of one fully satisfied with himself and all the world.

The only person not altogether pleased was Mr. Stammers, who had engaged Herr Schneider for a series of performances for which he paid. But they never took place. The sensational pedal playing of the Chevalier Neukuman, and the neat, classical, and marvelous pedal playing of Felix Mendelssohn, had destroyed all interest in the quiet, unobtrusive method of John Schneider.

Prince George Nicholas Galitzin.

Prince Galitzin is a musical enthusiast. Born of a princely family, the highest positions in the government of his native country were open to him. In the civil or military service his ambition could have been gratified to the uttermost; but the passion for music which he inherited from his father, the friend of Beethoven, absorbed all other aspirations, and his life has been devoted to his interests. He has been an earnest student under Glinka, the celebrated Russian composer, and the well-known Hauptmann. He is a thoroughly educated musician, and his studies have fully fitted him for the position he now occupies—that of conductor. His compositions bear the strong impress of his nationality, and are full of strong thought and singular melody.

In the pursuit of his art he has given over a thousand concerts in Russia, Germany, and in England, in which he has always made Russian music a specialty, for his object is not to make money,—possessing, as he does, a princely revenue. He has a nobler and a higher aim, and that is to make the music of his country known in every civilized community. His desire is to develop its beauties practically; to create for it a public opinion, and to gain for it a foothold among the great lights of the musical art of other nationalities; to have its status recognized, so that when he leaves, Russian music will remain among the people, and be heard in their homes and their concerts. It is a noble and patriotic ambition, and his labor of love will possibly prove our great gain, for we are led to believe that a repertoire of Russian music contains much that the world ought to hear. It will present a new train of thought, new forms, novelties in rhythm, sentiment and expression, that will prove of the deepest interest to every intelligent lover of music.—*Watson's Art Journal*.

All subscribers to *The Song Journal* who send \$1.00 before January 1st, will be entitled to the October, November and December number of this year free.

Correspondence.

From London.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

LONDON, November 4.

The fourteenth season of the "Monday Popular Concerts," under the directorship of Sir Jules Benedict, is announced to commence on November 13th. These concerts are to continue for sixteen successive Monday evenings at St. James' Hall. In connection with them are seven Saturday "morning" concerts, or more properly speaking, what you Americans distinguish by the names of "matinees."

These concerts in the past have been very exclusive, and the high order of talent engaged, has made them the resort of the *élite*. The price has been somewhat moderate, but is still advanced enough to secure the object the directors have in view. The cost of a season "ivory" to reserved sofas, has been fixed at five pounds for the twenty-three concerts.

For the first four concerts, Madame Arabella Goddard has been engaged as pianist, with Mr. Charles Hall as alternate, Madame Norman Neruda, as violinist, Signor Piatti as first violoncelloist, Herr L. Reiss as secundo, with Herr Straus and Mr. Zerbini as performers on the viola.

As vocalists, Sims Reeves, Madame Schumann, Herr Pauer, Miss Agnes Zimmerman, M. Saindon and Herr Joachim are announced. The character of the music given at these "popular" concerts is of the classical order.

At Exeter Hall, Mr. Barnby will give ten oratorio concerts—beginning with the first on the 15th current—and closing April 24th, 1872. Mr. Sims Reeves has been engaged for the entire series. The following works will be performed: Bach's "Passion," Handel's "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt" and "Jephtha," Haydn's "Creation," Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," "Hymn of Praise" and "Elijah."

The chorus will be a particularly fine one, numbering five hundred voices.

In Paris a similar enterprise is announced under the direction of M. Pasdeloup. As however the lighter fancies of the French temperament, cannot endure such heavy inflections as a continued season of oratorios, he has modified his scheme, so as to give choral practices of the works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Verdi and Rossini.

Herr Joachim has recently been very highly complimented for his contributions to a late Sewandhan's concert at Leipzig. These were two manuscript marches, said to be of an exceedingly fanciful character, and destined to become popular.

An association of the London Church choirs has for some time existed, but no such good as was expected from the organization has resulted. In order to promote its more effective workings, a meeting will be held toward the close of the present month, and at which a goodly array of choirs, both surprised and mixed are expected to be present. A union of action in other matters beside those of music is expected to be agreed upon. Rev. William C. F. Webber, sub-dean of St. Paul's, an earnest and enthusiastic believer in church music, is president of the association.

The international copy-right law concluded between France and Spain is working well. The good results of the measure has very recently received a new exemplification. M. Offenbach entered an appeal against M. Ardenius, director of the theater Zarzuela at Madrid, for performing his opera "Le Chateau a Toto," without paying him for the privilege. The lessee of the theater set up a plea that the composer had already been paid for his work by the publisher, M. Gerard, and consequently, every purchaser of the volume was entitled to do as he saw fit with the music therein contained, to sing it in private or in public, as in fact it had become public property. The

court, however, took a different view, and ordered the manager to pay one thousand reals, and to discontinue the performance of the opera until he had obtained the author's sanction. This is the first decision under the international treaty.

Mr. Gye has engaged for his next season, Mlle. Emily Albany, a young Canadian girl of French parentage—a vocalist of whom great expectations are entertained, and who will be, those most concerned assert, very successful. Mr. Cummings has resigned his post as a gentleman of the Chapel Royal. Mr. Mapleson's short season of Italian opera will commence on the 6th. "Semiramide" is the opening piece. Offenbach's "La Belle Helene" is being played in English at the Gaiety Theater. W.

Letter from Boston.

MUSIC PAST, PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE—HIGH PRICES AND BAD MANAGEMENT—SUCCESS OF THE POPULAR CONCERTS—A SPIRITED CONTROVERSY—HOW THE HARVARD CONCERTS ARE RUN—THE THEATRES, ETC.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

BOSTON, November 20, 1871.

I am bound to be in time with this letter, Mr. Editor, and not for the sake of getting in a few additional items delay the transmission of my screed until after the December number of THE SONG JOURNAL has gone to press. The Hub has been sufficiently lively, in a musical way, during the past month to make a recital of the more important events of interest to those who desire to be posted in such matters.

There has been an abundance of concerts of all kinds. Many of these, and in fact the best of them, have proved nearly failures, financially, on account of the high prices asked for admission. Managers generally, this season, have committed a grave error in crowding "war prices" on to the public. Strakosch's experiment with Nilsson succeeded, and both he and the fair Swedish vocalist are piling up granite blocks and corner lots as the result of the willingness of the dear public to shell out three, four or five dollars apiece as their ideas of "style" dictated. Because Nilsson, who was a novelty first in concert and then in opera, would draw at exorbitant prices, it was no indication that the public desired to be gulled out of their dollars at the same ratio by everybody else. Artists who had previously sang for one dollar or one dollar and a half put up their prices of admission to one and a half and two dollars.

In Boston the plan has been disastrous to many enterprises, among which may be mentioned the Parepa-Rosa concerts, the ballad concerts by Mr. Dolby's troupe, and the Moulton concerts, all truly deserving at reasonable prices. On the other hand, it is a real pleasure to chronicle the fact that a well directed effort to establish really good concerts at cheap prices has succeeded admirably. I refer to Mr. A. P. Peck's popular concerts. Mr. Peck is superintendent of Music Hall, and for many years has "taken a hand" quite extensively in the management and agency of leading musical enterprises. Possessed of marked business tact and energy, he has the confidence of the leading artists to a remarkable extent, and Miss Kellogg, Miss Adelaide Philipps, Ole Bull, and all our best local singers and instrumentalists, have cheerfully lent their aid to his undertaking. The prices of admission were originally fixed at twenty-five and fifty cents, but the latter sum has now been established as the uniform rate. At this price Music Hall has been repeatedly crowded, and all the above named artists have been heard except Ole Bull, whose illness compelled him to give up all concert engagements this season.

Unlike Mr. Peck's project in behalf of cheap musical entertainments, Mr. H. T. Reed, who was very successful in that line last year, has failed to accomplish what he has undertaken. Mr. Reed started out anew with his fifteen cent concerts this fall, both in this city and in other places, but the attendance was

not equal to that of last year, and it is understood Mr. Reed has about made up his mind to abandon the field. The superior attractions of other low priced concerts has been his main stumbling block.

The subject of "The Registers of the Human Voice" is just now in excited controversy among our musical people—*sacants* and *dabsters*. No iam that was ever invented failed to find adherents in Boston, and so the new and remarkable theory that all the old masters and all the best teachers and artists in the world are entirely at fault in speaking, writing and teaching of different registers or compartments in the voice, was seized with avidity by a certain class. The new theorists declare unequivocally against all the facts of science the laws of acoustics and physiology have established, and their Head Center asserts that the human voice should be taught entirely as an instrument—mechanically. Mr. John O'Neill, of the New England Conservatory of Music, has given two very interesting lectures upon the subject, for the purpose of controverting this new theory. Mr. O'Neill is a thoroughly educated man, a strong follower of the principles of Garcia, and is one of the "big guns" of the New England Conservatory. He criticised the non-register very severely, and introduced numerous experiments and illustrations in acoustics in support of his arguments, and those of Garcia and others. A little seven-by-nine musical sheet called *The Metronome* is the mouth-piece of the non-register people. Mr. O'Neill delivered his second lecture before a crowded audience at Wesleyan Hall, last Friday.

The Harvard Symphony Concerts opened on the 9th instant. There was a good attendance, and the season may be said to have been inaugurated very auspiciously. The programmes this year, as a whole, are frightfully dull. The institution seems to be run in the same old groove. The life that was infused into the management last season by the visits of Theodore Thomas's orchestra has given place to the same old style of doing things. The association is progressing backward. Its orchestra has been considerably reduced, and its prices also. The fact that Thomas gave vastly better concerts last year at less prices than the Harvard's charged opened the eyes of the public. Another circumstance has greatly injured the Harvard Association in the estimation of the outside public. The old custom of gobbling up all the best seats in the house, and leaving the public at large, who are expected to pay a very considerable part of the expense, the chance corners and out-of-the-way places, is still retained. Even the critics of the press are served among the outside barbarians and find themselves, possibly, in close proximity to the horns and trombones, or in some out-of-the-way corner in the rear of the hall. Mr. Zerrahn continues as conductor this season, and will doubtless make the most of the resources at his command. The orchestra played very well at the opening concert, but there was much room for improvement. As Mr. Bernhard Listemann has been engaged by Theodore Thomas, Mr. Julius Eichberg resumes his old position at the head of the violins. The soloist at the first concert was Mrs. C. A. Barry, the admired contralto. The second concert of the series (there are to be ten in all) comes off next Thursday.

Mrs. Charles Moulton gave five concerts at Music Hall, assisted by Signor Sarasate, the admirable violinist; Mr. Brookhouse Bowler, the tenor; Signor Ferranti, the baritone; Mr. Wohli, the pianist, and Mr. G. W. Colby, accompanist. Mrs. Moulton made a very great impression, and although there was some adverse criticism, the general sentiments of the critics were strongly in her favor. She has a rich mezzo-soprano voice, which has been cultivated by some of the best European masters, and she deserves to be classed among the best artists of the day. Sarasate is one of the finest violinists heard in America for years. Wohli caught "fits" from the newspapers for playing nothing but his own compositions, and for his intolerable vanity.

Theodore Thomas opens a series of eight symphony and popular concerts December 1st. His programmes include more novelties in the way of fresh music than the Harvard Association has given us for years.

Two excellent concerts have recently been given at the new Catholic Cathedral, under the direction of Mr. George E. Whiting. "At the first 'Mozart's Requiem,' and at the second Rossini's 'Stabat Mater' formed the main features. The chorus singing was by the Boston Catholic Choral Society, and the soloists were Mrs. J. Houston West, Miss Adelaide Philipps, Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Ryder and Mr. Powers.

Messrs. Hugo Leonhard and Julius Eichberg have begun a series of six chamber concerts, which are to be continued on Thursday afternoons, alternating with the Harvard concerts. They are held at the hall of the Mechanics' Charitable Association, and the first took place last week.

The newly-organized Apollo Club gave a rehearsal at Horticultural Hall on the 7th, to which all the passive members of the organization were invited. There was a houseful of the latter, and the affair was more like a grand concert than a private rehearsal. The chorus consists of forty or fifty of our very best male voices, under the directorship of Mr. B. J. Lang.

The New England Conservatory of Music has given several very excellent concerts of late. The quarterly concert of the institution took place with very fine success on the 10th instant, at Music Hall. The accommodations of Conservatory are being greatly enlarged.

Mr. J. A. Hills has begun a series of monthly pianoforte recitals at Brackett Hall.

Santley and the other artists of the Dolby troupe are to sing in "Elijah" and "Judas Maccabeus" with the Handel and Hayden Society next Saturday and Sunday evenings.

Wachtel, the famous German tenor, is to sing in two concerts at Tremont Temple next Friday and Saturday. All efforts to effect an engagement with the Boston Theatre management for a series of operatic performances, proved unavailing.

Mr. J. K. Paine is delivering a course of lectures under the auspices of Harvard University, upon the History of Music. They are given at Holden Chapel, Cambridge.

Mr. Peck's recent concerts, at which Miss Kellogg, Miss Matilda E. Toedt, the talented violinist, Mrs. Barry, Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Barnabee and others have appeared, have been immensely successful.

The theatres are enjoying general prosperity. Miss Charlotte Cushman is playing a very successful engagement at the Globe, and is to remain two weeks longer. At the Boston Theater Lotta has just succeeded Edwin Booth. She remains one week longer, and then gives place to Morlacchi and the Majiltons. They are to be followed by Sothern, and then comes (January 8th) the Parepa-Rosa English Opera troupe for three weeks. At the Museum seven or eight new plays have been brought out since the season began. "Elfie," one of Boucicault's latest plays, has been brought out there in magnificent style. The Globe Theater has the best orchestra of any of the places of amusement, and the Boston Theater the second best. The former is under the charge of Mr. Charles Koppitz, and the latter under that of Mr. N. Lothian. Mr. E. N. Catlin assumed the *baton* at the Museum this season, and has improved matters there greatly.

RANGER.

With this number of our *Song Journal* the first year of its existence expires, and we trust that each subscriber will not only renew their subscription promptly for the coming year, but will induce at least one other person to subscribe also. With a little effort one of our valuable premiums may be secured.

The largest stock of German Accordions ever brought into the State at one invoice, can now be seen at the wholesale warehouses of C. J. Whitney & Co.

C. J. Whitney & Co. receive from one to two full car loads of Estey organs each week.

Something about Echoes.

A good ear cannot distinguish one sound from another unless there is an interval of one-ninth of a second between the arrival of the two sounds. Sounds must, therefore, succeed each other at an interval of one-ninth of a second in order to be heard distinctly. Now, the velocity of sound being eleven hundred and twenty feet a second, in one-ninth of a second the sound would travel one hundred and twenty-four feet.

Repeated echoes happen when two obstacles are placed opposite to one another, as parallel walls, for example, which reflect the sound successively.

At Ademach, in Bohemia, there is an echo which repeats seven syllables three times; at Woodstock, in England, there is one which repeats a sound seventeen times during the day and twenty times during the night. An echo in the villa Smionetta, near Milan, is said to repeat a sharp sound thirty times audibly. The most celebrated echo among the ancients was that of the Metelli, at Rome, which, according to tradition, was capable of repeating the first line of the *Æneid*, containing fifteen syllables, eight times distinctly.

Dr. Birch describes an echo at Rosenheath, Argyleshire, which it is said does not now exist. When eight or ten notes were played upon a trumpet, they were returned by this echo upon a key a third lower than the original notes, and shortly after upon a key still lower. Dr. Page describes an echo in Fairfax county, Virginia, which possesses a similar curious property. This echo gives three distinct reflections, the second much the most distinct. Twenty notes played upon a flute are returned with perfect clearness. But the most singular property of this echo is, that some notes of the scale are not returned in their places, but are supplied with notes which are either thirds, fifths or octaves.

There is a surprising echo between two barns, in Belvidere, Alleghany county, N. Y. The echo repeats eleven times a word of one, two or three syllables; it has been heard to repeat thirteen times. By placing one's self in the centre, between the two barns, there will be a double echo, one in the direction of each barn, and a monosyllable will be repeated twenty-two times.

A striking and beautiful effect of echo is produced in certain localities by the Swiss mountaineers, who contrive to sing their *Ranz des Vaches* in such time that the reflected notes form an accompaniment to the air itself.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.—Of all Scott's heroines, the bride of Lammermoor is perhaps the most widely known. Her sad story, in the main, is historically true. The maiden's name was not Lucy, as Sir Walter has it, but Janet Dalrymple. She was a daughter of Lord Stair. She and young Lord Rutherford had plighted their troth and broken a silver coin between them, and had invoked maledictions on whichever of the two should be false to the compact. The parents of Lady Janet insisted on her marrying Dunbar of Baldoon. The mother, Lady Stair, was most cruel in forcing her daughter to this match. Janet, broken-hearted and helpless, had an interview with her lover, and sobbed out a text from Numbers xxx, 2; 3, 4, 5, as an excuse for obedience to her mother's commands. The lovers parted in sorrow; Rutherford in anger. He had not in him the spirit of young Lochinvar, nor Janet the wit to run away with herself. The poor thing was in fact scared. She was carried to church to be wed, in a semi-crazed and more than half dead state. At night a hurricane of shrieks came from the bridal chamber, where the bridegroom was found on the ground, profusely bleeding from a stab, and the bride at near him in her night-gear bidding them "Take up your bonny bridegroom!" She died insane in less than three weeks. Dunbar or Baldoon recovered, but he was never known to open his lips on the causes which led to the catastrophe. Dunbar evidently took things as they came; after his death some thirteen years later, in 1682, Andrew Simpson wrote an elegy on him, in which the romantic adventurer upon marriage with another man's love was described as a respectable country gentleman who had introduced many improvements in agriculture! Lord Rutherford, the lover, died childless, in 1685.

Have you seen our new premium list? Better inducements to subscribers were never before offered than are now given by the publishers of *The Song Journal*.

Tommy is dead.

One hundred and fifty-three Estey organs were sold by C. J. Whitney & Co. during the month of October.

Unaccountable Noises.

A young gentleman anxious to learn to sing, went into the garret one Sunday night, about bedtime, and resolutely commenced his exercises with his psalm book. He had been singing but a short time, when his father, a fidgety old gentleman, stole out of bed with his night-cap on, and on reaching the foot of the stairs, mildly inquired:

"James?"

No answer came. James was very busy with his musical exercises.

"James?"

Still no answer.

"James?"

"Sir."

"Have you heard a very peculiar noise?"

"No."

—an—I—thought—but never mind." And the old gentleman walked back to his room muttering distinctly.

Presently James resumed his exercises, and was getting on famously, as he thought, when his parent, like a ghost of Hamlet's father, again came forth exclaiming:

"James?"

"Sir."

"Are you sure that Bess is fastened up?"

"Yes, sir, I attend to it myself."

"Very well, very well; no matter."

And he once more returned to his room.

Wondering what his father meant by inquiring after the house-dog Bess, James was silent for a minute, but soon returned to his exercises more vigorously than ever. Again, however, he was interrupted by the voice of his parent shouting:

"James?"

"Sir."

"I am sure Bess is loose."

"It can't be possible, sir."

"He is, I tell you."

"What makes you think so, sir?"

"Why, for the last half hour I have heard something that sounded very much as if the dog was again worrying the poor old cat."

James never resumed his exercises after that overwhelming compliment.

The Chickering piano stands unrivaled by any other in the world.

See *The Song Journal* premium list for 1872.

The Tahitian Nose Flute.

The music of savage tribes is not very pleasing, noise being of more merit than harmony. Some of their instruments are, however, quite curious. The *vivo*, or flute, was the most agreeable instrument the Tahitians appear to have been acquainted with. It is usually a bamboo cane, about an inch in diameter, and twelve or eighteen inches long. The joint in the cane formed one end of the flute; the aperture through which it was blown was close to the end; it seldom had more than four holes—three in the upper side, covered with the fingers, and one beneath, against which the thumb was placed. It was occasionally plain, but more frequently ornamented by being partially scorched or burnt with a hot stone, or having fine and beautifully plaited strings of human hair wound round it alternately with rings of neatly braided cinet.

It was not blown from the mouth but from the nostrils. The performer usually placed the thumb of the right hand upon the right nostril, applied the aperture of the flute, which he held in the finger of his right hand, to the other nostril, and moving his fingers on the holes, produced his music. The sound is not unpleasant, though the notes were few.

A CRITICISM ON CAPOUL.—Wheeler, of the *World*, says Capoul is the most lovablest tenor he ever saw. He is as full of nervous tremors and palpitations as any hysterical woman. "In the sentimental music of 'Martha,'" says Wheeler, "he yearned over the orchestra and at the moon with such constant and ineffable spoonery that no female heart could withstand it. He did not seem to be singing the music so much as embracing it, and giving it little hot shakes and wo-begone kisses, sibilant and sensuous."

The Song Journal will be enlarged to a twenty-page journal January 1st, 1872.

The "Crystal" is the name of the new Glee Book by F. H. Pease. Send for specimen copy.

Tommy is dead.

The Song Journal.

DETROIT, DECEMBER, 1871.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."
"The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,
stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

Terms.

ONE DOLLAR per annum, payable severally in advance.
Single copies ten cents.

♣ Clubs of four to one address, Three Dollars.

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C. J. WHITNEY & CO., Publishers,
197 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

PRINTED AT THE FREE PRESS BOOK AND JOB ROOMS.

An Enlargement.

The publishers, prompted by the great favor with which THE SONG JOURNAL has been received, have determined to enlarge—beginning with the next issue—each number four pages. Seldom has a periodical of this kind met with such success, and as an acknowledgment we shall endeavor to improve THE SONG JOURNAL in other respects, being determined to have it rank with any musical publication in America.

The press—true judges of merit—have shown their appreciation of the contents of THE SONG JOURNAL by commendatory notices. We shall endeavor, in the future, to deserve all they have said of us. Meantime our friends can do much to promote the increased success of THE SONG JOURNAL by bringing its merits to the attention of their acquaintances. The labor they spend in this direction will be well rewarded. For proof see our generous premium list.

Old Music Books.

B. F. Bush, of Bay City, Michigan, has two very ancient music books. The first is entitled: "The Ground and Rules of Musick explained; or an Introduction to the Art of Singing by Note. Fitted to the Meanest Capacities. By Thomas Walter, M. A. Recommended by several Ministers. Let every thing that hath Breath praise the Lord. Psalm CL. 6. Boston: Printed by Benjamin Mecom, at the New Printing-Office near the Town House, for Thomas Johnson, in Brattle Street."

There is no date affixed to the title page, but the "recommendation by several ministers," signed, among others, by the historical Cotton and Increase Mather, is dated Boston, April 18, 1721. This is probably the date upon which the book was issued.

Following this introductory recommendation are the various musical characters—bars, crotchets, repeats, clefs, et cetera—executed in very rude wood cuts, which "the reader is desired to observe, as in the following sheets they are omitted, by reason of the difficulty of inserting them in their proper places among the printed lines."

The "instructions for singing by note," though somewhat antiquated, as might naturally be expected in the days when no royal road to learning was sought, are thorough, though the arrangement would to-day be considered wearisome to the student. The author calls them "brief," but in those days brevity in writing was not so strictly defined as it is at present.

To this is appended "notes for tuning the voice and a collection of tunes fitted to our psalms." Among these are enumerated—Canterbury, Gloucester, Windsor, Southwell, new and old, Martyrs, Barnett, Burford, and others, together with a plentiful supply of psalms and anthems. These are all arranged with scores for the *Cantus*, *Medius*, and *Bassus*. The notes are printed from copper-plates, with the peculiar ancient diamond shaped head. The impression has

been taken but upon one side of the sheets, which have become yellow with the lapse of time. The marks of rejoicing fingers, long since passed into dust, are encountered on every page, showing that the book was in active use by its former possessor. The wayward marks of some ill-guided pencil are here and there visible, stimulate the impression that some youthful person has surreptitiously tried his penmanship.

Attached to the latter part of the volume are sixteen pages containing the notes, written for *Altus*, *Medius*, *Tenor* and *Bass*—and very neatly written too—in exact imitation of the preceding copper-plates. Among the tunes thus laboriously placed upon paper are *Womister*, *Abington*, *Standish*, *New York* and *Kingston*. No words or syllables are attached to any of the tunes contained in the work. The book itself is a thin duodecimo, of the usual form of music books, substantially bound in calf, and capable of enduring the ravages of time for hundreds of years to come. The printing is of a good character and the ink as black and conspicuous as the day it was issued from the press.

Mr. Bush is also the possessor of another music book of perhaps nearly as ancient a date. The first six pages are missing, but the succeeding ones, up to the 11th, contain the usual instructions for learners. Then follow eight pages of letter press directions and two hymns, one being an imitation of the psalms by Mr. Barlow, beginning—

Along the banks where Babel's current flows,
Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd.

The other, apparently original, is entitled a "Hymn for Wallingford." Upwards of fifty pages of music follow, containing all the favorite hymns, psalms and anthems. The words, as well as the music, were engraved on copper-plate, from which neat impressions have been taken. The notes are of the form now current, but the clefs are in the ancient style. The execution of the letter text is not, at places, equal. In places the words are correctly spelled, and the use capitals governed by the rules of grammar. In other places the letters are conspicuous for lack of these little niceties of composition. The syllable "ye" is very frequently used for "the." Occasional omissions of letters are apparent—evidently sought to be corrected afterwards by the hand of the master. For instance, in the hymn "Attention," the words "ye living men" is spelled "ye ling men," and between the "i" and the "n" are overlaid very faintly the letters "vi." Other errors of a like character are to be met with, which, doubtless, were greatly to the discomfort of the publisher.

This book is rather of a more ostentatious and servicable character than the one first named, but has not been so substantially bound. Both together are very interesting relics of a former age. The larger number of the tunes they contain are still favorites, and though the flood of music books that have since appeared have made advances in musical literature, few contain so much solid merit as these two ancient "tune books" of Mr. Bush.

A New Year's Present.

There is no better New Year's present for one friend to send to another than a copy of THE SONG JOURNAL for a year. It is a monthly visitor—whose periodical return will afford the highest pleasure to the recipient. In casting about for a keepsake that will cause the giver to be held in remembrance, the merits of THE SONG JOURNAL should be considered. It will be mailed to any address upon receipt of the subscription price.

Tommy is dead—the latest temperance song—is now in press.

C. J. Whitney & Co. have just received an immense stock of church and Sunday School singing books of all publications.

The Estey Cottage Organ.

The demand for this favorite instrument has become so great that the present year has been largely devoted to extending the factory and facilities for manufacturing, so that now the manufacturers of this instrument have the most complete establishment, and turn out more *first class* organs annually than any organ factory in this country. Previous to the Chicago fire, one hundred and sixty Estey Organs were shipped to that city each month. This is more than the entire product of any Western organ factory. One hundred and twenty are shipped every month to Detroit, while the demand for them at the East is proportionate, and utterly beyond the ability of the factory to supply. It can be said of the Estey organ factory, and only of this establishment, that it turns out *no second class organs*, under a different name or specification, which are sold to dealers at a low price, and by them palmed off upon the public as equal to the best.—*Musical Hours*, Troy, N. Y.

As regards the number of Estey organs received at Detroit monthly, we would say that during the month of September, this year, we received and sold one hundred and forty Estey organs, against *thirty-six* in the same month last year. In the month of October, 1870, we sold forty-seven Estey's, while in the same month this year we sold one hundred and fifty-three. In one day, the 13th of November last, we sold and delivered sixty-one Estey organs. We receive from the factory from one to two full car loads of organs every week, and we are still unable to supply the largely increased demand for these celebrated organs. In a word, the Estey organ stands on its present eminence acknowledged by all to be the very acme of musical perfection and mechanical execution. All who hear and see them purchase no other.

Low Prices.

The public generally are showing a disposition to refuse paying the high prices for amusements that managers have continued to charge ever since the financial disturbances in war time. There is no doubt but that lower prices will soon become the standard of admission.

Here in Detroit, meritorious performances are poorly patronized, the only reason being the high charges insisted on. At Boston, as will be seen by the interesting letter of our correspondent, "Ranger," a break has been made, with the best result, both to the manager and the public. The same thing will have to be done elsewhere, and the sooner those concerned take note of it the better. Only one difficulty lies in the way, and that is the rent for halls is still as high as ever. Proprietors of opera houses and public halls entertain the idea that they must have the old rates for the use of their buildings—an idea that must also succumb before the popular pressure for low prices of admission to amusements.

Recommenced.

THE SONG JOURNAL will be increased in size, with the January number, four pages. Its contents, beside the usual current musical literature of the day, will be eight to ten pages of the choicest music. The subscription price will continue the same. As the cost of each number will be but a trifle over eight cents, subscribers will thus obtain standard music at one cent the page—a price never before heard of. The literary contents of THE SONG JOURNAL are intended to please and interest. No pains or expense are spared to make it just such a periodical as will meet the wants of every family of culture.

Attention is called to the premium list on another page.

Each number of *The Song Journal* contains from 75 cents to \$1.00 of new and popular music.

The Haines Bros.' pianos are the most popular of any now in market. Everybody likes them.

See our bulletin of new and popular music for the holidays.

Gilmore's Jubilee.

The *Amateur*, of Philadelphia, in a very just criticism of Gilmore's proposed jubilee, says, that immensity in music is not what is wanted—not should everything else be sacrificed to it. Persons can just as readily go to extremes in music as in other matters. There is much to be done in the way of awakening the public to the grandeur of music, but, the noisy clangor of drums, trumpets, anvils, cannons and brass horns is not the way to do it.

This is about the position THE SONG JOURNAL has taken upon this matter. There is but little doubt but that such is the sentiment of the common sense portion of the community. Against Gilmore, as a man and a musician, nothing can be said. He ranks very high in both respects. THE SONG JOURNAL is as willing to concede as much zeal, taste and musical culture to Mr. Gilmore as to any band leader in America, yet what possible pleasure can be derived from his immense scheme it is unable to perceive.

Nilsson in Opera.

Nilsson has met with pronounced success in opera at New York. The anticipations of her dramatic talent which her appearance in the concert room betokened, have been more than realized. All the journals agree in stating that her triumphs were even greater than they had been led to expect. And this was not a polite evasion of mediocrity, but the announcement of a success equal to that of any prima donna who has appeared in this country.

Her most decided successes were achieved as *Lucia*, *Marguerite* and *Martha*. She interpreted these roles in manner entirely her own, and the originality of her conceptions appears to have merited all the applause lavished upon her. Her interpretation was instinct with a marked individuality, and an expression of emotion and passion seldom witnessed. As *Violetta* she appears to have diverged from the beaten path of representing the character, and to have achieved an impersonation, at once, both broad and delicate. Upon this character, as a dramatic affair, she took old opera goers by surprise.

Capoul.

The advent of Victor Capoul, the new French tenor, in New York, has excited more or less harsh writing among the critics. Those who look upon him unfavorably, describe his voice as being weak and thin—that at times it degenerates into falsetto—and dwells very strongly on his utter lack of chest C's.

Those who see merit in him declare that of late years too much point has been given to phenomenal voices, to the obscuring of the higher elements of the vocal art. This is very finely put, but it is not all, for his execution is pronounced graceful and facile, and his sentiment delicate and refined, and that he won favor despite the fact that the florid school of singing is temporarily eclipsed by the prevailing fondness for the robusts.

As another mark of excellence, the fact is noted that he is a good horseman—was petted by the "belles of Albion," and that Anber told him he had "a fine fortune before him." This, of course, should end unfavorable criticism, for Auher has always spoken so in behalf of the artists who came to sing in America.

The second enlargement of *The Song Journal* within one year will be made January 1st, 1872. The largely increasing demand for the *Journal* has forced us to increase the number of its pages, and we intend to make *The Song Journal* second to none in point of merit, excellence and interest to its readers of any published in the country.

Sweet Nannie Lee is one of the prettiest songs, with chorus, ever published. All music dealers keep it. Price 35 cents.

A Good Return.

Each reader of THE SONG JOURNAL, by a little effort, can procure the subscriptions of their friends, and forward them to the publishers. The premium list is arranged on a scale of liberality never before excelled. When the excellence of the JOURNAL, and the low price at which it is afforded, is taken into consideration, no difficulty will be met with in securing subscriptions among people who make any pretensions to musical culture. Let our friends take a look at the premium list, and read the conditions.

THE SACRED CROWN. Messrs. Lee & Shepard have just published "The Sacred Crown," a book of 384 pages, containing new hymn tunes, anthems, sentences, motets and chants, for public and private worship, together with a complete, practical and progressive system of elementary instruction, written expressly for the work, by D. F. Hodges and G. W. Foster. The work also contains a large variety of four-part songs, glees and choruses for singing schools and musical conventions. From the wide scope of the work, it is destined to find a large sale and to meet with great favor. It has been compiled with care and discrimination, and one of its features is an elaborate index, or rather a series of them, by means of which anything in the book may readily be found. The price of the work is \$1.50, and it may be obtained from C. J. Whitney & Co.

A Plain Talk About Music.—No. II.

BY WM. C. WEBSTER.

In my former number, I endeavored to look at the true condition of music in our churches, and promised to suggest some method of correcting existing evils. And before proceeding directly to the task before us, let us distinctly understand what we mean by Church Music. Is it the fashionable "scores" of these days, science and "executions"—the music of the parlor and soiree, thumbed out on pianos, twanged on guitars and banjos, drawn out from accordions—the sounds that swing scientifically from round to round, up and down the scale of song—is this the element of melody, or of soul, to chain the ear, to reach the heart, to live forever in our church music? The answer is emphatically—No.

Music that is music, is a universal language for pæan, plaint and praise, breathed and felt alike by all. The first we hear of it, those bright choristers, the "Morning Stars," were singing a lullaby over the cradled earth. The echoes of that first song ran along the cycles of time, till o'er Bethlehem's plains they burst into a chorus of praise, the reverberations of which point to its source, and the last of it may we never hear—for it is the dialect of Heaven. Lovest? Everybody loves it. Who can be found that has not a tune or two laid up in the heart with the little trinkets of memory, which he treasures as a precious keepsake of the past?

But the inquiry suggests itself, if this language be universal, why is it not spoken by all? I answer that when it is known in its modern and improved state, it is universal in certain first principles, and like all other languages, it advances to the highest perfection where it is cultivated.

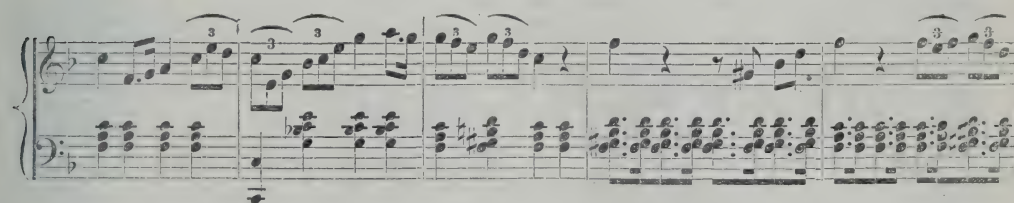
Music is the legitimate language of devotion, and hence is the vehicle of our highest acts of praise. But talk of it as we will, disguise it as we may, throw the blame where you please, it is, nevertheless, a humiliating truth that everything connected with the worship of God, now-a-days, partakes of the "ways of the world." The "Almighty Dollar" is the root and key note, endorsed by "Mr. Popularity." The engagement (should I say settlement) of the minister, the employment of organist, leader, or singers to do the work of praise for the congregation, all develop the spirit of worldly policy—estimated by dollars

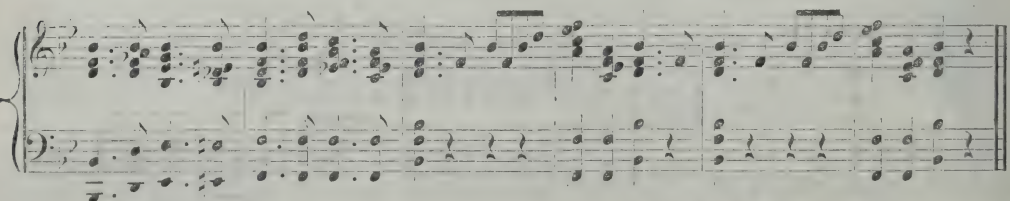
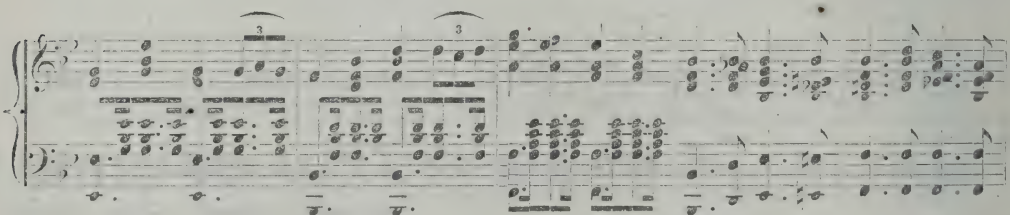
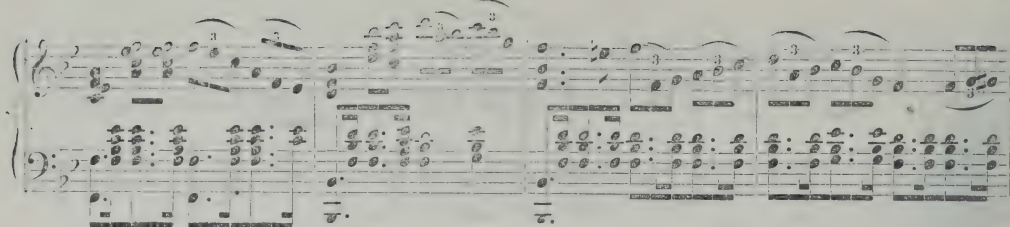
and cents and popular applause. I hazard the declaration that, with all our boasted advancement and progress in the science of music, with all our facilities for acquiring a good theoretical and practical knowledge of the art, both vocal and instrumental, with all the advantages arising from opportunities continually afforded of listening to the performance of artists, and what is termed the fashionable in style; with all the increased facilities afforded by instrumentation in the art, the church music of to-day will not compare in excellence with that of twenty-five years ago. I would not be understood as saying that there is not more good music than at any former period of our history, or more real knowledge and taste than ever before, but for causes to which I shall advert, the knowledge and taste is almost entirely lost to our churches, and its influence directed into other channels. This is a humiliating declaration, but still I think a cursory view will convince any one that these truths are incontestible. It is impossible for a man of observation to flatter himself that our church music is in a healthy and vigorous condition. He must acknowledge that the end for which music is introduced into our services, is not generally attained, and that the utter listlessness shown by the people to this enlivening and elevating exercise is a sufficient evidence of some egregious error in their mode either of reasoning upon its duties or of acting up to their convictions. He must feel that the performance of too many choirs (or so-called choirs), and the non-performances of too many congregations, associate ill with solemnity, and poorly comport with the fervid and true worship of the house of God. It remains, therefore, to investigate the conduct of her members, and those especially who are appointed to carry into effect the provisions she has made for the control of her music appropriately and to general edification.

And first in honor, as in place, is the minister, and it were vain to cloak the seeming indifference with which they seem to regard this part of their duty—to superintend, regulate and inspire the music of the church. Possessing, in many instances, little or no knowledge of the science of music themselves, and some of them little or no admiration of the art, they yield no encouragement to their charge to properly improve and sustain the music of the church.

Look in upon the social meetings of our Evangelical Churches and see what you find there for music, if you find it at all. Where is the quartette who lead the devotions and do the praise of the Sabbath service? Where is the nice, artistic music of holy Sabbath day? It is not there! The lame, the halt and the blind will answer for worship here! Perfection in this part of worship will do once a week; in fact, it may be dispensed with altogether. Now, we ask in sober earnest, is this the kind of encouragement which church music demands at the hands of the "shepherd of the flock"—whose duty it is to guide into green pastures and beside the still waters?—and do all in his power to present them "spotless" at the great day of reward. And yet there is no disguising the fact that many of the ministers of our churches are indifferent to this part of their worship. Why don't they assert the prerogative of guidance and a semblance of interest in this important part of worship, which, certainly, cannot be deemed incompatible with the faithful discharge of the functions of their office?

The minister who is indifferent to the mode in which music is performed in his church, cannot be expected to encourage its private or social practice. He is alike careless who the singers are, how they are obtained, how replenished, whether they ever rehearse, or in what manner. The idea seems to possess him that psalmody is but a wedge to keep asunder the divisions of the service, and that the form it assumes is a matter solely belonging to the congregation, since it is their business to provide suitable amusement in the time allotted to this part of the service. But





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- God of Israel, Mine
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- Green, Baby Dream, Virginia Gabbit
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AIR LINE DIVISION.

Mail Train leaves Jackson at 10:45 A. M. and arrives at Niles at 2:30 P. M., connecting with Mail Train on Main Line at both places.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY DIVISION.

Leaves Jackson at 12:15 P. M. (Mail); 5:10 P. M. (Evening Express), and 7:40 A. M. (Morning), arriving at Grand Rapids at 4:25 P. M.; 9:15 P. M., and 3:15 P. M. respectively.

DETROIT, HILLDALE & INDIAN A. R.

Leave Ypsilanti at 8:55 A. M. and 6:00 P. M. on arrival of Mail and Dexter Accommodation.

FT. WAYNE, JACKSON & SAGINAW R. R.

Leave Jackson at 6:20 A. M.; 12:00 P. M., connecting with Day Express from Detroit; and 4:50 P. M.

JACKSON, LANSING & SAGINAW R. R.

Leave Jackson at 6:00 A. M. and 3:30 P. M., and arrive at Wenona at 11:40 A. M. and 9:15 P. M.

Trains arrive at Detroit as follows:
Atlantic Express 3:35 A. M.; Night Express 7:25 A. M.; Dexter Accommodation 9:25 A. M.; Mail 6:25 P. M., and Day Express 6:45 P. M.

Mail Trains and Day Express run daily, except Sundays; Pacific Express, west, and Atlantic Express, east, daily; Evening Express, west, daily except Sundays, and only to Jackson on Saturdays; Night Express, east, and Dexter Accommodation, daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

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Detroit Express, daily except Sundays..... 11:30 A. M.
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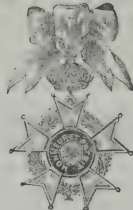
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VOLUME II.

DETROIT, JANUARY, 1872.

NUMBER I.

From Tennyson's New Poem.

ISOLT.

Down in a casement sat,
A low sea-sunset glorying round her hair,
And glossy-throated grace, Isolt the queen;
And when she heard the feet of Tristram grind
The spinning stone that scaled about her tower,
Flush'd, started, met him at the doors, and there
Belied his body with her white embrace.

ISOLT TO TRISTRAM.

And saddening on the sudden, sprang Isolt,
"I had forgotten all in my strong joy
To see thee—yearnings?—ay! for, hour by hour,
Here in the never-ended afternoon,
O, sweeter than all memories of thee,
Deeper than any yearnings after thee
Seem'd those far-rolling, westward smiling seas,
Watched from the tower. Isolt of Britain dashed
Before Isolt of Brittany on the strand,
Would that have chill'd her bride-kiss? Wedded
her?"

Fought in her father's wars. Wast wounded there,
The king was all fulfill'd with gratefulness,
And she, my namesake of the hands, that heald
Thy hurt and heart with ungent and caress—
Well—can I wish her any huger wrong
Than having known thee—her too hast thou left
To pine and waste in these sweet memories?
O, were I not my Mark's, by whom all men
Are noble, I should hate thee more than love."

TRISTRAM'S DREAM.

He seem'd to pace the strand of Brittany,
Between Isolt of Britain and his bride,
And showed them both the ruby-chamber, and both
Began to struggle for it, till his queen
Grasped it so hard, that all her hand was red,
Then cried the Briton, "Look, her hand is red,
These be no rubies, this is frozen blood,
And melts within her hand—her hand is hot
With ill desires, but this I gave thee, look,
Is all as cool and white as any flower."
Follow'd a rush of eagles' wings, and then
A whimpering of the spirit of the child,
Because the twin had spoil'd her caravan.

A Faded Violet.

The odor from the flower is gone,
Which like thy kisses breathed on me;
The color from the flower has flown
Which glowed of thee, and only thee!

A shrivel'd, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which is yet warm,
With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not!
I sigh—it breathes no more to me!
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

—Shelley.

Rest.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife;
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving
The Highest and Best;
'Tis onward, unswerving!
And that is true rest.

—Goethe.

The Successor of Liszt.

When pianists are spoken of nowadays, we occasionally hear older lovers of music remark, "What can they all expect to do after him, after Liszt? None of them have more than ten fingers, and whatever can possibly be accomplished with ten fingers, that Titan has accomplished. Anything new, anything higher, is absolutely not to be found; at best only the same may again be seen. But the same thing re-appearing in art is no longer the same in its effect."

New generations are ever appearing to enjoy, and new artists to labor. Assuming, as may well be done, that Liszt has reached the highest point in the technique of piano-playing, it is equally certain that, since that artist's retirement, Anton Rubenstein is the greatest among all pianists of the present day. To this must be added his high and peculiar excellence as a composer.

Anton Gregory Rubenstein was born on the 18th of November, 1829, at Wechmotymetz, a village near Jassy, on the Russian frontier. His grandfather was an Israelite, but his father was brought up in the Independent Greek religion, which our artist professes also. Anton's parents were in good circumstances; but afterwards became involved in litigation respecting their property, resulting in a sensible diminution of their fortune. In his early childhood, Anton already manifested those two principal qualities which shaped his career—a marked love for music, and a consistent energetic striving to reach a clearly defined goal.

His mother, a highly-educated woman, who is still an active teacher at the Imperial Seminary in Moscow, directed the children's first instruction, and particularly taught her two youngest sons the piano, of which she was mistress. For Nicholas, also, the elder brother, destined as great a predilection as talents for music. Circumstances in part, but principally the wish to provide for the more thorough education of their children, led the parents to remove to Moscow. Here the boys received regular instruction in music. With Anton it began when he was six years old, and not more than two years and a half later he gave his first public concert at Moscow. The sensation which the prodigy caused on this occasion was immense, and solicited on every side, his parents consented to let him travel to Paris in August, 1839, accompanied by his teacher, Villongs. But, although the ten-year old child excited great sensation in that city also, the reflecting father was still undecided whether he should dedicate his son wholly to music, well knowing that only extraordinary talent can attract notice in a field where so much has already been done. Then it happened that Liszt was present at Herz's. The gifted boy's play filled him with such enthusiasm that, after he had finished, he lifted the child up in his arms and kissed him, exclaiming, "He will be my successor!" The assembly burst forth into shouts of joy, and for a whole week Paris talked of little else than this scene. For a year and a half Anton now earnestly applied himself to study at Paris, Liszt himself assisting with his advice. At the expiration of that time, his first great artistic tour was undertaken through England, Holland, Sweden and Germany, which brought him renown, and was pecuniarily successful. Returning then to his native country, Anton spent a year at home. In the year 1844, the sons, accompanied by their mother (the father's feeble health compelling him to remain behind), arrived at Berlin, in order to finish their studies in the theory of music with Dehn, and their scientific studies at the High School.

Nicholas, the elder brother, subsequently devoted himself to instruction, and now directs the Conservatorium at Moscow and its concerts. Anton's progress in the course of his studies with Dehn, extending over a period of nearly two years, was more and more decided; with the greatest enthusiasm he studied composition and the works of his masters. Of a most beneficial influence was his acquaintance with Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, who showed warm sympathy for

the youth of fifteen. Amid this period of activity, Anton's father died. His mother being obliged to return, on account of her other children, Anton thus saw himself deprived of her further assistance, and dependent upon his own exertions. He went, in 1845, to Vienna, where he made a bare living by teaching, devoting all his leisure time, however, to composition. Here, and afterwards in Hungary, through which he traveled with the artist Heindl (who met with such a melancholy death?), he wrote the majority of those compositions, in part nothing more than draughts, which were not published till much later, and under quite different circumstances. Meantime, his wishes not being realized quickly enough, he became gloomy and despondent, and thought of emigrating to America. But it was only a touch of hypochondria, which he soon conquered. The political storms of 1848 drove him from Vienna; he returned to Berlin, and soon to his native land.

His talents obtained for him the favor of the Grand Princess Helen of Russia, who took him into her service as chamber musician. To this position that of player and concert-master to the empress was afterwards joined. A singular incident compelled him to recompose all of his works, which in part were before merely sketched, in part finished. While on his way to St. Petersburg he had been obliged to leave at the frontier the trunk which contained all his manuscripts, it being suspected that the notes were some secret revolutionary cipher, such secret correspondences, it is said, having at that time actually been discovered. He was taken for an emissary, and came near being transported to Siberia. He was thus obliged to keep himself concealed for a length of time in St. Petersburg, until he succeeded in making known to the grand-princess, through his patron, Count Wieselorsky, his critical situation, whereupon further proceedings against him were stopped. Notwithstanding the most careful search, however, his manuscripts could not again be found, and he has never seen them since. Rubenstein was, therefore, under the necessity of reproducing what was lost, in which task, by the aid of his superior memory, he was for the most part successful. This, together with new compositions, which now gushed forth in uninterrupted succession, kept him in St. Petersburg until the year 1851.

Rubenstein now thought that the time had arrived for him to step before the world with his works. Generously furnished by his two patrons with the means (the count alone made him a traveling-present of two thousand silver rubles), he three years later entered on his first tour through Germany, France and England, as performer and composer. In the former capacity he everywhere achieved triumphs, while, especially at first, criticism showed itself, with rare exceptions, antagonistic, not to say bitterly hostile, to his compositions. The Leipzig publishers, however, however, had a better opinion; they published his works, and paid him handsomely for them. Rubenstein's compositions of every kind appeared in large numbers in the music market, which from many sides drew upon the reproach of being a scribbler. If it be taken into consideration, however, that these works originated during a long series of years, and that each circumstance brought about their publication at one time, this reproach appears to be without a cause. In 1856 he had been called back to the emperor's coronation ceremonies. Here he composed his jubilee overture, for the dedication of which he was presented by the emperor with a valuable jewel. In the suite of the grand-princess he went to Nizza, and then made a long artistic tour, composing all the time mostly larger works, among which were an oratorio, "Paradise Lost," and a grand opera, "The Children of the Heath," the latter for Vienna.

Meantime, Rubenstein's position in St. Petersburg, as well as other circumstances there, had assumed such a shape that he was enabled to undertake the carrying out of a long-cherished design with prospects of suc-

* Riding past a place where they were firing at a target, he was struck by a glancing ball and killed.

cess. Aided by powerful patrons, there came into existence, within the course of a year, "The Russian Musical Association," an institution rich in artists and pecuniary resources; and a year thereafter the Conservatorium, embracing every branch of the musical art, was also in operation. In behalf of both institutions Rubenstein has displayed a sacrificing activity, attended with salutary effects.

There only remains to give a condensed picture of the composer Rubenstein, as he appears before us to-day.

His works are full of originality, soaring, not "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," manly, healthy, deep and warm, grand and powerful. He easily commands every form and means; his taste is exquisitely refined, his conceptions truly noble. Viewing the general character of Rubenstein's music, his style of thinking and feeling in sounds, we cannot fail to perceive that it is in perfect conformity with the development of modern ideas, nay, that in some degree it gives expression to this development. The diffuseness of his melody, the richness and refinement of his harmony, stamp him a modern artist in the noblest sense of the term, standing *par excellence* upon absolutely musical ground.

In his composition for the voice he does not seek what is styled the *melody of language*, but the *melody of feeling*. Most nearly he follows the school of Mendelssohn and Schumann, if, indeed, one endowed with so much original talent can be said to follow any school. As a melodist, Rubenstein is less elegiac and sentimental than Mendelssohn, less gloomy than Schumann, more powerful than either. His music is in the main good-humored; sometimes it becomes fretful, but the anguish that waits over life and the world is foreign to it. A certain gloomy, menacing, formidable, almost relief in his themes, and their highly-fanciful, ever novel changes, recall Beethoven's genius and art, while the natural charm of his songs reminds one of Schubert's deep, gushing fountain of melody.

That Rubenstein possesses a large share of high literary, scientific and social culture, that in society he shows himself a man of the best breeding and of extensive reading, every one knows who has had occasion to enter into intimate intercourse with him. As a man, Rubenstein is open and straight-forward; in his intercourse he is distinguished by a winning amiability, being modest without derogating from his own worth; in conversation he is intellectual, occasionally witty, kind in judging, communicative towards his friends—on the whole rather grave than gay. Some four years ago he was united in marriage to a young Russian lady of noble birth.

Rubenstein's merits as a pianist have been so often discussed that all we could say here would only be repetition. Ever since Liszt withdrew from the world in that capacity he is without a rival, which judgment will be confirmed by every one who has had an opportunity to hear him.—*Translated from the German.*

The Old Folks at Home.

It is said Miss Nilsson first heard the "Old Folks at Home," sung at the house of Park Gudwin, in New York, soon after her arrival in this country and that she was so much struck by its plaintive melody and touching words, finding a response as they did in her own heart, that she immediately set herself to learning both, and rarely fails to sing them in some portion of each concert.

Her exquisite utterance of the melody will give renewed interest to a song which, in the last quarter of a century, has had an almost unparalleled success. It was among the earlier published compositions of the late Stephen C. Foster, of Pittsburgh, and made his name known and esteemed wherever the English language is spoken and English songs sung.

The copyright on this one song brought its author over \$15,000, and the sale is still good. At the time of the Crimean war, letter writers said that in the trenches before Sebastopol, the two favorite songs were the Scotch "Annie Laurie" and the American "Old Folks at Home." The song has been sung in all parts of the world, wherever Englishmen or Americans have penetrated.—*Evening Star.*

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Tommy is dead.

Correspondence.

Letter from Boston.

THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS VISITS THE "HUB"—HOW HE IS ENTERTAINED—THE GRAND BALL, AND WHAT IT COST—THE CHILDREN'S CONCERT—MR. GILMORE'S RETURN—THE ORATORIOS—THOMAS CONCERTS—THE HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERTS—RECORD OF MUSICAL EVENTS—OPERA AND CONCERTS IN PROSPECT—THE PAY OF A THEATRICAL STAR—JOURNALISTIC, ETC.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

BOSTON, December 20, 1871.

One of our chief sensations the present month has been the visit of the royal young Russian, Alexis. Boston entertained the young man very handsomely, so extensively, in fact, as to make him quite ill, for even a Grand Duke cannot stand a continuous round of balls, banquets and sight-seeings. On the whole, however, Alexis seemed to like the "Hub" immensely, and he prolonged his stay nearly a week. The Grand Ball at the Boston Theatre, given on the 8th inst., cost nearly fifteen thousand dollars. The sum of five thousand dollars was paid for the use of the theatre itself, the regular performances (Moriacchi was playing an engagement) being interrupted for half the week. Three thousand dollars were paid for the floral decorations alone, and nearly as large a sum for the other embellishments, which were of a very elaborate character. The supper cost two or three thousand dollars, and the music (there were two orchestras, one under Zerrahn and the other under Gilmore) about one thousand more. There were present between twelve hundred and fifteen hundred of the youth, beauty, and brilliancy of the town, and it is needless to add that the ball was a decidedly brilliant affair. One of the grandest demonstrations in honor of the imperial guest was the musical festival of the pupils of the public schools, which took place at Music Hall on the afternoon of Saturday the 9th. It was a concert after the usual fashion of the annual musical festival of the schools, with some special features in honor of the distinguished visitor. Music Hall was very gaily decorated, but the loveliest decorations of all were the twelve hundred happy boys and girls who occupied the raised chorus seats. Alexis and suite occupied the centre of the front balcony, and the rest of the house was densely packed by such of the public as were fortunate enough to obtain tickets. Of course no tickets were sold, as the demonstration was a city affair, the city committee disposing of them to friends and favorites. It is said there were over twenty thousand applications for less than twenty-five hundred tickets. Mr. Julius Eichberg conducted the performances, and the first piece was a March of Welcome composed by him, and dedicated to the Grand Duke. It was a graceful, though not striking, composition, and was well played by the orchestra. At a given signal the twelve hundred children displayed miniature Russian and American flags and waved them with vigor. The overture led into the Russian national hymn, which was sung in unison, with the following words, written for the occasion by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

Shadowed so long by the storm-cloud of danger,
Thou whom the prayers of an empire defend,
Welcome, thrice welcome! but not as a stranger,
Come to the nation that calls thee its friend!

Bleak are our shores with the blasts of December,
Fettered and chill is the rivulet's flow;
Throbbing and warm are the hearts that remember
Who was our friend when the world was our foe.

Look on the lips that are smiling to greet thee,
See the fresh flowers that a people has sown;
Count them thy sisters and brothers that meet thee;
Guest of the Nation, her heart is thine own!

Fires of the North, in eternal communion,
Blend your broad flashes with evening's bright star;
God bless the Empire that loves the Great Union,
Strength to her people! Long life to the Czar!

The children sang the above with fine effect, and the Grand Duke, who remained standing during its performance, was evidently affected. The remainder of the programme was as follows:

Choral (sung in unison).....Johann Cruizer, 1649
Solo and chorus from "Athalie".....Mendelssohn
(The soil by the High Schools.)
Sailor Chorus.....Bennett
Trio, "Lift Thine Eyes," from "Elijah".....Mendelssohn
(By Girls of the High Schools.)
Master Stork's Return.....Marschner
Wake, Gentle Zephyr.....Rossini
Old Hundredth Psalm.

The children did not sing with quite the care and exactness which usually attend their performances at the annual festival, their attention being distracted by the presence of Alexis, whom everybody was curious to see.

Mr. Theodore Thomas gave a concert in honor of the Grand Duke Sunday evening, the 10th. The Handel and Haydn Society volunteered their services for the occasion, and the following magnificent programme was performed as Theodore Thomas's Orchestra, the Handel and Haydn Society, and Miss Krebs only could perform it:

Chorus. The Heavens are telling. "Creation".....Haydn
(Handel and Haydn Society and Theo. Thomas's Orchestra.)
Overture. "Der Freischuetz".....Weber
Allegretto. 8th symphony.....Beethoven
Kornarskaja.....Glinka
Farewell to the Forest. (Unaccompanied).....Mendelssohn
(Handel and Haydn Society.)
Introduction—chorus and march. "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Chorus. Thanks be to God. "Elijah".....Mendelssohn
(Handel and Haydn Society and Theo. Thomas's Orchestra.)
Fantasia on Hungarian Airs.....Liszt
(Miss Mary Krebs and Orchestra.)
Ave Maria. (Adapted to the first prelude by Bach).....Gounod
(For Violins, Harp and Orchestra.)
Cosatcheque. Fantasia sur un theme du Cosaque, Dargomysky
Chorus. Hallelujah, "Messiah".....Handel
(Handel and Haydn Society and Theo. Thomas's Orchestra.)

The Duke and suite occupied the same seats as at the children's concert, and the rest of the auditorium was packed. The performances gave great satisfaction to the audience as well as to Alexis. Mr. Thomas did a very handsome thing in connection with this concert, and one that redounds greatly to his credit. He had already given up one of his matinees to accommodate the city government, who desired to arrange the children's festival. The concert in honor of the Grand Duke was an after consideration, and in no way connected with his regular series of concerts, so that he might easily have seized upon the opportunity to put money in his purse by raising the price of admission. This Mr. Thomas resolutely refused to do, saying he would not take advantage of the public of Boston, who had treated him so kindly. The tickets, therefore, remained at the regular rates, although twice or thrice the usual sum would gladly have been paid. They were all disposed of in a single day, and a few which got into the hands of speculators commanded large prices.

Mr. Gilmore arrived home from his musical mission abroad on the 6th inst., and is more enthusiastic than ever regarding the success of the International Jubilee, to be held in this city in June next. He visited London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Dresden and other leading cities, and everywhere was received with cordiality. Assurances were given by representatives of the leading nations visited that bands would be sent to the festival as desired by Mr. Gilmore, and leading musicians and composers who were also consulted likewise took a strong interest in the scheme. Several composers promised to send original compositions. Strauss, who manifested an interest in the gigantic project, expressed his desire to attend with his orchestra, but an engagement to give eighteen concerts in St. Petersburg at about the same time is likely to prevent this. Bilse has promised to write a march for the occasion. Among the bands to be present are that of the Grenadier Guards of England, led by Daniel Godfrey, and the Belgian Band of the Guides. The statement has been made that Sir Michael Costa

was consulted and refused to have anything to do with the affair. This was unfounded. Costa was in Italy when Mr. Gilmore was in England, and Mr. Gilmore had no interview with him whatever. It was supposed by some that the absence of telegraphic advices respecting Mr. Gilmore's movements abroad betokened failure, but this was by no means the case. In view of the terrible calamities by fire in the West which naturally engrossed attention abroad as well as at home, he deemed it to be in much better taste to refrain from forcing either himself or his pet scheme into notice. Since Mr. Gilmore's return, the Executive Committee of the Jubilee of 1869 have held several meetings for the purpose of taking preliminary steps regarding the building. Propositions have been made to construct the edifice both of iron and of wood. It is intended that the building shall be located within a short distance of the old coliseum, and that it shall stand several years. It is already in contemplation to hold a mammoth fair there in the fall.

The oratorio performances, which were given by the Handel and Haydn Society, aided by the artists of Mr. Dohy's Troupe, soon after my letter was written last month, proved the grandest things of their kind ever given in Boston. "Elijah" and "Judas Maccabaeus" were the works given. The society has been under rigid drill the present season, and the "weeding out" process has also been carried out with good effect. Of Mr. Santley too much cannot be said. Never before has the music of the prophet in "Elijah" been so well sung, and equally as great praise can be bestowed upon his singing in "Judas Maccabaeus." His noble voice and faultless method were worthily employed in these two glorious works. Mrs. Patey and Miss Wynne likewise gained great praise, and Mr. Cummings, the tenor, also aided very largely in the success of the solo performances, while Mr. Patey's rich bass voice was very effective in the concerted music. Even the orchestra seemed inspired by their surroundings and played better than usual. Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" and Handel's "Messiah" are to be given with the same soloists next Sunday and Monday evenings, and two other oratorios are to be given at Easter.

The Theodore Thomas Concerts, which began on the first inst., were seven in number in addition to that in honor of the Grand Duke Alexis, and an eighth concert is to take place at Music Hall next Saturday afternoon. In the recent course of concerts he introduced a large amount of new music, and at the concert next Saturday he is to play the andante from the tragic symphony in C minor by Schubert, for the first time in America. Thomas gave us more new music in his seven concerts than the Harvard Association has given us in as many years. Miss Krebs, the pianist, appeared at all the concerts, and with the same brilliant success which has ever attended the efforts of this talented artist. Miss Krebs has a marvellous memory and plays the most difficult and intricate compositions without notes. This would not be so remarkable had she a small repertoire, but her repertoire is seemingly exhaustless. Mr. Thomas, during his Eastern trip, gave concerts in Providence, Worcester, Springfield, Salem, Haverhill, Lawrence, Lynn, Portland, Augusta, Bangor, Concord, N. H., and other cities, with the same abundant success as in Boston.

The third of the Harvard Symphony Concerts took place on the 7th. The chief orchestral work was Haydn's symphony in G (known as "The Oxford") which was played for the first time in Boston. Cherubini's overture to "Faniska," the *Scherzo*, from Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony, and a *Fest* overture by Rietz, were also played, and Mr. Perabo performed a piano forte concerto by Morbert Burgmueller. The fourth concert comes off on the 28th, when Miss Anna Melhig will assist as the soloist. Beethoven's Fourth Symphony is also in the programme.

Messrs. Leonard and Eichberg are giving a series of matinees at Mechanics' Hall with excellent success. Three have already been given, and a fourth takes

place to-morrow. The programmes are generally made up of sonata for violin and piano, a violin piece, a piano piece, and a trio, quartette or quintette. At some of the concerts vocal performances are also introduced.

Mr. J. A. Hills gave the second of a series of piano forte recitals at Brackett Hall, on the 13th, aided by Miss Addie S. Ryan, vocalist, and other artists.

Mr. Carlyle Petersen is giving a series of Beethoven Recitals at Wesleyan Hall, at which he is to play all Beethoven's piano forte sonatas *in seriatim*. At the second recital, on the 13th, he gave the 3d, 4th and 5th.

The New England Conservatory of Music gave a very fine concert at Wesleyan Hall on the 12th, when Mr. B. D. Allen, who has recently been added to the list of instructors at the Conservatory, made his first appearance in Boston as a pianist. Mr. Allen is a player of great ability and is a very decided acquisition to our already long list of piano forte soloists.

The Wachtel concerts were not very successful, on account of the high prices charged, and the miserable support of an incompetent company. The great German tenor himself, however, made a great impression. If he should appear here in opera he would draw crowded houses. Of this, however, there is no hope.

The Parepa-Rosa English Opera Company is to begin a three weeks' season at the Boston Theatre January 8th, and the Strakosch Troupe, with Nilsson re-visit us in February.

Mr. A. P. Peck, whose cheap concerts have been one of the chief features of the present season, is to give three concerts on the 28th, 30th and 31st, at which Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Miss Matilda E. Toedt the violinist, and a host of home talent is to appear; and for all this he asks only fifty cents admission, with fifty cents extra for a reserved seat.

Miss Charlotte Cushman received five hundred dollars a night for a five weeks' engagement at the Globe Theatre, and is to have seven hundred and fifty dollars a night for giving a course of dramatic readings in this and other cities.

Boucicault's play of "Elfe" has had a successful run of five weeks at the Museum.

Sothorn is playing Dunderary to large audiences at the Boston Theatre. His engagement continues up to that of the English opera troupe. He succeeded Morlaechi.

Charles Poole, an old California actor and manager, and husband of Mrs. Poole of the Boston Theatre Company, died recently in this city.

Dexter Smith terminated his connections with the *Folio*, and has issued the first number of a new musical journal entitled *Dexter Smith's Paper*. Mr. Geo. Lowell Austin has succeeded Mr. Smith as editor of the *Folio*.
RANGER.

Saginaw.

RELIEF CONCERTS—MUSICAL MATTERS.
Correspondence of the Song Journal.

EAST SAGINAW, December 20, 1871.

AS THE SONG JOURNAL is informing its readers of the state and progress of music in all parts of the country, I wish to report advancement in the "divine art" in Saginaw.

Time was, and that not long ago, when we depended for musical enjoyment solely upon the rare and irregular visits of traveling performers, and these treats excepted, we had next to nothing to speak of in the way of music. But the dreary period is over. Our fast growing and fast developing community boasts now not only of respectable amateurs, but of professional talent of very high order. A short time ago we had two concerts, given for the benefit of the relief fund for the sufferers in the late fires in Michigan.

The one given in Saginaw City was conducted by H. B. Roney, Organist of the First Congregational Church, East Saginaw. Beside being a financial

success, \$180 were netted. It was an evening of satisfaction and enjoyment to all lovers of art. The programme here given will show what was done, all the performers being resident musicians of East Saginaw:

"Bygone," F. Mehring.....	"Lya" Society.
"Waiting," Millard.....	Mrs. H. Melchers.
"Praise of the Soldier," Boeldieu.....	
Messrs. Frost, Shaw, Tyler and Newcombe.	
"Rigoletto" (Fantasia), Liszt.....	Mr. H. B. Roney.
"Protect Us thro' the Coming Night," Curschman.....	
Mrs. Melchers, Miss Avery, Messrs. Day and Clarke.	
"I Feel thy Soothing Presence" (Duet), Hoffman.....	
Mrs. Melchers and Mr. Berger.	
"Reverie," Rosellen.....	Mrs. C. L. Orman.
"Serenade," Abt, Messrs. Heckler, Endert, Bergerand Schlechter.	
"Waltz Song," from "Faust," Gounod.....	Miss M. Milburn.
"Lost Proscribed" (Duet), from "Martha," Flotow.....	
Messrs. Frost and Newcombe.	

"What Beams so Bright," Kreutzer.....	Messrs. Shaw, Frost, Tyler and Newcombe.
"Marche de Nuit, Gottschalk.....	Mr. Roney.
"On Guard," Reinecke.....	"Lya" Society.

Without the use of superlatives, it is but just to say that the choruses were creditably rendered. The male quartette (Messrs. Shaw, Frost, Tyler and Newcombe) are great favorites with the public. During the last few months they have given much attention to practice, and are considered a great attraction in every concert. Their pieces were enthusiastically encored. The German quartette has been in practice but a short time, but did excellently, giving promise of better things in the future.

The solos by Miss Milburn and Mrs. Melchers were finely executed. Miss Milburn, who has recently come to Saginaw, has a sweet, pleasant voice, and made a very favorable impression.

Of the finest things of the evening, were the piano solos, "Rigoletto," by Liszt, and the "Night March," by Gottschalk. As both these compositions are well known, it is sufficient to say that they were executed with excellent artistic taste and skill, and kept the audience in delighted attention to the end. It is seldom that Liszt's compositions are so played as not to give the listener a faint idea of their difficulties, but in this case "Rigoletto" seemed as "easy as it was beautiful."

A few days before, a similar concert had been given in East Saginaw by the same performers, but under different management. From various causes it was not well attended, only \$54 being the net result.

Just at present we are looking forward to another treat in the shape of a grand organ concert, which Mr. Roney will give, assisted by Prof. A. J. Creswell, of St. Louis, and vocal talent from this city.

The organ in the Congregational church has received a valuable addition—a combination pedals' having been put in at an expense of \$180. Probably your readers know how this valuable arrangement throws out and takes in full or partial complements of stops by the use of levers which are worked by the feet. The concert next week is to cover the expense. We consider it a very fortunate thing to pay for an organ improvement by listening to a fine organ concert, and if this letter does not prove too tedious for your readers, we may report something more after the concert.
N.

From Romeo.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

ROMEO, December 12.

The citizens of Romeo have considered themselves highly favored lately, by having the opportunity of listening to Ireland's prima donna, Rosa d'Erina, and Michigan's favorite songstress, Eva McAllister. The singing by Mlle. Rosa d'Erina was received with satisfaction by those who were enabled to attend; but both evenings that she sang were very dark and stormy, however, and only a few could enjoy that treat.

The next week the ladies of the Methodist Church gave two musical concerts, the proceeds of which were to go toward the furnishing of the new M. E. Church

which is to be erected here next summer. The concerts were under the immediate direction of L. G. Norton. The ladies were not disappointed in their selection of a manager, for there are few places of the size of Romeo that can boast of a person who is so thoroughly qualified to take charge of any musical entertainment as Mr. Norton. Having a musical taste too highly cultivated to allow of anything objectionable or coarse, the audience were entertained for two evenings with the highest order of anthems, quartettes, solos, etc.

We would like to express through your columns our thanks to Mrs. Castle, Miss Lilly Taylor, Mary Wood, Mr. John Cady and Fred Taylor, singers from Mt. Clemens, and also to Miss May Bradford, Caddie Bradford and Mr. Brown, from Orion. These persons kindly assisted in the concerts, and rendered them more pleasing to the audience. Miss Taylor has few equals in the State for sweetness of voice and for pleasing appearance on the stage. Miss May Bradford played the organ finely and sang alto in a beautiful manner. Miss Caddie Bradford has a remarkably strong voice, and she bids fair to become a singer of note.

Prof. M. H. McChesney, of Pontiac, presided at the piano, and rendered some of his most difficult pieces, which the audience appreciated, judging from the repeated *encores* he received. He well sustained his high reputation of being one of the finest pianists in the State.

The star of the evenings was Eva McAllaster, of Battle Creek. She has a voice of wonderful capacity, being able to reach the fourth added line above, clear and full. The control she has over her voice is almost complete, being able to perform the most difficult passages with ease and beauty of style.

On the whole the entertainments gave very general satisfaction. We hope before the winter is over we may enjoy the same privilege again. R. L.

A Plain Talk About Music.—No. 3.

By W. C. Webster.

"There is," B. F. Taylor says, truthfully, "a trumpet-shaped little instrument, having the barbarous name of *stethoscope*, which is used by the surgeon, wherewith he plays eaves-dropper to the click of the machinery of life; and there's a thought in it, alike for the preacher and the poet." To the preacher, in that he presents truths drawn from the great storehouse of God's works in nature and the revelations of inspired men developed in His sacred word; to the poet and musician, in that he plays upon an instrument beyond the ken of the surgeon; the emotion expressed in the plaint of a sigh, and the grief betokened in the wail of a heart throbbing with sorrow burdened to excess. It is sublime, indeed, to bring one's ear close to the heart's red brink and listen to the music tinkling amid the "chambers of the soul."

And what is music but the *stethoscope* of the soul, whereby the foothall of a lofty thought in the hall of the spirit is found? What is it but the thought itself, warm and living, going out from one heart to find lodgment in another? The truth is, that music that *is* music, is a universal language for peean, plaint and praise, breathed and felt alike by all. Everybody loves it; everybody—don't deny it—has a tune or two laid up in his heart with the trinkets of memory, keepsakes of the past, brought to mind by the waves of time that sweep over the pathway of life.

In former numbers I have alluded to some of the causes of the decline of church music, and now proceed to speak, with feelings of diffidence, of another, unlike those already treated, because of the universality of the customs prevailing—the employment of quartette choirs to do the music for our churches. That the progressive state in the cultivation of music should tend to this in our church music I am slow to believe. We boast of the facilities afforded at the present time for the improvement of the masses in

the arts and sciences, of the discoveries of truth in the improved methods of teaching—the ever active mind on the alert in the discovery of new paths in the acquirement of knowledge, all tending to development in the highest and noblest sense. This is doubtless all true; and hence the enigma: why confine the performance of the music in our churches to a quartette choir? Why make four persons, perched in the organ gallery, the servitors to do the music in our worshiping assemblies? Is it for the performance of the music for the congregation, because of their incompetency to do it for themselves? That such is the practical, though humiliating declaration, is doubtless true, as may be seen in listening to the stray voices peeping here and there in almost every audience? Or is it on account of that principle which has obtained so widely, that for what payment is made, an equivalent is expected in return? These and many like questions crowd into the mind as we contemplate the condition of music in our churches, as contrasted with the "good old days of yore."

I say, then, from its nature and design, church music can never be appropriately performed by a quartette choir. Its high aims and ultimate destiny can never be attained by divorcing the grand designs of God in its creation for His glory and service, and the happiness of His creatures. The power to praise Him He has bestowed upon all, and when He returns to us to claim His own, we cannot plead four stupid neglect of the talent conferred, because of its "being hid in a napkin," misled by custom, falsity in taste, or perversity in feelings. Nor can we take honest shelter in the plea of "innocency," or venture on the deeper question of "utility," without defrauding Him and ourselves of untold happiness.

That church music is a divine institution, is a truth so generally acknowledged at the present day as scarcely to admit of controversy. But while this is admitted, is it not practically ignored as a thing of little consequence? Why else should the charms of poetry and eloquence be so successful in their appeal to our feelings, while church music is, in general, listened to with comparative indifference.

It will be said, perhaps, that church music should be moderate in its pretensions, because it is not the violent passions of the soul, but the milder exercises and purer sympathies that are to be enlisted by it. All this will be readily admitted, and also that there should be as real a difference of style between secular and sacred music as there is between profane and sacred poetry or oratory, and for similar reasons; yet it is evident that sacred music should not be entirely destitute of appropriate character. At least, the sincerity and the solemnity of public worship require that it be decent; that it should by no means descend so low in the scale of taste as inevitably to excite pain and impatience instead of devotion. But when frivolous trash or unmeaning jargon is substituted for church music—as is often the case—no good result can be rationally anticipated, but the congregation must endure an affliction which can in no way contribute to improvement or edification.

In our church music of the present day, it will be conceded we have departed widely from the unmeaning movements of the music of former times. Those old fugues have, to a great extent, become obsolete; and still there is some question whether, in the fitness of things, there is much improvement, but rather a step down, when we look at the fashionable "scores" of these days of science and "executions"—the music of the parlor and soiree thrummed on pianos, twanged on guitars, drawn out from accordions, scientifically metamorphosed into the musical entertainments in almost all the churches of our land—giving the lie to that declaration of Wesley, that "the devil has most of the good music, after all!" Now, I contend that the music for the church, like every other species of vocal music, should be so constructed that the words, when properly sung, can receive their requisite character. But fashion has ruled the church, and brought in innovations that

neither apostle or early Christian dreamed of. Could St. Paul with prophetic ears have heard our modern gallery music, if he had listened and lived, he would no doubt have written to the churches of our day to beware of "idolatry," and this ridiculous and almost sacrilegious burlesque of devotion.

I have above alluded to the tunes of fashionable choirs—tunes hardly distinguishable from those nightly heard in the drawing-room, the theatre, or the ball-room, were they performed at these places. I contend that the music should be sufficiently chaste and simple to be in some measure adapted to the abilities of those who sing, to the truthful expression of the sentiment of the words applied to it, and the taste and comprehension of those who hear. But it is not true that this is far from being universally the case? Like secular compositions, they often exhibit a pedantic, and, in some respects, a tasteful display of musical ability; while at the same time they are so illy adapted to words as to preclude the possibility of expression were the performance ever so skillful and judicious. Indeed, instead of preserving chasteness and simplicity too, we often observe them to either sink so low beneath the general taste as to be equally uninteresting to performers and auditors; or, to rise so high in the scale of refinement as to render them too difficult for the execution of the one and the taste and comprehension of the other. Every one who has the least pretensions to taste, fancies himself capable of distinguishing between good and bad singing with sufficient accuracy; though to do this analytically, or to imitate with success what is excellent in others, is by no means so easy a task. In my next I shall endeavor to improve this thought, giving such hints in relation to the control of the voice as flow from it.

The Gassiers.

Cuba has proved a place of fatal omen to some of our favorite singers. There it was the fever snatched away Virginia Lorini, the accomplished prima donna, whose facility of vocalization has been excelled by no other American soprano; and Amodio, the baritone, whose unrivaled richness of voice is still vividly remembered by our opera-goers. We yesterday recorded, also, the death by fever, in Havana, of Gassier, another baritone of rare merit and great popularity.

The Gassiers, man and wife, sang in this city a dozen years ago. M. Gassier's chief successes were as *William Tell* and as *Don Giovanni*, and in the latter part he exhibited a vivacity and spirit which made him without a rival in the character. Certainly no singer has ever given here such a superb and dashing portrait of the dissolute hero of Mozart's great opera. In "William Tell" Gassier always made a great effect in the aria (with violoncello accompaniment) which *Tell* sings to his son before shooting the apple from his head. In "Ernani," "Trovatore," "Sonnambula," and other standard operas he was also deservedly admired. Of late years he has been singing in London, but went with the Tamberlik troupe to Havana, where he died and was buried, Tamberlik himself making the customary funeral oration at his grave.

Mrs. Gassier died several years ago. She was a bright fascinating Spanish woman, with a sweet clear voice, most admirably cultivated. In Italy, as well as in this country, she was long a favorite singer, and in parts demanding a call on only the lighter emotions, and admitting of vocal display, she was always most fascinating. Her *Amina* in "Sonnambula" was a delicious performance, and her *Rosina* was equally excellent. By her brilliant execution she gave here a great popularity to the "Venzango Waltz," which she wangled to perfection.

But singing birds die as surely as they who have no voice. "The daughters of music are brought low," and as the bright, intelligent beings who so largely minister to the innocent pleasure of society pass away, one by one, it is meet to record in a few words our sorrow for their loss. They all leave in our minds the fragrant memory of strains as delicate and tender as the music of the south wind breathing on a bed of violets. The recollection of the sweet singers of the past—of Bosio, of Grist, of the Gassiers and their tuneful race is like the faint strains of a sweet echo dying imperceptibly away. In a very few years their names will be but a mere tradition in the history of song—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

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The Song Journal.

DETROIT, JANUARY, 1872.

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American Composers.

While our country has well sustained its reputation among the nations in invention, in the arts, and in the sciences, in literature, in dramatic and musical artists, it can claim no eminence for its composers. We have had a few rather pleasing music writers, whose songs have struck—the phrase is worn threadbare—"a chord in the popular heart," and whose simple melodies have even acquired a certain fame across the Atlantic. But as composers the lowest grade of mediocrity is the only rank thus far any of our countrymen, with few exceptions, have taken. The confession is a pitiful one, but as true as pitiful.

Why, in such a cultured and imaginative race, no master of note has arisen, is not beyond comprehension. In the first place, the national temperament runs in all things to haste. The time for thorough instruction cannot be spared. We have in every household a piano—in every village a musical clique. But though we have these performers as rare as composers. The pupil acquires a tune or two, and a certain facility in execution. Instruction then must end—the finished musician is made. While the real masters of any instrument spend years in weary practice on the very rudiments, our players expect to become accomplished in the course of a dozen or two lessons. There is thus but a demand for the simplest pieces, and these usually of a meretricious brilliancy. It exemplifies the savage taste for color—a glaring contrast of vermilion and black—something that catches at once the eye, and awakens thought by its marked difference from what is natural.

In supplying this demand, a host of "composers" are found in every hamlet in the land, who flood publishers with their milk and watery "compositions." Many of these are mere plagiarists, and having in their possession some German *Lieder-buch*, pick out a melody that will accord with the "particular metre" of the words they wish to set to music, copy it off fairly, making ingenious changes, and the "composition" is finished. It is not too much to say that the best publishers have to rely constantly on their knowledge of foreign music, to prevent being imposed on by these plagiarists, whose highest expectations of fame rest on seeing their names ornamentally set forth upon a title page.

There are and have been some few American composers whose productions are of superior merit. Their success has not been as great as that of the talented but more unscrupulous throng who aim at that honorable title. But the number of real masters whom this country has produced may be told upon the fingers.

The time is coming when our countrymen will rank as high in music as they do in literature. It will be when there is a more perfect musical culture among the people. The capacity to appreciate must precede the capacity to produce. The primer is, of course, the predecessor of the grammar. But this thorough culture will not come of itself. To be sure, we have in various parts of the country institutions,

self-styled "universities of music," conducted too often by pedantic and vain creatures, but they are wofully lacking in means and methods of instruction. Hence for those who would be thoroughly taught in music arises the necessity of going to Europe for instruction. Outside of our great cities—Boston pre-eminently—no conservatories exist worthy of the name. Even in these the popular pressure for haste forces the managers to deviate somewhat from their strong desires to inculcate thoroughness. How, then, must it be in the "universities," where a winter's term makes a master, and an oily-haired "professor," for a required sum, attaches his vain-glorious signature to a "diploma."

The signs of the times are for amendment in this respect. People have come to understand, though not as generally as could be wished, that time is required to achieve success in music, and that time spent in self-vaunted "universities" is time worse than wasted. For the past few years publishers have noted an increased demand for meritorious productions, and a slackening in a desire for the feeble and the silly. With the opportunity of hearing the best exponents of good music, comes a taste only for the best. This gives hope that we may soon, indeed, rejoice over the triumphs of the American composer.

Chamber Music.

Lichtenthal, an authority, calls chamber music *musica da camera*, such as was performed at Court for the private entertainment of kings and nobles. It is more particularly such classical music as Beethoven's Sonatas or Bach's Fugues, or selections from Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, or other composers of similar rank. It has no dramatic passion, no exaggerated expression, no breadth of coloring, but a quiet ever-pleasing flow of harmony. Its performance is best made appreciative by quartettes, for such players should and generally do understand the relation one performer has to another, and perhaps in no department of executive music can such exactness, precision and *esprit du corps*, necessary to the proper representation of chamber, be found as among skilled quartets or quintettes. The best example of chamber music in this country is given by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston. Their style and unequalled performance have made for them a reputation throughout the land, and the respect with which they are received is not more owing to the excellence of their choice of melodies, than their superb manner of rendering them.

There is a too common prejudice in America against chamber music. This arises from the erroneous or impulsive view which attributes to it heaviness and lack of melody. There is no need to say to readers of THE SONG JOURNAL that this is a misapprehension, for many compositions of this class are full of brilliant musical thoughts and sparkle with captivating melodies, which in some instances are not less catching to the popular ear than the song tunes of the people.

Music has a sufficient variety of styles to please all tastes. There are so many degrees of excellence that all desires may be gratified. Because from its more quiet order the *musica da camera* may not stimulate as the drum and trumpet episodes of the opera, there is no need to denounce it. It may indeed not always satisfy the cravings for harmony. No man of advanced civilization is satisfied to eat of the same dish always. Even the potted partridge palls upon the appetite, and the savory steak is a welcome change.

In this country professionals have given but slight attention to this branch of the art musical. It may be owing to an assumed notion on the part of directors that the masses prefer noise to harmony and mimic thunder claps to flowing melody. There are too many directors, at least, who act upon this assumption, and, from the success of the "monster concerts" of professional jubilee makers, perhaps they act not wholly from assumption. But those who care

at all to observe the effect upon popular gatherings of even the sonorous music of brass bands, may observe that the plaintive and familiar air is more rapturously listened to than the labored and startlingly toned overture.

In London Joachim's announcement of a programme of three of Beethoven quartettes is sufficient to crowd St. James's Hall. In Paris some years ago M. Pasdeloup established popular classical concerts which drew weekly to the Cirque Napoleon audiences numbering four thousand persons. He formed the idea of giving Mozart and Haydn quartettes by all the string instruments of his large orchestra, so as to popularize them, and in doing so he was very successful. He has had many imitators, and some have even applied his idea to vocal music. In this care must be exercised not to overstep the bounds of good taste, the distance from the sublime to the ridiculous being but narrow, as was proved in the attempt to have a chorus of two hundred voices sing a dramatic quartette from "Fidelio," or, worse, a chorus of sopranos singing in unison the "Træumeri," an instrumental melody, without even a suggestion of the vocal style. In 1835, Dand's first introduced the quartette publicly to English audiences at the Horn Tavern, the London Tavern, and Hanover Square Rooms, under the varying titles of "Concerti di Camera," "Quartette Concerts," and "Parlor Concerts." Their success was decided and prompt, and the newspapers were filled with appreciative criticisms.

In the search for musical novelties in this country, it would not be amiss for managers to consider the merits in a popular sense of the *musica da camera*.

Italian Opera.

After lingering for the past six years with occasional efforts at reusucitation Italian opera has exhibited the present season in New York some spasmodic signs of life. Nilsson has been its exponent, and she has made it a success. Not, perhaps, because Nilsson is the best who has appeared in Italian opera in New York, nor because her supporting company is the best, but because the Scandinavian songstress, with her excellent voice and method, and her superb dramatic powers, is the best who has adventured in that branch of music for the last twenty years. Perfection we have all long since given up hopes of ever seeing achieved, but Nilsson is as near perfection—the daily journals of New York being witnesses—as we can ever hope to see. The first nights in New York were ovations of flowers and sacrifices of gloves. Nilsson's representations of *Lucia*, *Marguerite*, *Zerlina*, *Violetta*, and *Lady Henrietta*, were accorded lengthy and complimentary critical notices. Capoul, the tenor, has not been received with so much favor. It appears his voice is well enough, and, if anything, rather above mediocrity, but lacks volume. By airs and affectations he strives to make amends for lack of vocal power, and very often where he seeks to please does naught but disgust. Something was done in the way of instituting a national feeling between him and Wachtel, and numbers who had listened in rapture to the latter, went to hear Capoul expressly for the sake of comparison. This was a species of managerial art, not wholly inexcusable if it was avoidable.

Nilsson as *Ophelia* achieved her highest triumphs. There has been on the part of the critics no sparing of praise to her. The troupe consists of Nilsson, Capoul, Brignoli (whose voice is still complimented but whose acting is passed over in silence), Mlle. Corani (late prima donna of various Italian theatres), Mlle. Leon Duval, Herrmann, Messrs. Barre and Jamet, and the universal favorite, Miss Cary. At the conclusion of the season in New York the troupe—but not, perhaps, entirely as here named—will visit various cities. They may possibly give a few performances in Detroit, but no announcement to that effect has yet been made.

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HEATHEN CHINEE.—As the "Heathen Chinese" absorbs a great deal of attention, and as we have heard how neatly he makes shoes and washes dishes, perhaps our musical friends would be interested in Ah Sin's musical proclivities. The Chinese have had a system of music from a very remote period. From the days of Yao and Chun, some twenty-two centuries before the Christian era, they have had what they call eight species of sound; First, the sound of dried skins, such as drums; second, the sound emanating from stone, called "King"; third, that of metals, as bells; fourth, that of baked earth, called "Niven"; fifth, that from silk, called "Kin" and "Che"; sixth, that from wood, called "Ya" and "Tihou"; seventh, that from bamboo, such as flutes, called "Koon"; eighth, that from the gourd, called "Cheing."

Their musical instruments are to Europeans, valueless, except as curiosities.

Tiger Times.

GASKEER, the baritone, is dead.

The next Sengerfest will be held in St. Louis.

PARIFA was married in 1867 to Herr Carl Rosa.

CARLOTTA PATTI has been, for some time in Spain.

LOCKPORT has nearly completed a new opera house.

Mrs. MOULTON was, at last advices, at New Orleans.

VERY little is heard now-a-days of Vienna Demorest.

HERR PAUER has given piano-forte recitals in Glasgow.

WACHTEL will soon open in German opera at Philadelphia.

CAPOUL will try Russia after completing his engagements here.

GENEVIÈVE DE BRABANT is represented in English at London.

The piano playing at concerts has now become a secondary thing.

ROSE HERBER has gained approbation in London by her opera singing.

THERE is a growing disposition among ladies to become organists.

THE New York Arion Society have resumed their usual winter concerts.

LUCCA will be the next great operatic star to arrive in this country.

A. H. PEASE has written a fantasia on the polonaise from "Mignon."

MADAME VANZINI (Van Zandt) is a daughter of Signor Blitz, the juggler.

A CRITIC says "a chest is as essential to a singer as a bureau to a freedman."

MADAME ALBONI, after a ten months' sojourn in London, has gone back to Paris.

HERR BONAVITZ, a New York pianist, has composed a concerto for four hands.

M. PARDELLOP has engaged Camilla Urso as violinist at his forthcoming concerts.

ANOTHER violinist of "European reputation," Herr Balthus, has arrived.

ABBE LIEZT has been granted a pension of six thousand florins by the Austrian government.

"SUNSHINE AT THE BATH" is the title of a one-act opéra recently produced in Paris.

Mrs. MCCULLOUGH-BRIGNOLI gave a concert recently in Richmond, but it was poorly attended.

CHRIST CHURCH, at Fifth Avenue, New York, has appropriated \$22,000 for music the coming year.

The violinists of Munich use liquid calophony instead of solid resin. It is applied with a camel's hair brush.

J. K. PAINE, of Boston, has published an oratorio called "St. Peter," which is well spoken of in the newspapers.

WESTFIELD, Chataqua county, is to have an old folks' concert, no performers below fifty years of age to take part.

PARIFA's singing of the "Last Rose of Summer" is pronounced the most exquisite bit of melody ever heard.

A BALLAD concert party traveling in England consists of Radersdorff, Drasdel, A. Byron, Whitney and Beringer.

MR. LOWRY, of New York, died suddenly last month, while listening to the performance of the Paris Opera Comique.

"KROSTATE," a new opera by Ernst Reyer, a journalist, was lately performed in Paris, but failed to create an impression.

English papers say Lucca suffers from her throat complaint so that, though frequently announced on Berlin opera bills, she seldom sings.

The Viceroy of Egypt gave Verdi \$20,000 for the exclusive right of the first representation of "Aida" at Cairo. It is good to be the favorite of a Viceroy.

"MY DARLING'S SHOES" is the last sole-stirring ditty. "The Old Man's Boots," and "Big Brother's Gaiters" will doubtless be next worked into rhyme and music.

STRAUSS, it is rumored, will bring his orchestra of sixty-two musicians for a concert tour in the United States, but will by no means mix himself up in the "jubilee business."

STROKACH is much condemned for charging subscribers to the opera in New York ten dollars admission to the performance at which Alexis was present, it being one of the regular subscription nights.

JULIEN, who has made himself ridiculous by his way of conducting, pocketed the amount assigned for music by the New York Alexis reception committee, and has left the country, deeply in debt. He is supposed to be lurking somewhere in Canada, and if caught will be castigated by the members of his band whom he has swindled.

In the Snoxell Exhibition in England is the original anvil and hammer of "The Harmonious Blacksmith," on which Handel composed his renowned piece. On the oak block, presented by Lady Plummer, there is a memorial brass plate. The length of the anvil from left to right is eighteen and three-eighths inches; depth of front, ten and one-fourth inches. Struck on the point with the hammer, the two notes are given out which Handel used as key-notes B and E.

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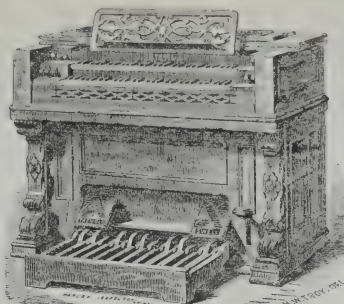
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PART FIRST.

It is New-Year's Eve. "Old Father Time" appears, to remind the "Old Year," who is still sitting on his throne, that his race is almost run, and, pointing to the lessening sands of his hour-glass, calls on him to give an account of the moments which were allotted him. The "Old Year," in reply, summons the Four Seasons, and his twelve daughters, the Twelve months, to his presence, requesting them to answer for themselves. "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," and "Winter," attended by their sprites, and the different Months they control enter now, each in her turn, addressing "Father Time." After "Winter's" address, the "Old Year," in order to lengthen out his moments, asks "Father Time" to stay a little while longer, saying "the Four Seasons, with his twelve daughters, would entertain him with picture scenes from their experience." "Time" reluctantly consents, and the "Old Year" bids the Four Seasons and the Twelve Months go and prepare the entertainment.

PART SECOND.

"Spring," attended by "Zephyr" and "Dewdrop," enters, and announces to "Time" that the picture is prepared for him, and bids her attendants open the inner curtain, disclosing the Tableau: "Crowning of the May Queen." As soon as the Chorus from the Tableau is ended, "Spring" and attendants retire. "Time," when asked by the "Old Year" if the scene has pleased him, replies, "that it is pretty, but wishes to know if sport is the end and aim of life."

"Summer," attended by "Sunshine" and "Rainbow" now enters. At the command of "Summer," her attendants open the inner curtain, disclosing the Tableau: "Summer Picnic." The "Old Year" again challenges the admiration of his guest, but "Time" replies "that moments passed in slothful ease and enjoyment are not at all profitably spent, and intimates a hope, that as one half of the year has been wasted, the remainder may give evidence of a more profitable disposition of its moments."

"Autumn," attended by "Jack Frost" and "Cloud," enters, and at the command of "Autumn," they open the inner curtain, disclosing the Tableau: "A Harvest Scene." The "Old Year" questions his guest. "Time" replies in a somewhat better satisfied manner, "that certainly industry is more commendable than sloth, and a proper provision for necessities more desirable than wasteful pleasure, but still he considers time spent in a selfish seeking after one's own good as past wasted."

"Winter," attended by "Snow" and "Sleet," enters, and at "Winter's" command, they open the inner curtain, presenting the Tableau, "The Star of the East." A group of Shepherds, who have arisen from their seats on the floor, stand in various attitudes, gazing in amazement and wonder, singing the hymn, "Glory to God in the highest." "Time" at last expresses his satisfaction that some of the precious moments of his gift to the "Old Year" have been rightly spent, but reminds him that the sands are sinking fast, and bids him prepare to yield his throne, sceptre, and crown.

PART THIRD.

The Four Seasons, with their respective attendants, and the different Months they control, enter in slow procession, and as soon as all are in their proper positions, they sing a "Farewell Chorus to the 'Old Year.'" "Time" now requests the "Old Year" to yield his throne to his successor, who is, during this address, escorted on the stage by "Christmas" and "Santa Claus." The clock strikes twelve, at which moment "Time" removes the "Old Year" from the throne, places the "Young Year" on it and crowns him. "Time" and the "Old Year" now walk slowly off the stage, while the remaining characters sing a "Welcome Chorus" to the "Young Year."

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VOLUME II.

DETROIT, FEBRUARY, 1872.

NUMBER II.

There was a Rose.

"There was a Rose," she cried,

"Like other roses, perhaps to you.
Nine years ago it was faint and red
Away in the cold dark dew
On the dwarf bush where it grew.

"Never any rose before

"Was like the rose, I very well know:
Never another rose any more
Will blow as that rose will blow
When the wet wind shook it so.

"What do I want?—Ah, what?

"Why, I want that rose, that wee one rose,
Only that rose. And that rose is not
Anywhere just now? God knows
Where all the old sweetness goes.

"I want that rose so much;

"I would take the world back there to the night
Where I saw it bluish in the grass, to touch
It once in that fair fall light,
And only once, if I might.

"But a million marching men

"From the north and south would arise?
And the dead—would have to die again?
And the women's widowed cries
Would trouble anew the skies?

"No matter, I would not care?

"Were it not better that this should be?
The sorrow of many the many bear,—
Mine is too heavy for me,
And I want that rose, you see!"

Sorrow.

Upon my lips she laid her touch divine,

And merry speech and careless laughter died;
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,
And would not be denied.

I saw the West wind loose his cloudlets white,

In flocks, careering through the April sky;
I could not sing, though joy was at his height,
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away—

A mist was lightly drawn across the stars,
She broke my quiet dream—I heard her say,
"Behold your prison bars!"

"Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul.

"This beauty of the world in which you live:
The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole,
That I alone can give."

I heard, and shrunk away from her afraid;

But still she held me, and would still abide,
Youth's bounding pulses slackened and obeyed,
With slowly ebbing tide.

"Look thou beyond the evening tide," she said,

"Beyond the changing splendors of the day,
Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,
Accept, and bid me stay!"

I turned and clasped her close, with sudden strength,

And slowly, sweetly, I became aware
Within my arms God's angel stood, at length,
White robed and calm and fair.

And now I look beyond the evening star,

Beyond the changing splendors of the day,
Knowing the pain he sends more precious far,
More beautiful than they.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

The Pattis.

THE SISTERS OF SONG AND THEIR CAREER.

From Watson's Art Journal.

It is a melancholy but long recognized fact that the race of the Italian primo donne has almost died out. Year after year, as we examine the lists of brilliant engagements at the various opera houses of the capitals of Europe and England, we cannot fail to see how few Italian names appear in the schedules, especially among the leading soprani. The only heirs of a long and illustrious line of great Italian vocalists at this moment prominently before the world are the sisters Carlotta and Adelina Patti. The mantle has fallen upon them gracefully, we admit, and the talents they have exhibited for the world's admiration prove them to be worthy the inheritance.

From the appearance of Senesino in London, in 1730, to the present day, Italy has furnished to the world the most famous of its singers, and its school has been recognized as the only true vocal school, combining as it does the best system for forming and ripening the voice, for the development of intelligence, taste and dramatic power. Within the last thirty years some combinations have appeared, the memory of which will never pass away or they will descend to posterity as traditions of the by-gone greatness of the operatic vocal art. Will the memory of that quartet which, for a quarter of a century won the admiration of the civilized world—Grisi, Albani, Mario and Lablache—ever be forgotten? or in our own country, that of Bosio, Steffanone, Salvi, Badiali and Marini? Or even the earlier combination of Malbran, Gornassari, Viardot, etc.? We think not. Their reign will be recognized as eras in the world's musical history.

At the present day our Italian companies are an agglomeration or a conglomeration of varied nationalities, such as French, Swedes, Spanish, English, with a sprinkling of *bona fide* Italians. There are great artists among them, commanding in their talents and admirable as exponents of their several schools; but we miss, amid all their flashing brilliancy, that ripeness of the natural voice, that rich and sonorous utterance, and that broad dramatic power which is equal to every situation and possesses a vocal electricity which flashes itself into every heart.

The Patti sisters have for several years divided the interest of the public in their separate spheres. Adelina on the operatic stage, Carlotta in the concert room, and occasionally on the stage—with extraordinary success. Italian-born and members of an illustrious family of musicians, they inherited, besides exquisite voices, a rare and beautiful instinct for music which made singing to them simply an irresistible impulse of nature. It is true they received their instructions in America; but Italy, the land of song had given sunshine and warmth to their voices, and their instruction was imparted by their mother, herself a prima donna of high European reputation. Both commenced their careers in New York, and winning their first laurels here, they left to win further honors in Europe. Adelina went abroad first, and news came speedily back of her triumphs in connection with hosts of great artists and established favorites.

Carlotta followed, and being desirous not to trench upon the ground already successfully occupied by her sister, she chose the concert room, and in a day became its reigning attraction. Within two months after her first appearance, she had not only sung at fifty concerts with brilliant success, but had been summoned to court to sing before the Queen of England (herself a pupil of Lablache), who praised her in the most flattering terms. At the close of this brilliant season, she was engaged at an almost fabulous salary for a concert tour through France, Belgium, and Holland.

Her debut in Paris, where she was a complete stranger, was even more triumphant than in London, and her reputation thus established in two great cap-

itals of the Old World, her fame spread on the wings of the press, and the concert tour, from being a doubtful affair, as all such speculations are in Europe, became a career of triumph. So remarkable was the artistic and financial success of this concert tour, that for six years a series of tours was inaugurated, extending to Germany, and afterwards to Russia. In every place her success was the same; her vocal accomplishments, her startling facility, took the critics and the public alike by storm, and won for her the friendly recognition of the royalty of each nation. The Emperors of France, Austria and Russia honored her by requisitions to appear at their courts, and presented her with valuable, nay princely tokens of their admiration. During this period Carlotta Patti sang at more than 1,200 concerts; and upon the occasion of important combinations, appeared on the operatic stage, where she was a star among the stars.

A year or two since, Carlotta Patti returned to America, and her career during her stay was one of unexampled success. Her concerts in New York were crowded night after night by the elite of society, and the same reception met her in every city in the United States. Afterwards she made a tour of South America, which proved as brilliant in its results as either her European or North American tours.

We now find her again in Europe, and this time her career will be operatic. She has already achieved success on the stage, where the reception she has met with falls nothing short of the enthusiasm which always greeted her in the concert room. The European journals predict for her a career as successful and as brilliant as that of her sister Adelina.

The career of Adelina is familiar to all the world; vibrating between the leading capitals of Europe, winning success after success, her movements all chronicled from day to day, so that he who runs may read. It is somewhat singular that these two sisters, bred up in New York, almost the last, as we have said, of a long line of illustrious Italian predecessors, should at this moment be the leading operatic stars in the musical firmament of Europe. With all their Italian prestige, America's claim to them has never been forgotten here, nor denied by them, and we look forward to the time when one or the other, or both, will return to their old home, and renew with us the vocal triumphs which their genuine home wrung from the most critical audiences of the Old World.

Wagner's Nibelungen.

The Richard Wagner Association for promoting the performance of the "Nibelungen" at Bayreuth—an association under the immediate patronage of the Emperor of Germany, the King of Bavaria, and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg—lately held a meeting to settle its constitution. The principal statutes are as follows: Every person purchasing a ticket, payable in three installments of five florins each, in December, 1871, January, 1872, and January, 1873, is a member of the Association. One person may become the possessor of several tickets. Tickets may also be purchased at a subsequent date, as far as the number of patron's certificates will allow, by supplementary payments. With the amount accruing from the sale of the tickets, patron's certificates will be purchased for these, lots will afterwards be drawn by the members. For every thirty-five original tickets there will be an entire patron's certificate worth 300 thalers, or three-thirds of a certificate at 100 thalers each third. Each such part of a certificate entitles the holder to witness the representation of the entire work, that is to say, the four performances. The Association furthermore undertakes, by getting up concerts, etc., to render the drawing for the certificates more favorable for the members by purchasing with the receipts of the concerts, etc., additional certificates to be distributed among them. The Association will also procure patron's certificates from the central office for all persons desiring to become at once patrons of the undertaking. The performance of the "Festival Stage-Play" will take place in the summer of 1873.

Correspondence.

Letter from Boston.

A FLOOD OF AMUSEMENTS—THE PAREPA-ROSA TROUPE—FAINT PRAISE OF TOM KARL—THE DOLBY TROUPE—APOLLO CLUB CONCERTS—THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY—ANNA MEHLIG—THE HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION—THE "JUBILEE" AGAIN—THE ORPHEUS SOCIETY—LITERARY AND PERSONAL—STRAKOSCH'S TROUPE—OPERA BOUFFE—PECK IN THE FIELD—THE HYERS SISTERS.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

BOSTON, January 20, 1872.

The present is certainly the winter of discontent with the individual whose duty it is to follow up the musical doings at Boston. It never rains but it pours. The opera and concert companies come not single spies but in battalions. After a bad season elsewhere they expect to get monetary satisfaction out of the music-loving and indulgent dwellers at the "Hub," and, in truth, they generally do it. Boston has more than once saved a bad operatic speculation from financial ruin. This remark is in no way intended to apply to the Parepa-Rosa Troupe, which is now here, but to many enterprises of the past. But the present rush of musical entertainments is perplexing. The musical writers for the morning papers, who are expected to hear everything and then "do" it all up in the morning issue have a lively time of it. They rend their hair if not their garments in endeavoring to be in half a dozen places at once, and exclaims with Machaeth:

"How happy could I be with either,
Were't other dear charmer away,"

while desperately rushing from the Boston Theatre to Music Hall, and from Wesleyan Hall to Mechanics' Hall. Leporello's "Catalogue Song" gets dovetailed strangely into Lachner's "Hymn to Music," or "*Pro Peccatis*," from the "Stabat Mater," into a Mendelssohn Piano Concerto.

Let me give your readers a simple record of what has been undergone during the seven days ending to-day:

Sunday, 15—"Elijah," at Music Hall, by the Handel and Haydn Society, and the Dolby Troupe.

Monday, 16, at 3 P. M., Miss Mehlig's second Piano Forte Recital at Mechanics' Hall. Opera (second week of the Parepa-Rosa Troupe), "Daughter of the Regiment," at Tremont Temple, first concert by the Hyers Sisters.

Tuesday, 16, 2 P. M., 196th concert of the New England Conservatory of Music, at Wesleyan Hall. Opera, "Don Giovanni." Music Hall, second private concert by the Apollo Club. Tremont Temple, second concert by the Hyers Sisters.

Wednesday, 17, 2 P. M., matinee by the Hyers Sisters at Tremont Temple. 3 P. M., Miss Mehlig's third Piano Forte Recital at Mechanics' Hall. Opera, "Il Trovatore." Tremont Temple, fourth concert by the Hyers Sisters. Wesleyan Hall, soiree by the Boston Conservatory of Music. Music Hall, concert by the colored "Jubilee Singers."

Thursday, 18, 3 P. M., sixth Harvard Symphony Concert, at Music Hall. "The Bohemian Girl." Tremont Temple, fifth concert by the Hyers Sisters. John A. Andrew Hall, fifth of Reed's People's Concerts.

Friday, 19, 4 P. M., Mr. Perabo's second Piano Forte Concert at Wesleyan Hall. Opera, "Fra Diavolo." Tremont Temple, concert in aid of the Boston North End Mission.

Saturday, 20. Opera (matinee) "Martha." Opera (evening) "La Gazza Ladra." Music Hall, Farewell Concert of Dolby Troupe.

Here, then, is a total of twenty-four musical performances in a single week. Added to these are twenty-four regular theatrical entertainments, besides any number of miscellaneous exhibitions.

The Parepa-Rosa Troupe has been doing a splendid business at the Boston Theatre. It is voted on all sides the best English opera troupe ever heard in America, and is even better in all respects than the majority of Italian Companies. The greatest successes have been "Martha" (which has been twice presented), "The Marriage of Figaro," "Don Giovanni," "The Bohemian Girl," and "The Daughter of the Regiment." Madame Rosa is singing divinely.

Madame Van Zandt, whose appearance here previous to her studying abroad is well remembered, has been very favorably received. Tom Karl is generally liked, though he has made no very great impression, and the same may be said of Miss Doria, though in a lessened degree. Mrs. Seguin, Castle and Campbell, are as great favorites as ever, though the latter has been suffering during several weeks past from a cold contracted in Buffalo. The chorus is well disciplined, and is one of the best we remember to have heard. In addition to the operas above referred to, we have had "Lucrezia Borgia" twice, "Maritana," and "Satanella," and for next week we are promised "Un Ballo in Maschera," "The Water Carrier," "Les Deux Journées," by Cherubini, for the first time in America, and one or two others.

The Dolby Troupe give their last concert in America at Music Hall to-night. The season has been a disastrous one for the company, or rather for its managers, for none of the singers are pecuniarily interested beyond their salaries. Arthur Chappell, the London music-seller, is the chief loss. Mr. Santley remains in this country to sing both in English and Italian opera with the Parepa-Rosa Troupe. The remainder of the company sail for England next Wednesday. These artists have given six oratorio concerts with the Handel and Haydn Society during the present season with great success. The last took place last Saturday and Sunday evenings, when the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini, with a miscellaneous programme, and "Elijah," were given before crowded audiences. Mr. Santley's engagement with Carl Rosa is to sing five weeks in New York in English opera, and on the first of April to open in Italian opera at the New York Academy with Madame Parepa-Rosa, Wachtel, and, probably, Adelaide Phillips. There's richness for you.

The two concerts by the Apollo Club were rare treats. The club numbers between forty and fifty of the best male voices in our city, and Mr. B. J. Lang is the conductor. They sing part songs admirably, and already outstrip the Orpheus Society, our crack German singing club. The same programme was performed on both occasions, and I cannot forbear giving it: Overture to "The Men of Prometheus," Beethoven; Spring Night, Fischer; Trooper's Song, Gade; The Voyage, Mendelssohn; Chorus of Derivishes, from "The Ruins of Athens," Beethoven; Turkish march from the same; Overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," Mendelssohn; Soldier's Farewell, Kinkle; Piano Forte Solo by Mr. Lang; Scherzo in B flat minor, Chopin; Hymn to Music, Lachner; Loyal Song, Kucken; Prayer before Battle, Storch; To the Sons of Art, Mendelssohn.

The New England Conservatory of Music has given some very fine concerts of late, among which have been an organ concert by Mr. Dudley Buck, who has happily settled among us, and a matinee at which Mr. B. J. Lang as pianist, and Mrs. C. E. Whiting vocalist, appeared. The quarterly concert of this institution occurs next Monday, at Music Hall, and the spring term (making the sixth year of the Conservatory) begins February 8th.

The quarterly concert of the Boston Conservatory takes place February 8th.

The pianists are exceedingly busy. Miss Anna Mehlig, besides playing at one of the Harvard concerts (January 4th) has given three delightful recitals at Mechanics' Hall. They have been among the finest piano concerts ever given in Boston. Mr. Perabo is giving a course of matinees, at Wesleyan Hall, at which he is presenting much new music. Mr. Perabo understands the art of making short programmes as well as good ones. Mr. Petersilea is still engaged in giving his Beethoven recitals, at which he plays in regular order all the Beethoven piano forte sonatas. Mr. J. A. Hills gave the third and last of his semi-historic recitals January 10th. Then we have at the matinees of Messrs. Leonhard and Eichberg, the sixth and last of which comes off next Thursday, the fine playing of Mr. Leonhard,

who is one of our best classical players. Miss Mehlig, emboldened by the success of her first series of recitals, proposes to give another.

The Harvard Musical Association has given six out of its series of ten fortnightly concerts. Miss Mehlig, as already intimated, assisted at the fifth concert, and Mr. Richard Hoffman was the solo pianist on the 18th, when the sixth concert was given. Mr. Lang officiates on the 1st of February. The only marked novelty in the way of orchestral compositions recently produced has been Gade's Third Symphony in A minor, which was produced with fine success on Thursday.

The approaching Jubilee is greatly talked about just now. The guaranty fund already amounts to nearly two hundred thousand dollars, and this has been raised without any public appeal whatever. Work upon the building, which is to be of iron, will be commenced in a few days, and a sufficient force of workmen will be employed to complete the structure before the first of June. It is to be placed upon the Back Bay lands between the Boston & Albany and the Boston & Providence Railroads, not far from the site of the coliseum of 1869. The Museum of Fine Arts will probably participate in the profits, and the friends of that institution, as well as the moneyed supporters of the Peace Jubilee, are warmly interested in the new project. All the machinery for the organization of the chorus and mammoth orchestra (which is to comprise a thousand effective players in addition to the great military bands from abroad) will soon be put in motion. At least half a dozen bands, representing as many nationalities, are expected to be present from Europe. The choruses to be sung, which are much more numerous than those of 1869, will be printed in a book and distributed free among the singing societies who are to attend. The Festival will continue uninterruptedly for two weeks.

At the recent annual meeting of the Orpheus Musical Society the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Charles E. Myer; Vice-President, J. M. Rodocanachi; Corresponding Secretary, Adolph Otto; Recording Secretary, F. Freigang; Treasurer, M. Engelhardt; Librarian, H. Hessemeier; Musical Director, Carl Glogner Castelli; Julius Eichberg and George Chickering were elected honorary members.

Mr. B. E. Wolfe, at present dramatic and musical critic of the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, is to be connected with the new daily paper, *The Globe*, in the same capacity.

The monthly musical journals seem to be flourishing. Dexter Smith is meeting with splendid success with his new paper. George Lowell Austin has succeeded him in the management of *The Folio*. *The Orpheus* has recently been enlarged.

The Strakosch Troupe is to appear again at the Boston Theatre next month, when Nilsson will sing in "Mignon," and possibly, in Thomas's "Hamlet," and Flotow's latest opera, "L'Ombre."

Mlle. Aimée and her opera bouffe troupe begin an engagement at the St. James's Theater February 5th.

It is hinted that Mr. Peck proposes to outdo all his previous efforts in bringing together great artists on the occasion of his annual concert in April. Theodore Thomas's orchestra is already engaged.

Mrs. Adeline de la Motte (formerly Miss Washburn) has returned from Europe after an absence of eight years, and will shortly appear in public.

Mr. M. W. Whitney, the Boston basso, is still singing abroad, and with very fine success. He recently recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever. Whitney and Santley are a fair exchange.

The Hyers Sisters have been singing here with fair success. They are certainly blessed with fine voices, but they lack cultivation. An effort is to be made to send them abroad to study.

RANGER.

The subscription price of *The Song Journal* is \$1 00 per year.

Saginaw.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

EAST SAGINAW, January 15.

In a former letter to you I mentioned that the organ in the Congregational Church in this city was receiving the addition of "combination pedals," so important to a two-manual organ. The work was completed some weeks ago. The combination pedals are as follows:

1. Brings on Full Great.
2. Double acting. Brings on Great to Fifteenth, and reduces to the same.
3. Reduces Great to Dulciana.
4. Brings on Full Swell.
5. Reduces Swell to 8 and 4 feet stops.

Total number of stops and mechanical movement operating the same is now 39. The actual expense of these pedals was one hundred and eighty dollars, though, as is well known, they increase the value of the organ several hundred dollars worth. Besides this lasting advantage, we have had the benefit of two of the finest concerts ever given here. For, in order to help cover the expenses, the organist of the Congregational Church, H. B. Roney, procured the services of Prof. A. J. Creswold, from St. Louis, for two concerts. That both were brilliant successes will be no surprise to a large number of your readers, who are, no doubt, familiar with the name and reputation of this eminent organist.

A remarkable circumstance was that the advertisements and programmes did not announce the performances as "Grand Concerts." Besides this innovation there was another not less startling—the concerts commenced at precisely the specified time. If things should go on in this direction we may yet live to see the epithets "Grand," "Wonderful," "World-Renowned," "Magnificent," etc., banished from the programmes of respectable performances to be monopolized by the bills of side shows, to circuses, or in places where they would be more in keeping with the general tone of the entertainments.

The programmes were as follows:

FIRST CONCERT.

1. Overture, "La Cheval du Bronze".....Auber
(Mr. A. J. Creswold.)
2. March, from the "Arion".....Becker
(Messrs. Shaw, Frost, Tyler and Newcombe.)
3. "Fourth Symphony".....Mendelssohn
 { 1. Andante con Moto.
 { 2. Con Moto Moderato.
 { 3. Finale—Saltarello.
(Mr. Creswold.)
4. "Waiting".....Millard
(Mr. H. Melchers.)
5. Offertoire in G.....Wely
(Mr. H. B. Roney.)
6. "Believe Me," Trio from "Aftilia".....Verdi
(Miss Krenkle, Messrs. Frost and Newcombe.)
7. Representation of a Thunder Storm at Sea.....Creswold
(Mr. Creswold.)
8. "The Butterfly".....Torry
(Miss Johanna Krenkle.)
9. Overture to "Fra Diavolo".....Auber
(Mr. Roney.)
10. "Beyond".....F. W. Root
(Mr. George K. Newcombe.)
11. "O, Come to the Sea," Trio.....Gordigiani
(Mrs. Melchers, Messrs. Shaw and Tyler.)
12. Fantasy on themes from Gounod's "Faust".....Creswold
(Mr. Creswold.)

SECOND CONCERT.

1. "Coronation March," from the "Prophet"....Meyerbeer
(Mr. H. B. Roney.)
2. "Robert, Idol of My Heart," from "Robert le Diable".....Meyerbeer
(Miss Johanna Krenkle.)
3. Fantasy on Airs from "Trovatore".....Creswold
(Mr. A. J. Creswold.)
4. "Wanderer's Return".....Abt
(Messrs. Shaw, Frost, Tyler and Newcombe.)
5. Overture, "Poet and Peasant".....Suppe
(Mr. Roney.)
6. "See the Pale Moon," duett.....Campana
(Miss M. Milburn and Mr. Shaw.)
7. Representation of a Thunder Storm at Sea.....Creswold
(Mr. Creswold.)
8. "The Moonbeam" Song.....Hilder
(Miss M. Milburn.)

9. "Lost Proserpine," Duett from "Martha".....Flotow
(Messrs. Frost and Newcombe.)
10. Overture, "Massaniello".....Auber
(Mr. Creswold.)

From this you will see that we enjoyed a grand treat. The organ pieces were all very finely executed, which is hardly saying enough in regard to some of them. The "Thunder Storm at Sea" is one of the finest, if not the finest, of all descriptive pieces I ever heard. It abounds in passages of great beauty, as well as in surprisingly faithful delineations, which exhibit both the capabilities of the organ and the great skill of the artist. It is barely possible that a few persons present were not overjoyed at the professor's condescension when the wonderful imitations, the whistling of the wind, the rattling of the cordage, the roar of thunder, etc., culminated in a live, shrill boatswain's (conductor's) whistle, of course proceeding out of the professor's mouth. Probably it was a "concession" more repugnant to him than to the few who did not relish it. Mr. Creswold's "Fantasy on Themes from Faust" was a beautiful piece, to which we willingly would have listened all night.

Mr. Roney played the overture to "Fra Diavolo" with splendid success, producing a better impression than we received some time ago, when we heard the same piece performed by an excellent orchestra. The overture to "Poet and Peasant" was thought by many the finest performance of the second evening, and we should rejoice greatly if an opportunity should present to hear it again.

The singing of the "Arion Quartette" was good as it always is. Especially fortunate were the gentlemen in the execution of the march from the "Arion," on the first night, which was given with a spirit and perfection which places them in a high rank as amateurs.

Mrs. Melchers, Miss Milburn's, and Miss Krenkle's singing contributed largely to the attraction of the occasion. Mrs. Melchers, who has been a favorite here for some time, possesses a strong and, especially in the middle tones, beautiful voice. Her singing was warmly applauded. Miss Milburn is a new comer, and is rapidly gaining the favor and good will of all those who appreciate good singing. Miss Johanna Krenkle is likewise a late acquisition to our musical talent, and has a sweet and very beautiful voice, under excellent cultivation, sings without any perceptible effort or affectation, and has a very pleasing, lady-like appearance. Every one of her pieces was received with enthusiastic applause, and encored.

Before closing I wish to allude yet to the wondrously beautiful organ accompaniments to the singing, played, with a single exception, by Mr. Roney. It seemed as if the instrument possessed all the sympathy and tenderness of the human voice, and could not be otherwise than inspiring to both singers and audience. Great praise is due to Mr. Roney for his energy and perseverance in effecting the organ improvements, as well as in advancing the cause of music by directing the attention of the public to the beauty and grandeur of organ music. N.

A Plain Talk about Music.—No. 4.

BY W. C. WEINSTER.

Another cause of the decline of sacred music in our churches may be found in the notion which has obtained to a considerable extent, that singers after a few years practice, become superannuated. This must be looked upon by every close observer as a very strange notion—because the age at which this decay of vocal powers is generally supposed to be consummated, is that at which our best public singers, who have taken the requisite care of themselves, are scarcely considered in their prime. If Braham, Madame Caridora Allen, or Sontag, had been members of our churches, there is reason to apprehend that they would have been laid aside as no longer having "any voice" years before they had attained their greatest powers of execution. Braham was far advanced in

years when he came to this country, but he was the "old man harmonious," and the magic tones of his voice are to this day remembered with a thrill of soul by those who heard and appreciated his wonderful skill and power. Braham and Caridora Allen may be regarded as exceptions to a general rule. Doubtless they were exceptions, but it is only their genius for music and natural talents. But genius and natural talent will not impart natural skill, when the practice is omitted. If the distinguished singers to whom I have referred, had, like many of the members of our congregations, once gifted with fair musical abilities, neglected to practice entirely, or, when they sung, cared little whether it was a mutter in the throat or a clatter through the teeth, or a whine through the nose, they too, long before the "grim messenger" of death called them home, would have retired superannuated from the musical world; while on the other hand, if the members of our congregations would but faintly imitate those and other public singers in their praise worthy efforts to increase and retain their skill in song, they might go down to old age in possession of musical abilities, the employment of which would be pleasant to themselves and profitable to others.

Let us suppose, then, that this cultivation of the voice, and the ability to give euphonic directions to its control, lies in the knowledge of a control of the organs exercised. Every one at all versed in elocution knows that in reading and speaking there is a language of tones, in some respects peculiar to every passion or emotion of the human mind. How far this is the work of nature, early association, written or spoken languages, it is not pertinent to our object to dwell upon. But if we inquire minutely into the nature of good singing, we shall find that it embraces the following particulars: Tone, intonation, time, articulation, accent, emphasis, expression and the graces.

The word "tone" has two significations in music, it is applied to a particular interval of sound, and also to a sound separately considered in relation to its qualities, thus we say, "a good tone," "a bad tone, etc.," and it is in this latter sense I here make use of the term.

It is commonly imagined that a fine tone is altogether the work of nature. This, without doubt, is an error; but though nature gives to some organs a more favorable construction for agreeable tones, yet it is a well ascertained fact that the best formed may be so neglected, or perverted by misuse, as to produce tones altogether disagreeable. He whose taste or occupation leads him habitually to read or converse in a reduced tone of voice, will at length find himself unable to sing or speak with energy; but, on the other hand, he who pursues the opposite course, will often acquire an intensity of tone sufficient to stun the ears of every one that approaches him. But a harshness, as well as a guttural, dental, labial or nasal quality of tone is often wholly to be attributed to a wrong conformation of the mouth—or, what amounts to nearly the same thing, an improper modification of the slender vowels. This difficulty can be removed and overcome by a careful, judicious course of training.

The term "intonation" implies the act of tuning the voice, or the art of singing in tune. A just intonation of voice is indispensable to a good singer, and a thing of very difficult attainment—acquired only by careful and assiduous cultivation, and studied and prolonged practice. Most of our instructors in music seem to proceed on the principle, that whenever nature has furnished a musical ear, she has so entirely perfected her work, as to preclude the necessity of cultivation. An error as false in theory as baneful in practice. To supersede the necessity of practice, and to avoid in some measure the evils resulting from false intonation, illiterate composers have endeavored to construct their senseless harmonies entirely as possible of the most perfect concords. Bookmakers and publishers have too often committed

a similar indiscretion, by altering in order to simplify what was before exquisitely arranged, and even distinguished for chaste simplicity. And they have done this, in many instances, for the sole purpose of avoiding certain chords, the false intonation of which they were as little able to endure as to correct. Yet, after all, what has been the result of all this labor, but to produce a neglect of those chords which should receive the greatest share of attention in the process of cultivation? Singers that have thus been injudiciously instructed are found to be quite as unable to perform, or even duly appreciate a refined piece of music, when this is required of them, as they were previous to their instruction. To perform one of the divine and almost inspired compositions of Handel or Haydn, would be as fruitless an attempt as for a Screech-Owl to emulate the song of the night-ingle.

It is next to impossible to elucidate this portion of our theme to that extent which seems desirable, without protracting to an almost unlimited extent; and yet its importance, when viewed in all its bearings, so pertinent, cannot be dismissed till considered in some other of its phases, growing out of what has been assumed and directly or indirectly alluded to.

When singing in concert with others, we are perhaps unconsciously influenced by those around us; mind acts on minds in close proximity, and voice on voices, and hence so influence each other as to correct imperfections which may exist. But, after all, the key to all just and truthful intonation lies in the practice of the voice under that control, and governed by such rules as tend to habitually bring the vocal organs into right positions, guided, ever, by those laws revealed by nature, and correctly developed by the careful study of science. But when a performance of singers becomes so intolerably dissonant as to render it unbearable; when for example, a large congregation of all ages and descriptions, each singing as seems good in his own eyes, led withal by one destitute of every qualification, where are we to look for the "Concord of sweet sounds?" Where, when our eyes are thus assailed, shall we find that edification, that sentimental appeal to feelings, the crowning glory of the art, and the ostensible object contemplated in the institutions of church music? Who will gainsay or deny the importance of, or insist that there is not the greatest need of extensive, individual cultivation? And, furnishing as nature does in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the ability to learn to sing, is not the duty to cultivate music industriously, faithfully and emphatically enjoined on all?

It may be urged that it is not possible to have the music decently performed where the whole congregation unite. We say distinctly, it is the duty of all to learn to sing, because the more perfect the service rendered, the more acceptable to Him to whom such service is offered. Let it be understood then, we place this duty in the same category as that of repentance, and faith in the worship of Him to whom the oblation is tendered, and hence the duty of its perfection should be dominant before the mind of all who attempt its offering. Let all make conscience of learning to sing, and the decay of musical skill and taste, and the prevalent dissatisfaction with the music in our churches will be removed, except, so far as real perfection is attainable, the realization of which can never be attained here.

Of "time" in music, there is a general fondness which manifests itself in various ways; the accents of the poet, the steps of the pedestrian, the operations of the mechanic, and in countless other ways, which the diligent student of music is ever studying and weaving into a texture for available use. Without some species of measure or rhythm, it is impossible for melody to exist, and hence the impatience manifested at any irregularity in keeping time is increased in proportion as the melody is more regularly phrased and cadenced. Observe a listener during the performance of a piece of music highly rhythmic in character, and see how careful in calculating the time,

in the involuntary motion of the head, hand or foot, giving unequivocal testimony to the high satisfaction derived from the entertainment. Let an adagio in movement occur, wherein it is more difficult to compute the time, how soon, again, all motions cease, and attention directed almost exclusively to the harmony, even when a tolerably perfect intonation is attained.

It must be apparent to all that, though most persons have a strong predilection for melody, that "time," like intonation, is purely a mental exercise, requiring careful and judicious cultivation and instruction; and where proper recourse is had to them, can scarcely fail to produce a thorough knowledge of time. The general deficiency in this important element of good music lies in the want of a proper method in imparting a correct and uniform principle of keeping it. From some unaccountable whim, most teachers adopt very different modes of procedure, and not unfrequently means entirely inadequate to the accomplishment of the object are resorted to. "Harmony" is a thing inherent in nature, and so is "time." Every sound given out by a sonorous body is as much composed of three ingredients, as every ray of light is of the three prismatic colors. And so the laws of rhythm are as fixed in nature as the succession of harmonic distances, and the two are so intimately connected that they cannot be separated in melodic progression. Instead, therefore, of fixing on a precise instant for the beat to be made, on the commencement of the accented note, as an invariable signal, a certain number of motions of the hand or counts are required within a given time, and this without regard to accent, exact uniformity or precision. Singers thus instructed are compelled to follow a leader as their guide, hence, of necessity, behind him in point of time, and he, at length accustomed to their dragging, imagines himself irregular, unless uniformly at a certain distance in advance. In march movements, with proper care and due regard to the accented note as an invariable signal, a simultaneous and rhythmical performance without much difficulty remedied, and thereby the imperfections alluded to soon overcome, and the jargon entirely removed.

Appropriate Music.

Mr. Tom Goodwin, a well posted veteran in musical and theatrical affairs, and who for many years was attached to the old Park Theatre, tells a good anecdote referring to the late Mr. Hackett. He had been playing Rip Van Winkle, Colonel Wildfire and other characters with much success, when suddenly he took the town by storm with his wonderful impersonation of Falstaff, a character with which his name has always since been associated. Emboldened by his remarkable success he was tempted to try his fortunes in tragedy, and at length essayed no less a character than Hamlet. On one occasion he was playing this part to a very full house on the evening of St. Patrick's Day. In the "play scene" in the third act the wind instruments go behind the scenes and play a march to bring on the King, Queen and courtiers. Paul Christian, the clarinet player, an enthusiastic Irishman, knew very little of the stage business of a theater, and was at a loss what to play for the royal party (the march from Judas Maccabaeus was usually performed), accordingly he appealed to Nidds, the horn-player, an old hand at the business, who for a bit of mischief, suggested St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." Paul was delighted at the idea, and the cue being given lost no time in briskly striking up the above mentioned air, in which "the gods" (there was an upper gallery then) most heartily joined. The royal party was convulsed. Hackett was in a fearful rage, and "his too solid flesh did nearly dissolve," for he was a stout Hamlet. Mr. Simpson and Thomas Barry, his stage manager, were horrified, but *sub rosa* quite enjoyed the fun. Nidds and Paul Christian, the delinquents, were each fined a week's salary, which the treasurer, Mr. John Blake, returned to them the following week, with a severe reprimand.

All of the Estey organs are now put in new and beautiful style of cases. From one to two car loads received each week at the wholesale rooms of C. J. Whitney & Co.

Beethoven's Last Hours.

Ferdinand Hiller has recently published some interesting sketches and reminiscences of Beethoven. They are the more welcome as coming from the hand of one of the very few who were permitted to see the great man on his death-bed and record his last words. In March, 1827, tidings of Beethoven's serious illness came to Weimar, where Hiller was studying music under Hummel, Master and pupil-student for Vienna. The keen frosty air, the excitement of sledging, and the genial companionship, seem to have made the youth forget the troublesome thoughts which probably crossed the mind of the elder pilgrim. Hummel, on his arrival at Vienna, found his worst fears realized—Beethoven was suffering from the dropsy. The travelers were surprised on the occasion of their first visit at finding him comfortably seated by the fireside in his study. After cordially greeting Hummel, and saying a few kind words to Hiller, Beethoven enquired eagerly for Goethe, but the conversation necessarily halted occasionally, for visitors had to write in pencil all their answers, and the process was tedious. "I never sit in this state for four months," he exclaimed, "I shall lose all patients!" Passing from the subject of his own health, he inveighed bitterly against the prevailing bad taste in art matters, and the "diletantism which is the ruin of everything in Vienna." The government and high authorities then had their turn. "Write a set of penitential psalms and dedicate it to the Empress," he said to Hummel, who wisely discarded the well-meant advice. He then talked familiarly about his nephew, remarking, "they hang the small thieves but the big ones are allowed to go soot free." The popularity of the Italian opera annoyed him. "They say, 'Vox populi, vox Dei.' I never did believe in that saying." The second was a sadder tale. Beethoven was seated, groaning with pain. His lonely life and sense of isolation contrasted sadly with that of his friend Hummel, who had been recently married. "You are a happy man," he said, "you have a wife who loves you, who takes care of you, but I, poor wretch—," and he sighed deeply. He then showed them a picture, lately presented to him, of the house in which Haydn was born. "It has made me as happy as a child to see the birth-place and cradle of so great a man!" He talked to Hummel about Schindler. "He is an excellent fellow, who took a great deal of trouble on my account. I have promised to help him in his concert, which will be given shortly. But nothing will come of that. Now, I wish you would do me a favor to play in during that concert." Hummel promised he would, and was faithful to his promise. On the occasion of the third visit little passed that was worth recording. Beethoven's bodily powers were failing rapidly. He talked with gratitude of the kindness of our Philharmonic Society, which had forwarded him a present of a hundred pounds, but it was a great effort to talk at all. "I will write a grand overture, and a grand symphony for them," he said, acknowledging his obligation. Hiller saw the dying man for the last time on the 23d of March, 1827; not a word escaped his lips, but he looked lovingly on those who soothed and sustained him in his last hours. He died two days afterwards.

THE FABBRI SEASON AT THE STADT THEATER.—"L'Africaine" ran very smoothly at the New York Stadt Theater on its second repetition, and Madame Fabbri as Selika, and Mr. Jacob Muller as Nelusko created even a greater furor than on the first representation. Both of them were warmly and frequently applauded. Mlle. Rosetti also created a favorable impression by her artistic impersonation of the role of Ines. Mr. Mulder, the director, made the choral and orchestral departments perform their part of the work satisfactorily. The opera that succeeded it was "Don Giovanni," with Mde. Fabbri as Donna Anna, Mlle. Rosetti as Donna Elvira, Mlle. Anna Elzer as Zerline, Mr. Muller as Don Giovanni, Mr. Carl Formes as Leperello (his greatest role), Mr. Weinlich as the Commander, and Mr. Habemann as Don Ottavio. After "Don Giovanni" Marschner's grand opera, "The Templar and Jewess" (Ivanhoe), was presented in a complete style.

A MUSICAL CHARACTER.—"L'Homme Orchestre," so called in Paris because he played at the same time the drum, cymbals, castanets, horns, and triangle, with his mouth, hands, head, knees and feet, has been released from the bulk of where he was confined for his international proclivities, but will be refused permission to give his former representations in the open air.

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The Song Journal.

DETROIT, FEBRUARY, 1872.

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Musical Criticism.

We are approaching a subject truly delicate, and, as it were, treading on "holy ground." Whoever looks into the papers of the day, and views the criticisms passed upon the musical profession, cannot divest themselves of the fact that the public are unjust toward artists in two ways—in *infatuation* and *prejudice*. If a person will adopt an extraordinary manner, or a fantastic mode of attire, will roll his eyes and throw himself into frightful attitudes, spend plenty of money in puffing, contrive on certain occasions to make himself appear the personification of melancholy or abstraction, he is at once raised to the pinnacle of artistic supremacy, and looked upon as the existing type of the beau ideal. The public belongs to him, and he thenceforward governs it as its lord and master, until another comes forward, with his hair still better dressed, more ducats in his pocket, demeanor more melancholy and interesting, when his predecessor is forced to abdicate. But the seat of empire is never for a moment vacant; a great artist is sure to find a greater will succeed him. When a mere mortal is raised to such an elevation—when he hears, as it were, the music of the spheres, can it be supposed that he should busy himself with what is passing in the world below him? What (in all candor) becomes of criticism before an infatuation of this kind? The truth is, the authors of the past who composed the songs attemptedly interpreted by our modern performers, had little conception of the masterly manner their inspired compositions would be perpetuated by the skilled artists of the nineteenth century. They wrote for the winds. The singers and performers of their day had no conception of the lofty heights, in mental attainments, indispensable to the correct and truthful presentation of their ideas of the theme and subject in hand. The mind of a Brahman, Incledon, De Bevis or Pierson—a Malibran, Marie Antoinette, Garcia, Gillingham—and the almost innumerable galaxy of stars in the musical firmament, which in their enumeration would fill a page. But keeping aloof from those bright constellations, so carefully and constantly watched by the telescopes, now pointed to them in the orbits in which they moved, ignoring the whole, and the man who should coldly subject a popular favorite, his performances or productions, to a careful, candid analysis, would at once provoke a multitude of enthusiasts, and find he had touched upon a hornet's nest.

It must, however, be confessed that there appears little danger of going to vexatious extremes. The critic usually adopts an excellent policy, and shuns all asperity with the nicest care. He soon rises to the most elevated diapason of admiration. He gives truth and substance to the fable of Echo and Narcissus, and the follies of the public find in him an echo which resounds farther than echo ever did before; and the stifled sighs or louder applause of the concert room are heard from one end of the land to the other. It is thus that the bad taste of the riot produces that of the public, and this, again,

the bad taste of the critics; and such is the pernicious circle in which the musical world, like all other worlds, performs its evolutions, and the pith of the whole lies in the almighty dollar.

To the theory of infatuation it would be easy to oppose that of prejudice. If you are not deeply impressed with the idea that those attending public performances of music compose, for the most part, for an audience whose taste, already surfeited, is in constant search after something factitious and exciting; if you treat the art as an art, you will have ninety-nine out of a hundred against you.

This double result follows from prejudice and infatuation—that men of fashion despise criticism as dry and worthless, while the victims of popular opinion hate it, because they find it equally unjust, ignorant and arrogant.

Does it not require, then, great genius and courage to raise criticism to its proper position? Yes, more than that is required; a little conscience is necessary, and, if it can be found, a little science. Look at the papers of our cities, and analyze the so-called "criticisms" therein found from day to day, and tell me, has not criticism renounced its rights and first duty—that of speaking the truth to every one, great and small? For the first, it has adopted a formula of admiration; and, for the latter, one that may be styled negative. Conscientiously to analyze a work, a singer, or a musical performance, now-a-days, to ascertain and point out its good and bad points (and both are to be found among the best), would be considered as a sort of sacrilege. But let not the genuine critic be alarmed by these difficulties. His is a high destination, and he must rise superior to the obstacles that lie in his path. The true vocation of a critic is not yet understood or allowed by the public in general.

Criticism, as directed to the musical transactions of this city, is generally unjust and indiscriminate. Bold as is this assertion, the charge will be too easily made good, and we may only refer to the flippant jargon of the past and present season for abundant proof. By the indiscriminate praise bestowed upon every individual seeking public approbation, great injustice is done to talent. The public is at all times partially directed by individuals of known and acknowledged taste, or by the criticisms of the daily press; it is the latter which, we regret, exalts the indifferent, leaving no degree by which talent can be rewarded. In one paper we read of a performance "unequalled in this country; great power, delicacy, and incomparable facility." In another, we hear of a performance "unequalled in the taste displayed in touching the piano; of claims of no ordinary kind on the lovers of music," and such like absurdities. Surely these extravagances are better avoided, as they are invariably falsified by the parties for whose benefit they are injudiciously offered. Let us be just in our applause, and by such wholesome correction we shall elevate the standard of taste, and excite the profession to better exertion.

PLAIN TALK.—Readers of the SONG JOURNAL will no doubt, be much gratified by the perusal of the fourth paper on music by Professor Webster. He calls his articles "Plain Talk," and very plain they are in more respects than one. The justice of his criticisms have been acknowledged by other musical journals, and the plainness with which, in the present paper, is set forth what is requisite to proper musical culture, is not less apparent than forcible.

THE CRYSTAL.—This new Glee Book, by Prof. F. H. Pease, is already becoming very popular. It is designed particularly for singing schools and conventions. All in want of a new singing book, containing a new, good and attractive selection of music, with variety enough for all occasions, should get the Crystal. It is certainly one of the best books of the kind published in years. Send for a specimen copy, which will be mailed, postpaid, on receipt of the retail price, \$1.50. Price per dozen, \$13.50.

The Dolby Ballad Troupe.

In addition to what "Ranger" has said of the Dolby concert, the following details of their last concert in Boston will be of interest. It is from the Boston Traveller of the 23d of January.

The last concert given by the Dolby ballad troupe in this country took place in the Music Hall on Saturday evening, and was, as it deserved to be, very largely attended. The programme was indeed a delightful one, being selected with great care and with especial reference to displaying the best qualities of this best of troupes. Included in the programme were two part songs, a glee, and a madrigal, and of these a part song by Mr. W. H. Cummings, "Golden Slumbers," a very graceful composition, and the part song by Hutton, "When Evening's Twilight," were encores. Mr. Cummings sang in the first part "O ma maitresse," from Felicien David's Lalla Roukh, giving as an encore, "I am sleeping, bonny Kitty," by Abt; and in the second part Randegger's "Sunshine and Shade" in place of Hutton's ballad, "Fatherland," which was announced on the programme. Miss Edith Wynne gave with exquisite taste Linley's "O bid your faithful Ariel Fly," and for an encore a delightful song by Randegger, "Only for one;" afterwards she sang "Love has eyes," by Bishop, which was also encored she responding with "Margery's Almanac," by Mad. Saint-Dolby. Mr. Santley followed with a romanza from Donizetti's Maria de Rudas, "Ah! non vena piu lagrime;" then gave a scene from Zampa, in whose sweet seductive grace, and in the second part a cavatini from Ricci's La Prigione d'Edimburgo, "Sulla poppa del mio Brik;" he gave as an encore, "Tarantella," by Rossini, and Handel's aria "Oh, ruddier than the Cherry," the last, by the way, as well as the first song he sung in connection with the troupe in this country. Mad. Patey sang with great tenderness a song by Hay, "The Summer Bloom hath Passed Away," and for an encore, Hullah's "Storm;" in the second part she gave a ballad by Henry Smart, "The Lady of the Lea," which was also encored, giving in response, and with great feeling and apposite-ness, "Sweet Home." Mr. Lindsay gave two piano-solos, in which he well sustained his reputation as a first-class artist. All the vocalists were in fine voice, and sung with more than their wonted finish and spirit. Mr. Santley in especial gave us an excellent taste of his quality, and when he appears in this city in opera, which he will during the season, he is certain of astonishing all those who hear him. The troupe has now dissolved, and the majority of its members leave New York for home on the steamer of Wednesday next. There is but one opinion expressed in reference to their departure, and that is of universal regret. We should be glad to have them with us again. In their way they were persons. They were accomplished artists, and thorough ladies and gentlemen, and won as much by the modesty of their bearing in private, as by their artistic abilities in public. As singers of oratorio music they were not to be equalled, and we must lament that in the future that peculiar style of musical entertainment can have no attractions, interpreted, as it undoubtedly must be, by inferior artists. They have left us, and may good luck attend them.

A NEW OPERA.—The musical world, which has had no new work of interest since Verdi's "Don Carlos" has been awaiting with interest the production of his "Aidu," written for the Viceroy of Egypt. The work has at last been heard in the theater at Cairo, and the result was most gratifying. The enthusiasm of the audience is described as beyond bounds, and the composer himself, the director, Bottesini, the artists, and even the chorus, were received with the heartiest demonstrations of applause. The music is termed "stupendous" by an excited correspondent. The opera will soon be played at La Scala, Milan.

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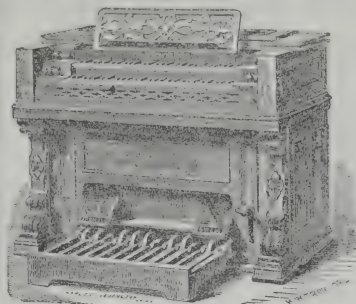
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GOING WEST—MAIN LINE.

Through trains leave Detroit as follows:
Mail 7:00 a. m.; Day Express 9:30 a. m.; Evening Express 5:40 p. m.; Pacific Express (Sundays included) 9:30 p. m.; connecting with the various branch lines, as below, and arriving at Chicago at 8:00 p. m.; 7:00 p. m.; 6:30 a. m., and 8:00 a. m. respectively.
The Dexter Accommodation leaves Detroit at 1:10 p. m.

AIR LINE DIVISION.

Mail Train leaves Jackson at 10:45 a. m. and arrives at Niles at 3:30 p. m., connecting with Mail Train on Main Line at both places.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY DIVISION.

Leaves Jackson at 12:15 p. m. (Mail); 5:10 p. m. (Evening Express), and 7:00 a. m. (Mixe), arriving at Grand Rapids at 4:25 p. m.; 9:15 p. m., and 3:15 p. m. respectively.

DETROIT, HILLSDALE & INDIANA R. R.
Leave Ypsilanti at 8:35 a. m. and 6:00 p. m. on arrival of Mail and Dexter Accommodation.

FT. WAYNE, JACKSON & SAGINAW R. R.
Leave Jackson at 6:20 a. m.; 12:00 m., connecting with Day Express from Detroit at 1:40 p. m.

JACKSON, LANSING & SAGINAW R. R.
Leave Jackson at 6:00 a. m. and 3:30 p. m., and arrive at Wenona at 11:40 a. m. and 9:15 p. m.

Trains arrive at Detroit as follows:
Atlantic Express 3:35 a. m.; Night Express 1:25 a. m.; Dexter Accommodation 9:25 a. m.; Mail 6:25 p. m., and Day Express 6:45 p. m.

Mail Trains and Day Express run daily, except Sundays; Pacific Express, west, and 1:40 p. m. Night Express, east, daily; Evening Express, west, daily except Sundays, and only to Jackson on Saturdays; Night Express, east, and Dexter Accommodation, daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

Pullman Palace Cars on all night trains, and Ladies' Cars on all day trains.

Trains run by Chicago time.

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C. H. HURL, Asst. Gen. Supt., Detroit.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Trains leave Windsor Great Western Railway time, which is 12 minutes faster than Detroit time) as follows:

Atlantic Express, daily..... 4:35 a. m.
Day Express, daily except Sundays..... 8:45 a. m.
Detroit Express, daily except Sundays..... 11:30 a. m.
N. Y. Express, daily except Sundays..... 7:45 p. m.

The Railway Ferry leaves Detroit (Detroit time) as follows:
Third street—8:15 a. m., 7:40 a. m., 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.
Brush street—7:20 a. m., 10:20 a. m. and 6:40 p. m.

Trains arrive at Windsor from the East at 9:00 a. m., 6:45 a. m., 6:15 p. m. and 9:30 p. m.

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Cantique de Noel. Christmas Song. 3. E. to G. (or B.) Sop. or Tenor Solo. Chorus From Adam. *Thy.* 32
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Great God! attend my humble call. 3. G. B. to D. Alto or Base with Quartet in unison. *Ward.* 40
Hark! what mean those holy Voices? 5. C. Christmas Anthem. Quartet with Solos for Sop. and Alto. *Dr. Lader.* 60
He gives the Tear from every Eye. 3. E. D. to E. Solo or Quartet for Mixed Voices. Arranged from Lee. *Dressler.* 25
He wipes the Tear from every Eye. 3. D. D. to F. Sacred Song for Mez. Sop. or Mez. Tenor. *Danks.* 50
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O holy Night! D. 4. Song and Chorus. *Dressler.* 30
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Rock of Ages. 4. F. Quart. for Mixed Voices. *Bagdoli.* 35
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Suff' at Home. 3. D. D. to E. Song and Quartet. *Wilder.* 30
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Frog Song. 3. F. C. to F. Bar. As sung by Howard Paul. *Miller.* 35
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I don't can tell you why. Dutch Song. 2. A. E. to E. Bar. or Base. *Hays.* 40
I can not tell you why. 3. E. E. to E. Mez. Sop. or Alto and Chorus. *Perley.* 35
I love you. Dance Song. 3. F. C. to F. Mez. Ten. or Bar. *Delachaux.* 35
I've called the fairest Flower. Dance Song. 3. F. C. to F. For Mez. Sop. *Bishop.* 35
I'm deep in Love with a pretty Girl. 3. C. E. to E. Song and Dance for Bar. or Base. *Coe.* 30
I'm my Daddy's only Son. 3. F. E. to F. Bar. *Pratt.* 35
I'm your Mother's Child. 3. C. E. to F. Mez. Ten. As sung by Lingard. *Pratt.* 40
I thought she was an Angel. Dance Song. 3. D. E. to F. Mez. Ten. or Bar. *Perley.* 35
I wish that I'd been born a Girl. 3. G. C. to G. Mez. Ten. with Mixed Chorus. *Angelo.* 35

- I wish that I'd been born a Boy.* 2. F. C. to F. Mez. Sop. with Mixed Chorus. *Angelo.* 35
I would like to change my Name. 2. F. Mez. Sop. *La Huche.* 30
I wouldn't like to tell. 3. G. D. to F. *Pratt.* 30
John Brown's Legacy. 2. G. D. to D. With Chorus. *Thomas.* 30
King of the Cavalier Islands. 3. B. C. to F. Bar. with Mixed Chorus. *Raphaello.* 30
Like a Rose-Bud. 4. C. E. to E. Middle Voice. As sung by Bobby Newcomb. *Long.* 30
Milliner's Daughter. 2. D. C. to D. Bar. or Base. Humorous Song. *Miller.* 30
**Miss Jinks of Madison Square.* 3. B. F. to F. Mez. Sop. *Hays.* 40
Mrs. Billings' Baby. 2. F. D. to F. Bar. Song, with Mixed Chorus. *Billings.* 30
My Father's Half-Basket. 2. C. G. to A. Humorous Song. For Base Voice. Written in Base Clef. *Towne.* 30
My Love he is a Mormonite. 3. A. B. to F. Mez. Sop. with female Chorus. *Miller.* 30
My Runaway Horse. 3. G. D. to E. For Medium Voice. As sung by Howard Paul. *Miller.* 50
My Sunday Breeches. 2. E. D. to G. For Ten. Voice, with Mixed Chorus. *Angelo.* 30
Name the Day—the Wedding Day. 3. B. F. to F. Mez. Ten. or Bar. with Chorus. *Porter.* 30
Oh! I am in Love. 3. D. D. to F. *Deming.* 30
O phause, Gai! you won't do. Dance Song. 3. B. F. to G. Bar. *Hays.* 35
Oh! no, not in these Boots. 3. D. G. to F. For Mez. Sop. *Angelo.* 55
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Pretty little Sarah, with ten Dollars a Week. 3. G. D. to E. Ask for Peters' edition, by *Miller.* 35
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Putting on Fire. 1. G. D. to E. For Mez. Sop. or Bar. with Mixed Chorus. *Higgins.* 30
Raggedest (The) Man in Town. 2. G. D. to E. Bar. or Base, with Mixed Chorus. *Howard.* 35
She had such winning Ways. 2. C. E. to E. Bar. with Mixed Chorus. *Feddicke.* 30
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She's just my Style and Fancy. 4. C. A. to G. Song and Dance. For Mez. Ten. or High Bar. *Juch.* 30
She's my Sugar-Plum. Dance Song. 3. C. E. to F. Bar. *Pratt.* 30
She threw a Kiss at me. 3. B. F. to F. Dance Song. For Medium Voice. *Coe.* 30
She tossed her Curls at me. 3. A. C. to F. Dance Song. For High Bar. *Pratt.* 30
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That other Girl just like mine. 3. B. D. to E. Serio-Comic Song. For Bar. *Miller.* 30
The Man's drunk again. 3. A. C. to D. Alto or Bar. *Pratt.* 40
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Why don't you name the Day? 3. B. F. to F. Baritone song, with mixed chorus. *Landrum.* 35
What makes them wiggle so? 3. F. D. to F. *Hays.* 35
Widow Redditt. 2. G. D. to D. Mez. Sop. or Alto, with unison Chorus. *Mrs. Florence.* 30
Widow Spriggins' Daughter. 2. A. E. to F. Bar. or Mez. Ten. *Gorkham.* 30
Will I have you? Why yes, to be sure, sir. 4. E. D. to E. Mez. Sop. or Alto. *La Huche.* 35
You know how it is yourself. 3. B. D. to G. Tenor, song and dance. *Juch.* 40
Young (The) Widow. 2. G. C. to E. Sung by Harry Beckett. For Mez. Sop. *Bishop.* 35

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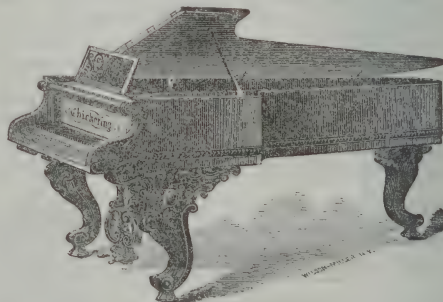
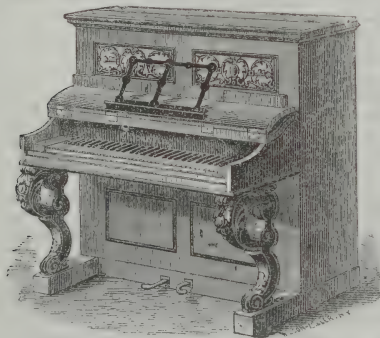
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VOLUME II.

DETROIT, MARCH, 1872.

NUMBER III.

Guests of the Heart.

Soft falls through the gathering twilight
The rain from the dripping eaves,
And stirs with tremulous rustle
The dead and the drying leaves;
While afar in the midst of the shadows,
I hear the sweet voices of bells
Come borne on the wind of the autumn,
That fitfully rises and swells.

They call and they answer each other—
They answer and mingle again—
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem
Make harmony still in the strain;
As the voices of sentinels mingle
In mountainous regions of snow,
Till from hill-top to hill-top a chorus
Floats down to the valleys below.

The shadows, the firelight of even,
The sound of the rain's distant chime,
Come bringing, with rain softly dropping,
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time;
The slumberous sense of seclusion,
From storm and intruders aloof,
We feel when we hear in the midnight
The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings
To take all its wanderers home;
Or, afar in the regions of fancy,
Delights on swift pinions to roam,
I quietly sit by the firelight—
The firelight so bright and so warm—
For I know that those only who love me
Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,
Should even the household depart—
Deserted I should not be so lonely;
There still would be guests in my heart.
The faces of friends that I cherish,
The smile, and the glance, and the tone;
Will haunt me wherever I wander;
And thus I am never alone.

With those who have left far behind them
The joys and sorrows of time—
Who sing the sweet songs of angels
In a purer and holier clime!
Then darkly, on evening of autumn,
Your rain and your shadows may fall;
My loved and my lost ones you bring me—
My heart holds a feast with them all.

My Playmate.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine;
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who kept her father's kine?

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

O, playmate, in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,

Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

I see her face, I hear her voice,
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who led her father's kine?

—Whittier.

Oddities of Musicians.

A writer in the New York *Musik Zeitung* says:
"I lately labored like a feeble amateur. He sat down at the piano with his snuff-box and sang and played till, by means of trying here and there, up and down, he fancied that he had discovered the most suitable melody; this discovery he then communicated to some subordinate, who wrote down the dictation, and that was the end of it. Sarti required a large, dark room, even at night but feebly lit up; his musical ideas came to him only in the stillness of night. Of Spontini, too, I somewhere read that he was only able to compose in the dark. Cimarosa wanted noise about him; he liked best to work in merry company. Salieri, to excite his fancy, strolled about in the most frequented streets, eating *bon-bons*, with lead pencil and paper in his hand, to be ready when the occasion offered. Paer composed, chattered, scolded, disputed, all in one. Sacchini felt himself incapable of getting a melody unless he was with his lady-love and had his little kittens about him. Alexander Fesca, if one may lend faith to eye-witnesses, resorted to similar means—the bottle served him in place of a lady-love, and for kittens he tried to procure a little dog!"

"Paisiello remained in bed when he intended composing—a cheap, practical means, as trustworthy contemporaries have assured me; it saves clothing, fuel, etc. Zingarelli, before sitting down to the piano to compose, read a few pages of a Latin poet; then, however, he worked so easily that he was able to write in four hours—four hours, I say!—a whole act of 'Romeo and Juliet!' When Father Hadyn could not get along, he would take his rosary and say a few Aves, and generally inspiration returned. In another place I read—probably of his later years—Haydn sat quietly down in a chair, but he must have upon his finger the ring Frederick the Great had once given him! In London, however, even this expedient seems to have proved unavailing, for we have a report that once the master had no inspiration left at all; for two weeks he vainly tortured himself to get an appropriate continuation to the first eight bars of an andante. It is well known that it has been thought some connection existed between Mozart's fondness for billiards and ten pins and his musical disposition! Beethoven went out into the open air, into the magnificence and solitude of nature. Mehul was a lover of flowers, and liked to sojourn in pretty gardens. Mendelssohn, it is said, always had bouquets on his desk. Halévy required the sound of boiling water, to become disposed. Auber, a good rider, mounted his horse in order to gain the romantic country, where the artist finds everything he needs; formerly, perhaps; in later years, when the celebrated composer was an old, a very old gentleman, he probably composed his operas on foot. François Huetten felt most inspired for composing in autumn. He walked up and down in his room, catching flies—no very difficult task at that season of the year—and thus were produced more than two hundred compositions, the greater part of which might at one time be found on every piano—long enough ago, it is true."

LEVASSEUR—Three weeks ago died one of the most remarkable singers who belonged to the French opera during the Meyerbeer period—the celebrated basso Levasseur, called in his early days "le basso cantante," to distinguish his style from that of the ordinary bass of that time, who took part in concerted pieces, but was never intrusted with a solo. Levasseur was the original Bertram in "Robert le Diable."

A Story about Mendelssohn.

The writer of "Musical Recollections of the Last Half Century," in *Forsley's Magazine*, tells this story of Mendelssohn:

"Great as Mendelssohn was as a composer, I believe he was far greater both as a pianist and organist. Under his hand each instrument 'discoursed' after a manner as original as it was captivating. Scarcely had he touched the key-board than something that can only be explained as similar to a pleasurable electric shock passed through his hearers and held them spell-bound—a sensation that was only dissolved as the last chord was struck, and when one's pent-up breath seemed as if only able to recover its usual action by means of a gulp or sob.

"An anecdote relative to this feeling I may here introduce as told me by Sir Michael Costa. On one occasion of Mendelssohn being in Switzerland, he and Sir Michael met at the church of Friburg, in which building the organ is of such world-wide celebrity that few persons—especially those who lay claim to any musical taste—leave the town without going to hear it. At the time referred to the custodian was somewhat of a bear, and most determinedly refused, either for love or money, to permit any stranger to place his fingers upon the keys; although he himself had not the slightest pretension to the designation of an organist; and, so far from showing the capabilities of the instrument, induced very many to go away under the impression that they had been 'sold,' and that all 'Murray' and other guide-books had stated was nothing better than 'a delusion and a snare.' Mendelssohn was resolved, by hook or crook, to ascertain what the Friburg organ was made of.

"For this purpose he drew the custodian out, working on his weak points of character—for the old man really loved the organ as if it had been his child—but as to getting his consent, that seemed to be beyond the probability of realization. Every one, who ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with Mendelssohn, must have been attracted by his winning manners, his courteous bearing, and his manifestations of decided character. Whether he won upon the old man by any one of these peculiarities of his 'native worth' in particular, or by their combination, can only be inferred. Suffice it to say, that after long parley he was permitted to try one range of keys. One hand he employed at first, quietly using the other in drawing the stops, as if to test the variety of their quality; and when he had thus got out as many as seemed applicable for his purpose, he made a dash, which completely staggered the old man, and began to play as only he could play.

"The old man gasped for breath. He clutched the rail against which he was standing, and, for an instant, seemed as if he would drag this bold intruder from his seat. That impulse was, however, only momentary; for he soon stood, as if were, spell-bound, until a break in the music had given him time to make an effort to ascertain who the master spirit was that made the organ speak as he had never heard it speak before. Sir Michael Costa, at first scarcely knowing whether it were better to smile at the old man's astonishment, or to let events take their course, or to enlighten him at once, decided upon the former course; but at this moment the old man seized him by the arm, and gasped out, 'Who, in Heaven's name, is that man?'

"But when he answered, slowly and deliberately, 'Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy,' he staggered as if struck by a tremendous blow. 'And I refused him to touch my organ!' he sorrowfully said. But as Mendelssohn began again to play, he gave the impatient sign that he should not be disturbed, and listened and listened as he never listened again, as if some mighty spirit had entranced him. The object gained, Mendelssohn spoke a few kind words to the old man, and so departed, leaving an impression upon his mind and heart that, without doubt, during the time that he was spared was never for an hour obliterated."

Correspondence.

Letter from Boston.

THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE GREAT JUBILEE—THE BUILDING AND THE COMMITTEES OF MANAGEMENT—OTHER MUSICAL MATTERS—THE HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERTS—PIANO CONCERTS—ORPHEUS MUSICAL SOCIETY—CELEBRATION OF MENDELSSOHN'S BIRTHDAY—OPERA—CHEAP CONCERTS—THE COMEDY THEATRES, ETC.

Correspondence of THE SONG JOURNAL.

BOSTON, February 19, 1872.

And what about the world's musical jubilee, you will ask? Well, the great enterprise is fairly upon its legs. The guaranty fund of two hundred thousand dollars has been raised, the Jubilee Association has been fully organized, all the details of the building plans have been settled upon, and work will at once be begun in all the departments. The mammoth building will be erected upon the vacant lands lying south and west of the Boston and Albany and the Boston and Providence Railroads, and will cover about seven acres. The interior is to be a clear space, without pillars or posts, the roof forming a single arched span of three hundred and fifty feet. This is somewhat in excess of the span of the roof on the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The exterior of the building will be much more attractive than was the coliseum of 1869. The materials of which it is to be composed are iron and wood. The City Council has voted to build all the required bridges over the two railroads in order to make the approaches safe and easy. The land has been leased for a term of years and the building will be made a permanent structure. Mr. Gilmore's mission abroad was attended with the fullest success, and all the leading nations will be represented. Negotiations which have been carried on since Mr. Gilmore's return, make it almost certain that Struss and his famous orchestra will come over, in which case the celebrated waltz composer will conduct a portion of each concert, and also the music at the grand ball. The following letter sent Mr. Gilmore by Sir Julius Benedict, will show that great interest is felt in the festival by musical people abroad, as well as by those at home:

"I am deeply interested in your projected World's Peace Jubilee, and have little doubt that, with your indomitable energy and the admirable organization of your vocal and instrumental armies, this gigantic and almost superhuman undertaking must prove the greatest musical achievement of our age and a glorious success for yourself and all your countrymen. My sincerest wishes and sympathies will follow you in your laborious task, and if you really think you could find room for one of my compositions amongst the phalanx of artists whom you will unite under your banner, I shall be most happy in contributing my mite and endeavoring to do my best to justify your much too favorable opinion of the humble talent of yours most sincerely,
JULIUS BENEDICT."

Among the subscribers to the guaranty fund are many for five thousand dollars each, and several for ten thousand each. The Executive Committee consists of a majority of the Executive Committee of 1869, together with several new members, the whole number being increased to fourteen. Hon. Alexander H. Rice is President, Eben D. Jordan, Treasurer, and Henry G. Parker, Secretary. The other members are Lewis Rice, M. M. Ballou, Samuel Little, G. Wetherbee, Henry Mason, Edward Sands, George H. Davis, Oliver Ditson, Joseph H. Chadwick, Joseph F. Paul, Charles W. Slack, M. F. Dickinson, Jr.

There are also committees on finance, building, decorations, music, transportation, printing, and the reception of the press, together with a general committee of liberal proportions, which includes all the prominent people in Massachusetts. The Committee on Music is made up as follows: John C. Haynes, Carl Zerrahn, Loring B. Barnes, J. B. Shirland, Henry Tolman, Geo. D. Russell, Julius Eichberg,

Eugene Thayer, C. B. Danforth, Charles Koppitz, Henry K. Oliver, Carlyle Petersilea, Napier Lothian, S. A. Dix, Dudley Buck, F. E. Goodrich, Charles Eichler, Geo. H. Chickering, Eben Tourjee, Henry G. Parker, F. H. Underwood, B. J. Lang, L. H. Southard, B. E. Woolf, C. A. White, J. H. Wilcox, George W. Palmer, Luther L. Holden, Henry A. Clapp, W. T. W. Ball, S. D. Smith, F. H. Jenks, F. H. Torrington, Wm. F. Gill.

The musical events of the present month have presented no very marked features of interest, although there has been a plethora of all sorts of concerts. Mlle. Aimee and her Opera Bouffe Troupe, which, though very good, is hardly comparable with those gathered by Bateman and Fisk, paid us a brief visit, giving eight representations at the St. James Theatre during the week ending on the 10th. The theatre was crowded by fashionable people at every entertainment. The St. James Theatre, by the way, has recently been opened by Mr. W. H. Leake, who is not unknown in the West. Pantomime and French opera bouffe have done well there, but "legitimate comedy," as illustrated by Miss Jane Coombs, has been a decided failure. Mr. Leake promises us a week of the Fabbri German Opera, and Miss Caroline Richings and Mr. Henri Drayton are engaged to appear in "The Enchantress" and other musical dramas.

The Harvard Musical Association has given only one concert thus far during the present month, Music Hall having been occupied for the past two weeks by a grand Fair in aid of the Boston North End Mission. The Fair, by the way, has been a most gratifying success. The institution has been built up mainly through the instrumentality of our genial and musical friend, Dr. Tourjee. So attached is the Doctor to this institution, that the money received from all his lectures on music is devoted to its uses. The concert in question was the seventh of the regular Symphony course, and came off on the 1st instant. Mr. B. J. Lang was the pianist of the occasion, and played a concerto by Rubinstein (No. 8 in G). The orchestral pieces played were the overtures to "Coriolan," by Beethoven, and "Oberon," by Weber, Liszt's Symphonic Poem—"Tasso, Lamento e Trionfo," and Haydn's Symphony No. 3. The Haydn Symphony and the Rubinstein Concerto were new to Boston, and the Liszt composition had never before been played at these concerts. The eighth concert (and last but two of the regular series) takes place next Friday, when a concert overture, No. 2, in C, by Gaide (first time in America), the Andante and Adagio, from Beethoven's "Prometheus" music, Raff's Symphony, No. 2, in C, Op. 140, a Scherzo, by Schumann, from Op. 52, and Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto, in C minor, will be played. Mr. J. C. D. Parker will be the pianist.

Miss Anna Mehlig has given some very delightful piano-forte recitals at Mechanics' Hall. One series of three was given in January, and a second series of the same number was given, with very fine results, on the 7th, 10th and 12th instants. This brilliant artiste has taken a strong hold upon the affections of the Boston public.

Mr. Ernst Perabo concluded, last Friday, his course of four piano-forte matinees. At the last two concerts he brought forward two decided novelties, in the form of piano arrangements for four hands of the two posthumous symphonies of Schubert, the Tragic and the B flat major. Neither of these works has ever been published in score or orchestral parts, and Hugo Ulrich only recently produced the piano arrangements at Leipzig. A single movement of the Tragic Symphony, the Andante, was played by Theodore Thomas's orchestra at one of their Boston concerts, but aside from this, Mr. Perabo had the honor of presenting them for the first time in America. The works, so far as they may be judged from the piano arrangements, are of unequal merit. The Andante of the Tragic Symphony is very beautiful, and the same may

be said of the Andante and Finale of the other. Mr. B. J. Lang assisted in both performances.

Mr. Lang is engaged in giving a series of Thursday afternoon concerts at the Globe Theatre, the first having taken place last Thursday, when Mozart's Quartette, in F major, No. 9 Chopin's Nocturne, in C minor, and Beethoven's Concerto, No. 2, in B flat major, constituted the programme. The second comes off on the 29th, and the remaining two March 14th and 28th. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club and some of Mr. Lang's brother pianists are to assist.

Mr. Petersilea is still engaged in his Beethoven Recitals, at which he proposes to perform all the Piano Sonatas of the great composer in regular order. He has already achieved the 13th.

The Orpheus Musical Society gave a very agreeable concert on the 6th to their members and friends, of whom there was an immense concourse, Tremont Temple being crowded to excess. The society has an excellent conductor in the person of Mr. Carl Gloggnier Castelli.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club celebrated the birthday of Mendelssohn, February 2d, by a social and musical gathering at the residence of Mr. Thomas Ryan, one of their members.

Nilsson and the Strakosch Opera Company begin a second season at the Boston Theatre, this evening, when "Mignon" will be produced for the first time in America. "Fra Diavolo," "Lucia" and "Il Trovatore" are also to be given this week. The season is to consist of eight nights and two matinees.

There is a possibility of a brief season of Italian opera from Madame Parepa-Rosa, Wachtel Santley and Adelaide Phillips, in April or May. So mote it be.

Santley, by the bye, together with Miss Kellogg, Miss Mehlig and the Temple Quartette, is to be heard at two concerts on the 19th and 20th of next month, at the modest price of one dollar per ticket. How is that for—low? Mr. A. P. Peck, who has done so much this season in the way of providing Boston with first-class concerts at cheap prices, is the projector and manager of the enterprise.

The New England Conservatory of Music has begun its new term under very successful auspices, and with a greatly increased membership.

We are enjoying, just now, some splendid comedy performances at the Globe Theatre, Miss Carlotta Leclercq having been engaged for a month. Nothing could possibly exceed the elegance and beauty with which pieces are placed upon the stage at this theatre. There is the most lavish expenditure in some pieces. At the Museum, also, pieces are brought out in magnificent style, and at times there is a grand array of scenic splendor at the Boston Theatre, where "The Streets of New York" has just closed a three weeks' run. The Union Square and fire scenes were represented with great fidelity, fire-engines, hose-carriages and hook and ladder companies being brought on the stage in the latter.

The neighboring city of Chelsea has just dedicated a new and handsome theatre. It is to be called the Academy of Music, and the dedicatory exercises, which took place on the 14th, were of a musical character. The performances were mainly by the Chelsea Choral Society and an amateur orchestra of thirty. A part of "The Messiah" was performed, under the direction of Dr. L. H. Southard. An original Ode to Music (words by B. P. Shillaber, and music by Dr. Southard) was also sung. A sacred concert was given there last night under the direction of Mr. Gilmore, and several concerts are in prospect.

RANGER.

COMING WONDER.—The musical climax of this most musical of seasons, says the *Boston Advertiser*, will undoubtedly be the Carl Rosa Italian opera troupe, which is to sing early in the spring. Parepa, Adelaide Phillips, Wachtel and Santley are the names mentioned in connection with this company.

Chicago.

WACHTEL'S INDISPOSITION AND PUBLIC INDIGNATION

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

CHICAGO, February 16, 1872.

The advent of Wachtel in this city was the occasion of the exhibition of the revival of Chicago's old time fondness for operatic performances. The sale of seats for last Wednesday's performance at the Globe Theater was unprecedented. What, then, was the indignation of the purchasers to learn, on their arrival, that Wachtel was sick with a bad cold and could not sing.

Not so much indignation at Wachtel, for the man really had a severe cold, but at the management who had not notified the public through the afternoon journals and otherwise of the failure of the artist to appear. To understand the situation, recollect that since the fire, the distance between the residences of those who naturally are the supporters of opera is far removed from the place of performance. This necessitates carriage hire. The price of Wachtel tickets were uncommonly high—four dollars the seat. A ticket for a lady and gentleman, therefore, cost eight dollars, and a carriage ten, making the cost of one night's entertainment at the opera eighteen dollars. Had an announcement of the fact of Wachtel's illness been made, the carriage hire might have been saved. As it stands, those who wish to make use of their tickets must be at an additional expense of ten dollars for carriage hire again. Our people feel poor—the prices of tickets are higher than ever before—and thus to be engineered uselessly out of a further sum, inclines many to regard themselves as having been outrageously imposed upon.

HARPER.

Wooster.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN A QUIET OHIO TOWN.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

WOOSTER, O., February 15, 1872.

As your eyes and ears are always open to see and hear what is going on in the musical world, and to chronicle the same for the benefit of the good cause, I thought a word from here—even in this little city—belonging as we do by profession and adoption to this free and enlightened country, might not be amiss or uninteresting to your numerous readers of *The Song Journal*. I seldom write for the papers, for two reasons: first, because there is a vast responsibility attending the putting of our thoughts in black and white in relation to musical matters, knowing, as every one does, that these musical folks are reputed "very peculiar;" and secondly, because that portion of my education which tends toward the correct use of the various parts of speech, especially the adjectives, the dotting of the *i's* and rounding of the periods, was sadly neglected in my early education. Still, with trembling hand and diffident heart, I will venture to tell you a few things pertaining to musical affairs in our city.

Now by way of premise, I would say we profess to be "some" in a musical way, and in doing this ignore forever the charge of boasting or vain-glory. We have two professors of the art divine in this prolific field of labor, who, with combined effort, are delving around among the *flûtes* and *sharps* in a natural way, with a zeal commendable in a good cause, and to say the least of it, presumably "according to knowledge," but with what success may be left to future development. Our amateur talent is of the first order, and will compare favorably with any city of our size in the land. Indeed, I think that of our vocal and instrumental talent we feel a just and honorable pride, as evinced by the encomiums passed upon performances recently given by good judges from abroad. We have two musical organizations—"The Wooster Academy of Music," and "The Manner Chor." These societies have been in existence several years, and

combined, comprise the principal talent, both English and German, in the city. These associations have given during their organization, separately and combined, several public concerts and entertainments of a character which for artistic merit would compare favorably with those of much larger towns and cities, not only with reference to the music performed, but also its rendition. The Academy are now at work on Schiller's "Lay of the Bell;" music by Romberg.

It will interest you, Mr. Editor, to be told that our singers are different from all others, a fact worthy of note whenever the declaration can be truthfully uttered. I refer to the love and cordial fellowship existing among them to a truly remarkable degree! Those little differences, real or imaginary, so often found among the lovers of song, the jealousies and bickerings too often discoverable among them, causing discord and alienation, are rarely met with in our societies. Each and every one seems to think another better than himself, and all seem to have quaffed large draughts from the pure, sparkling fount of harmony. Now, I believe it rejoices you greatly to know there is one place on this sublimity sphere, and that among singers, where there is no necessity to look doors for fear the musical thunder of last night's concert will be stolen from its rightful owner.

Our University is in a prosperous condition, as also our educational interests connected with the Public Schools. Several ineffectual efforts have been made to introduce music, as a branch of study, in these institutions, but as yet without that success which it is ardently hoped will ere long be consummated.

INCOG.

Richfield.

A MUSICAL CONVENTION.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

RICHFIELD, February 17, 1872.

R. Gould has instituted here a school for the teaching of vocal and instrumental music. The highest success has thus far attended him. The "Victory" is the instruction book used. The class is quite large and enthusiastic, and has, in consequence, made good progress. The convention closes this evening with a grand concert, for which extensive preparations have been made, and which will doubtless surpass anything of the kind ever held in Genesee County.

JULIA.

A Plain Talk about Music.—No. 5.

By W. C. Webster.

Hitherto I have called attention to those points more intimately connected with the artificial and mechanical, and now come to the more important, connected with the mental and moral, indispensable to the true man—so to speak—in music; the properties of style peculiarly indispensable in vocal music, which, as a first element, is—

Articulation. The necessity of a rigid attention to this division of our subject is apparent, and it is unnecessary to remind our readers of the deficiency among singers in this particular, as the evil in this regard is almost universal, while its importance is sufficiently evident to preclude the necessity of particular illustration.

In the days of our forefathers less attention was paid to time, tone, articulation, accent, emphasis, style, or correctness in the delivery of words. Of course the same words would be treated differently by all, so far as articulation or pronunciation was concerned. As an illustration of this, I quote from the Rector of St. Bardolph's, in which he describes this style of singing, as exemplified by the following stanza:

"True love is like that precious oil,
Which poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed."

In the prodigious effort of this performance the

ear-splitting combination of the several voices hardly bear a resemblance to that oily current poured on Aaron's head, and which

"Ran down his beard, and o'er his head—
Ran down his beard—
—his robes,
Ran down his beard—ran down his
—o'er his robes—
Ran down his beard—
—his robes—
—his robes—
Its costly moist—
Ran down his beard—
—o'er his beard—his beard—his head,
Ran down his beard—his robes—
His robes—his costly moist—his beard
Are shed—his costly robes—are shed,
Its o-o-a-l-l-y moist—are—shed!"

Bishop Seaburg being asked his opinion of this performance, replied that he paid no attention to the music, but that his sympathies were so much excited for poor Aaron, that he was afraid he would not have a hair left.

Every one knows that letters are the first principles of words; that they are divided into vowels and consonants; that the vowels are formed by a particular conformation of the mouth, and a continued effusion of the breath; and that the consonants are articulated by the application of the organs of speech to each other. Articulation consists in giving every letter in a syllable its due proportion of sound, according to the most approved method of pronouncing it, and in making such a distinction between the syllables of which words are composed, that the ear shall, without difficulty, acknowledge their number and perceive at once to which syllable each letter belongs.

This latter definition will fully apply to vocal music, if we add to it the necessity of separating words; but the former is deficient, in that the vowels, instead of receiving their due proportion of sound, may be prolonged at pleasure. In strict propriety, then, it may be said that it is only the vowels that we sing, the consonants being articulated as in speech. This being premised, the whole subject may be briefly stated in few words: to the "tone" belongs the vowel, the "articulation" to the consonants. The vowels, indeed, are such simple sounds, and they are so much prolonged in singing, that it seems scarcely possible they should be misunderstood; hence the principal difficulty must be sought for in the consonants.

If the rendering of these be feeble, and an improper connection of syllables occasioned by taking breath in the midst of a word, our catalogue of faults will be sufficiently complete, we believe, to account for all the indistinctness of articulation that usually takes place.

Having pointed out the most prominent faults in articulation, the method of connecting them must appear obvious. He who would acquire a good articulation should undoubtedly commence with the vowels, both because they are the most easy of utterance, and because that a proper manner of forming them, as before observed, is indispensable to the production of an agreeable tone. The slender vowels, *a*, *e* and *i*, are unfavorable to musical sounds, and hence should be so modified as to render them comparatively broad, as by so doing the voice will thus be proportionably improved in sweetness. In singing the sounds are formed in the larynx, and the notes of the musical scale are produced by the combined action of the muscles upon certain membranes in the interior of the larynx, which form an aperture called the *rima glottidis*. In the higher notes of the scale this aperture is proportionably contracted, and in the deeper intonations the membranes are relaxed, and the aperture enlarged. In speaking the *glottis* acts unconsciously, and the tones coruscate through all the intervals of the key of the person's voice. They play with incredible quickness between the key-note, through its 3d, to the 5th above, and in forcible expressions will flash from the lower octave to that of the double octave.

The office of the *glottis* in singing is the same as that of the *reed* in musical instruments, and the

muscles are made to act upon it with such precision and agility that it surpasses the most expressive instruments in rapidity and neatness of execution. The desideratum of the art is to use both these voices at once, and so to blend one with the other as that neither shall be injured. This is a rare faculty, and one which is rarely attained, and never except by long, patient and unremitting cultivation. When we listen to vocal music in a language we do not understand, we readily perceive the effort which is made to bring these voices together, and it then becomes apparent how liable words are to injure the beautiful sounds which feeling and sentiment induce.

I have said that the consonants should be forcibly articulated. It should be borne in mind, however, that as their tendency is to shut the mouth, they should have no more stress laid on them than is necessary to an intelligible and clear articulation, taking care never to produce them till the time of the note which they finish is expired. The same principles that govern the reader and speaker will be found applicable to the singer.

In a former number I endeavored to show the importance of avoiding disagreeable qualities of tone in singing. But as our language abounds in harsh and sibilant sounds; as it makes use of slender vowels and of syllables that require labial, nasal, dental and guttural sounds in articulation, it follows that unless the words wed to music be euphonic, they must have either an unmusical or an inarticulate utterance. In fact, the very words "sound," "song" and "sing," which designate the vocal art, and which every writer of lyrics feels bound to make liberal use of, are yet unsuitable for singing, since they begin with a sibilant and end with a nasal sound. The word "sing," indeed, has the farther unhappiness of containing a slender vowel.

It may be supposed every singer imagines that, as for himself, he articulates every word distinctly. He sees the word, and with the sound of the note begins to speak it, but his attention being directed onward to the next note, he perhaps neglects to notice how he finishes it, or whether it is finished at all; but should he listen to the conclusion or vanish of the tone, himself being judge, it would often be found unintelligible even to his own ear, and still more so to that of his hearers. To murder such a word as "incomprehensible," which in common short meter supplies a line, and where in a slow tune the beginning of the word is forgotten before the end is reached, is quite excusable. But we have heard the performance of lines of well written poetry in such a drawing, inarticulate manner that if written as heard would strike the ear like some long unmeaning word.

But I must desist from the further analysis of our subject in this direction, for difficulties and obstacles lay on every side, tending to discourage, perplex and deter the student in the ennobling art which it is our ardent desire to promote. I say, then, in conclusion, "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." There is little known by us of the nineteenth century that was not understood and practiced by the great and good of the eighteenth. Handel and his contemporaries, one hundred and fifty years ago, clearly developed this subject in the Oratorios of "Deborah," "Esther" and the "Messiah." Every principle in articulation, modulation, rhythm, sequence, progression and harmony was understood and developed by them, in a manner daily copied and constantly repeated by the authors and singers of the present day, and that, too, in our own language, and therefore subject to the same difficulties to be surmounted. In view of this fact, where is our boasted advancement and progress in the art divine, save in the conventionalisms that adorn the profession, in relation to which it is pertinent to ask, is there, after all, so much improvement as we vauntingly claim?

A Music Making Monarch—A Dilettante to the Last.

Leopold I, Emperor of Germany, was born for harmony. Little suited for the profession of arms, and not desirous of running the risks of any battle, he never appeared at any siege, or at the head of his troops. However, as he ascended the throne while Europe was in a state of continual agitation, he did as all sovereigns then did, waged wars; but he waged them by his substitutes—namely, his generals, who were neither the least learned nor the least fortunate generals of a period as fertile in celebrated men as in great events.

Music was for him the trust of all religions, and he was a most fervent worshipper at its shrine. Having rendered himself familiar at an early age with all the mysteries of the science of sounds, he boasted and congratulated himself that he possessed philosophy and serenity of soul, and that he owed them to the cultivation of the divine art.

Early in the morning, on getting up, he had some one to play to him, or else played himself, to disperse the melancholy impressions produced in his mind by agitated sleep, a cloudy sky, or the innumerable causes of vexation incident to his position as a reigning sovereign; he said it was the only way to become a man again—good and humane; that when the hearing is occupied and captivated it neutralizes the gross appetites of all the other senses, idealizes matter, and makes one believe in the soul. When he felt that he was about to give way to passion, he calmed himself, like Saul, by listening to the sweet and tender tones of music melody, especially that of the minuet. "Quel Capricio," which he had parodied—for he was a good composer; he used to write some very pretty harmonic canons (with one *re*) while the canons (with two *res*) of his army were thundering away in Europe.

He was so enchanted with the canons played on the piano by a Pole named Kontski, great grandfather of the present brothers Kontski, that he ennobled him. Kontski served in Sobieski's army, and, by his acquirements as an artilleryman, was instrumental in compelling the Turks to raise the siege of Vienna. The valiant Pole's double canons must, therefore, have been doubly pleasing to the Emperor. Leopold recompensed in a different fashion the Count de Serin, a noble Hungarian, who had summoned the Turks into the empire. Despite Serin's agreeable voice, which Leopold liked very much, he had the count's head cut off, so as to prevent his again singing the hymn of revolt and treason. He had two other Hungarian nobles, Nadasti and Franzpini by name, served in the same way.

What this imperial dilettante loved most about the victories obtained by his General Monteculi, by the famous John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and other commanders, was the pleasure of having *Tu Deum* sung in the Cathedral at Vienna, to celebrate their successes.

Being one of those who signed the Treaty of the Peace of Ryewick, he was on the point of taking part in the grand concerted piece, composed with reference to the Spanish succession—the right of Louis the Fourteenth's grandson to the throne of Spain being destined to contestation, a concerted piece which subsequently plunged Europe into war—when he felt that the principle, the springs of life in him were performing a fugue.

A philosopher, a christian, an epicurean, a musician, he sent for his medical man, his confessor, and the musicians of his chapel. He ordered the first to inform him, as nearly as possible, how much time he had still to live, and, on learning, apparently with only a few minutes, the torch of the imperial life would be extinguished simultaneously with that of day—that in a few hours all would be over with him, he granted an hour of the time to the priest, and then, having taken leave of him, exhaled his last sighs, drowned his lost gasp, in floods of harmony.

The Earliest Performance of English Opera.

About the earliest and most notable performance of English opera was in 1665, under the management of Sir William Davenant, the poet. The piece was entitled "An Entertainment at Rutland House, by Declaration and Music after the Manner of the Ancients," and was afterward published, in the same year, in a quarto volume. Davenant had just been liberated from the tower, where he had been confined by Parliament for his complicity in the scheme—originally encouraged by Henrietta Marie, the queen-mother of England—of carrying out a number of artifices to Virginia. At this time, tragedies and comedies—thanks to the morality of a Puritanical government—were prohibited. Davenant formed the idea of starting an entertainment which should consist solely of music, thus escaping the penalties of the

law. This musical drama—of which we have already given the title—he styled an opera, and the first performance took place at Rutland House, Charterham House Row, or what is now called Charterhouse Square, on the 14th of May, 1665. The price of admission was five shillings. Although there was accommodation for four hundred people, only about one hundred and fifty were present. The scene was Athens; and a quaint description of the place and the performance is given in a MS. of the time:

"The rooms were narrow, at the end thereof was a stage; and upon either side two places railed in, purpled and gilt. The curtains, also, which drew before them were of cloth of gold and purple. After the prologue—which told them that this was but the narrow passage to the Elysium, their opera up came Diogenes and Aristophanes, the former against the opera, the latter for it. Then came up a citizen from Paris, speaking broken English, and a citizen of London, who approached one another with the defects of each city—in their buildings, manners, customs, diet, etc. And, in fine, the Londoner had the best of it—who concluded he had seen two *crocheteurs* in Paris, both with heavy burdens on their backs, staid complimenting for the way with '*C'est à vous, monsieur*.' '*Monsieur, vous vous moquez de moy*,' etc., which lasted till they both fell down under their burdens. The music was above in a loover hole, railed off and covered with sarcasms to conceal them. Before each speech was concert music. At the end of each song relating to the visitor (the Protector). The last song ended with deriding Paris and the French, concluding thus:

"And though a shipper her scutcheon bear,
Yet Paris hath no ships at sea."

"The first song was made by Hen. Lawes, yet other by Dr. Coleman, who were the composers. The singers were Captain Cook, Ned Coleman and his wife, another woman, and other inconsiderable voices. It lasted an hour and a half, and is to continue for ten days, by which time other declamations will be ready."

Such was the "first season" of veritable English opera. The novelty seems to have rapidly gained in public estimation for the opera was afterwards removed to the cock-pit, in Drury Lane, and was much frequented for many years.—*Once a Week*.

Signor Bucher, the Musician.

Teofilo Bucher, the musician, who died in Europe during the late days of December, 1871, was born on the 13th of March, 1802, at Schlestadt, a town of Alsace, near Strasburg. He was of good family, being lineally descended from the eminent German reformer, Dr. Martin Bucer. His mother was an Italian lady named D'Angelo. Having very early given indications of a talent for music, he was placed by his father under a master at Strasburg. When only five years old he played at a public concert given by his tutor, a concerto by Pachelbel, for the French Flageolet, with full orchestral accompaniments, on which occasion his performance was received with applause. Subsequently his father was sent by the First Napoleon to Naples, where he settled, and where the younger Bucher was brought up. The principal part of his education was at first conducted by a private tutor; but he afterwards attended college and the schools of music at Rome and Naples. Having adopted music as a profession he for several years devoted himself to composing and making professional tours. He was on one occasion, with the famous harpist Labarre, publicly entertained at Rome by a large number of admirers, including musicians, painters and poets. After the banquet Bucher and Labarre gave an extemporaneous performance on the flute and harp, the subject being the well known air, "Nelson" ("Hope Told a Flattering Tale,") on which they alternately improvised variations, the other supplying the accompaniment. Circumstances having afterwards induced Signor Bucher to seek his fortune in England, he on his way thither gave concerts at Florence, Ferrara, Bologna, etc., etc., with his usual success. His reception in London was no less enthusiastic than that accorded to his friend Paganini, who had appeared shortly before. Upon the 17th of March, 1833, he arrived in Edinburgh for the purpose of giving concerts. By his will Signor Bucher has left to the Senatus Academicus of the University of Edinburgh his musical library—which is valuable to be kept and used in connection with the Chair of Music, and the residue of his property and estate for the purpose of founding a scholarship or scholarships of music in that institution.

ALEXIS'S PRESENTS.—There are numerous stories going the rounds about the presentation of jewelry by the Grand Duke Alexis to sundry actresses. He did give Madame Parepa-Rosa a bracelet, but the other reported gifts seem to be fictions.

The Song Journal.

DETROIT, MARCH, 1872.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."
"The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,
stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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The Soldiers' Monument.

The Michigan Soldiers' Monument, on the Campus Martius, in Detroit, has been completed. The figures are wrapped in canvas, and a temporary enclosure has been built around the base. The formal unveiling will take place April 9th, the anniversary of the surrender of Lee. It is announced that the oration on the occasion will be delivered by Congressman Blair, Michigan's "War Governor."

The monument is of New Hampshire granite, presenting, at the base, an outline cruciform in shape. The three lower rows of stone are laid in receding steps—with ponderous pedestals weighing each upwards of ten tons—rising perpendicularly from the bottommost tier, and facing the cardinal points. Upon these are placed bronze statues, each nine feet in height, representing the various arms of the service, as the infantry, cavalry, artillery and naval. The figures are posed as in the attitude of attention. Between these figures, in the recesses formed by the cruciform outline, are heavy block-pedestals upon which are mounted bronze eagles, with wings outspread as in the very act of taking flight. The figures of these eagles differ somewhat from the traditional form of the American bird, showing therein the difference between a correct representation of the animal as he appears in nature, and the distorted drawings which have familiarized us to shapes which obtain solely through custom.

The central body of the monument which arises above the statues, has its four sides inlaid with gigantic bronze tablets, bearing, in *bas relief*, the busts of Lincoln, Farragut, Grant and Sheridan. At the angles, projecting pedestals, chaste and massive, have been carried up. It was the original design to place upon these seated female figures representing, allegorically, Peace, War, Fame and Patriotism. The cost of these would have been some sixteen thousand dollars. As the entire amount needed for the completion of the monument, according to the original design, could not be paid, these statues were reluctantly omitted. It is to be hoped, however, that some of the wealthy residents of Detroit will make up the amount required. Ould it be done, the general effect of the monument would be much increased. It has been suggested that four gentlemen furnish the wherewithal to secure the casting of these emblematic figures, and thus figure themselves to posterity as liberal patrons of the arts.

The next stage of the architecture is formed of a gigantic granite block, made octagonal, the main faces being broader than those formed by the chiseling off of the corners. These main faces contain heavy bronze plates, one of which contains the inscription and another the State arms. A simply carved moulding, having, at proper spaces, bronze stars and wreaths, forms the entablature. Crowning all is the statue of Michigan, a female figure of heroic size, in bronze. Being enveloped in canvas, not much can at present be said of this figure. It indicates, however, in attitude and pose, one about advancing

forward, holding in the right hand a sword in the semblance of attack. In the left hand, outstretched and elevated, is a shield, as indicating defense.

All the bronze figures were executed at the Royal foundry in Munich, Bavaria, from the designs furnished by Randolph Rogers. There is but one foundry in the world capable of realizing in cold metal the exact fancies of the artist. This is the foundry at Munich. To say, then, that the figures have been executed with artistic taste, precise finish and in correct form, follows from the statement that they were executed in Munich.

Mr. Rogers, the sculptor, is not unknown to fame; when the soldiers' monument shall have been submitted to the inspection of the public, this fame will be extended, in the acclamations of the thousands who, for generations to come, will observe its graceful proportions and exquisite workmanship.

The granite work was done by J. G. Battersea, of Newport, Rhode Island. The stones were cut and fitted at his workshop there, and on arrival at Detroit were placed in position without the necessity of using a single chisel.

Alexander Chapaton erected the foundation, which, as becomes a monument calculated to last for all time, is as solid as stone and mortar and human ingenuity can make it.

The old City Hall, in its present dilapidated condition, forms a background to the monument altogether too near and inappropriate. As the Board of Education have control of the building, it is probable that it will be torn down and re-erected further back toward Bates street. This would not only add to the appearance of the monument, but also increase the convenience of the new building which is intended for the public library. The public not only wish that it may be done, but that it may be done the coming year. Then, when the new buildings in contemplation on Monroe Avenue, facing the Campus Martius, shall have been erected, and buildings of equally good architectural proportions upon the opposite side, on Michigan Avenue—with the Russell House front re-modeled—the Fort street section of the Campus suitably built up, the pleasing facade of the Opera House, and the imposing appearance of the City Hall, Detroit may boast of a Square with whose glories few cities can compete.

The taste for architectural beauty, as shown within the last few years in the buildings erected in this city, is a growing one. Nothing more visibly speaks to the stranger or the passer by of the opulence and artistic instincts of the inhabitants. Architecture, as the familiar phrase has it, is frozen music. It may be frozen, but surely there is nothing that so kindles the imagination as the view of imposing edifices, grand monuments, noble sculptures. It is for this reason that the hope is expressed that the Soldiers' Monument may be the present summer environed with buildings that shall add to its excellence and set off its art.

Orchestral Music the Coming Summer.

The coming summer gives indications of being a lively one in orchestral music. At the Central Park Garden, in New York, Carl Bergmann, with his band of one hundred performers, will be established. Mr. Bergmann is conceded to be one of the best conductors in this country, and his music, added to the other attractions of Central Park, will cause it to become even more thronged than usual.

Theodore Thomas has made arrangements for his usual series of summer evening performances in New York. Having been driven from his old quarters, these will be given at Terrace Garden.

The great Gilmore raid on melody, will, of course, attract attention and visitors to Boston. The arrangements are fast being perfected for an outburst of sound never before heard on this continent.

In Detroit measures will be taken to secure the

usual summer orchestral performances in the open air at the Grand Circus Park.

NEWBURGH MUSICAL BULLETIN.—A change has been made in the typographical appearance of the above publication. With the number for January the announcement was made that N. H. Schram had assumed editorial charge of the magazine. Mr. Schram's abilities, as shown in the last two numbers, will doubtless achieve for the *Bulletin* even a higher rank among musical publications than it has heretofore sustained.

AMUSEMENTS IN DETROIT.—During the past month Edwin Forrest gave four performances in this city. The houses were crowded, and the veteran met with a cordial reception. The Mariotti Italian Opera Company gave three performances of parlor opera. The excellence of the troupe, particularly the singing of Mad. Corani and Sig. Baccot, surprised the public, and enthusiastic applause was unstintingly bestowed.

A Youthful Organist.

Mozart's first experience of a large organ was in the monastery of a little town on the banks of the Danube. He was then only six years old, and, in company with his father, had left his home in Salzburg, and started upon a long course of travel. All day long they had been sailing down that metric river, past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hidden away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow, and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dim and vast cathedral.

The company of monks with whom they had been traveling that day, were at supper in the refectory of the cloister, when father Mozart took Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ.

And now, as the boy gazed with something of awe upon the great instrument looming up in the shadows of the great empty church, his face lit up with serene satisfaction, and every motion and attitude of the little figure expressed a wondering reverence. What tones must even now be slumbering in those mighty pipes! Tones, which, if once awakened, could give utterance to all that voiceless beauty which the day's scenes had showed him—life and death; present and past; the peaceful river, and the deserted ruin; the sunshine unfailing and the unfailing shadow at its side.

"Father," said the boy, "explain to me those pedals at the organ's feet, and let me play!" "Well pleased," the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and when father Mozart had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals, and trod them as though he had never needed to have their management explained.

How the deep tones woke the somber stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvelous child.

The monks eating their supper in the refectory, heard the tones, and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them; but never had he played with such power and freedom. They listened; some grew pale, others crossed themselves, till the Prior, who rose up, summoned all his courage, and hastened into the chapel.

The others followed, but when they looked up into the organ-loft, lo! there was no sign of any organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power.

"It is the devil himself!" cried the last one of the monks, drawing closer to one of his companions, and giving a scared look over his shoulder into the darkness of the aisle.

"It is a miracle!" said another. But when the boldest of their number mounted the stairs to the organ front, he stood as if petrified with amazement. There stood the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and dinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him.

He heard nothing, saw nothing, besides; his eyes beamed like stars, and his face lighted with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind harp, and all was still.

A Patronizing Manager.

B. T. Barnum's band in its palmy days was celebrated for doing the worst playing heard. Some one asked Barnum why he did not get a better. He said the idea was to have them play so badly that everybody would pay a quarter to get inside where they could not hear the music (?). It was also profitable, as the following anecdote goes to show: One morning the papers contained an advertisement:

"WANTED—A trombone player for Barnum's Balcony Band. Apply between 10 and 2 at the office of the Museum."

So about 11 o'clock the door opened, and a trombone entered and a man behind it. "You want a trombone player?" said the new comer (the man not the instrument). "Yes," said Mr. Barnum. "What is the place worth?" asked the applicant. "Oh, about twenty-five dollars a week, I suppose," said Barnum. "Very well, I should like it." "All right," said Barnum. So all the week through the trombone was at its post. Then came Saturday, and Mr. Green, the trombone player, presented himself for his salary. Mr. Barnum handed him a paper on which was written:

"Mr. P. Green,

"To playing trombone on his balcony one week, twenty-five dollars.
Rec'd pay't.
"August 11, 1851."

Mr. Green read the bill and smiled, and then looked at Mr. Barnum. "Well," said Mr. Barnum, "it's all right, isn't it?" "Why," said Green, "the price is right, but you have made such a funny mistake. You make me the debtor, instead of you." "I see no mistake in that," said Barnum, "you are the one that has made a mistake. You see the case is this: There are a good many gentlemen in this city who are fond of practicing brass instruments, but they cannot do so at home on account of the neighbors' objections. So I furnished them room on my balcony a number of hours per day, where it does no harm, the street being so very noisy, and they pay me a small sum per week for my trouble in keeping the organization full. You must have thought me green to hire and pay such an infernal poor lot of players. However, as you appear to have been honestly mistaken, you can pay me ten dollars this week, but hereafter I can make no reduction." Mr. Green did not play next week.

THE PARIS CONSERVATOIRE.—The Paris Conservatoire of Music, says the *Pull Mull Gazette*, one of the best abused institutions on the other side of the Channel, has just been taken in hand by the equally well-abused M. Jules Simon, acting in conjunction with M. Ambrose Thomas, and reformed radically. Previously to the war the Conservatoire housed, fed, and clothed 10 male boarders, who were selected after a good deal of competitive examination, and trained laboriously with a view to their earning future distinction as singers. As a matter of fact, they very seldom did earn distinction; but, after their three years' unremitting slogging, disappeared, no one new withier, and turned up occasionally on the boards of provincial theatres, where, in the most correct of styles and in the feeblest of voices, they squeaked mild ballads. Among dilettanti it was generally considered that these results, brilliant as they were, were yet scarcely adequate to the £8,000 or £10,000 voted every year for the encouragement of musical teaching; the more so as, for some reason or other, female pupils—often more proficient and promising than the men—were formally excluded from the benefit of the housing, feeding, etc., and were only suffered to follow the Conservatoire lessons in the capacity of externes. MM. Simon and Thomas have changed all this by deciding that for the future there shall be no more resident exhibitors, but twelve non-residents, chosen without reference to sex, and divided into three classes, paid respectively 1800f., 1500f., and 1200f. a year. Moreover, less attention is to be given than heretofore to the candidate's "phrasing," and more to his or her natural aptitude for the stage, as shown by the combination of those qualities which make up what the French call *verve*. If the programme be properly executed by a director who knows *verve* when he sees it, all will go well. Unfortunately, *verve* is just one of those abstracts upon which people are most liable to differ.

THE ENGLISH PAGANINI.—Isaac Collins, an old and well-known professor and teacher of the violin, died in London on the 24th of November, in his seventy-fourth year. About forty years ago, when Paganini, the great Italian violinist, was so popular, Isaac Collins made his appearance in London, and created an immense success by his extraordinary performance on the violin. Being the first and only Englishman who played in the Italian school, he was styled the English Paganini.

Teger Times.

The great basso Levasseur, the original Bertram in "Robert le Diable," died last month.

Miss LAZEVESSE, an American, who has been singing in Southern Europe with much success, has been engaged for the spring at the Covent Garden Opera.

A FOREIGN musical critic says: "Good musicians execute their music; the bad ones murder it."

An opera, called "Le Petit Lohengrin," is in preparation at Bologna.

An American singer of promise, William N. Perkins, of Illinois, died at Milan on the 30th of October.

MADAME THALBERG has sold her late husband's library, which included autographic scores of Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Haydn, Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, Cherubini, Rossini and Bellini.

DURING the fall of 1872 Henry Jarrett will bring to this country Pauline Lucas, whose married name is Baroness von Raden, and Arabella Geddard, the pianist, who is the wife of Mr. Davidson, editor of a London musical journal.

THE "Hamlet" of M. Ambrose Thomas has been received with great success in Brussels, M. Faure sustaining the title part he created in Paris, and Mlle. Saut being Ophelia. At the end of the third act the King of the Belgians presented the Order of Leopold to the composer in the royal box.

M. GOUNOD's "Romeo and Juliette" has been performed in St. Petersburg, with Madame Patti and Signor Nicolini in the cast.

M. COLIN, the talented tenor of the Grand Opera, Paris, died on the 13th of January, at the age of thirty-one. He caught a cold while performing in "Hamlet," and, disregarding the advice of his medical attendant, continued to sing. A pleurisy carried him off after a two months' illness. He leaves a widow, the charming danseuse, Mme. Floore.

LE MENESTREL publishes a list of thirty-two singers and dancers who have married persons of title—from Mlle. Rowland, dancer, in 1864, to Adelina Patti, in 1868.

L'HERALD, a Madrid paper, heralds the "coming man" in the shape of a young Portuguese tenor whose sonorous voice ranges from the bass lower C to D flat in alto.

ELOTOW's "L'Ombre" has been performed with success at Pesth.

HUGO KRUGER, a singer of considerable repute, died in Berlin recently.

The English are the inventors of benefit concerts, says the *Guide Musical*.

CAPOUT, the tenor, is engaged to sing in London this year, and then for two years in Russia.

A new violin concerto (opus 161), by Joachim Raff, has made its appearance in Germany. The composition is in B Minor.

MINNIE HAUCK, the American prima donna, has been offered, by the Empress of Austria, the position of *cantatrice* to her majesty for life.

All the places in the St. Petersburg Theatre, at which Mlle. Schneider is going to play, are already let for the whole of the next representations.

"1813" is the title of a new opera, dedicated to the Emperor William of Germany, by a chamber musician of Hanover, named Vaas. The composer has been rewarded with a Crown medal.

ALOIS VOGEL, organist of the church of St. Elizabeth, in Vienna, was struck with paralysis on the 15th of November, while performing on his instrument, and died immediately.

GRISARD's new comic opera "Memmen," in one act, produced lately in Paris, is pronounced by the French critics to be a complete success. It is said to be full of pretty melodies, while the young composer is also credited with a fair knowledge of orchestration.

FROM our exchanges we learn that the Formes-Habelman Opera Troupe was successful in Charleston, S. C. The papers speak of the performances of "Faust," "Martha," and other operas; and Mlle. Rosetti, as well as Carl and William Formes, and Habelman, have found much favor.

THE Sacred Harmonic Society, of London, performed lately Mendelssohn's music to Racine's sacred drama of "Athalie," and Beethoven's oratorio "Mount of Olives," at Exeter Hall. The principal vocalists were Madame Cora de Wilhorst, Mlle. Drasdi, Miss Vinta, Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Sir Michael Costa conducted.

RICHARD WAGNER has succeeded in collecting half a million dollars for the purpose of having all his operas performed at a new theatre to be constructed for the purpose in the city of Bayreuth.

RAFAEL JOSEFFY, a young pianist, pupil of Liszt and Tausig, is creating a sensation in Northern Germany. He is but nineteen years of age, but the critics pronounce him one of the first of living pianists.

Miss Rose Hersee has been engaged for six weeks for English opera at the Theatre Royal, Cork, commencing on Boxing night. Mr. Clive Hersee will be principal baritone, Mr. Parkinson, tenor, and Mr. G. Cooke, the musical director.

SONG JOURNAL

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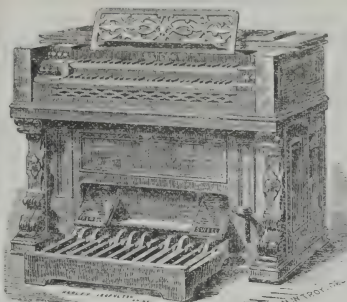
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Fly (The) couldn't help it. 2. G. D. to G. Serio-Comic Song for Mez. Ten. with Quartet. Pratt. 30
From Song. 3. F. C to F. Bar. As sung by Howe and Paul. Miller. 35
Funny (A) little Man came courting me. 2. F. F. to F. For Mez. Sop. with Mixed Chorus. Lemon. 30

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Give me a handsome young Man. 3. A. B. to E. Mez. Sop. or Alto. Persley. 35
Grandmother Here on yonder little Green. 2. G. B. to D. For Alto. Duett. 30
Hard Times Medley. 4. G. G to E. Introducing several popular melodies. Higgins. 90
Happy Yankee Boy. 2. F. C to D. Langard. 25
He never says a Word. 2. G. D to E. Mez. Sop. with Chorus for mixed voices. Rathbun. 30
He's a Beau of mine. Mez. Sop. with Chorus. Miller. 30
He's naughty, but he's nice. 3. G. G. to E. Oper. 30
**Honeymoon (The.)* La Lune de Miel. 4. D. D to F. With English and French Text. Rathbun. 30
How d'ye like the Style? 2. G. D to C. Comic Song for Ladies with mixed Quartet. Langard. 30
How I love the pretty Girls. 4. F. A. to F. For Bar. Voice. Dressler. 50
I am sure that I could do it. 4. A. Minor. E to G. Mez. Sop. or Ten. Bishop. 35
I am thine and thou art only. (over the left.) 3. E. C to D. Very sentimental. "over the left." Rauch. 30
**I don't can tell you vy.* Dutch Song. 2. A. E. to E. Bar. or Base. Hays. 40
I can not tell you why. 3. E. E. to E. Mez. Sop. or Alto and Chorus. Persley. 35
I love you. Dance Song. 2. F. C to F. Mez. Ten. or Bar. Delahanty. 35
I'm called the fairest Flower. Dance Song. 3. F. C to F. For Mez. Sop. Bishop. 35
I'm deep in Love with a pretty Girl. 3. C. E. to E. Song and Dance for Bar. or Base. Cox. 30
I'm my Daddy's only Son. 3. F. E. to F. Baritone. Pratt. 35
I'm Somebody's Child. 3. C. E. to F. Mez. Ten. As sung by Lingard. Pratt. 40
I thought she was an angel. Dance Song. 3. F. D. to E. Mez. Ten. or Bar. Persley. 35
I wish that I'd been born a Girl. 3. G. C. to G. Mez. Ten. with Mixed Chorus. Angelo. 35

- I wish that I'd been born a Boy.* 2. F. C. to F. C. F. Mez. Sop. with Mixed Chorus. Angelo. 35
I would like to change my Name. 3. C. C. to F. Mez. Sop. La Hache. 30
I wouldn't like to tell. 3. G. D to F. Dance Song for Bar. Higgins. 30
John Brown's Legacy. 2. G. D to D. With Chorus. Comic song for children. Thomas. 30
King of the Carnival Islands. 3. B. C. to F. Bar. with Mixed Chorus. Raphaelson. 30
Like a Rose-Bud. 4. C. E. to E. Middle Voice. As sung by Robby Newcomb. Long. 30
Mittler's Daughter. 2. D. C. to D. Bar. or Base. Humorous Song. Miller. 30
**Miss Jinks of Madison Square.* 3. B. F. to F. Mez. Sop. Hays. 40
Mrs. Billings' Baby. 3. F. D to F. Bar. Song with Mixed Chorus. Billings. 30
My Father's Half-Bushel. 2. C. G. to A. Humorous Song. For Base Voice. Written in Base Clef. Towne. 30
My Love he is a Mormonite. 3. A. B. to F. Mez. Sop. with female Chorus. Miller. 30
My Runaway Horse. 3. G. D to E. For Medium Voice. As sung by Howard Paul. Miller. 50
My Sunday Breeches. 2. E. D to G. For Tenor Voice, with Mixed Chorus. Altman. 30
Name the Day—the Wedding-Day. 3. B. F. to F. Mez. Ten. or Bar. Thomas. 30
Oh! I am in Love. 3. D. D to F. Duetting. O phave, Gal! you won't do. Dance Song. 3. B. F. to G. Bar. Hays. 35
Oh! no, not in these Boots. 3. D. G. to F. For Mez. Sop. Oper. 35
Popping Corn. 3. G. E. to E. Webster. 30
Popsy Wopsy, or, I am a lone grass Widow. 2. D. D. to F. Mez. Sop. Take note but Peters' edition, by. Miller. 30
Popping the Question. 3. B. D to F. Mez. Ten. or Bar. French and English. La Hache. 30
Putty Milkmaid. 3. C. C. to F. Mez. Sop. Wells. 35
Putty Milkmaid, with ten Dollars a Week. 3. G. D to E. Ask for Peters' edition, by. Miller. 35
Put yourself in my Place. 3. G. D to F. Pratt. 30
Putting on Airs. 1. G. D to E. For Mez. Sop. or Bar. with Mixed Chorus. Higgins. 30
Ragged (The) Man in Town. 2. G. D to E. Bar. or Base, with Mixed Chorus. Horner. 30
She had such winning Ways. 3. C. E. to E. Bar. with Mixed Chorus. Feedneck. 30
She's a charming little Widow. 3. E. D. to F. Mez. Sop. or Bar. Gorham. 30
She's just my Style and Penny. 4. A. C. to G. Song and Dance. For Mez. Ten. or High Bar. Jack. 30
She's my Sugar-Plum. Dance Song. 3. C. E. to F. Bar. Marshall. 30
She threw a Kiss at me. 3. B. F. to F. Dance Song. For Medium Voice. A. B. C. to F. 30
She tossed her Curls at me. 3. A. C. to F. Dance Song. For High Bar. Pratt. 30
Skating in Central Park. 3. B. F. to F. Bar. Song, with Chorus. Newcomb. 35
Soda and B. 2. C. F. to E. For Middle Voice As sung by Lydia Thompson. Pratt. 30
Standing on the Corner. 3. C. D to E. Mez. Sop. or Alto. Jordan. 30
Susan Jane. 3. A. E. D. End Song. Hays. 35
That Ragler. 2. G. D to D. Alto Bar. or Base. A Parody on "Tiptoe." A. B. 30
That other Girl just like me. 3. B. B. to E. Serio-Comic Song. For Bar. Miller. 30
The old Man's drunk again. 3. A. B. C. to E. Alto or Bar. Hays. 40
They may talk of Love in a Cottage. 3. D. D to D. Humorous Song. For Bar. Base. Stock. 30
**Tyrolean Ducks.* 3. C. C. to G. Mez. Sop. C. Bar. Ask for Peters' edition, by. Oper. 40
Twenty Years ago. 3. A. D. to E. Humorous Song. For Bar. Ask for Peters' edition, by. Bishop. 30
Upon my sacred Honor. For Song. 3. D. C. to E. Baritone Song. As sung by Lingard. Kinkel. 40
Walking up Broadway. 3. D. E. to F. Ladies' Answer to "Walking down Broadway." Adler. 35
Why don't you name the Day? 3. B. F. to F. With male song, with mixed chorus. La Hache. 35
What makes them cackle so? 3. F. D to F. Hays. 35
Widow Reddott. 2. G. D to D. Mez. Sop. or Alto, with cusion Chorus. Mrs. Firenze. 30
Widow Spriggins' Daughter. 2. A. E. to F. B. or Mez. Ten. Gorham. 30
Will I have you? Why yes, I do. 3. E. D. to E. Mez. Sop. or Alto. La Hache. 35
You know how it is yourself. 3. B. D. to C. Tenor, song and dance. Jones. 40
Young (The) Widow. 2. G. C. to E. Fine 1. Harry Beckett. For Mez. Sop. 35

* Picture Titles. 1, Easy, to 7, Very Difficult. Black Letters, the Key. The other Letters, the Compass.

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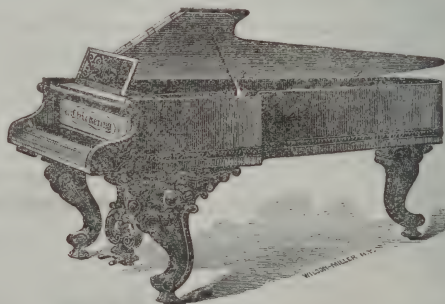
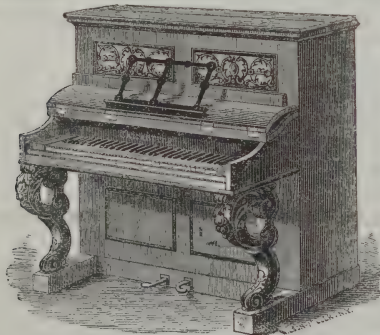
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[TRANSLATION.]

Messrs. CHICKERING—It is very agreeable to me to add my name to the concert of praises of which your pianos are the object. To be just, I must declare them perfect and *perfectissimes*, (superlatively perfect). There is no quality which is foreign to them. Your instruments possess in the supreme degree nobility and power of tone, elasticity and security of touch, harmony, brilliancy, solidity, charms and prestige; and this offer a harmonious ensemble of perfection, to the exclusion of all defects. * * * —LISZT.

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VOLUME II.

DETROIT, APRIL, 1872.

NUMBER IV.

The New Church Organ.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

They've got a bran new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They've done just as they said they'd do,
And fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right
They've hoisted up their new machine,
In everybody's sight.
They've got a chorister and a choir,
A'n' my voice and vote;
For it was never my desire
To praise the Lord by note.

I've been a sister good an' true
For five an' thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read,
And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led!
And now, their bold, new-fangled ways
Is comin' all about;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out.

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read—"I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."
I a'ways liked that blessed hymn—
I s'pose I a'ways will;
It somehow gratifies my whim,
In good old Ortonville;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gonest thing
A body ever heard!

Some worldly chaps was standin' near,
An' when I seed them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might;
But though my voice is good an' strong,
I couldn't steer it right;
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contrawise;
And I too fast, or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,
They played a little tune;
I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pr'tty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas! I found that I
Was singing there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told;
But I had done my best;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin' book,
An' never meant to be;
But then she a'ways tried to do
The best she could, she said;
She understood the time right through,
An' kep' it, with her head;
But when she tried this mornin', oh,
I had to laugh or cough!
It kep' her head a-bobbin' so,
It c'en a'most came off!

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
As one might well suppose;
He took one look at Sister Brown,
An' meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn right thro' and thro'
And laid it on the seat,
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
An' looked completely beat.
An' when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise,
But drew his red bandanner out,
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,
For five and thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
But death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track;
An' some day I to church will go,
An' never more come back;
An' when the folks get up to sing—
Where'er that time shall be—
I do not want no patent thing
A-squealing over me!

All About Pianos.

PIANOS FROM ROUGH BOARDS TO WORKS OF ART—
CHICKERING'S TUMBLE AND TRIUMPH IN PARIS—
JONAS CHICKERING'S FIRST PIANO—"OLD 50"—
HOW PIANOS ARE MADE.

I have spent eight hours on a fast walk with Mr. George W. Neill, the Superintendent of the Chickering piano manufactory, in South Boston. The manufactory, covering, as it does, five acres of ground, is one of the wonders of New England. All day long to-day I have followed the course of fourteen hundred pianos now in course of construction from the rough iron and logs of wood in the yard till, as beautiful works of art, they stand finished in the warehouses.

How can I give you in three minutes all I have to say?

JONAS CHICKERING.

On my way around, I came upon an old grey-headed man at work on the keys of a piano. As Uncle Volney Wilder looked up, I asked—

"Who was Jonas Chickering, who founded this institution, and who Henry Ward Beecher says has been the cause of more noise (*musical*) in the world than any other ruthless American who ever lived?"

"Why," said Uncle Volney, wiping his old silver glasses on his apron, "Jonas Chickering was a New Ipswich boy. He was a shrewd, smart Yankee cabinet-maker, in those old times when it was a disgrace for anybody in New England not to have an honest trade. Well, somebody, in 1818, sent an old piano to Jonas Chickering one day to mend. He took it apart, saw the theory of construction at once, and, in 1823, he went to Boston and made the first Chickering piano. He invented the "circular scale" for square pianos, which has been copied and used since by all the piano makers in the world, and he was the first to apply successfully the iron frame on which the strings are stretched. I came in with him in 1831, and for forty years I've been working on these pianos."

"What kind of a man was Jonas Chickering?"

"Why, he was one of the great men of Boston."

"He has done more for pianos than any other man in existence. He worked his business up from one piano a month, till we now turn out 200 per month, and from a little cabinet shop till we now have five acres of land covered with pianos."

"When did he die?"

"December 9, 1853," said Uncle Volney, looking at an old memorandum over his workbench, "and when he died, and his funeral was held in old Trin-

ity Church, the whole town mourned, and for the first and last time in my day the bells of the city tolled out the sorrow of the people."

"Who is left now of the Chickering's?"

"Well, there is Mr. Frank, over in New York—he takes charge of the warehouses in Fourteenth street, and there is Mr. George, here in Boston. Colonel Thomas Chickering went to the war, you know, and after he came back as General, he died."

In the same room with Uncle Volney, who, by the way, is worth about \$90,000, was John Hartford, aged seventy-two years, still working for the same people he had worked for for fifty years. He has seen wages go from \$4 per week to \$4 per day.

STATISTICS.

In passing on from the two silver-haired veterans, I said to Mr. Neill:

"How many men do you employ?"

"About 500."

"How many pianos do you make in a year?"

"About 2,400. Let's see," said he, looking at his memorandum book, "we made in 1871, 1,376 Seven Octave Squares (at from \$400 to \$600 each); 402 Grand Squares (7½ octaves at from \$1,000 to \$1,200), and 200 Uprights (at from \$600 to \$3,000)."

"I should think \$3,000 would buy a pretty good piano."

"Yes, it does; but that is quite a common figure nowadays. Why, we've sent ten \$3,000 pianos already to New York. You know Americans will have the best."

"How many pianos have you made since 1823?"

"Forty thousand, which at an average of \$500 apiece, would amount to \$20,000,000. If placed in line, they would make a continuous string four miles long!"

GRAND AND SQUARE PIANOS.

"You speak of grand and square pianos. What makes the distinction?"

"Well, the grand has three strings tuned in unison to each note, while the square has two strings to a note. The three strings give more volume."

"What kind of wood do you use in a piano?"

"We use walnut for the cases, ash for the tops, maple and apple tree for the action parts, pine for bottoms, white wood for legs, spruce for sounding board, and rosewood, mahogany and black walnut for frames. Apple tree wood is the hardest wood to get. It is tough, and we have to get it from all over the country. Our black walnut comes from Ohio and the West, and the rosewood from South America."

DEPARTMENTS OF THE FACTORY.

We now passed through the factory. First we took a look at the rough maple and walnut logs. Then we passed through the immense drying rooms, where they have 500,000 feet of lumber drying at a heat of 120 degrees. Then at the mill, where they make piano skeletons, ready for veneering. Then we passed into the cabinet and carving departments, where the legs are carved and veneers glued on and fitted for varnishing. Leaving the frame ready for varnishing, we went into the key and action department.

One of the most important things about a piano we found to be the sounding board, situated directly under the strings. This is made of spruce, very flexible wood, after it has been kiln-dried for many months. It is sawed so that the grain of the wood shall run perpendicular to the surface. You know if you take three or four rules and lay them together horizontally they can be easily bent, but turn them all up edgewise and they cannot be bent. So if you look on the sounding board of a piano you will always see the straight close grains of spruce wood. After it is made it is varnished with gum shellac dissolved in alcohol.

The bottom of a grand piano, which has to stand the strain of 240 strings, each pulling several hundred

pounds, in all 33 tons, must be made very strong. Hence it is a heavy, four-inch thick frame. The top, to prevent it from warping, is made of three thicknesses of wood, and the music rack is made of five thicknesses.

After the piano leaves the varnish and sound board rooms, it comes to the String Department. The strings are steel, wound with soft wire. After the strings are put in, the piano is taken to the Action Department. Here all those little wooden fixings are put in, 1,000 holes are bored in the action machinery of a piano, and each hole is lined with lead to prevent any noise. From the Action Department the piano goes to the trimmer, who puts on the top, levers, pedals, hinges and locks. Now it goes to the Regulating Department, where they examine to see that each one of the little felt hammers shall strike the wire properly—then it goes to the Polishing Department. After this, it receives a final looking over, regulating and tuning; though it has been tuned three times since the action and strings have been put in. The first tuning is called "snapping up." The strings are then in a dreadful state, and when touched give forth a pandemonium sound. The tuner first gets his middle "C" string, in the centre of the piano, all right with his tuning-fork, then gets the octaves above and below by his ear; then puts in the eighth notes between the octaves. If each note has three strings, as in a grand piano, they have to be gotten in unison first.

THE PIANO'S TEDIIOUS JOURNEY.

The piano is four months traveling from the logs of wood outside to the show room, and about 1,400 are constantly under way. The manufacturers expend yearly for wages to the 500 men, \$500,000. It uses \$16,000 worth of ivory keys, \$25,000 for cast-ings, \$9,000 for felt cloth for hammers, and \$2,000 for the little steel pin on which the wire strings are fastened. One million dollars worth of pianos were sold last year—going to Europe, India, Africa, and South America.

"THE OLD 50."

One of the great pianos is known as the "old 50." It was made in 1865, and is now off on a campaign with "Ole Bull." It happened to be a very fine one. It has been to Europe, and has traveled through this country thousands of times with Gottschalk, Muzio, Wehli and Strakosch and others. It has traveled over 100,000 miles.

"What made the piano better than the rest?" I asked Mr. Neill.

"Well, it was a 'lucky strike,' then. It happened so. If you make six pianos just alike, one will always be better than the rest. We can't tell what does it."

"How about the struggle at the Paris exhibition for the decoration for the best piano in the world in 1867?" I asked.

"Well, sir, we got it. I was there, and, thunder, you ought to have seen the consternation of those English and Austrian fellows! There was Broadwood, of England; Striecher, of Austria; Steinway, of New York, and Chickering, of Boston. They all got a gold medal, but we got the decoration, the highest of all. The English and Austrian fellows were so mad that they got out denials and contradictions, and every thing, but we settled them by getting a letter from the International Jury which conferred the Legion of Honor decoration on the Emperor."

"Have you got that letter?"

"Yes; here it is."

BRUSSELS, NOV. 19, 1867.

MR. CHICKERING:

Sir—I must refuse to declare, as member of the Jury of the 10th class, that which is undeniably established by the "Moniteur" of July 2, 1867, viz:

That there is but one class of Gold Medals for the exhibition, and that the decoration of the Legion of Honor constitutes a recompense of a superior order, and that it has been accorded to you by the Emperor for the merit of your instruments. Accept my salutations,

(Signed),

FETIS, Member of the Jury of the 10th class of the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867.

"Enough said, my boy; I guess we Yankees are ahead after all." Then I rode back to the Revere House tired out.

ELI PERKINS.

From the Romeo Observer.

The Song Journal for January, published by C. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit, is on our table. It is an excellent Musical Monthly, and should be taken by all lovers of the divine art. We noticed an excellent piece of music in this number, by our townsman, George D. Massey, entitled "Tommy is Dead." Words and music are both of his own composition. It is an appropriate sequel to "Tommy Don't Go."

Violin Virtuosi.

J. D. Elwell, in the last number of the *Aldine*, thus speaks about violins:

In the year 1644 there was born at Cremona a son and heir to the ancient house of Stradivarius, who was christened Antoine. For more than one hundred years the Amatis had made violins, and at this time Nicholas, the most celebrated of the family, was turning out from his quaint old workshop those marvelous of sweetness which have made his name famous all the world over. While the boy Antoine was growing into a tall, thin young man, he used to linger, day after day, around Amati's doorway, never so happy as when handling and intently studying the master's handiwork. He set his heart on being a violin-maker, and so persistently urged his father's consent that it was not only given, but Nicholas Amati was induced to receive him as a pupil.

The master must have recognized something beyond the common in the boy, for he took him into his confidence, and taught him those secrets of shaping and coloring which have been lost so many years.

With all our boasted tools and experience, no master workman's violin of our day can compare with the handwork of those simple men whose religion found expression in the care and love with which they labored.

Antoine continued to work in Amati's shop until he was twenty-six years old, and it was not until the year 1690 that he ventured to change the model his old master taught him. Then he began to make his instruments larger, the form of the arching somewhat flatter, thickness greater toward the centre to support the more firmly the pressure of the bridge over the tension of the strings, and gradually thinning toward the sides to give all the necessary vibration.

The Amati violins have a pure, sweet tone, but not much power; the first and second strings are brilliant and clear in tone; the third round and mellow with power, and the fourth dry and feeble, owing to the narrowness and shortness of the instruments in comparison with their thickness.

Stradivarius gave his violins a rich and powerful tone, each string being of equal beauty, and carved the scroll more finely than his master. He chose figured maple for his wood, and varnished his instruments a warm reddish or yellowish color. After the year 1725 his violins are said to have fallen off in workmanship; the arching a little more rounded, the varnish of a browner hue, and the tone less brilliant. He had become an aged man, and doubtless felt the work to his sons, only giving them directions. He died at Cremona in 1787, having attained the great age of ninety-three. The ticket which accompanied his instruments commonly bore the inscription, "*Antonius Stradivarius Cremona fidei et uno*."

There is a vast difference between four louis d'or, the usual price of a violin then, and one thousand dollars, the sum the same instrument would bring now. And yet three times this amount has several times been paid for a genuine Stradivarius; while one thousand guineas, it is said, were once refused for one.

The most wonderful price ever paid, taken at its present value, was given for a Steiner violin—fifteen hundred acres of land, on which a large part of the city of Pittsburgh now stand, were exchanged for one in the early part of this century.

The Steiner violins are noted for their sparkling, flute-like quality of tone, especially on the first string. They are of German manufacture, and are made in Tyrol. Jacob Steiner in his old age retired to a Benedictine monastery, where, it is said, he lost his health, from mortification at having sold his violins so cheaply. However, he has his most famous instruments were made during the latter part of his life; one of these, known as "Steiner's Elector," from his having made one for each of the twelve electors, brought in the year 1771 no less than 3,500 florins.

The seventeenth century produced almost all the great violin makers, and next, perhaps, to Stradivarius ranks his pupil, Guarnerius, sometimes called "del Jesu," on account of the "I. H. S." often marked on his tickets. He worked at Cremona until 1745, the year of his death. Unfortunately, in his latest days, he became careless and addicted to drink. For a long time he was imprisoned, but the jailer's daughter fell in love with him, and brought him materials to make his violins, selling them for him when finished. In his best days he was most fastidious in the choice of his wood and varnish, which was a brownish red. Paganini used to play on one of his violins; and Spohr said, of another, that it was the finest instrument in the world.

There is something grand in the patience with which these old masters labored. They thought not

of what they could get, but of what they did. It was the spirit of another age.

Recollections of Paganini.

He was a Genovese by birth, having first seen the light February 18, 1784. As early as the sixth year of his age he evinced so remarkable a talent for the violin that a teacher was found for him in the person of Jean Servetto, who is said to have been a player of little merit. That, however, could have been of no moment, since he remained under him but a very short time. Giacomo Costa, director of the orchestra and first violin in the principal churches in Genoa, was next intrusted with Paganini's musical education, and under him he progressed rapidly. At this period, Alexander Rolla was justly esteemed the first violinist in Italy; and Paganini, though yet but a boy, expressed the most lively desire to be placed under the guidance and direction of so competent a teacher. To gratify this wish, he went to Milan. But already this genius, who was destined to effect a revolution in his art, was unable to submit to the established forms of the schools which had preceded him. Disputes constantly arose between master and pupil concerning innovations, which the latter could only as yet conceive, without being able to execute them in a satisfactory manner, and which were condemned by the severe taste of the former. Paganini soon abandoned himself, in solitude, to the researches with which his mind was occupied, and he then formed the plan of the studies that are known by his name, wherein he proposed difficulties which even he himself could not surmount without immense labor. While, however, immersed in such inquiries, he suddenly interrupted them—leaving the possibility of increasing the resources of the violin to be at a future time considered—to study with the utmost seriousness and patience the works of Corelli, Vivaldi, Tartini, Paganini and Viotti. His chief object in doing this was to ascertain successive progress of his instrument. He afterwards, with the same patience and assiduity, familiarized himself with the works of the best French violin authorities.

At the age of twenty-one (A. D. 1805) he entered the service of Napoleon's sister Eliza, Princess of Lucena and Bombino, in the capacity of cordist and *chef d'orchestre*. In consequence of a wager, one night he had an opera and played a solo upon a violin having only two strings—the third and fourth. This was the origin of those *tour de force* which he was afterward in the habit of making upon that instrument, and which, in his youth, as afterward, he carried so far as to lay himself open to the charge of charlatanism. When the Princess Eliza became Grand Duchess of Tuscany, Paganini followed her to Florence, where he became the object of general admiration, which was carried indeed to such an extent as to have been termed little else than fanaticism. His talent kept developing itself daily in new forms, but he had not yet discovered the means of regulating its exercise. In 1810 he had, however, so perfected his mechanism that he gave, for the first time, at a Court concert, his variations on the fourth string, the extent of which he had carried to three octaves by means of harmonic sounds. This novelty had a prodigious success, especially when he made it public at a concert given by himself at Parma, August 10, 1811. From that date Paganini's remarkable career may be said to have commenced. Year after year he went from place to place in Italy, and thence to Germany, creating a furore in most instances, but astonishment, at least, in all.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

POCKETING NOTES.—The London *News* tells the following: "At a concert, last summer, in the Crystal Palace, where a symphony of M. Gounod, composer of 'Faust' and 'Mireille,' was in the programme, Madame Arabella Goddard had to play a piano-forte concerto by Mendelssohn. M. Gounod, with the well known chivalry of his nation, introduced himself personally to Madame Goddard—an honor of which the great English artist felt naturally sensible. As they were talking together, M. Gounod asked Madame Goddard what piece she was going to play. 'Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor,' was the answer of the lady—who added, 'You must listen to it, pick up all the notes I let fall and put them in your pocket.' The performance, even for Madame Goddard a remarkable display, was received by the crowded audience with enthusiasm. At the conclusion, when Madame Goddard had retired to the artists' room, M. Gounod, with continued courtesy, came to congratulate her. 'Where have you put the dropped notes?' asked Madame Goddard, to which the illustrious French composer replied: 'Madame, my pockets are empty.'

Tommy is dead.

Correspondence.

Letter from Boston.

THE WORLD'S PEACE JUBILEE—DESCRIPTION OF THE COLISEUM—THE FORMATION OF THE GREAT CHORUS—TWENTY THOUSAND SINGERS ENLISTED IN TWO WEEKS—BOSTON'S RESPONSE—THE ORCHESTRA—THE MUSIC TO BE SUNG—NEW COMPOSITIONS, ETC.—OTHER MUSICAL MATTERS—THEATRICAL ITEMS.

Correspondence of THE SONG JOURNAL.

BOSTON, March 21, 1872.

The readers of THE SONG JOURNAL will, of course, desire to learn the latest intelligence regarding Mr. Gilmore's great Musical Festival, and, in truth, there is very little else to write about this month. There is enough Jubilee, however, to fill a dozen columns of your paper, and the only difficulty I shall have will be in compressing my letter into respectable limits. In the first place let me tell you something about the mammoth building, the plans of which have lately gone through some modifications. It was at first contemplated to construct it partly of iron, but this idea has been given up for good and sufficient reasons, and it will be built wholly of wood. The Messrs. Sears, who built the Coliseum in 1869, with Mr. J. J. McNutt, also of Boston, are the contractors. The extreme length of the mammoth structure, inclusive of the towers, is six hundred feet, and its width is three hundred and fifty feet, independent of an enclosed promenade twenty-five feet in width all around. The two central towers are to be fifty by sixty feet, and will rise to a height of two hundred and twenty feet, which is the same as that of Bunker Hill monument. At the height of one hundred and sixty feet will be galleries for observation, which will be open to the public at certain hours of the day. The four corner towers will be thirty feet square and one hundred feet high. The ground plan will be divided into chorus, orchestra, parquette and galleries. The chorus and orchestra will be two hundred and thirty-eight feet in depth, and will contain an area of eighty-four thousand eight hundred square feet, or nearly two acres. The auditoriums will be three hundred and twelve feet deep, with an area of one hundred and twenty thousand nine hundred and fifty square feet, or nearly three acres. The main gallery will extend around three sides of the building, and will have a depth of seventy-five feet; and there will be a second gallery across the front end, three hundred and twenty feet long and twenty-five feet deep, except in the centre, where it will also include the space within the tower. The roof will be an unbroken arch of three hundred and forty feet outside span, and three hundred and two clear inside span. Twenty-two monstrous trusses, nineteen feet thick at the base and twelve feet thick at the crown, will support the roof. The clear height in the centre will be one hundred and thirty feet. All the arches, walls and gallery-posts will rest on a foundation of piles driven closely together, and the floors will rest directly on the ground, so that the immense weight of the audience and chorus will have no effect whatever upon the walls. The trusses will be constructed on the plan of the "lattice girder," and of great strength. The whole number of entrances to the building will be twenty-six. There will be seven main entrances to the chorus end, and seven main entrances to the auditorium, in addition to the gallery and private entrances. The main entrances will all be twenty-five feet wide, and the grand entrance will be fifty feet high. Over this latter will be a colossal statue of Peace, and occupying a section of an enormous window will be a large clock. Light and ventilation will be secured by an abundance of windows, and a series of octagonal turrets twenty feet in diameter will also aid the latter. The sky-line of the ends will show a curved outline, conforming to the shape of the arch. The

sides will have vertical walls about forty feet high, the roof sloping back until it meets the circular roof covering the whole structure. The vertical ends of the building will be one hundred and fifty feet high. This will naturally present a large surface to the action of the wind, but this has been thought of and guarded against. Besides the great strength the towers will impart, the building is framed inward so that it is equivalent to a solid wall twenty-five feet thick. An army of workmen are engaged upon the grounds, and in some departments the work will be carried on night and day.

And now let me say something about the great chorus. Dr. Tourjee, who again accepted the position of Chorus Superintendent, issued his first circular February 19th, and the responses came in so thick and fast that the full number of twenty thousand singers was enrolled in about two weeks, at the end of which time one hundred and fifty different societies, representing fifteen or twenty different States of the Union and the Province of New Brunswick. The whole number of responses thus far received has been in the vicinity of two hundred, but of these some thirty, more or less, will be left out for lack of room. In the list New York, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, San Francisco, and many other distant places are represented. Chicago will send two hundred singers, and St. Louis ninety. Massachusetts alone furnishes over one hundred choral societies, and Boston alone twelve different organizations, with an aggregate membership of five thousand four hundred and thirty-six. The venerable Handel and Haydn Society stands first and foremost on the list, having been the earliest society to report, and the Boston Chorus stands second, with three thousand three hundred members. The Boston Chorus was formed as before to embrace competent singers who might not at the time be connected with any regular society, and so great was the rush to join that the whole number of tickets was taken up in less than two weeks, while one or two thousand late comers were left out in the cold.

At least fifty new societies have been formed in New England alone expressly for the Jubilee. Seven of the most difficult choruses to be sung were printed at the earliest possible moment, and the greedy singers throughout the land have been practicing these for the past two or three weeks. Every society rehearses once a week, and many of them twice a week. The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, the Lynn (Mass.) Choral Union, the Salem (Mass.) Oratorio Society, and the West Roxbury (Mass.) Choral Union, all of which are under the direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn, are engaged in rehearsing Handel's "Israel in Egypt," which will be performed entire at one of the concerts.

The orchestra will consist of one thousand picked musicians from all parts of the country and Europe, exclusive of the military bands which will number as many more. New York will be drawn upon for about five hundred performers, Philadelphia for from seventy-five to one hundred, and Chicago, St. Louis, and even New Orleans and San Francisco, will be represented. Some of the foreign bands will number one hundred men. The band of the English Grenadier Guards, led by Dan Godfrey, will be increased by the addition of some of the best members of the Artillery Band. Mr. F. Ziegfeld, of Chicago, sails from New York for Europe to-day for the purpose of arranging for the transportation of the foreign musicians, completing sundry important engagements, securing several cargoes of orchestral parts, etc. He goes out as the agent of Mr. Gilmore and the executive committee, and proceeds directly to Hamburg, from whence he will go to Berlin, Vienna, Brussels, Paris, St. Petersburg, London, and other important centres. The Prince of Wales, the British Minister of War, and other distinguished persons, have been invited to become the guests of the city, and it has even been contemplated to invite the

Queen herself. The city authorities are doing everything in their power to co-operate with Mr. Gilmore and the executive committee, and will receive and entertain all distinguished guests.

We give below a partial list of the choruses selected for performance. Others, including quite a number of original works, are to be added. The select choral works are as follows, those marked with a star having been performed at the National Peace Jubilee of 1869:

Choral, Now may the will of God be done (*Passion Music*)..... Bach
Choral, Commit thy ways, O Pilgrim (*Passion Music*)..... Bach
Choral, A Strong Castle is our Lord..... Luther
Choral, How lovely shines the morning star (*St. Peter*)..... J. K. Paine
Choral, Sleepers, wake (*St. Paul*)..... Mendelssohn
Choral, To God on high (*St. Paul*)..... Mendelssohn
Choral, Cast thy burden upon the Lord (*Elijah*)..... Mendelssohn
Choral, Great God, what do I see and hear (*Judgment Hymn*)..... Luther
Choral, Festival Hymn (new)..... Dudley Buck
Choral, Angel of Peace (words by O. W. Holmes)..... Keller
Choral, German Hymn of Unity (new)..... Handel
Chorus, All we like sheep (*Messiah*)..... Handel
Chorus, Hallelujah (*Messiah*)..... Handel
Chorus, Blessed are the men who fear Him (*Elijah*)..... Mendelssohn
Chorus, Yet doth the Lord (*Elijah*)..... Mendelssohn
Chorus, Thanks be to God (*Elijah*)..... Mendelssohn
Chorus, He watching over Israel (*Elijah*)..... Mendelssohn
Chorus, See what love hath the Father (*St. Paul*)..... Mendelssohn
Chorus, See the conquering hero comes (*Judas Maccabeus*)..... Handel
Chorus, Gloria (*Twelfth Mass*)..... Mozart
Chorus, Abide with me (*Woman of Samaria*)..... Bennett
Triumphal March and Chorus (*Nauman*)..... Costa
Chorus of Levites (*Id*)..... Costa
Solo and Chorus, Nazareth..... Gounod
Solo and Chorus, Inflammatus (*Sabbat Mater*)..... Rossini
Chorus, This is the witness of God (*St. Peter*)..... J. K. Paine
Chorus, Mighty Jehovah (*Maryler*)..... Donizetti
Chorus, The Heavens are Telling (*Creation*)..... Haydn
Prayer (*Moses in Egypt*)..... Rossini
Farwell to the Forest (*Part Song*)..... Mendelssohn
Soldiers' Farewell (male voices)..... Kinkel
The Curfew (poetry by Longfellow)..... Anderton
Good night, beloved, good night (poetry by Longfellow)..... Pinsuti
Sweet and Low..... Barnby

Handel's oratorio of "Israel in Egypt" will be given entire by a double chorus made up of the societies which are already familiar with the work, as elsewhere stated. In each programme there will be one or more familiar hymns, in which the audience will be expected to join. In this list are the following:

Heavenly Father, Sovereign Lord, "Pleyle's Hymn"..... Playel
Come sound His praise abroad, "St. Thomas"..... Williams
Except the Lord our labor bless, "Federal Street"..... Oliver
Be Thou, O God, exalted high, "Old Hundred"..... Franc
Lord dismiss us with thy blessing, "Sicilian Hymn".....
From all that dwell below the skies, "Duke Street"..... Hatton
Kingdoms and thrones to God belong, "Hamburg"..... Gregorian
All hail the power of Jesus' name, "Coronation"..... Holken
O God our help in ages past, "Windsor"..... Scotch Psalmist
Come ye disconsolate (choir and chorus)..... Weble
Thus far the Lord, "Hebron"..... Mason
From Greenland's icy mountains, "Missionary Hymn"..... Mason
The morning light is breaking..... Webb
Rock of ages cleft for me, "Toplady"..... Hastings
Our days are like the grass, "Boylston"..... Mason
Ye servants of God your Master proclaim, "Lyons"..... Haydn
The breaking waves dashed high, "Pilgrim Hymn"..... Browne
Before Jehovah's awful throne.....

There will also be a great variety of the most popular national and patriotic music of the day, arranged in the most effective manner for full chorus, organ, orchestra, military bands, drum corps, bell, anvil and cannon accompaniments. Among the national airs will be "God Save the Queen," "Rule Britannia," "The German Fatherland," the *Marseillaise*, Austrian Hymn; Russian Hymn; Italian Hymn; Belgian National Song; Spanish Hymn; and Hun-

garian, Swiss, Sardinian and Portuguese melodies. Among the other selections are "The Exile of Erin;" "The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls;" "Scots who hae wi' Wallace Bled;" "March of the Man of Harlech" (Welsh); The Canadian Boat Song, and an International Divertissement, introducing the airs of all nations, a "Song for the Union," to the music of "John Brown" and the "Star Spangled Banner."

Among the specialties to be produced are airs to be sung in unison by the different divisions of the chorus. For example, five thousand basses will sing the invocation of priests, solo and chorus, from Mozart's "Magic Flute," to which Moore's words, "Almighty God," are adapted, the army of basses sustaining the air, and the chorus part being given to the twenty thousand. The five thousand sopranos will sing an English version of the beautiful "L'Esperance" from Halevy's "L'Eclair," with a force of thirty-six flutes on the obligato passage. The five thousand altos will sing "Lascia ch'io Pianga," from Handel's "Rinaldo," an air which Miss Adelaide Philipps has made very popular. The English words, "Leave me to Languish," are by Mr. John S. Dwight. The tenor song has not yet been selected.

Of course there will be a great organ. That is a necessity. It will be furnished by J. H. Wilcox & Co., of this city, and will be of twice the size of the Coliseum organ of 1869, and of greatly increased power. There will be electric communication between the key-boards and the instrument, so that while the organ occupies a remote position back of the chorus the performer may sit in close proximity to the conductor.

The Committee on Transportation have arranged with all the leading railroads in the country, whereby singers and musicians will be brought to the Jubilee and returned home at reduced rates of fare.

M. Keller, the composer of the "American Hymn" and the German "Hymn of Unity," both of which are to be sung, has also written a Hymn of Invocation, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," which has likewise been accepted. Two choruses from Mr. John K. Paine's new oratorio of "St. Peter" are included in the above list of choruses. Mr. Geo. E. Whiting and Dr. L. H. Southard, of Boston, Mr. John P. Morgan, of New York, and others, have also contributed new compositions.

Although the seating plans of the Coliseum have not yet been completed, something like \$50,000 worth of season tickets have already been engaged.

A Bureau of Accommodations for Strangers has been formed, composed of Edward Sands (Chairman), Charles W. Slack and Henry Mason. These gentlemen are members of the Executive Committee. Mr. Mason is of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company.

At least one choral society has indicated a purpose to bring tents and "camp out" during the Jubilee in some convenient locality near the city.

The duration of the Jubilee will be from Monday, June 17th, until Thursday, July 4th. The first week, and at least a part of the second week, will be occupied by grand choral performances, and there will thereafter be a series of great instrumental concerts, with special features of interest.

The rest of the musical news may be summed up very briefly. Two splendid concerts were given under the management of Mr. A. P. Peck at Music Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week. Miss Kellogg, Mr. Santley, Miss Mehlig, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. W. H. Fessenden, and the Temple Quartette, appeared, and there were crowded houses.

Mr. Peck will have his annual benefit concert on the 3d of April, when he will present Theodore Thomas and his full orchestra, Miss Marie Krebs, and a quartette from the Parepa-Rosa Troupe, consisting of Mrs. Jenny Van Zandt, Mrs. Zelde Seguin, Mr. William Castle and Mr. S. C. Campbell. Miss Mehlig gives two more piano forte recitals this week, making eight she has favored Boston with since she

came from Europe in the middle of the season. She seems to think there is more appreciation of piano forte playing in Boston than in New York.

The tenth and last of the Harvard Symphony Concerts takes place to-day.

Mr. Carl Zerrahn's annual benefit concert takes place April 10th, when Beethoven's music to "Egmont" will be performed entire. Miss Charlotte Cushman will read the connecting portions of the tragedy.

Mr. B. J. Lang is giving a course of Thursday concerts at the Globe Theatre. The last of the series comes off on the 28th.

The projected week of Italian Opera by Madame Parepa-Rosa, Miss Adelaide Philipps, Wachtel and Santley has been given up. There is some prospect, however, of a couple of nights of Thomas's "Hamlet," with Nilsson and the Strakosch Troupe.

The German opera season at the St. James Theatre has also been given up.

Aimee and her Opera Bouffe Troupe will return to the latter theatre on her return from the South.

Messrs. Leonhard and Eichberg gave a concert in honor of Robert Franz, March 2d. The proceeds were sent as an offering to Franz, who had done these gentlemen the kindness to arrange especially for them a Bach song.

RANGER.

Lansing.

AN AMATEUR CONCERT.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

LANSING, March 28, 1872.

On the evening of the 29th, Miss Sophie Howard, by special request, gave a repetition of her concert.

A large and cultivated audience greeted her, composed of leading residents of Lansing and members of the Legislature, and their wives.

Miss Howard is a favorite with the people of Lansing, and deservedly so, not more for her musical culture and taste than for her good qualities of head and heart. The reception accorded her on this second representation was very enthusiastic. Applause was liberally bestowed on all the ladies and gentlemen taking part in the concert. Without particularizing, I may be permitted to say, that the chorus, "Now Roll the Lively Drum," was extremely well rendered. It is seldom, indeed, that one hears time and melody, and force, so accurately given, or so perfectly successful.

I append a programme:

PART FIRST.	
"Trump, Trump o'er Moss and Fell".....	Bishop.
Obligato Solo and Chorus.	
"Bounding, Bounding Boat, go Lightly".....	Kucken.
Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Woodcock.	
The Huntsman's Farewell.....	Mendelssohn.
Messrs. W. Bement, H. Ingersoll, H. Lee, C. Lee.	
Waiting.....	Millard.
Mrs. De Viney.	
"Crowned with the Tempest," from "Ernani".....	Verdi.
Mr. W. Bement, Miss Howard, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Woodcock, Mr. H. Lee.	
Luce di Quest' Anima ("Plighted Faith").....	Donizetti.
From "Linda di Chamounix".....	Miss Howard.
PART SECOND.	
"Now the Roll of the Lively Drum".....	Donizetti.
From "Daughter of the Regiment".....	Chorus.
"I'm Afloat".....	Russell.
Mr. Charles Lee.	
"Out of the Old House into the New".....	Purdy.
Mr. Ingersoll, Mrs. De Viney, Mrs. Woodcock, Mr. Herbert Lee.	
Solo.	
Prof. George D. Herrick.	
"Lost, Proscribed," From "Martha".....	Flotow.
Miss Howard, Mr. Charles Lee.	
Ballad—"I would if I were you".....	Cook.
Miss Howard.	
"What Phrase, sad and soft, shall I utter Farewell in".....	Bishop.
Solos and Chorus.	
Miss Emily Barnard, Accompanist.	

Lansing, of all towns, especially during the session of the Legislature, is overrun with lecturers and similar entertainments, frequently of the most worthless character. In consequence of this a repugnance toward attending anything in the way of amusement has grown up. Extremes in this, as in other things, are often the rule. It was, therefore, the more complimentary to Miss Howard that her audience was so large and so cultivated.

ORONOOK.

Plot of the New Opera of the "Water Carrier."

"The story of the 'Water-Carrier' ('Les Deux Journees') is of the simplest. Count Armand, a French nobleman, President of the Gallic Parliament in the reign of Louis XIV., a friend of the people, and powerful opponent of Louis's notorious Italian prime minister, Cardinal Mazarin, who completely ruled the grand monarch, fleeing with his young bride, *Constance*, from the Cardinal's vengeance, is screened and protected by a Savoyard water-carrier named *Micheli*, whose son's life the count has saved, and who, by his shrewdness and daring, contrives to carry the fugitives safely through the camp where Mazarin's Italian mercenaries, inflamed by Romish influences, are assembled to waylay and arrest them, an immense price being set upon the head of the count. Once out of Paris, and among his own political adherents, count Armand would become overwhelmingly formidable to Mazarin, an important fact as well known to the patriotic and grateful water-carrier, as to the diplomatic cardinal. Through the readiest and most cunning devices, concealed under the guise of perfect simplicity and bonhomie, *Micheli* succeeds in his plan so far as to place the count and his bride safely beyond the military cordon which encircles Paris; to insure the escape of Armand, and subsequently that of his wife, who in disguise is to follow her husband to his place of concealment in an old oak tree near the village of Gonesse.

On her arrival, however, she finds herself in the presence of two of Mazarin's soldiers, who, struck by her beauty, and encouraged by her apparently unprotected position, make brutal advances to her. This is witnessed from his hiding-place by her husband, who, forgetful of his own danger, rushes to the rescue of his wife, and is immediately made prisoner. Armand's life is now forfeited; but the faithful water-carrier has not been idle during these stirring events, for forcing almost irremediable danger, he has already been to the cardinal with the news of Armand's escape, and his holiness, dreading the influence of Armand with the people, has sent him a free pardon."

How Mozart Composed the "Oxen Waltz."

Mozart was sitting one morning in his bed when his wife entered and informed him that the butcher was down stairs with his bill. Mozart, who had been for some time composing one of his greatest pieces, (the immortal Clemenza di Tito) was arranging in his fantasia its most beautiful airs. He neither saw nor heard his wife. She, a lovely, kind soul, of practical views, who had shortly before married the young artist, stood waiting a while. Finally, seizing him by the elbow, she began to repeat the butcher's account. All was in vain. The butcher ascended the stairs. Mozart, indistinctly conscious that something had passed, had continued forming the effusions of his fantasia on paper, when the heavy foot-steps resounding in the hall, aroused him. His walking cane was at hand. Without turning his eyes from the sheet he held his cane against the door, succeeded but for a moment. But the delightful fantasia, meanwhile, had been poured on the paper. It was saved. The cane dropped from his hand and he fell back exhausted. The door opened and his wife and the butcher entered. All unconscious of anything, he lay on the bed, his forehead bathed in cold sweat. The wife, terror-stricken at the sight, rushed to her beloved husband; she bathed his forehead and embraced him. Mozart at last opened his eyes. "Never mind," said the butcher, under whose blood-stained coat, beat a feeling heart, "you make me a fine waltz for my marriage meal, and I will cancel the debt, and let you have meat for a year to come." "It is a bargain!" cried the lively and gifted Mozart. "Meat for a year, did I say," exclaimed the enraptured tradesman: "No! one hundred ducats you shall have for such a waltz, but I want it with trumpets and horns and fiddles—and soon, too." In one hour the unrivalled "Oxen Waltz" was written.

The Song Journal.

DETROIT, APRIL, 1872.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,
 stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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The American Voice.

Hearth and Home has some very just disquisitions on the "American voice," remarking that there is no such thing, and that it is only our national misuse of the organs of speech.

There is, in fact, a defect apparent in most Americans of pitching their voices in too high a key. From whence this result arises has been attempted to be answered in many fanciful ways.

One, considers that our country being sparsely settled, and therefore lacking in the noises common to a dense population, the people seek to overcome the solitude by correspondingly loud tones. Another believes that it arises from the fact that our people travel a great deal in railroad cars, and in road wagons over rough thoroughfares, and that almost unconsciously an exaltation of voice is employed to make one's self heard—a habit which becomes customary. Still another is certain that it owes its origin to a habit people have of hailing one another across lots and at long distances, which, of necessity, requires a loud tone, which, by imitation, at length spreads and is finally fixed.

These theories, while doubtless believed in by those who have uttered them, are too far-fetched and fanciful to be truthful. The true answer will be found in carelessness and lack of culture. Children speak at first in voices soft and low, but when the school-boy period arrives their pleasant tones soon degenerate into offensive screechings. The habit grows and becomes fixed before parents awake to the necessity of amending it.

The journal quoted at the outset of this article continues: "There is no reason, not the least reason, why, in a single generation, this national fault should not be cured. If people would only take half the pains to teach their children to speak in proper and pleasing tones of voice that they do to teach them to speak in correct language, it would be accomplished. For all the forces of nature are arrayed on the side of the low and gentle tone. It is positively a wonder that so sweet an instrument as the human voice can be, in so many instances, made harsh and dissonant. Screeching outrages nature, and talking through the nose is an impudent violation of her plain intent. There are some things, many things, which we cannot have in America; not yet, at any rate. We have not leisure, and our roots have not struck deep enough; but low, gentle, pleasing tones we can have. We come of the stock which has the lowest tones and sweetest voices in the world. We breathe better air than we left behind. Let us put it to better use, and remove from us this unnecessary but too well justified reproach."

Rubenstein.

It seems to be a well ascertained fact that Anton Rubenstein is coming to America. It is conceded that he is indeed a master of the piano, and held in honor by such performers as Liszt, Von Bulow and the late Tausig.

The correspondents have already informed us of his personal peculiarities. It seems that at first he promises but little, and has an appearance of weariness and exhaustion in his gait. Even the spring that his bow causes him to make, it would appear, he has scarce vigor enough to recover from. With the most listless steps possible he seats himself at the piano, and it is only when he has his fingers on the keys that he would seem to have any particular life in him. Then the subtle electricity of the soul is evoked by the bits of mechanical ivory, and Rubenstein becomes a very wonder of wondrous execution. And not in execution alone, but in melody of such transcendent strains, that since the time of Orpheus he is declared to be the one performer. This may seem extravagant, but it is not; it is the correspondent overcome by the surpassing powers of Rubenstein.

Learning to Play upon the Piano.

The importance of beginning right in the study by children of the piano-forte, is well understood by most teachers, but rather misapprehended by parents. At the outset the child should receive as many lessons as possible, and the teacher should superintend the practice. This way of proceeding will in the end save time and expense, inasmuch as it will prevent the formation of bad habits.

It is not so essential that the teacher be a polished performer, as many such are deficient in the faculty of imparting instruction. The teacher to be engaged is one who comprehends the true principles of the art, has an intuitive perception of faults, and a thorough and perspicuous way of bringing to the understanding of the pupil the best method of surmounting the difficulties and educing the power of the instrument.

Right principles at the outset are of the highest importance. To maintain them the pupil should have as many lessons as possible, and all under the supervision of the teacher.

Parents should communicate freely with the teacher and follow out any suggestions that may be given in regard to practicing, and to superintend the same. The mother can do much in this direction, and, by being present and observing the methods of the teacher, prevent the pupil's falling into bad habits.

THE ESTEY ORGAN.—Of all the many musical instruments of the organ class there is none that stands in higher repute than those known as the Estey Cottage Organ. The firm have been established in the business since 1846—upwards of a quarter of a century ago. All the improvements that experience suggested have from time to time been added. All the defects that use developed have been noted, and have been corrected, and, in consequence, the Estey Organ has for years maintained the first rank, and is as absolutely near perfection as it is possible to make any instrument.

THE PREMIUM LIST.—Readers of THE SONG JOURNAL should not overlook the Premium list elsewhere. Those who take the opportunity to canvass, may very readily obtain a valuable present. The merits of THE SONG JOURNAL are such that it commands itself at once to people of culture, and the low rate at which it is furnished, is no consideration whatever when compared with the valuable musical contents.

AKRON NORMAL ACADEMY.—The advertisement of the Normal Academy of Music at Akron, Ohio, will be found in another column. The city of Akron is pleasantly situated, and is the home of a refined community. This, added to the fact that the Academy bears the highest reputation for the rank and acquirements of its musical professors, makes it a most desirable point for those desirous of musical instruction.

THE SONG JOURNAL.—Elsewhere is published some commendatory notices of THE SONG JOURNAL. For these tokens of appreciation on the part of the press we return thanks. It will be the aim of the conductors of THE SONG JOURNAL to continue to deserve the good opinion of all. A well-known musician writes that the value of the music in each number is to him equal to more than a year's subscription. Voluntary testimony of a similar character is constantly being received. THE SONG JOURNAL has, in fact, become a necessity in the polite households of Michigan.

HILLSDALE MUSICAL UNION.—The Hillsdale County Musical Association, which closed its session on the 23d ult., effected a permanent organization by choosing the following officers: O. A. Janes, President; Prof. M. W. Chase, Secretary; M. Lancaster, Treasurer; and a Vice-President in each town in the county. The next convention will be held in the city of Hillsdale, during the month of December, under the direction of J. W. Sufferin, who so ably conducted the late convention.

Good Words.

From the Detroit Commercial Advertiser.

THE SONG JOURNAL.—This popular publication, by C. J. Whitney & Co., of this city—a repertoire of music and its literature—is out for March. The *Journal* ought to receive an extensive circulation not only in Michigan, but throughout the entire West.

From the Pontiac Jacksonian.

We have received the March number of *The Song Journal*, published by C. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit. In addition to the usual amount of reading matter, it contains two pieces of new music.

From the Detroit Post.

THE SONG JOURNAL.—This popular publication, by C. J. Whitney & Co., of this city—a repertoire of music and its literature—is out for March. It is brimful and running over with good things. The *Journal* ought to have an extensive circulation not only in Michigan, but throughout the entire West.

From the Detroit Free Press.

THE SONG JOURNAL.—The March number of this excellent musical periodical has just been issued, and is fully the equal, if not the superior, of the previous numbers. It has attained a very large circulation, and with each succeeding number gains new friends. It is fully deserving of the patronage of the musical public, and the fine music, both vocal and instrumental, accompanying each number, is far more than equivalent to the cost of subscription.

ANOTHER PIANIST.—Mr. Jean Vogt, a pianist who lately arrived in this country from Europe, and who proposes to make an early appearance in concert in New York, first studied music at the seminary of Breslau, and afterward in Berlin. His teachers were Grill, Hesse, and Seidel, in both of these cities. During a lengthened stay in St. Petersburg, Mr. Vogt availed himself of the valuable instruction and services of Henselt to push himself forward in his profession. His first work of note was the oratorio, "Resurrection of Lazarus," which met with instant approval in Germany. This was followed by a large number of compositions of various kinds, which, with his artistic playing, gave Mr. Vogt an enviable position among the composers and pianists of his native land. He has been confined to his room since his arrival in this country by the effects of an accident that befell him on the voyage, but his first appearance in concert may be looked for at an early date. It would seem that we are fast stripping the fatherland of the most eminent musicians.

AN UNFORTUNATE COMPOSER.—Joseph Gangl, the renowned composer, is said, by a Munich journal, to have lost some 200,000 florins, all his savings for several years, by an unfortunate speculation in Austrian railway shares. He is so distressed by his misfortune that he is declared to be almost incapable of work.

Now is the time to subscribe for *The Song Journal*.
 Tommy is dead.

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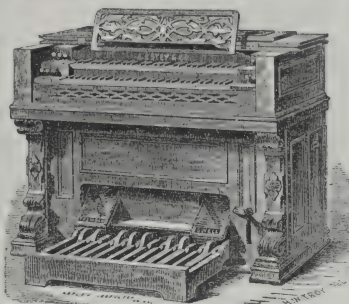
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Soprano, Solo and Quartette..... 40
*Jerusalem, the Golden. C. 2..... 40
Soprano, Solo, Duett and Chorus.
These two hymns are issued in fine style—beautiful title page.
The music is just what is needed in every choir.
Bertrand's Praise. C. 3. (W. Hill)..... 35
The arrangement of this song, by Mr. E. S. Mattoon, is a fine one. All singers should have a copy of it.
Watch and Wait. Words by Milne Moore; music by S. W. Straub. E. 2..... 30

- "Oh, laughing girl of the dancing curd,
And eye with diamond's ray;
Merry amid life's wearying cares,
Chasing them all away.
Be not beguiled by the smiles of men,
Keep thy heart all fresh and free;
Keep watch and wait, thy soul's sweet mate
Somewhere is watching for thee."
Angel Maggie. (By R. S. Crandall). Ab 2..... 30
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These two companion songs are very pretty, and each have a fine chorus.
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Oh! we can hear it, Tommy is dead;
Died a poor drunkard—a bad life he led;
Billiards and whisky shops, rum and bad boys,
Have robbed us of Tommy, our life of the joys.
Through the old home-land, sadly and slowly,
Broken and bowed down by this awful blow;
If Tommy had listened to father and I,
No griter would compel us in sorrow to die.
CHORUS.—Gritter and many the tears we have shed,
Tommy, the hope of our old age, is dead;
He who in childhood such bright promise gave,
Died a poor drunkard, with no one to save!
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GOING WEST—MAIN LINE.

Through trains leave Detroit as follows:
Mail 7.00 A. M.; Day Express 9.30 A. M.; Evening Express 5.40 P. M.; Pacific Express (Sundays included) 9.30 P. M.; connecting with the various branch lines, as below and arriving at Chicago at 8.00 P. M.; 7.05 P. M., 6.30 A. M., and 8.00 A. M. respectively.
The Dexter Accommodation leaves Detroit at 4.10 P. M.

AIR LINE DIVISION.

Mail Train leaves Jackson at 10.45 A. M. and arrives at Niles at 3.30 P. M., connecting with Mail Train on Main Line at both places.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY DIVISION.

Leaves Jackson at 12.15 P. M. (Mail); 5.10 P. M. (Evening Express); and 7.00 A. M. (Mixed), arriving at Grand Rapids at 4.25 P. M.; 9.15 P. M., and 3.15 P. M. respectively.

DETROIT, HILLEDALE & INDIANA R. R.

Leave Ypsilanti at 8.35 A. M. and 6.00 P. M. on arrival of Mail and Dexter Accommodation

FT. WAYNE, JACKSON & SAGINAW R. R.

Leave Jackson at 6.20 A. M.; 12.00 M., connecting with Day Express from Detroit; and 4.50 P. M.

JACKSON, LANSING & SAGINAW R. R.

Leave Jackson at 6.00 A. M. and 3.30 P. M., and arrive at Wenona at 11.40 A. M. and 9.15 P. M.

Trains arrive at Detroit as follows:

Atlantic Express 3.35 A. M.; Night Express 1.25 A. M.; Dexter Accommodation 9.25 A. M.; Mail 6.25 P. M., and Day Express 6.45 P. M.

Mail Trains and Day Express run daily, except Sundays; Pacific Express, West, and Atlantic Express, east, daily; Evening Express, west, daily except Sundays, and only to Jackson on Saturdays; Night Express, east, and Dexter Accommodation, daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

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LEAVE.—Mail and Express, 7.30 A. M.; Ionia and Lansing Accommodation, 4.40 P. M.; Way Freight, 9.20 A. M.; Howell Freight, 3.30 P. M.; Through Freight, 10.30 P. M.

ARRIVE.—Howell Accommodation, 10.05 A. M.; Mail and Express, 2.25 P. M.; Day Express, 6.55 P. M.; Way Freight, 6.15 P. M.; Through Freight, 8.00 A. M.

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NOVEMBER, 1871.

Trains leave Windsor (Great Western Railway time, which is 12 minutes faster than Detroit time) as follows:

Atlantic Express, daily..... 4.35 A. M.
Day Express, daily except Sundays..... 8.25 A. M.
Detroit Express, daily except Sundays..... 11.30 A. M.
N. Y. Express, daily except Sundays..... 7.45 P. M.

The Railway Ferry leaves Detroit (Detroit time) as follows:
Third Street—3.45 A. M., 7.40 A. M., 11.00 A. M., and 7.00 P. M.
Fourth Street—7.20 A. M., 10.0 A. M., and 5.40 P. M.

Trains arrive at Windsor from the East at 9.00 A. M., 6.45 A. M., 5.15 P. M. and 9.30 P. M.

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<i>Fairest of Fairylond.</i> 2. D. D to F. Mez. Sop. or Bar.	Kepler. 30
<i>Farmer's Boy, (The.)</i> 2. A. E to E, and Chorus. For Medium Voices.	Hutchinson. 30
<i>Gentle Annie Ray.</i> 2. A. E to E. For Medium voice with Chorus.	Martin. 30
<i>Gentle Nellie, Fairy Creature.</i> 2. D. D to D. Mez. Sop. or Bar.	Thomas. 30
<i>Gentle Zephyr.</i> 2. C. G to G. Mez. Sop. or Mez. Tenor.	Mortimer. 30
<i>Girl and the Robin.</i> 2. G. D to D. Mez. Sop. or Bar.	Martin. 30
<i>Good-by, old Home.</i> 2. F. C to F. Mez. Sop. or Bar. and Chorus.	Hays. 30
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<i>I'll miss the bright Fines.</i> 2. G. D to E. Mez. Sop. or Alto.	Jaeger. 25
<i>I'll twine 'mid the Ringlets.</i> 2. C. C to C. For Middle Voice.	Webster. 30
<i>I love thee fondly, Dearest.</i> 2. D. Cg to D. For Alto or Base.	Huggener. 30
<i>I'm far away from Home to-night.</i> 2. F. D to F. Mez. Sop. or Mez. Tenor.	Spencer. 30
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<i>Kitty's Choice.</i> 2. D. D to D. Mez. Sop. Douglas. 30	
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<i>Lettie waits for me.</i> 2. Es. C to Es. Mez. Sop. or Alto and Chorus.	Huggener. 30
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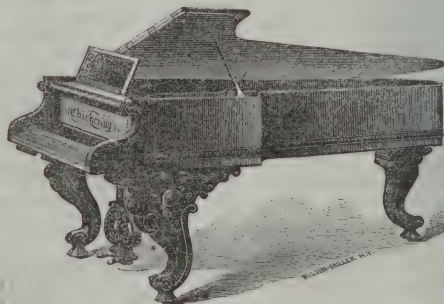
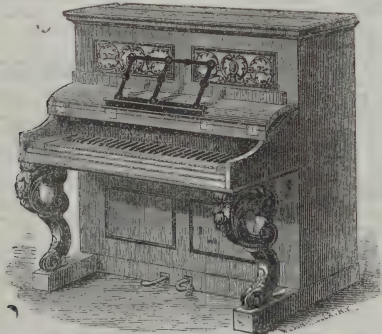
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VOLUME II.

DETROIT, MAY, 1872.

NUMBER V.

A Dilettante's Description.

There are some people wondrous fond
Of long-tailed "minims," "breeves,"
Of "bars" and "rests," of "slurs" and "swells,"
Of "crochets," "quavers," "semi-breeves,"
And all the host of awkward names
That fill the brainless skulls of those
Who pour their miscalled "music" out,
As water from the fountain flows.

A gurgling stream, "soft," "loud" or "strong,"
"Piano," "forte," "fortissimo,"
As "sharps" or "naturals" direct,
Or as the "flats" or "clefs" may show,
Or as the "turns," or "shakes," or "beats,"
Or small "apoggiaturas" stand,
Or as the "pauses," "arpeggio," or "points"
Will guard the tortures of "the band."

But as for me, I must confess
I hate them from my very soul;
I hate the names; I hate the sound;
I hate the fashion, part and whole;
I hate all music that is taught
By "leger lines," or "staves," or "note";
I hate all music but the strains
That from the harp of Nature float.

Why, only read the barbarous names
With which they christen "fa, sol, la;"
They are long and tough as hickory trees—
Enough to break a giant's jaw.
There's "allegretto," "arioso,"
"Allegro," "con crescendo,"
"Ad libitum," "amoroso,"
"Adagio," "dimuendo,"

"Andantino," "expressivo,"
"Finale," "tutti," "spiritoso,"
"Voli Subito," "concerto,"
"Presto," "rondo," "nuestoso,"
"Tempo primo," "obligato,"
"Largo," "vivace," "moderato,"
"Segno," "dolce," "concertante,"
"Trio," "solo," "brillante,"

And hosts of words like these they use—
Enough to frighten honest men;
They're so confounded hard to write,
Three several times they've spoilt my pen.
Oh! I do detest the whole concern,
"Gamut," "Fine," "Finale" and "Coda,"
And wish that every man who "plays"
Might be debarr'd his *port and soda*.

And as for ladies who will sit,
And on a huge piano thrum,
I wish that every one might be
Imprisoned in a giant's drum.
Oh! there is that in woman's voice
Which wins the soul like angels' favors,
But saints preserve us from it when
"Tracked by" "semibreves" and "quavers."

I do detest man's different things—
The fiddle, fife, the kettle drum,
And all the "notes" a man can screech,
From "fa, sol, la" to "fee, faw, fum."
I wish some mighty giant would
Seize all that are or are to be,
Tie a huge millstone to the heap,
And hurl them headlong to the sea.

Give me the music of the earth—
The sounds that break from every tree—
The music that, like incense, comes
From the green earth and dancing sea.
Oh! there are strains that nature sings,
Which steal like blessed spirits on,
To pour upon the mind diseased
A holy balm for pleasures gone.

Dulcet Musings.

A History of the Piano Forte.

Before the piano forte came the harpsichord, and before the harpsichord came the spinet, and before the spinet came the virginal, and before the virginal came the clavicord and monochord, before these the clavictherium, before that the citole, before that the dulcimer and psalter, and before them all the Egyptian, Grecian and Roman harps, and lyres innumerable.

Some of the harps of antiquity were struck with a quill or "plectrum"—we know very little more about them except that some were round and some angular, some with three corners, some with more, some had ten strings, some thirteen; and modifications of these varieties formed the staple of stringed instruments in the middle ages. The middle ages, then, had harps of all kinds, and out of the harp grew the psalter, the dulcimer and citole. The psalter was a box with metal strings stretched over it; it was plucked with a quill. The dulcimer was also a box with strings stretched over it, but it was struck with two crooked sticks. The citole, or "little chest," was another box with strings stretched over it, but it was played with the fingers. And now, if we roll all these into one, we shall get the first glimmering notion or embryo of a piano. A piano involves three fundamental ideas—percussion (hammer), vibration or sonorous box (sounding board), and finger-touch through mechanical action (keyboard). From the dulcimer, sometimes called *hacbert*, or *hackboard* (alas! how many young ladies go back to the dark ages, and turn their pianos into hack-boards!)—from the dulcimer we get percussion with a hammer, and from all three we get the sonorous box or sounding-board; but no one had yet thought of that crowning glory—that now, at length so perfect and subtle minister of touch—the keyboard. As early as the eleventh century the keyboard was applied to the organ, and some time afterwards an unknown Italian (perhaps Guido or Arezzo) adapted it to stringed instruments, and hence arose the clavictherium, or keyed lyre.

The clavicord (1500) was a real advance; it was in most respects like the clavictherium, with the restoration of metal strings, and the addition of that *some qua non* of all delicate effects of harmony—the damper. The damper, every one knows, is a piece of cloth which descends upon the strings after they have been struck to check the vibration and prevent the sounds running into one another.

The clariacymbal differed only from the clavicord in shape; it bore the same relation to the clavicord that a small square piano does to an upright semigrand.

With the clavicord and clariacymbal we enter civilized regions; instead of having to fall back upon unknown dulcimer players, copied from old manuscripts, and ladies out of stained windows with citoles on their laps, we have the solemn figure of Sebastian Bach, with his neat perwig and silk stockings, thrumming those wonderfully melodious jigs and sarabands on his favorite instrument, the clavicord.

The virginal and spinet were still nearer approaches to the piano-forte; they were an improved and more expensive kind of clavicord; they were much in vogue towards the end of the sixteenth century, and were found chiefly in the Elizabethan boudoirs of the fine ladies of that stirring and romantic epoch. Here, for instance, is a description of Mary Queen of Scots' virginal: "It was made of oak, inlaid with cedar, and richly ornamented with gold; the cover and sides were beautifully painted with figures of birds, flowers, and leaves, and the colors are still bright. On the lid is a grand procession of warriors, whom a bevy of fair dames are propitiating by presents of wine and fruit."

Some think virginal refers to Elizabeth, who liked to be called the virgin queen. Dr. Johnson says it was a compliment to young ladies in general, who all liked to strum on the virginal. But another

writer, with better judgment, reminds us how, in the pleasant twilights of convents and old halls, it served to lead sweet voices singing hymns to the Virgin. The very sound of the word "*virginal*" reminds one of St. Cecilia sitting, as Raphael has painted her, in a general atmosphere of music, with angels listening; or else the light should fall through stained glass upon old impanelled wainscots of dark oak, or upon purple velvet cushions and rich tapestry.

About the year 1700 the virginal went out of fashion, and its place was finally taken up by the improved clavicord, called *Spinnet*, and later on harpsichord. In 1780 a first-class harpsichord by Rucker, the most celebrated maker, cost one hundred guineas. A grand harpsichord looked precisely like a grand piano, only it was provided with two key-boards, one above the other, the top one being to the bottom one very much what the swell key-board of the organ is to the main key-board. To every note there were four strings, three in unison, the fourth tuned an octave higher, and there were stops capable of shutting off or coupling any of these together. The quality of the sound depended upon the material of which the jack was made—whether, that is, the string was struck with cloth, quill, metal, or buff leather; the quantity did not depend, as in a piano, upon the finger-touch, but upon the number of strings coupled together by the stops. It now at last occurred to admirers of the harp and violin that all refinement of musical expression depended upon touch, and that whereas you could only pluck a string by machinery in one way, you might hit it in a hundred different ways.

The long abandoned notion of striking the strings with a hammer was at length revived, and by the addition of this third and last element the harpsichord emerged into the piano-forte. The idea occurred to three men at the same time, about the beginning of the eighteenth century—Christofani, an Italian; Marius, a Frenchman, and Schroeter, a German. The palm probably rests with the Italian, although so clumsy were the first attempts that little success attended them, and good harpsichords on the wrong principle were still preferred to bad pianos on the right one; but the key-note of the new instrument had been struck in more senses than one—the object of centuries was, in fact, accomplished—the age of the quill, pig's bristle, thorn, ivory tongue, etc., was rapidly drawing to its close. A small hammer was made to strike the string and awake a clear, precise, and delicate tone unheard before, and the "scratch with a sound at the end of it" was about to be consigned, after a long reign, to an eternal oblivion.

We cannot wonder at the old harpsichord and clavicord lovers, even the greatest of them, not taking kindly at first to the piano-forte, the keys requiring a greater delicacy of treatment; it became necessary for musicians and amateurs to change their style of playing, and this alone was enough to hand over the new instrument to the rising generation. Silberman showed two of his piano-fortes to Sebastian Bach, who praised them as ingenious pieces of mechanism, but complained of their feeble tone. Silberman, nothing disconcerted, retired into his workshop, and, after some years of study, during which no expense was spared, he at last produced an instrument which even Bach, wedded as he was to the clavicord, pronounced to be "without fault." From that moment a rapid demand for Silberman's pianos rose throughout Germany; they could not be made fast enough.

But the man who, more than any other, made the piano and piano-forte music popular in England and all over the Continent was Muzio Clementi, born at Rome, 1752. At eighteen he composed his Op. II, which forms the basis of all modern piano-forte sonatas, and which, Sebastian Bach observed, only the devil and Clementi could play. Clementi was educated in England by the kindness of Mr. Beckford, and soon rivaled Bach as a popular teacher.

In 1780 he went to Paris, and was perfectly astonished at his reception. He was dubbed the greatest player of the age, Mozart perhaps excepted. The pianos used by Mozart and Clementi were the last improved pianos of Stein, the successor of Silbermann, with an extended compass of five octaves; yet, in comparison with the commonest pianos now in use, these were but miserable machines.

The following simple rules are more commonly known than observed: Keep your piano out of damp rooms; never place it too near the fire or the window, or between them, or in a draught, but place it at least a foot from the wall, or in the middle of the room. Do not load the top of it with books; and if it is a cottage, don't turn the bottom—as I have known some people to do—into a cupboard for wine and dessert. Keep the keys carefully dusted, and always shut down the lid when you have done playing.—*"Harcus' Music and Morals."*

HANDEL'S LITTLE JOKE.—Handel was one of the most humorous of mortals, and at the same time one of the most irritable. His best jokes were perpetrated frequently during his most violent bursts of passion.

Having occasion to bring out one of his oratorios in a provincial town in England, he began to look about for such material to complete his orchestra and chorus as the place might afford. One and another was recommended, as usual, as being a splendid singer, a great player, and so on. After a while such as were collectible were gathered together in a room, and after preliminaries Handel made his appearance, puffing, both arms full of manuscripts. "Gentlemen," quoth he, "you all read manuscripts?" "Yes, yes," responded from all parts of the room. "We play in church," added an old man behind a violoncello. "Very well, play dis," said Handel, distributing the parts.

This done, as a few explanations delivered, Handel retired to a distant part of the room to enjoy the effect. The stumbling, fumbling and blundering that ensued is said to have been indescribable. Handel's sensitive ear and impetuous spirit could not brook the insult, and clapping his hands to his ears, he ran to the old gentleman of the violoncello, and shaking his fist furiously at the terrified man and the instrument, said: "You play in de church! very well, you may play in de church; for we read de Lord is long-suffering, of loving kindness, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin; you shall play in de church, but you shall not play for me!" and snatching together his manuscript, he rushed out of the room, leaving his astonished performers to draw their own conclusions.

VIENNA MUSICAL MATTERS.—After what is jocose-ly termed in mild family circles "playing old gooseberry" with the singers regularly engaged at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, fate appears resolved to treat the "guests," or stars, in a singular manner, so that, consequently, some of them will be conspicuous by their absence. For instance, Herr Schelpler, the baritone, who was to have appeared during the present month, has written to cry off. Herr Niemann, too, has done the same. He went for the benefit of his health, to drink the waters, or to subject himself to the "cure" at Kissingen; and it seems the said "cure" cured him too much, so that passing beyond the limits of health, he sailed round the sanitary globe till he returned to the regions of ill-health. In addition to this, he has had a swelling in one hand, in consequence of which he suffered immense pain, and was obliged to undergo two operations. The result is that he feels so weak as to be utterly incapable of fulfilling his engagements there. The new season will shortly commence at the Royal Opera House. In the way of novelty, the management is hesitating between "Don Carlos" and "Hamlet." The choice will most probably fall on "Don Carlos," because, in the first place, "Hamlet" of M. Ambroise Thomas without Mlle. Nilsson is like the Hamlet of Shakespeare without Hamlet; because in the second, Mlle. Nilsson is not in Europe; and because in the third, Herr Herbeck would not be able to pay her terms if she were in Europe.

THE ONLY EXPEDIENT.—A letter from Lisbon gives rather an amusing account of operatic affairs in that city, where Verdi's "Macbeth" is being performed with great success, not, however, as a matter of choice, but of necessity. It has proved impossible to find a tenor for Lisbon; it is consequently necessary to find an opera without a tenor part, and "Macbeth," not remarkable for any other merit, perfectly answers the purpose. The piece is principally sustained by Mlle. Frizzi and Miss Laura Harris, formerly at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Offenbach's New Opera.

Mr. L. C. Burnand's version of Offenbach's "La Vie Parisienne," which is altered into "La Vie Polonoise in London," has been produced at the Holborn Theatre, with but moderate success. The outline of the story is briefly this: A Swedish nobleman, who has a notion of writing a book on the manners and customs of the English, arrives in London with his daughter in advance of his terminant wife, and is met at the Charing-cross railway station by two wild young Englishmen, who determine to vent upon the foreigner their extraordinary powers of practical joking. Pretending to be commissioners, they take charge of the innocent and susceptible Swede, and thereupon commences the series of jokes. Instead of taking the stranger and his daughter to the Langham Hotel, they are quarrelled in Tom Gaddy's lodgings. An inviolable masked party is got up by the irrepressible Tom, his boot maker consenting to act as a major of dragons, and his pretty glove maker as a lady of title. Tom's companion, Sprightly, contributes to the fun, and takes the distinguished foreigner to a servants' ball, under the pretence that he is visiting the Lord Mayor. The wife of the Baron de Gondremarck is, however, on his track, and, having gained admission into Gaddy's house, she surprises him on his return from the Lord Mayor's highly inebriated. If the opera had ended here, at the close of the second act, a far different result might have been attained. When the wife and husband meet the play is over. But a third superfluous act at a masked ball in the Opera House is added, wherein the situation of the second act between the husband and wife is needlessly repeated. Although the scene is itself admirably arranged, and the picture bright and telling, the act proved too much for the patience of the audience, who showed their irritability in an unmistakable manner.

THE CANADIAN PRIMA DONNA.—The *Athenæum* thus speaks of the debut of Mlle. Albani in the "Sommambula" at Covent Garden:

"Mlle. Albani is a Canadian young lady, who has studied in Paris under M. Duprez, and in Milan under Signor Lambertini; and surprise must therefore be felt that her execution and style are still so imperfect. It is a nice but not a telling voice, as there is but moderate power, and the notes are unequal in quality. Mlle. Albani has been on the stage at Messina, at Milan, and at Florence (the Pergola), but she made no sensation in the first-mentioned city, beyond that of a *succes d'estime*, as at Covent Garden; in point of fact, the first thing for her to do is to study deportment, not precisely in the way adopted by Charles Dickens's dignified dancing-master in 'Bleak House,' but, at all events, to get rid of her awkward use of arms and hands. It is obvious that Mlle. Albani will have to depend more on graceful action than on her personal attractions. Mlle. Marimon is a proof that plainness is no bar to success, and it has happened that when ugliness is accompanied with genius, the force of the latter has won public sympathy."

MORE OPERAS BOUFFE.—At the Alcazar Royal, Brussels, an entirely new opera bouffe, by M. Lecocq, entitled "Les Cent Vierges" (The Hundred Virgins), has been produced and well received. It is thus spoken of: "The subject is laughable, although not in very good taste, as we have the adventures of a cargo of young ladies sent out to an island inhabited by one hundred English emigrants, who have written for this curious consignment in order that each may marry and aid to establish the colony. Only sixteen females arrive, and among them are two married ladies, in pursuit of whom come their husbands, who, in order to watch the movements of their fugitive wives, put on the garments of the weaker sex. The women are drawn by lot, and as each falls to the share of one of the emigrants, the predicament of the two disguised gentlemen can easily be imagined. Various amusing complications arise, and the fun—which is at times not over-refined—is well kept up."

LOHENGRIN AT BOLOGNA.—The first performance of Wagner's "Lohengrin" at Bologna has been summed up by Dr. Verità, an Italian critic, in a few lines: "A little confusion, a little confusion, much admiration, little excitement, surprise, rather than delight—the surprise which the grandiose awakens. Apparently a triumph; really the wonder which the aspect of chaos, colossal in dimensions and deficiencies, would excite in its astonished beholder. The marvelous, however, is not wholesome daily bread; but an intelligent, self-controlling public may allow itself that luxury—occasionally."

On the Preservation of the Voice.

The most important things to be observed are the condition of the body when singing, and the manner of singing. Never sing while indisposed, particularly in the organs of the voice; never sing immediately after running fast, or after riding, lifting, or similar bodily exertion; when the voice is not at command, is wavering, incorrect, or panting, which may have very bad consequences withal. Never sing immediately before or after meals; for it hurts both the voice and the health together. Never talk or sing too long; it will raise an irritation, a burning, a pricking in the throat or chest; which are always signs of the approach of indispotion.

During singing stand free and easy, and do not hold anything before the mouth, which might prevent the free flow of the breath, and thus weaken the chest and deaden the tone. The chest must always be held freely erect, that the lungs may expand, strengthening the breath, and giving more ease to the song. Never, or at least very seldom, touch the extreme limits of your power of voice. Frequent repetition of this over-singing might produce a sudden and entire loss of voice.

Do not sing in a place either too cold or too warm, so as to lose the proper proportion of warmth between the breath inhaled and exhaled.

A singer must be more moderate than any body else in eating and drinking, for the sake of the preservation of his voice; and this precious treasure is well worth such a privation. This is particularly applicable to tenor, soprano and alto voices; the bass is not so delicate.—*Wabon's Journal.*

What the Songsters Sip.

A pains-taking investigator for one of the daily papers furnishes the following information:

The gods of song seem to be gifted with as great a diversity of tastes as the goddesses. Wachtel, we are assured, drinks seltzer water and milk; Niemann, Bavarian beer; Beck, honey in warm water; Michot, plenty of black coffee; Padilla eats hard bread crust; Sontheim takes snuff; and Mario smokes all the time he is not on the stage. In the long list of voice-sweeteners used by singers whose names are not familiar on this side of the water, we notice baked veal, champagne, pears, green plums, uncleaned wafer, milk, dried plums, and Bordeaux, each of which has a special advocate who would doubtless not dare to go upon the stage without it. With such a variety of remedies it does not seem that there is much excuse for hoarseness on the stage, in church choirs, or anywhere else. The artist that can't find something in that catalogue to tune up on has a larynx altogether too nice for common use. But there is Nilsson, and Kellogg, and Parepa Rosi, upon what need do they sip that they should warble? Jenkins should at least himself, and betook all this divine carolling is but the effervescence of hard cider "sucked through a straw" behind the scenes, it is time honest ticket holders should know it. We protest against their being swindled in any such way.

THE LATEST ABOUT LISZT.—A paragraph went the round of the papers lately relative to the departure of the composer Liszt from Rome, his home for ten years or more back. The choleric Abbe, said this report, was playing a selection of his music before the Pope, when, at the end of a favorite passage, he turned around only to find the Pontiff fast asleep. The next morning, in high indignation, he shook the dust of the Holy City from his sandals, and betook himself to the Austrian capital. A correspondent gives a different version of the story. In the latter part of the fifties Liszt came to Rome with the hope of obtaining the Musical Directorship of the Papal Chapel. But the prejudice of the Italians to German music, and the natural preference for their own, stood in the way of his ambition. After long years of weary waiting, a pension was offered him from the Austrian government, and, in despair of obtaining the coveted position from the Roman Pontiff, he betook himself last month to Vienna, and there his last days will probably be spent.

WACHTEL AS A WHIP SNAFFER.—Wachtel sings the Postillon's song with "splendid snap," writes a witty correspondent, "but isn't there some legend—main about that whip?" The whip was closely seized by a party of Cincinnatians, and they found it to be an ordinary carriage whip. The lash is of silk, and Wachtel makes it himself invariably. His faculty of cracking a whip loudly or softly in unison with rapid music, and by almost imperceptible movements of the wrist, is unique, and he says he will give \$50,000 to anybody who can produce the same effects.

Correspondence.

Letter from Boston.

THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE GREAT JUBILEE—A REHEARSAL BY THREE THOUSAND SINGERS—PRESIDENT GRANT TO BE PRESENT—THE ENGAGEMENT OF JOHANN STRAUSS—OTHER MUSICAL MATTERS—THEATRICAL ITEMS, ETC.

Correspondence of THE SONG JOURNAL.

BOSTON, April 20, 1872.

The preparations for the great musical jubilee are progressing with all due activity. In all departments of the huge undertaking very marked progress has been made within the past four weeks. The site of the monster building presents a busy scene. Never in the city of Boston has there been so large a space devoted to building operations with so large a crowd of workmen, all actively employed. One end, that facing the south, is already up (that is, the framework is all in place), and a part of the immense arches of truss-work are constructed, in readiness to be raised.

So great has been the demand for certain kinds of lumber that the market has been wholly cleaned out, and private enterprises have almost to go begging.

The pressure for admission to the great chorus still continues, although no societies have been admitted for at least six weeks, the lists being already full. It was seriously proposed to raise a second chorus of 20,000 voices, and facts show that this might readily have been done, but the immense amount of extra work it would have precipitated upon the managers, and especially upon chorus headquarters, led to an abandonment of the project. It was decided, however, to let the choral societies already enrolled recruit their numbers to as great an extent as they might desire. The original number reported, and no more, will be entitled to seats, for the aggregate already overtops the prescribed 20,000, but in order to permit all an opportunity to attend, the societies will be allowed to alternate their delegations as they may see fit, provided, of course, that all occupants of the chorus seats shall be thoroughly qualified to sing the music. Conductors and officers of societies are held responsible for the fulfillment of this latter obligation. Many societies have already secured extra books by purchase, and are hard at work, with the understanding that they will be accepted in installments. Through these means at least 30,000 singers will be heard in the course of the jubilee.

Your western readers can form but a slight idea of the enthusiasm that prevails among the singers of the East in regard to the great musical demonstration. Of the 170 different choral societies enrolled, by far the greater number belong to New England, Massachusetts alone furnishing over 100. The whole country, however, will be well represented, the lists showing enrollments from more than one-half of all the States in the Union. Boston furnishes nearly 6,000 singers, who are divided among twelve different societies, the Boston Chorus, organized by Dr. Tourjee, alone comprising 3,400 members. Enlistments were stopped at that figure, although one or two thousand more singers might readily have been obtained. Every one of those enrolled must undergo a personal examination before they are entitled to seats in the Coliseum, and the tickets for said seats are not to be issued except upon the showing of the proper certificate of qualification. In this manner all "dead wood" or "dummies" will be thrown out. Any attempt to get into the "show" without paying for a ticket will be a fruitless effort, unless the applicant proves himself or herself to be a good singer. There will be, without doubt, greater efficiency in the chorus than there was three years ago.

The Boston Chorus holds its regular rehearsals in sections of eight or nine hundred each. On the 9th inst. a general or mass rehearsal was held at Music Hall. Upwards of 3,000 singers attended, overflowing the auditorium, platform and all the standing places. The rehearsal in itself was a grand jubilee. The effect of 3,000 voices in such pieces as the two Bach chorals, "See what love hath the Father," from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and the chorus of Levites, from Costa's "Eli," was magnificent and inspiring. All these selections were rendered with effect, and even the two most difficult choruses, "All we like sheep," from "The Messiah," and "Yet doth the Lord," from "Elijah," went finely after one or two trials. One of the finest performances of the evening was the "Damascus Triumphant March," from Costa's "Naaman," in which occurs a beautiful chorus of maidens, "Welcome, welcome, Syria's defender." This latter was sung with such precision and effect by the 900 sopranos and 800 altos that there was a spontaneous outburst of applause from the tenors and basses. Another mass rehearsal, which included three of the four sections of the Boston Chorus, or about 2,500 voices, was held last evening at Tremont Temple, and another takes place at the same hall next Friday evening. These rehearsals are under the direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn, with G. E. Whiting as organist.

Mass rehearsals of the other Boston singers will take place in the course of the coming month, and it is also contemplated to have other general rehearsals at central points—three at least in Massachusetts, and one each in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont.

The new music book was issued to the societies by Dr. Tourjee about the 15th inst. It forms 177 pages, and the singers have some lively work before them to acquaint themselves with the sixty-three different selections it contains. It was published for the Jubilee Association by Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co. Among the new compositions are two choruses from John K. Paine's new oratorio of "St. Peter," "How lovely shines the Morning Star" and "This is the Witness of God;" a "Festival Hymn," words and music by Dudley Buck; and an "Invocation Hymn," words and music by Matthias Keller. The "German Union Hymn" and the "American Hymn," (words written for the National Peace Jubilee of 1869 by Oliver Wendell Holmes, music by Keller), will also be sung. The singing of the latter was one of the grandest features at the first jubilee. In addition to the music already sent out, there will be an appendix containing a dozen or more national songs and several original works, including a choral composed for the occasion by George E. Whiting, which was not received in time to be printed in the main collection.

The engagements for the orchestra are being made by J. Thomas Baldwin, who was Gilmore's "right hand man" in organizing the great orchestra of the first jubilee. Up to the present time 250 of the best players of New York have been secured, and a couple of hundred more will probably be taken from that city. The New York musicians are not only willing, but anxious, to be counted in, for the good reason that the festival will tend to increase the weight and thickness of their pocket books. Their experiences at the jubilee of 1869 were of a very happy description, that event having put nearly \$60,000 into the pockets of the musicians of the country. The coming affair will do much better than that. Aside from the orchestra of 1,000, there will be a military band of the same number, making a total instrumental force of 2,000.

A committee recently visited Washington to invite President Grant to attend the jubilee. He accepted the invitation. The heads of departments, foreign ministers, members of Congress, Governors of all the States, and mayors of the principal cities, will also be invited as the guests of the city government.

The announcement that the celebrated waltz composer and orchestral conductor, Johann Strauss, of Vienna, has been engaged to conduct a portion of each concert, will afford much gratification to the Americans who intend to be present. Mr. Gilmore visited him while in Vienna, and invited him to come to America and share the honors of the festival with him. He expressed an earnest desire to attend, and manifested the strongest interest in the plans of the undertaking. He feared, however, that an engagement in St. Petersburg would prevent his acceptance of the offer. While Mr. Gilmore was in Vienna Strauss refused a brilliant offer of an engagement made him by New York parties. Upon his departure, Mr. Gilmore left the matter in the hands of George L. Osgood, the young Boston tenor, who has recently been singing in Vienna and Berlin, and on the 24th ult. cable telegrams were received announcing that Strauss had at length accepted. The sum Strauss is to receive is £3,500 and expenses.

Concerts have been quite numerous during the past month, but not all of them have paid, for the reason that the Jubilee absorbs everyone's attention, and again, we are now at the far end of the busiest musical season Boston has ever known. The most notable entertainment was the benefit concert of A. P. Peck, which drew a crowded house at Music Hall on the 3d inst. Theodore Thomas's full orchestra, Miss Marie Krebs, the pianist, and a quartette of artists from the Parepa-Rosa Opera Troupe, consisting of Mrs. Jennie Van Zandt, Mrs. Zella Seguin, William Castle and S. C. Campbell, appeared on the occasion, together with H. M. Dow, of our own city, as accompanist.

Theodore Thomas treated us to three more of his incomparable concerts on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, the 6th, and the evening of Sunday, the 7th. Thomas's orchestra is immensely popular here as everywhere else, and there is no city outside New York where he gives so many concerts in the course of a year.

Carl Zerrahn had a benefit concert on the 10th, when the orchestra of the symphony concerts, and Mrs. J. W. Weston, as the soprano soloist, gave a very fine rendering of Beethoven's "Egmont" music. Miss Charlotte Cushman was to have read the connecting portions of Goethe's text, but was taken ill a few days previous to the concert, and the task was entrusted to William Mason Evans. Miss Cushman has cancelled all her remaining engagements to read this season.

Senor Sarasate, the violinist, gave a concert on the 11th aided by Herr Bonawitz, the pianist, and others, but was unsuccessful. The party had a route laid out through the Eastern States, but on account of their failure here gave it up.

B. J. Lang is giving a series of symphony concerts at Mechanics' Hall, which are fully and fashionably attended. Two of the series have already taken place, and two more are to follow.

At the 24th concert of the New England Conservatory of Music, on the 2d, two contralto solos from J. K. Paine's new oratorio of "St. Peter," were sung by Mrs. Barry. They made a good impression, and there is a great desire among musical people to hear the whole work. The quarterly exhibition concert of the New England Conservatory took place at Music Hall on the 12th, in presence of an immense audience. This institution proposes to add several important features to its already brilliant list of advantages, one of which is a series of monthly or semi-monthly concerts at Music Hall, by an orchestra composed of our best musicians, under the direction of Carl Zerrahn. The works of the great masters will thus be rendered with completeness, and the advanced pupils will have the advantage of singing and playing with a full orchestra. Arrangements are also made whereby a portion of this orchestra will assist at the weekly concerts of the pupils. The new term of the Conservatory opens next week.

The Boston Conservatory of Music gave a very fine concert at Wesleyan Hall on the 11th, Messrs. Eichberg, Leonhard, Fries and Castell taking part.

There is talk of a new conservatory of music, with Mr. Thomas Ryan, of the Quintette Club, as its director.

Two of our rising young vocalists, Mr. F. C. Packard, tenor, and Mr. F. D. Sprague, basso, give a farewell concert on the 3d of May, previous to going abroad to study.

Edwin Forrest began an engagement at the Globe Theatre on the 25th ult., but was forced to succumb to an attack of pneumonia on the 3d inst. He is now recovering, but has been forced to give up all his remaining engagements. The Florences are now there.

Oliver Doud Byron, who is playing "Across the Continent" at the Boston Theatre, has received a terrible hammering at the hands of the critics. Mrs. John Wood succeeds him next week, and Miss Maggie Mitchell appears on the 29th, to be followed May 13th by Joseph Jefferson. Robert McWade is at the St. James, and the Museum has brought out with fine success a new play by Henry J. Byron, entitled "Partners for Life."

Mr. George L. Osgood will sail for Boston from Liverpool in the "Samaria," May 27th. On the 28th ult. he sang in oratorio in Berlin with very fine success.

RANGER.

From Port Huron.

A CONCERT BY MR. CAWTHORNE.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

PORT HURON, April 10.

Monday evening last one of the most pleasant musical entertainments of the season came off in the Congregational Church, under the direction of N. Cawthorne, the organist. The programme was skillfully arranged, the performers in good spirits and voice, and in consequence the performance evoked the utmost enthusiasm.

The opening chorus, "When the Morning Freshly Breaking," was given by the entire company. A quartet, by many thought to be the best of the evening, was next sung by Misses Long and Kibbee and Messrs. Gould and Meisel, Miss Long, the soprano, being in excellent voice. Miss and Mr. Stockwell, the latter quite generally known to your musical readers, came next in a duet, "Why do the Swallows Change their Homes?" Miss Kibbee gave "Meeting," a sweet song, after which "The Unseen City," a quartette with solo and chorus, was given in a way that aroused loud plaudits, by Misses Beers and Stockwell and Messrs. Barnum and Hamilton. Miss Beers is a young lady whose home is at Chicago, but is temporarily visiting at this city. Her voice is one of considerable sweetness and evinces fair culture. The first part closed with "Ruth and Naomi," sang by Miss Beers.

"The Photograph," a comic duet, rendered in an amusing manner by Miss Stockwell and Mr. Meisel, awoke much laughter, being not only finely sung, but handsomely acted. It was so highly appreciated by the audience that an encore was demanded. Mr. Stockwell next appeared and sang inimitably, "Rock Me, ye Billows," followed by a trio, "Distant Chimes," sang by Misses Beers, Kibbee and Long. Another quartette of the most amusing order was then given by Messrs. Stockwell, Meisel, Gould and A. E. Hamilton. "Jonathan's Welcome" was so satisfying to the audience that an encore was absolutely insisted on. This composition, as you may recall, represents by examples the characteristics of the music of America, Germany, England and Ireland.

"I'd Nothing Else to Do" being sang by Miss Beers, and encored, she responded by giving "Love's Request." The beautiful duet, "Larboard Watch," was deliciously sang by Messrs. Spalding and Stock-

well. Then we had "Sweetly Soft," another quartette, by Misses Kibbee and Beers and Messrs. Stockwell and Spalding, and the grand chorus, "In the Gipsy's Lamp you Read," brought the performance fittingly to a close.

Mr. Cawthorne, of course, presided at the piano, which is equivalent to saying that that portion of the entertainment was of the first order. His performance of a solo from "La Sonnambula" and an arrangement of Hertz's "Last Rose of Summer" was much applauded. The entertainment, on the whole, was the most entirely successful of the season, and was graced by a large and brilliant audience.

EVERGREEN.

HERR WAGNER.—The 22d of May, Wednesday in Whitson week, is fixed on for laying the foundation-stone of the Wagner-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre at Bayreuth, and Wagnerites from all parts are expected to be present at the ceremony. According to the plan now entertained it is decided that Herr Richard Wagner shall gather round him the musical celebrities of Germany, and, profiting by their attendance, make the great feature of the day a concert in the opera house. The Musik-Akademie Vocal Union is also to be invited. Herr Wagner will direct the concert or, at least, certain pieces in the programme. Of course the inhabitants of Bayreuth will strive hard to amuse their guests, who are expected to be very numerous. Herr Wagner has purchased a plot of ground immediately adjoining the Hofgarten, on which he intends to have a private house erected for himself. The house is to be a counterpart of his villa in Switzerland.

A FUNNY FREAK OF MENDELSSOHN'S.—Elise Polko, in her "Reminiscences of Mendelssohn," tells us that one of the great master's favorite stories was an ancient Roman tradition of a motionless assembly of senators, seated in deathlike silence, whom a guileless Gaul mistook for stone statues, and was, therefore, bold enough to pluck the beard of one of the circle, when the supposed statue started into life, and cut down the audacious Gaul with his sword. In remembrance of this anecdote Mendelssohn and Hildebrandt, the artist, agreed whenever they met, to matter where, even in the most aristocratic society, never to say "good day" to each other without a certain form. Hildebrandt was suddenly to stand still and assume a stony face, when Mendelssohn was to go up to him slowly and solemnly and pull his beard, while he was, in turn, to submit to a sharp Roman blow on the shoulder, which dissolved the magic spell, and they were then to greet each other with their usual cordiality.

NILSSON'S TARDY WEDDING.—A Boston letter to the Hartford Times says: After the conclusion of her engagement with Strakosch, Nilsson goes to London, together with the majority of the troupe, where the Drury Lane Theater has been engaged by Mr. Jarrett, her agent, for a series of operatic performances before the close of the season. According to the present programme, Nilsson is then to marry her French lover, but as the time approaches for the consummation of the contract, Nilsson realizes the risk, the sacrifice she may make of herself, and it is my firm opinion that she will not marry, or at any rate for some time yet. She has very often stated that she desired to sing for ten years yet, and she knows that she cannot do that and be a wife as well. If she would retain her profession and her fame, she must remain Nilsson; otherwise she can afford to marry, possessing as she does now about one round million dollars in gold.

OFFENBACH'S LAST EFFORT.—The critics never gave a more unanimous verdict upon any opera than upon "Le Roi Carotte" or "King Carrot," of Offenbach, by which Victorien Sardou contributed the words. An English writer says that as a play it is not, for humor, up to the level of an English burlesque. As for the music, it is in Offenbach's well known style—rather brisk and lively, but woefully lacking in originality. The severest criticism is that of Jules Janin, in the *Debats*, upon this piece. He pictures the disgust and weariness of the man who has paid fifty louis for a good seat, and makes him discourse upon the performance in the most bitter strain. It appears that the morality of the play is below par, even in Paris. The management of the Gaité spent three hundred thousand francs to bring out this piece, which Janin calls a "double bagatelle."

Commendations.

[From the Ypsilanti Commercial.]

THE SONG JOURNAL.—The April number is a very nice one. "Only a Little Longer" is a capital song. Published by J. C. Whitney & Co., Detroit.

[From the Ypsilanti Sentinel.]

THE SONG JOURNAL for April is in; containing two pieces of music, and a large amount of musical intelligence. It is cheap at one dollar a year, its new music alone being worth more than that.

[From the Schoolcraft News and Dispatch.]

THE SONG JOURNAL.—The April number of this excellent musical publication is upon our table, and it is fully the equal of any of its predecessors. It is published monthly, in Detroit, by C. J. Whitney & Co. Besides containing in each number music, both vocal and instrumental, of the latest and most popular kinds, each number is well supplied with well selected musical literature. It is fast growing in public favor.

[From the Port Huron Commercial.]

The Detroit SONG JOURNAL for April puts in an appearance. It is attractive in style and contents. Several pages of excellent reading matter come first, and the music is a song entitled "Only a Little Longer," and an instrumental piece called "The Little Nabob Schottische." Price \$1.00 per year. C. J. Whitney & Co., publishers.

[From the Owosso Press.]

THE SONG JOURNAL, published at Detroit by C. J. Whitney & Co., comes out for April with a pleasing variety of musical reading matter, and two pieces of music by McChesney, "Only a Little Longer," song and chorus, and the "Nabob Schottische."

STILL NOT HAPPY.—Jones (who is writing poetry to "the loveliest of her sex"): "I say, Plunket, old boy, do give me a rhyme. I've written:

'Oh! she's a darling little jewel,
And I'm her most devoted —'

Do tell me what? Give us a good one."

Plunket (who is a confirmed old bachelor), "Jewel, eh? well, let's see:

'She's a darling little jewel,

Eh?

'And you're her most devoted —'

Why, I don't see anything better than *mule!* Mule is good! Capital rhyme, good sense, and fits to a charm. Mule is good, decidedly good."

Jones: "Mule! ah, you confounded rascal, what do you mean? Mule! sir, you're a—*a fool!* That rhymes too."

Plunket (calmly): "Well, well, just as you please. You can put that if you'd rather. 'Devoted mule' or 'devoted fool,' either will do."

THE UNTAMED CRITIC.—The Cincinnati *Commercial* says the "untamed critic" is abroad again, and is making the Cleveland musical world eloquent with his lucubrations. In commenting upon the performances of Thomas' orchestra he says: "In some points we detect an improvement, a more perfect imprisonment of the subtle soul of the composition in hand, and a more uniform command of that most unruly part of an orchestra—the brass." The "imprimement of the subtle soul" by the orchestra is good. The "command of the brass" is also admirable, and if the critic be not too far gone, it might not be considered quite unworthy commendation on his part. He needs a good dose of rhubarb; it is cathartic, astringent and tonic.

ENTHUSIASTIC.—An enthusiastic correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* says of the performance of the pianist Rubenstein: "Such force without confusion, such rapidity without indistinctness, such sympathy without mannerism, and without such modesty, make an evening spent at his concerts (which are, unfortunately, very rare) something to be remembered and thought over long after. A Schumann symphony wrought both himself and his listeners up to the highest pitch, the closing sentence being given with actually orchestral effect."

MADAME DUPREZ.—The death is announced in Paris of Madame Duprez, who, years ago, was a popular singer in Italian opera in Paris and elsewhere. She was a pupil of the renowned Chorion Institute; but her celebrity has been overshadowed by that of her husband, the famous tenor, Duprez, who is now a professor at Brussels. The funeral of Madame Duprez took place in Paris, and was attended by most of the leading authors, composers, and artists in the city.

The Song Journal.

DETROIT, MAY, 1872.

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Art in Early Music Title Pages.

What is said to be one of the earliest specimens of American lithography, as applied to music title pages, is displayed in the editorial rooms of the *Detroit Free Press*. It is inscribed, "OLD DAN. EMMITT'S ORIGINAL BANJO MELODIES. EMMITT, BROWER, WHITLOCK, PELHAM. As sung by the VIRGINIA MINSTRELS with enthusiastic applause, at the principal Theatres and Concerts in the Union, being an entirely new collection of pieces never before Published. O, Dance de Boatmen, Dance; 'Twill Never Do to Gib It Up So; Old Dan Tucker; I'm Gwine over de Mountains; The Fine Old Colored Gentleman; My old Aunt Sally; O, Lud Gals, Gib Us, etc. Arranged for the piano forte by RICE. Boston: Published by CHAS. H. KETH, 67 and 69 Court street. 1840. Price each, 25 cents."

The lettering is by no means elaborate, and surrounds an illustration "on stone, by W. Sharp, from a sketch." The imagination of the artist has run wild in delineating the musical eccentricities of the negro race. The drawing and the grouping deal entirely with the grotesque, and make up a picture as amusing as can well be conceived, and quite in keeping with the early eccentricities of negro minstrelsy.

First in the foreground we have a placid stream, in which an open-mouthed alligator is pursuing a darkey floating on his back. With eyes aglaze with terror, he holds his banjo in such a manner as to force it edgewise into the animal's mouth should it advance. In anticipation of this advancement, his limbs and body are well drawn up. Upon the shore two enraptured colored individuals are striking their banjos, and opposite them another is keeping time with a tamborine. The melodious strains they have evoked have charmed divers bullfrogs upon the beach, who, in various attitudes, listen with attention. Perched in a tree, a youthful banjo picker is forced to cease playing by the too close attentions of a turkey buzzard. A fiddler in plantation pantaloons and stove-pipe hat is making music for a couple tricked out in holiday attire, who revel in the vigorous breakdown. An infuriated cow is checked in her headlong career toward this couple by the efforts of a tall and slender mulatto, who, the better to hold the beast, has taken two or three turns of her tail about his banjo handle. Rejoicing at all this confusion is a most decided Ethiopian on the extreme right, who adds to the clamor by his muscular exertions with the bones. Ascending a hill in the distance is seen a horse and dray. The horse, much exerting himself to draw a recalcitrant opossum hitched to the rear end of the vehicle, is bestrode by a darkey, who belabors the animal with his banjo. Complacently loling upon the bottom boards of this rude carriage is a portly wench, all unconscious of the clouds gathering overhead. As a specimen of early American lithographic art this title page is certainly unique.

• The Harmonie Society.

The citizens of Detroit have been long aware of the existence of a musical society in the city of more than ordinary excellence. On various occasions the people have had the pleasure of listening to the songs and choruses of the Harmonie Society, it being the habit of that organization to aid by its vocal accomplishments all enterprises of a charitable or patriotic nature. Hence on festival days and in public entertainments the trained singers of the Harmonie have not only pleased the public ear, but added to the contributions of many a worthy object.

Upon the recent dedication ceremonies of the Soldiers' Monument, the Harmonie Society occupied a conspicuous place in the proceedings. They appeared, so to speak, before the people of the entire State, and acquitted themselves in a manner due to their reputation as artists and their character as an organization. Among the vast audience that was assembled in the Campus Martius, there were none but were forced to concede the power of music. While the voices of the most stentorian speakers could be heard but a few feet away, the notes of the Harmonie Society rose above all the clamor of the throng, the trampling of horses and the sounds of arms, and were heard at the very extremities of the square. Not less sweet than powerful was the melody, and the theme most appropriate for such a celebration.

Visitors from distant points were enthusiastically in praise of the society, and the press of the interior contained complimentary notices of its performances. This need of praise, justly due as it is, is the result of persistent study on the part of each individual member of the organization, aided by competent and wise direction. The Harmonie Society is a musical feature that Detroit may justly boast of.

Opera in New York.

The people of New York and Brooklyn have enjoyed the pleasure of listening to a rare combination in opera. The leading parts in the various casts were taken by Parepa-Rosa, Adelaide Philipps, Wachtel and Santley. With this unequaled array, as might well be imagined, the houses have been crowded, at prices varying from two to six dollars. As in the case when a *furor* of this kind excites the public mind, the cupidity of ticket speculators was excited, who even went so far as to buy up every seat in the parquette, and thus extorted an advance of two to three dollars on each ticket. This aroused much indignation, but nevertheless the houses were crowded.

Ready to Hand.

The *Detroit Post*, in describing the ceremonies attending the dedication of the soldiers' monument, necessarily gave some account of the workmanship and appearance of the structure. This description the *Post* found ready to hand in THE SONG JOURNAL, and accordingly changing a sentence or two, republished it as original. Quite a number of newspapers in the State, with much more courtesy than the *Post* deserves, seeing this description in its columns, have reprinted and credited the plagiarized article to that paper.

Western Normal Institute.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of the Western Normal Musical Institute. It is the oldest school of the kind in the country, and last year had one hundred and ninety-nine pupils in attendance. Mr. J. William Saffern, author of numerous singing books, is at the head of it. The citizens of Goshen, Indiana, have shown their appreciation of this Institute by furnishing buildings and pipe organ free of rent, and by a liberal subscription of nearly one thousand dollars in scholarships.

PERSONAL.—Horace E. Purdy, well known in literary circles, and for the past five years one of the editors of the *Detroit Free Press*, has resigned his position on that journal, and become managing editor of the *Albany Evening Times*. Aside from being a political writer of more than ordinary vigor, Mr. Purdy was the author of several songs. With these doubtless a large number of the readers of THE SONG JOURNAL are familiar, as for sentiment and charming grace of expression they rank deservedly high.

GOUNOD'S LATEST WORK.—M. Gounod has enbathed the sorrows of the French people in his deathless music. The sentimental rejoicings of fashionable Paris have been reduced by him to the operatic score, and are poured forth by an English prima donna, Mrs. Weldon. His new cantata is called "Gallia, or the Lamentation," and as the name implies, seeks to express lyrically the humiliations of his countrymen, weeping in defeat, as the Israelites wept by the waters of Babylon in captivity; though instead of Breton scenery from the *Atala* of Chateaubriand, appropriate to the time and place, the scenic accessories are palm trees, pyramids, sphinxes and other Egyptian and Syrian devices, while *figurantes* flit across the stage in costumes of such extreme scantiness that there is hardly enough in the pattern to determine whether it is Parisian or Oriental.

CARLOTTA PATTI.—Carlotta Patti has been astonishing the musical dilettanti of Nice by her marvellous voice and executive ability. A Paris journal says: Carlotta Patti is indeed a wonderful singer. Her throat is the throat of a nightingale, whence flows, without an effort, a flashing cascade of notes, pure, clear, pearly and glittering as a shower of fireworks. She passes with marvellous facility, without break, from the deep and full notes of the contralto to the high soprano register. She entrances and astonishes with her roulades, with her airy flights, and with the ease with which she takes notes far beyond the ordinary range of voice." Carlotta's recent concert in Paris in aid of impoverished French sufferers, realized \$8,000.

THE WAVE A LA MODE.—Says the Savannah *Advertiser*: "It is considered quite the thing now-a-days to wave the head whenever you attend a musical entertainment, and if you can impart a slight oscillatory motion to the body, so that you can make it prominently known to the audience that you are enraptured, and that your entire being is given up to the delirium of the sweet accord, you are sure of creating a greater impression. There is nothing so pleasing to the looker-on as the satisfaction of having to sit behind one of these genteel wavers. We saw several last evening, and they reminded us of a poor afflicted St. Vitus dancer. We indorse the wave, though, because it is the sign of a poetic soul."

PLEASING TO THE PARISIANS.—In the last act of "Le Roi Carotte," a scene representing Monkey Island, with the King of the Apes and his grotesque courtiers, is rendered more than usually effective by the appearance of about fifty professed acrobats, whose antics excite nightly considerable laughter. M. Boulet, the director, has reduced their salaries, and this measure met with great disapprobation, the motley crowd of baboons, chimpanzees and orang-outangs threatening a general strike. This spectacle, thoroughly renovated with fresh costumes and scenery, will be reproduced in the summer holidays, when a new act will be introduced, representing the destruction of Pompeii.

A PECULIAR PIANO.—An English inventor announces a piano that can be played with pedals. Of these there are sixty-eight cubical blocks of wood; and each one when struck gives a chord of four notes. The performer plays in slippers, and while he does the piano with his feet he plays the flute with his mouth and fingers. An edifying spectacle.

AUBER.—Some one asked Aubér whether he did not regret being single. "Not at all; the custom being to take a wife a dozen years younger than one's self, mine would be now 70 or 80 years old. Can you imagine a more useless old couple?"

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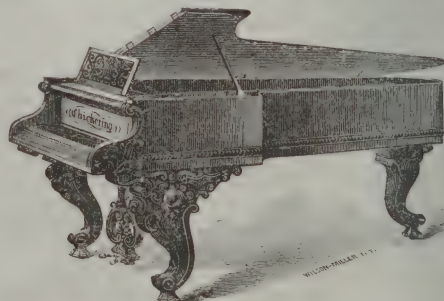
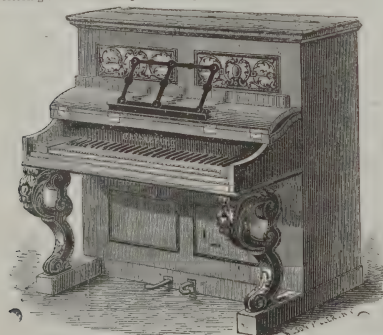
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VOLUME II.

DETROIT, JUNE, 1872.

NUMBER VI.

'Twas Ever Thus.

BY BEN. DOUGLAS.

Came by my floral walk there grew
A rose bright-eyed and fair,
And nightly pressed with lips of dew,
It bloomed and flourished there;
Its beauty caught the passer's eyes,
Where most they loved to dwell,
And born beneath the summer skies,
The south wind fanned it well.

No flower so brilliant wooed the air
Or gave me such delight;
I watched it with a constant care
At morning and at night.
No cruel hand came ever nigh
My rose to touch, or stain,
It drank the sunlight of the sky,
It gladdened with the rain.

In one short hour again I passed,
My beauteous rose to see,
And found its leaves were withering fast—
My rose was snatched from me!
'Twas all on earth my love could share—
My joy and solace, too—
For by my hand 'twas planted there,
And this the spoiler knew.

I cherished it with heart-desire,
And love that ever grows,
Yet laid he waste my hedge of brier,
And plucked my garden rose;
He wore it on his breast awhile—
'Twas lovely for a day—
But when it ceased to bloom and smile,
He threw my rose away.

It left within his breast a thorn,
Which through unwritten years
Will sting him hourly eve and morn,
In mirth as well as tears.
And when the friends such bloom conceive,
Appeared to crush, instead
Of gathering up its withered leaves,
I saddened as I said—

Whoe'er thou art of beauty born,
Thy charms may prove a snare;
Guard well thyself, the flatterer scorn,
Of all eyes beware.
Let others plant the thorn, be thou
Pure as the angel's tear;
Let not vain thoughts thy soul allow,
Be prudent, wise, and fear.

MUSIC AND HOME.—How much does music add to the genial atmosphere of home life, and what a bright glow does its constant practice throw over domestic communion! Privileged indeed is that family whose members are able, amongst themselves, to "get up" choral or concerted music, for many a carking anxiety or fretful disagreement is dispelled by its charms. A country doctor, once told me that when nearing home, after wearisome rides through snow and wind, nothing "warmed him" so well as the sound of music issuing from his snug house; therefore his daughter always played and sang at such hours as she thought he might be returning, in order that he might be cheered by her sweet voice as soon as he came within earshot of its pleasant influence.

DEATH OF A VETERAN MUSICIAN.—The death is announced in Vienna of Herr Wamm, a musician who had reached his eighty-third year, and who once composed a mass in E flat which won for him a rather wide celebrity. He was also a prolific writer of piano forte music, most of which is entirely forgotten.

(Written for the Song Journal.) Autobiography of Allegro Allegro.

CHAPTER I.

I, Allegro Allegro, a musician (not by servitude, but by birthright), having long considered myself no ordinary, but a very remarkable character and personage, and at length, by adroitness and skill, managed to impress my friends with the same sentiments, now avail myself of the medium of the press, and through the influence of your justly popular and widely circulated journal to communicate this my opinion to the public at large. I do not design to address myself to the professors of the art, as I have long since learned by experience that no professor recognizes a friend in a musician, whilst he is in the flesh. This amiable virtue is too universally prevalent to make it necessary for me to inquire into its origin or attempt a logical elucidation of its truth. Neither do I desire any musical critic to waste his time in the perusal of my autobiography, as he is, no doubt, better engaged in praising his friends and acquaintances, and in defaming his enemies and those who may have the misfortune to be ignorant of his talents, and, a more unpardonable offence, of his existence. I shall address myself, therefore, to amateurs—a numerous and influential body—all of whom, I am informed, peruse the JOURNAL with avidity and vast pleasure, which, if I thought otherwise, I would not write therein, but seek another more eligible medium to scintillate a genius long overburdened by obscurity.

Now, as a prelude of what I have to say of myself (parenthetically), permit me, cursorily, to allude to my pedigree, as thereby I shall the more surely establish my enviable position, as one whose modesty forbids intrusion, save when justified by reasons patent, and truth so easily established as to leave no shadow of doubt. And here, with punctilious exactness must be declared that, after the most diligent, patient and careful search of the book of chronicles, all is obscurity and conjecture with me in my past lineage beyond Tallis, Tye, Bird and Gibbons, with a slight break in the chain of Martin Luther; but anterior to these, I find evidence so feeble and poor of connection with the fathers of ecclesiastical harmony, as to induce me to abandon the search and forbear to speak. I cannot, however, refrain from expressing unfeigned disappointment; for, to tell the truth, I started for Jubal, the sixth from Cain, and have to confess, with a cheek blanched with the deepest regret, I "failed to connect" with him. Indeed, I must confess that when I commenced this interesting and important subject, though having some faint ideas of the difficulties and almost insurmountable obstacles to be encountered, my faith in the good cause grasped the "Creation" (by Haydn), and, thereby having certain data and a sure foundation to rest upon and start from, the line of genealogy could easily be followed right down through the "Children of Israel" (by way of Handel), and from that epoch, the neck of every difficulty broken, and a pleasant and prosperous voyage down the stream of time, straight and unvaryingly into and through Billings, the father of music in our own happy country, to the

"Last Judgment" (by Spohr), all of which I had confidently hoped to accomplish as a thing legitimate and due to my cotemporaries, who are, with myself, making history daily, destined to float on to the great ocean of the future, to be confabulated over by our future progeny.

It would afford me unfeigned pleasure and satisfaction and, doubtless, prove highly edifying to my readers, to recapitulate and consecutively show the names, character and positions of distinction my ancestors have borne, but modesty, fear of the charge of egotism, not to allude to the almost unlimited space such a recital would require, together with the keeping too long from the dominant subject (myself), prompts me to desist, all of which is sanctioned by a "conscience void of offence" toward any one.

"But to return to our subject," I can truly say I have been allowed to sing a psalm tune in certain high places, and before divers high personages; that, in consequence thereof, I requested those gentlemen accustomed to chronicle such-like important events in the pages of their papers in a conspicuous place, displaying the same by the use of fat-faced type and italics, and thereby communicate to the public my extraordinary skill in that department, and the distinguished approbation my illustrious auditors were pleased to bestow on my performance of so laborious a duty; and that, in compliance with my earnest entreaties, I have been honorably commemorated in more than one of the leading musical journals in articles of well-turned periods. I may also urge in my own behoof that I have sung in public, without much emolument to myself, and, if I am to believe the envious newspaper critics, without any credit to the parties who permitted and suffered under my appearance. I have likewise written some gles and songs, and "thrown off" some few psalm tunes, anthems, etc., having invariably taken the precaution to submit them to a friend for the purpose of being purged of their impurities; was, on the strength of their merit and my friend's introduction, admitted as a member of a small, select association, which very soon took the liberty of christening the same after my name, an honor conferred but seldom on a genius in the flesh, and presents tolerably impartial claims to distinction, where the music performed by the society is wholly composed and sung by its members, and where the applause is most accurately regulated by the Golden Rule of Christian morality. I can safely recommend the immediate organization of many similar societies, believing the same likely to induce a wonderful reciprocity of kind feeling, and effect a certain cure on the most atrocious of critics that may be so fortunate as to be elected members, inasmuch as the "Tickle-me-Tommy" principle would be universally recognized and devoutly practiced. I am free to confess that as yet I have not been allowed to adorn the ranks of any other society of eminence; the reason of this neglect of my deserts are fully satisfactory to myself, and I therefore presume that no one has any right to think the less of me on this account. I have no relation or friend belonging to any of these associations, save as I

have narrated; I have published no treatise on harmony, no collections of church music, no variations; and though I have a "grand scena" in my head, aching to make its flight from its long and dreary imprisonment, at present I have no convenient friend to score it for me (that is, re-compose it); and, worse than all, I am reputed to be of that unhappy temper which would sacrifice the applause I might consider due myself for the pleasure of inflicting justice on others; I say, taking all these circumstances into consideration, the various directors of musical menageries (except that rare collection of composing and singing animals to which I have before adverted) are not without reasonable excuse for deferring my inauguration among them. Nevertheless, having been employed to delineate the features, and record the practices of some of these august associations, in one or two periodicals, I availed myself of the opportunity to winnow the chaff from the wheat, and convince these "heads of colleges" that I am not to be overlooked with impunity.

Let me here remark, that to gain the popularity I am proud to enjoy, I have not failed to recognize all means to cajole my neighbors into the belief of my merits. For some time I *duetted* (that is, turned leaves) with a distinguished organist, ever taking the greatest care on all public occasions, whenever he appeared, to perform my part in the most punctilious manner. Other gentlemen, who declined my services in this way, I have deemed it a sacred duty to slander to the best of my ability on every possible occasion and under every possible pretence. I have depreciated all foreigners, especially those artists whom the American public most esteem, and who are most celebrated in their own country, as I take this popularity in his native land, and also our own, to be fictitious and a sure test of his mediocrity, if not of his utter incapacity. I have sneered at every proceeding in musical matters where my abilities were neglected and my presence was not required; always, however, taking care to preserve and bear in mind the necessity of keeping myself *incognito*, as I valued a whole skin, together with the wholesome advice of Captain Ab-solute to his servant, "not to tell more lies than were indispensably necessary." I have availed myself, in every circle and at all times, of the respect paid to the memory of the great musicians of past ages, from Moses' beautiful soprano (Miriam) and David, the sweet singer, and expatiated in an uplifted voice upon their transcendent merits, as this procedure could do me no harm, would not afford the least assistance to any living professor, and was sure to flatter the understandings of my auditors. I found, also, that I hereby gained not only a reputation *in re*, but also *reflectively*; that is to say, the rays of the sons of genius commemorated, in some degree illuminated my own person; and I found myself surrounded with a halo of glory, which, although somewhat cold, was mistaken for my own property by careless observers.

I have traveled some; can say with unerring truth have wound my way through most of the crooked streets of Boston, and perambulated many of the thoroughfares of New York in eastern tours; and, in my western, can challenge examination of most points of interest to seekers of information pertaining to the art divine, as far as Wyandotte, which latter place, let it be distinctly asserted, embodies more of interest to the great heart of the natural genius, than almost any other on this mundane sphere. A reluctant honesty compels me to mark a few words in italics, as in these places I got but few admissions into the respectable societies there existing—a fact well known to my enemies, which leads me to confess it. I did, however, succeed in entrapping one solitary good-natured musician into the monomaniacal fancy that I was a profound and accomplished artist. What the majority of the professors thought of me, it does not become me to

dwelt upon. Having, however, packed up a budget of useful information, of which I am burning to disburden myself, and made my introduction to my readers, I shall now proceed to give some particulars of my life and times.

Herr Franz Abt, the great German Song Composer.

Franz Abt was born on the 22d of January, 1819, in Cölenburg, a small Prussian village. His father, though a minister, cultivated music, and was really an authentic amateur. He gave Franz his first instructions in music, without, however, intending to make a professional musician of him. On the contrary, he was expected to follow the calling of his father, and for this reason was sent to the celebrated Thomas Schol of study theology. This institute enjoyed quite a reputation for its superior music, and Franz availed himself of this excellent opportunity with as much earnestness and eagerness as if he played to preserve the important part this art was to play in his future. The father died, and the son was compelled to give instruction in music for his daily sustenance. His first compositions were mostly ballads and simple pieces for the piano, and were received with great favor, three gaining him a reputation, which eventually secured him the position as musical conductor of the Stadt Theatre, in Zurich, Switzerland.

Zurich is renowned for its numerous superb singing societies; and in these Abt became so deeply interested that he soon resigned his position at the theatre, and devoted exclusively his time to them. Many of his most celebrated quartettes were written for them.

In the year 1852 he visited Brunswick, where there was a festival of the North German Singing Society, and so well honored was his reception that he was induced to emigrate thither. There he found a larger sphere for his genius. In consequence of the fine and finished rendering of the oratorio *Paul* by Mendelssohn, he was made chapel-master of the Duke of Brunswick, which position he still holds.

Franz Abt as a song writer has a world-wide reputation, and his popularity is based upon the fact that he has treated the voice as the principal in his songs, simply sustaining the beautiful melodies by rich and appropriate harmonies; while most of the other German song writers indulge in piano solos with vocal accompaniment—beautiful, indeed, but not calculated to touch the heart of the multitude.

His vocal quartettes are equally beautiful and popular, and equally musician-like, and this broad sympathy with the sentiments of the many has endeared the name of Abt to all classes of people speaking the German and the English tongue.

Abt arrived in New York but a few days since, and his welcome by the people and the press has been most cordial and flattering. Among the ovations awaiting him is a grand concert to be given in his honor at Steinway Hall, by the New York Lied-singer Society, on the 18th inst. It will be a brilliant ovation and honorable alike to the donors and the recipient.—*Watson's Art Journal*.

MENDELSSOHN.—It was at the end of the most brilliant musical season that Western Europe had ever known that the world was startled and shocked by the sudden death of Mendelssohn. We say Western Europe, for the four most musical countries were in a state of great political revulsion and party vivacity and correspondence. In the absence of important anxieties an uncommon degree of interest was bestowed on musical affairs. No sooner was an opera of Verdi's produced in Italy than it was represented simultaneously in Vienna, Berlin, Paris and London. Jenny Lind would close a series of ovations in one capital, and begin a similar one in a second, while the managers were fighting as to who should possess her services in a third. The fair Swede was then young. Alboni had just appeared, Grisi was in the plenitude of her powers, Mario was delighting all ears, Ronconi was rising to that eminence as an actor which overtopped anything that had previously been known on the lyric stage. Verdi and Meyerbeer were in the height of their fame, but the crown and glory of the whole musical world was Mendelssohn. His praise was on every tongue. Large and enthusiastic musical societies were coming into existence in all parts of Germany and of England, with the main purpose of studying his compositions. Socially and aesthetically there was no figure so interesting, when in the fall of 1847 he sank, exhausted by labor, by excitement, and the ceaseless strain of alternate production and performance. In '48 this sad event might have passed

comparatively unnoticed amid the crash of thrones and the uprising of peoples; but in '47 the shock was prodigious, the grief sincere. Every sort of honor was paid to his memory. "Elijah" was performed at Exeter Hall in solemn silence, orchestra, singers, and even the audience, being dressed in black. That scene must have been impressive indeed. Then a search arose for any works, any fragments which Mendelssohn might have left behind him, and after a time "Lorelie," the most important, was performed.—*N. Y. Times*

Hints to Musicians.

The irrepressible punster of the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* says:

"Learn if possible to play on the organ, before doing which it will be necessary to become thorough in the art of punctuation, so that you will find no difficulty in learning the stops.

"When you begin to compose, you should be quite composed; and when you have completed a piece, try it on the piano: if it should prove too small, make a larger piece.

"If you find the piano is not your forte, try some other instrument—the jewsharp or triangle, for instance.

"Avoid organ swells—they put on airs.

"Always stick to the right pitch; if you are a violinist, make your own fiddlestick, unless you are out of beaux at the time.

"You cannot catch fish with a clari-net, nor get any marrow out of a trom-bone.

"You may get plenty of notes from an orchestra, although it don't go alone, but has a leader; generally a very fast man, for he beats time."

WOLFGANG MOZART.—This celebrated musician, whose compositions are studied and admired by thousands as the highest order of music, when only three years of age, dropped his playthings to listen to his sister's music lessons. One day, his father, half in fun, gave him some easy lessons on the harpsichord, and, to his amazement, the child learned them in half an hour. After that, his father kept him constantly practicing, determined to exhibit his powers in public. He recognized in the boy a fine ear and facility of execution, but never for a moment supposed that he could grasp the principles of composition.

Imagine, then, his profound astonishment at finding his little boy, only five years old, attempting to write out a concerto for the harpsichord, which, so far as the rules of music were concerned, was correct, and faulty only in the penmanship. This circumstance at once decided his career. His parents took him upon the continent, exhibiting him at all the principal cities. Wolfgang became a great favorite in Vienna, with the Emperor, Francis I., and with the queen dowager, Maria Theresa. At Paris a lady asked the child to play for her the accompaniment of a song which he had never heard. He did it perfectly. About the same time he composed four sonatas, which were published under the title of "A Work by Wolfgang Mozart, aged Seven Years."—*Mery's Museum*.

CHURCH QUARRELS.—Whenever the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, in his old age, heard of church quarrels, he was wont to relate his own experience in church-building and church quarrels. After he had lived long enough in Lancaster to be earning a handsome support, he visited his mother in Vermont, to urge upon her to come and take up a residence with him.

"But, Thaddeus," said the old lady, "have you got a Baptist church in Lancaster?"

"No, mother," was the reply.

"How near is the nearest Baptist church?"

"Eighteen miles, mother."

The old lady declined to move. For some years Mr. Stevens urged his mother to come and live with him, but in vain. At last he enquired how many of his fellow towns-people were Baptists; and finding a number he offered to pay half the expense, if they would build a church and call a pastor. The offer was gladly accepted, for lumber and labor were then cheap, and the house was soon erected. A pastor was then called and settled; and next a choir was organized. Half the choir wanted the tunes pitched by the tuning-fork, the other half preferred the fiddle. The quarrel between tuning fork and life spread to the congregation, and unfortunately the pastor took part in it. The consequence was opposition to him and his preaching, till he was soon driven away, the church broken up, and for some time Lancaster had to go without a Baptist church.

Correspondence.

Letter from Boston.

THE WORLD'S PEACE JUBILEE—EXTENSIVE PREPARATIONS FOR THE FESTIVAL.—THE COLISEUM.—THE CHORUS REHEARSALS—RECEPTIONS FOR THE FOREIGN BAND.—JOHANN STRAUSS AND HIS ENTIRE ORCHESTRA COMING—OTHER ENGAGEMENTS.—ACCOMMODATIONS FOR THE PRESS—MUSICAL MATTERS IN GENERAL.—THE THEATERS, ETC.

Correspondence of THE SONG JOURNAL.

BOSTON, May 21, 1872.

The preparations for the great musical jubilee are being pushed forward with due dispatch, and the arrangements for the great demonstration are in all departments well advanced. The Coliseum will be completed by the time this letter comes before the eyes of the readers of the SONG JOURNAL. When a small portion of the building was blown down by a severe gale which occurred on the evening of the 26th ult., it was feared by many that the damage could not be repaired and the structure completed previous to the 17th day of June. Mr. Gilmore and his associates knew, however, no such word as fail. The Executive Committee chanced to be in session when the disaster occurred, and without any delay took the necessary steps for a continuance of the work upon a plan which would insure safety and success. The plans of 1869 have in a general way been followed, although the present Coliseum is much larger than the first one. It was found that a building with an arched roof, as originally proposed, could not be finished in time, in consequence of the disaster, and the other plans were thereupon adopted. In place of a clear space within the building, as was contemplated by the arches of truss-work spanning from side to side and supporting the roof, there are rows of pillars or posts supporting the roof. There are 80 in the central portion, 120 running up to the lean-to roof, and about 220 supporting the galleries. The building is 550 feet long and 350 feet in width. The walls at the sides are 40 feet in height, and the highest points of the ends are 115 feet above the ground. The lean-to roof extends inward 75 feet, covering the galleries, and the inner or central portion of the roof is supported by 20 mammoth trusses. There are 7 ventilating towers of octagonal form. The seats for the chorus occupy the easterly end of the building for a distance of 240 feet, rising from the space to be occupied by the orchestra in the form of an amphitheater. There are numerous aisles and also an amplitude of stairways. The parquette is 285 feet long by 200 feet in width. It is surrounded upon three sides by promenades 25 feet wide under the side and end galleries, and in rear of the galleries is a promenade 12 feet wide and no less than 1,800 feet long. Daylight and ventilation will be afforded by numerous windows, and means of ingress and egress will be furnished by 12 doors, each 25 feet wide, and six others of somewhat smaller dimensions. A substantial fence has also been erected around the building at a distance of 20 feet, with ample gateways. There will be a succession of large apartments under the galleries. Those at the chorus end will be appropriated for the use of the artists, orchestra, chorus, the chorus superintendent, etc. There will be a large reception room over 100 feet long, and also a spacious apartment for the accommodation of the members of the press, who will also have appropriated to them an entire section in the parquette. The press headquarters will be furnished with telegraph and postal facilities, and will be under the immediate charge of Mr. S. R. Niles, a gentleman well qualified to understand the requirements of the knights of the quill. A steam fire engine and engine company will be stationed in one part of the building, and there will also be a police

station on the grounds, with a large detail of officers. Cochituate water and gas have been introduced, and the piping for the latter is several miles in length. There will be about 8,000 burners. The interior and exterior will be handsomely decorated with the flags of all nations, the contract for this work having been awarded to Mr. C. W. Roeth.

The chorus rehearsals give evidence that the performances will be of a much higher artistic order than is generally expected. Not only in Boston and its neighborhood, from whence ten or fifteen thousand of the singers will be had, but also throughout the country, the societies are practicing with great care and assiduity. Within the past month at least 15,000 singers have met in mass rehearsal at different points—more than half of them several times only. On three occasions Music Hall, and on as many occasions Tremont Temple, have been crowded to overflowing with chorists intent upon perfecting themselves in the music. Other large gatherings have been held at Taunton, Framingham, Braintree, Newton, Waltham, Cambridge, Malden, Wakefield, Medford, etc., and others are appointed at Woburn, Reading, North Bridgewater, Fitchburg, Georgetown, Exeter, N. H., and other points. Some idea may be gathered of the enthusiasm which prevails among the singers when it is understood that the expenses of these preliminary rehearsals are all borne by the societies themselves, and that some of the associations are compelled to travel 50 or 80 miles to attend them. The Boston rehearsals are grand affairs. The Boston Chorus, which numbers over 3,000 singers, has held some half dozen mass rehearsals, although it usually rehearses in sections. The Boston Chorus by no means comprises all the Boston singers who are to take part in the jubilee, for there are no less than 11 other societies, with an aggregate membership of nearly 3,000, within the city limits.

I think I alluded in a former letter to a contemplated performance, by the Handel and Haydn Society and three leading out of town societies, of Handel's entire oratorio, "Israel in Egypt," which will take place on some one of the grand choral days. The rehearsals of the work give great promise of an excellent rendering of the choral parts. The Handel and Haydn Society will form the first chorus, a double chorus being required in some portions of the work, and the Salem Oratorio Society, the Lynn Choral Union, and the West Roxbury Choral Union, the second. Carl Zerrahn is the regular conductor of all four societies.

The final examination of members of the Boston Chorus is now going on, having been begun yesterday morning by Dr. Tourjee in person. Dr. Tourjee will devote two weeks to this duty, and all who are not competent or who have neglected the rehearsals will be thrown out. Rigid examinations have been held in all the societies, for it is designed that there shall be no "dead wood" in the chorus seats. Those who have joined a choral society with the expectation of finding it a way to "dead-head" into the "show" will find an effectual obstacle in their path unless they are thoroughly competent as singers.

News was received last night by cable telegram that the Imperial Army Band of Prussia would shortly leave Berlin for America, by consent of the Emperor, to take part in the jubilee. The Prussian officials have exhibited a warm interest in the project, and showed Mr. Gilmore many courtesies when he was abroad. Wicprecht, the band director of the army, also showed Mr. Gilmore much attention, and has forwarded to him the score of a band composition of his own, with which the Prussian band took the first prize in the international band contest at the Paris Exposition of 1867. Matthias Keller, the composer of the well-known "American Hymn," has written a "German Union Hymn," which is to be sung by the great chorus on the German day of the festival. Copies of this work were sent to the

Emperor soon after they were written, and it was performed in his presence. The composer soon after received an acknowledgement and an expression of his majesty's pleasure at the composition.

I announced last month that the great waltz composer, Johann Strauss, had been engaged to conduct portions of the jubilee. His entire Vienna orchestra of 56 musicians has also been secured. The Vienna instrumentalists will form a part of the great orchestra, and will also perform separately under Strauss' own direction. A dozen of Strauss' best waltzes and dance compositions, and such others as Strauss may be pleased to select, have been ordered from Vienna with parts for 1,000 players, and several original pieces from the same distinguished source will have their first hearing at the jubilee. Strauss will meet with an enthusiastic reception from the Bostonians. The musicians are arranging to give him a grand serenade.

The English, French and Prussian bands will probably be received with military honors upon their arrival.

Another European visitor who will be warmly welcomed is Franz Abt, the distinguished German song-writer. His well-known song, "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," will be sung by the great chorus.

The engagements for the great orchestra and military band of 2,000 players are nearly all made. New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago and all the large cities will be depleted of their best musicians during the jubilee season. Among the military bands engaged are the Marine Band, of Washington, Dodworth's Band, of New York, Downing's Ninth Regiment Band, of New York, Doring's, of Troy; the American Brass Band, of Providence; and Colt's, of Hartford. Twenty or more of the best military bands of the country have been engaged, and at least twice as many more have offered to play for nothing, but their services will not be accepted. Music, not noise, is wanted, though the statement that 25 pieces of artillery are to be used, and also a drum of really mammoth proportions, would not seem to bear out this statement.

I had hoped to present a complete programme of the Festival in this letter, but am unable to do so. Many details have yet to be arranged, and the official programme will not be ready for publication until the 1st of June. The Festival will open Monday, June 17th, and continue until Thursday, July 4th. The first week will be devoted, in a great measure, to choral performances, although the orchestra will also be availed of as a matter of course. The grand International Ball which Strauss will conduct, in the chief part, will take place Wednesday evening, June 26th. The details are now being arranged. It will be managed separately from the Jubilee Concerts. The musical performances will take place in the afternoon of each day, at such an hour as to enable all who desire an opportunity to reach, even distant points, in the early evening. No other course would do, since the city is sure to overflow with strangers, and the city alone would be unable to properly accommodate the throngs in attendance, although every possible means will be taken towards that end. A bureau of accommodations has been established by the Jubilee management, through which tens of thousands of strangers, including many of the choral societies, will find quarters outside hotels in private houses. The bureau exacts fees from no one, and every householder is compelled to register the prices he will ask, and to strictly adhere to them. Board and lodgings will be furnished at very reasonable prices. Strangers desiring to secure rooms in advance can address the "Bureau of Accommodation, World's Peace Jubilee, Music Hall, Boston," and their application will receive immediate attention.

Reference has already been made to the accommodations to be afforded the press. A committee of reception has been appointed, consisting of promi-

nent citizens and newspaper men, and the knights of the quill and pencil will be received with open arms. A banquet, to come off some time in the course of the Festival, is talked of, and other courtesies will also be extended. Manager Field, of the Boston Museum, has already signified his desire to have visiting members of the press attend that well-known place of amusement, and also proposes to give a special performance for them, on which occasion the celebrated comedian, Mr. Warren, will appear in one or more of his best characters. Representatives of the press will be required to present credentials, and of course every means will be taken to prevent fraud and imposition. While legitimate newspaper men will be warmly welcomed, bogus reporters will receive very little consideration.

President Grant will probably be present at the opening of the Jubilee. All the foreign ministers, heads of departments, majority of Congress, the governors of many of the States, and the mayors of the principal cities in the Union, have already accepted invitations to be present. The city government will entertain the distinguished guests, and has already made very extensive arrangements to that end.

Of matters outside the Jubilee there is little that is new or interesting. There were two or three concerts about the first of the month, but the season is too far advanced for anything in that line now, especially while the public mind is turned towards the Jubilee. Miss Annie Louise Cary gave a charming concert on the 8th, when she was assisted by Miss Henrietta Mills, of New York, Mr. S. B. Bebe, the pianist, Miss Persis Bell, the violinist, the Temple Quartette and Mr. Howard M. Dow. Miss Cary will not go abroad this summer as she contemplated, but will remain in America to sing with Strakosch's troupe next fall.

Messrs F. C. Packard and F. D. Sprague, two of our rising young vocalists, who are going abroad to complete their musical studies, gave a concert on the 3d.

The Catholic Choral Society gave a performance of Rossini's "Moses in Egypt" on the 5th, under the direction of Mr. George E. Whiting.

The annual musical exhibition of high and upper classes of the grammar schools takes place at Music Hall to-morrow. It is one of the most interesting events of the year. A chorus of twelve hundred children will sing on the occasion.

Several of the recent concerts of the New England Conservatory of Music have been very interesting. One takes place to-morrow, at which Miss Addie Ryan, Mr. J. C. D. Parker and several other artists, are to take part. Orchestral concerts are to be introduced next season, and several other features are to be added. There is also a prospect that, at an early day, the institution will assume an important position among the higher educational establishments of the land, with increased advantages over any music school in the world.

Mr. McAlmeida and her Opera Bouffe Troupe has just finished a very successful engagement at the St. James Theatre. The Lydia Thompson Troupe, minus the fair Lydia, are now there. Miss Maggie Mitchell terminated an immensely successful engagement at the Boston Theatre on the 11th, and has now gone to California for a month's engagement. It is strangely enough her first visit to the Pacific coast. Joe Jefferson is now drawing large houses at the Boston. The Globe has fallen back upon its stock company. The regular season here terminates on the 8th of June, but the theatre will be kept open through the summer. Janaschek plays a week, beginning June 10th, and then we are to have "Humpty Dumpty," splendidly brought out, for a Jubilee attraction. "Article 47" has made an immense hit at the Museum, and will probably run through the rest of the season, which closes July 6th.

RANGER.

From Northville.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

NORTHVILLE, May 18, 1872.

A grand concert was given here last evening under the direction of Dr. Swift, which for excellence in all its appointments, has seldom or never been equalled by any in our somewhat musical village. The programme comprised instrumental and vocal performances.

The instrumental part consisted of cornet and piano solos and duets. Prof. J. Savage, cornetist, has few or no superiors upon his instrument, and, with Lizzie Swift, on the piano, engaged the most marked attention and applause that the audience could bestow. To our unsophisticated ears, it was almost matchless.

The vocal part consisted of solos and quartettes. Miss Belle Randolph, who is a great favorite, surprised everybody by her singing. A brilliant future awaits her. Mr. Randolph and Mrs. Swift, as usual, pleased the listeners as bass and alto. Miss Sophie Howard, of Lansing, who was not a stranger here, added much to her already high reputation, by several very fine solos. Her sweet, round and powerful soprano gives evidence of great cultivation and severe painstaking. She is entitled to occupy a place in the front rank of her profession, and we predict for her a rapidly rising career. A more enthusiastic reception can scarcely be imagined than that accorded to her on this occasion.

G.

A Plain Talk about Music.—No. 6.

By W. C. Webster.

In former numbers of "Plain Talk about Music" we have tried to be as methodical as possible, avoiding technicalities or any attempts at artistic display of terms, which, to the student of music, are familiar, but to the tyro enigmatical, and hence uninteresting and useless. We might as well put the dictionary (as a text-book) into the hands of a child unacquainted with his letters, as to talk terms and technicalities in music to any one, until some certain first principles are imparted and understood by the learner. Hence, in former numbers, we have alluded to the importance of a knowledge of notation, or ability to read music—tone, intonation, time, articulation, accent, and emphasis—as a proper and legitimate sequence in the revelation of an art whose birth ante-dates that of man, and principles founded in nature. And yet when we come to a careful and critical analysis of topics treated, they must be found to partake largely of a mechanical servility, which, though important, are nevertheless secondary and subordinate to that of our present talk upon musical expression.

Were it demanded of us to give an adequate definition or description of the nature of *expression*, we frankly acknowledge ourselves unequal to the task. Were we to mention boldness of tone in *spirited narration*, mildness of tone in *imitation*—were we to indicate the pathetic accent by a gradual *swell* and *diminish*, united; the accent of *joy* or *exultation* by a loud tone rapidly diminished; or that of *pride*, *boasting* or *irony* by the sudden swell and termination of a tone; were we to allude to the loudness or softness, slowness or rapidity, vigor or delicacy of a movement; or could we tell in what cases the sounds of any movements should be *sustained* according to their nominal value, or when uttered in the style of staccato, we should then furnish the singer of sensibility, perhaps, with some facilities for *acquiring* expression; but we should do no more towards describing the thing itself than if we had said nothing about it. Nor can any written instructions be relied on as infallible guides to the artist; for, it appears to us, all will readily perceive that such qualities as we have alluded to and enumerated must be perpetually varying, by circumstances and condi-

tions; and that, like the emotions they are required to excite, they may exist in degrees, infinitely various and indescribable.

Nature has given all the ability to express ardent feeling and peculiar emotion by *tones* modified to characterize each. The accents of sorrow and grief are not mistaken for those of exultation and joy by any human being; nor do the bold and challenging measures of a martial air or a war-song enkindle emotions of a like nature with those awakened by a "pastorale" or a "lullaby." Hence, we learn, there are no classes of emotions which may not find an intelligent utterance in *tones* independently of words; and it is also true that many degrees, both of pleasurable and painful emotion can be expressed and clearly understood, by those whose chance, accident or misfortune may have brought together without common means of communication. Such tones are instructive, from an impress which nature gives them.

Every one at all versed in elocution knows that in reading and speaking there is a language of *tones* which, in some respects, is peculiar to every passion or emotion of the human mind; and how far this is the work of nature, early association, or education, or how much it varies with written and spoken languages of different nations, it is unnecessary to inquire. Its real existence, as a language, is universally acknowledged. That these tones, in their proper application, are calculated to excite correspondent emotions both in the speaker who utters them and in his auditors, is universally acknowledged; and he who betrays dullness, affectation, illiteracy or an entire destitution of feeling and emotion, betrays an inveteracy of ill-formed habits, or want of culture and education, for which, with the present facilities of knowledge, there is no excuse. No speculations concerning the pathetic accent, no laws respecting cadences, elevation of voice, emphasis, pauses, or rhetorical slides; in short, no *positive* system of rules can be found or written, sufficient of themselves, to convey a definite, adequate knowledge of fixed laws in the control of the human voice. And the reasons for this will appear from a careful analysis of its nature. Rules and principles for its government and control may be enunciated and inculcated; but, until all men are created *alike*, oral instruction (indispensable and necessary) and principles imparted in texts unmistakable to the learner in the revelations of the soul's emotions, can reveal the metal of true, shining expression in music.

MR. H. B. RONEY, of East Saginaw, Michigan, is an organist of great talent, especially excelling in brilliant and pleasing selections. We understand he will accept a limited number of engagements to play organ concerts, and from what the editor personally knows of his playing, he has no hesitation in recommending him as in every way a desirable person for such an undertaking. We therefore beg to call the attention of our readers in Michigan and thereabouts to this opportunity of obtaining an excellent concert organist at a reasonable price.—*Song Messenger, Chicago.*

We insert the above notice of our mutual friend with feelings of no ordinary pleasure, and most heartily endorse the same as truthful and well deserved.—[ED. SONG JOURNAL.]

TEACH YOUR CHILDREN MUSIC.—You will stare at a strange notion of mine: if it appears even a mad one, do not wonder. Had I children, my utmost endeavors should be to make them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor even thought of music, the preference seems odd, and yet it is enhanced by frequent reflection. In short, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it the most probable method. It is a resource which will last them their lives unless they grow deaf; it depends upon themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasures is the cheapest. It is capable of fame without the danger of criticism; it is susceptible of enthusiasm without being priest-ridden; and, unlike other mortal passions, is sure of being gratified in Heaven.—*Widpole.*

The Song Journal.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, JUNE, 1872.

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The Song Journal.

The influence of the press in our State and country is, most justly, deemed one of the most powerful agencies wielded at the present time in the promotion of art, science, business in all its multifarious departments, agriculture, and, in fine, all private interests of individuals and communities. Hence, in the establishment of THE SONG JOURNAL, it has been the dominant aim of the publishers to furnish a paper devoted exclusively to the promotion of the interests of music. In our venture in this direction, it is pertinent to say the cost was counted, the difficulties arising from conflict with journals established ostensibly for the same object and kindred in character, both East and West, was duly considered, together with the responsibility arising from a judicious and proper control of the paper. To our friends and patrons who have come forward to our aid and support; to brethren of the press engaged in publications of like character; to an honest, discriminating public, whose heart ever beats in unison and warm sympathy with the good cause of music; to all we tender our hearty thanks for approving smiles, and a support vastly exceeding our most sanguine expectations.

We design not to arrogate any special acumen in regard to musical wants, but feeling desirous of doing, in our humble way, what we could for the cause, the JOURNAL was started, in the exercise of a strong faith in its support if rightly directed. We are now prepared to raise high our paeans of joy and doxology of praise over the success of our journal, because of the support, favor and encouragement received on every hand, and declare unqualifiedly no musical journal can boast so graciously of so large a circulation, in its brief history, as THE SONG JOURNAL.

"The Grammar of Music."

Don't laugh, gentle reader, at the title of my piece I'm about to speak. My theme is a practical one, and worthy the attention of every musician in our land, artist, amateur and tyro in the "art divine."

A long time ago, some days in the calendar of months of the year (we should remember them exactly), three men were born, whose names have been to the musical world, and hence to all the world, household words—names of terror—but now, as remembered, names to be conjured with, for they wave up names, scenes and forms, long faded and crumbled. Pestalozzi, Tansurad and Burroughs! Did you ever hear of them? Did you ever hear of that little book, "The Manual," "The Speller," "The Primer," or have these *bipons* of youthful wealth and condignity passed from your mind? And don't you remember how firmly they were bound? No paper covers in those days, but board, interlaced

with none of your *paper twine*, but cords of *hemp twine*, as lasting as the hands that handled them. No binding like it in these days. And the fly-leaf, on which was inscribed with punctilious precision and care:

"Steal not this book, my honest friend,

For fear the gallows shall be your end."

Then, how we traveled on through the various grades of the syntax of the science, under the faithful guide of the dear old teachers, with naught as guides but the *stars* above alluded to, to pilot us to the haven of rest, in rhythm, melody, dynamics or harmony—all, with their terrible code of exacting laws. Thus they ran in syncretical order, the mastery of one being attained ere a second step was taken in the ladder of progression. But when the mind became fully aware of the office of those sentinels on guard along the line—flats and sharps—how they seemed like a God, sent to drive from us the fog and obscurity that encompassed our pathway and hindered our progress.

But unlike the language we speak, unlike the languages of the different nations of the world, the *verb* in music lies in the hidden recesses of the soul, to be sought for and found only by those who study God's laws, and adhere to their teachings.

But there is another tense in this grammar of music it were well to remember. The world is full of life; each life is a tune; so the world is a great orchestra, playing marches strong and brave, waltzes merry and sparkling, from day to day, the former played half through, the latter subsiding into dirges, the echoes from both being caught up and carried on by succeeding performers in a melodious sequence that seems not to conflict with the rhythm or harmony, as they pass into the garner of the past.

The Great Jubilee in Boston.

Any one, at all conversant with the history and progress of music in our country, cannot but be glad, and rejoice with exceeding joy, at the condition of the art, as revealed in the preparations being made, and the prospective success of this, the most gigantic musical enterprise ever attempted in this or any other country in the world. England, Germany and the countries on the continent of Europe, have had, and are having from year to year, their great musical festivals, but it remains for "brother Jonathan" to "do up the thing," as he alone can do it—financially, artistically, numerically, head, heart and hands in glorious harmony working, in conjunction with one of the richest city governments in our land aiding in its success. Then the response of the singers east, west, north and south, to aid in the accomplishment of the glorious object, is truly marvelous, and far beyond the most sanguine expectations. The Jubilee is to continue from the 17th of June till the 4th of July. The first and second weeks will be devoted to choral music, interspersed with performances by the orchestra of two thousand instruments. Boston alone is to furnish some six thousand singers for the great chorus. The Handel and Haydn Society, one of the oldest in our country, was the first to respond to the chorus call; and Dr. Tourjee's Boston chorus, numbering almost four thousand, stands second. There are now enrolled one hundred and seventy societies (mostly from New England), still, representatives of almost every State in our Union, together with an orchestra of over two thousand instruments.

Contrast this gigantic movement in the art divine with the existing state of music in our country fifty years ago—when Boston was a little city—or going back a little more remotely, to the time when King George issued the edict that *four tunes* should be used in the worship of the churches of that city, and how does the tide of progress well-up in feelings of joy and gratitude for the wondrous change. Truly we are forced to the conclusion, the world is moving onward, and with it the glorious cause of music.

Organ Grinding vs. Harp of a Thousand Strings.

As a proof that there is taste in music worthy of being chronicled, we state that the number of music grinders and harp-twanglers is daily increasing in our city, which fact argues that the business is profitable. We heard, yesterday, the most flagitious music from the organ and the harp, the two running in opposition to each other. The organ was accompanied by pandean pipes, the harp by the voice of a little girl of ten summers; the first seeking for tones in the diatonic scale, and the second in both the natural and chromatic; and both, like the dove of Noah, seeking a resting place from the little shower (of pennies), but finding none in the ark, diatonic, chromatic or enharmonic. The organ ground its own tune in its own key, and produced such a class of sounds as to defy a full band of cats, in a closely inclosed yard to excel, with all their imitative powers to produce. The harpist, as if his soul's salvation depended upon the victory, worked away at a masterly rate, filling the air with such diabolical discords, that even the pigeons, affrighted, flew from the roofs of the houses and wheeled aloft in the air, the dogs howled through their muzzles, and the swine ran mad. As we listened to the truly unearthly sounds stealing upon the yielding air, we thought of Moore's pretty lines beginning thus—

"Music! O how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?"

So wrapt were we in the elysium of harmony, that we twice caught ourself singing these words to Fisher's hornpipe, with here and there a snatch from "Tommy is Dead," thus discovering that by a little variation and jumbling they may be sung to those *airs*.

Song Writing.

A song for music should consist only of *one subject or passion*, expressed in as few and soft words as possible. Since the refinement of melody, and the exclusion of recitative, a song which usually recapitulates, illustrates or closes a scene, is not the place for epigrammatic points, or for a number of heterogeneous thoughts and clashing metaphors. If the writer has the least pity for the composer, or love for music, or wishes to afford the least opportunity for symmetry in the melody in his song, we say again, the thought should be *one*, and the expression as easy and laconic as possible; but in general every new line in our songs introduces a new thought, so that if the composer is more tender of the poet's reputation than of his own, he must at every line change his subject or be at strife with the poet, and in either case the alternative is intolerable.

In an air, it is by reiterated strokes that passion is impressed, and the most passionate of all music is, perhaps, that where a beautiful passage is repeated, and where the first subject is judiciously returned to while it still vibrates on the ear, and is recent in the memory. This, no doubt, may be carried too far, but not by men of genius and taste.

Soul Music.

The world of mankind take to flirting and love making as naturally as the bee to honey making, that sips from rose and honeysuckle vines the sweets that lure them. So music attracts and entrances mankind, and so under its potent influence they utter pretty things in the public mart or concert room, as often as the bee sips honey from the lovely flower. Do you doubt the truthfulness of the declaration? Go back, then, to first principles, and analyze inherent nature, and then pronounce us sceptical, and analogy and Shakspeare foolish.

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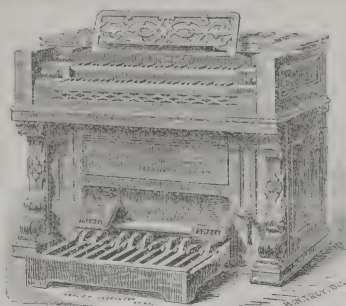
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AIR LINE DIVISION.

Mail Train leaves Jackson at 10:45 A. M., and arrives at Niles at 3:30 P. M., connecting with Mail Train on Main Line at both places.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY DIVISION.

Leaves Jackson at 12:15 P. M. (Mail); 5:10 P. M. (Evening Express); and 7:00 A. M. (Mixed), arriving at Grand Rapids at 4:25 P. M.; 9:15 P. M., and 3:15 P. M., respectively.

DETROIT, HILLEDALE & INDIANA R. R.

Leave Ypsilanti at 8:35 A. M. and 6:00 P. M. on arrival of Mail and Dexter Accommodation

FT. WAYNE, JACKSON & SAGINAW R. R.

Leave Jackson at 6:20 A. M.; 12:00 P. M., connecting with Day Express from Detroit; and 4:50 P. M.

JACKSON, LANSING & SAGINAW R. R.

Leave Jackson at 6:00 A. M. and 3:30 P. M., and arrive at Wenona at 11:40 A. M. and 9:15 P. M.

Trains arrive at Detroit as follows:

Mail Trains and Day Express run daily, except Sundays; Pacific Express, west, and Atlantic Express, east, daily; Evening Express, west, daily except Sundays, and only to Jackson on Saturdays; Night Express, east, and Dexter Accommodation, daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

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NOVEMBER, 1871

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Day Express, daily except Sundays. 6:25 A. M.
Detroit Express, daily except Sundays. 11:25 A. M.

N. Y. Express, daily except Sundays. 7:45 P. M.
The Railway Ferry leaves Detroit (Detroit time) as follows: Street—3 P. M., 7:10 A. M., and 7:00 P. M.

Brush street—7:20 A. M., 10:30 A. M., and 8:40 P. M.
Trains arrive at Windsor from the East at 9:00 A. M., 6:45 A. M., 5:15 P. M., and 9:30 P. M.

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How sweet 'tis to return. 2. D. C. to B. Alto or Base. *Rauch.* 35
I am dying, Egypt, dying. 2. G. D to G. Mez. Tenor. *Armstrong.* 35
I am happy, Mother, Darling. 2. A. E. to F. Answer to "Send the little ones Happy to Bed." Mez. Sop. and Chorus. *Preley.* 35
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I'll twine 'mid the Ringlets. 2. C. C to E. For Alto or Base. *Webster.* 35
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I'm sitting in my dear bed. 2. E. E. *Shattuck.* 35
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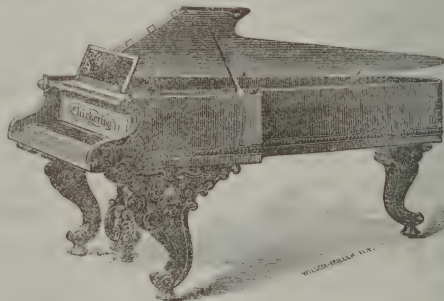
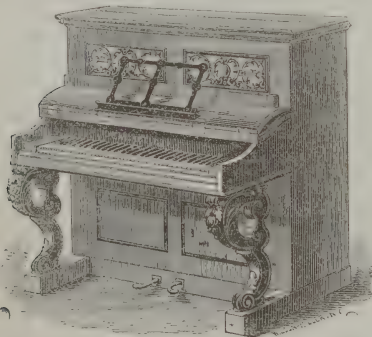
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VOLUME II.

DETROIT, JULY, 1872.

NUMBER VII.

Are the Children at Home?

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy chair,
And watch from the open door-way
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,
With a tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love," I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago,"
And I sing in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in a better land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know!—yet my arms are empty
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies;
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones; the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows;
My boys that I gave to freedom—
The red sword sealed their vows!

In a tangled southern forest,
Twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God, floats over their grave.

A breath and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears,
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love! have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear! they are all at home!"

Atlantic Monthly.

It will undoubtedly be interesting (and may be instructive to some church corporations) to learn what Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, pays for its choir music. The salaries for the year ending May 1st, 1872, were as follows: Soprano Solo, \$1,000; Alto Solo, \$1,500; Tenor Solo, \$1,000. Mr. H. Camp receives for his services as Director, Basso Solo, and for leading the singing in prayer meetings and Sunday school, \$2,000; Organist, \$1,500.

The Design of Music.

In view of this subject it very clearly appears, that collections and pieces of music, intended for general use, should be selected with much judgment and care. Such collections and pieces are calculated to exert a powerful moral influence. They contain moral sentiments which are designed by the power of music, combined with the charms of poetry, to be impressed upon the heart. If the sentiment of the poetry is good, their influence will be desirable; but just so far as that is exceptionable, they should be avoided.

Pieces of music are sometimes selected for extensive use, without any regard to the sentiment which their poetry expresses. In this way, a large amount of music is insinuated into public use, which is of a positively bad moral tendency. Thus even the superstitions of the church of Rome are chanted in polite circles of protestants, and what people would hesitate to speak or to read with approbation to one another, they will, with pleasure, sing.

The bad tendency of this is manifest; for, when poetry is set to music, if you sing and admire the music, you can scarcely avoid feeling the sentiment of the poetry. Though the sentiment may be exceptionable, and your understanding may remonstrate against it, the charms of music and of poetry, will give it such an influence, that, while you sing, it will captivate the heart, so that you will be more or less ensnared by it.

Satan, it is said, cannot sing; but his followers can make such a use of music as very greatly to subvert his interests. They are aware of the powerful influence which music combined with poetry is calculated to exert, especially on the minds of the young. They therefore in various ways, avail themselves of such means, to draw them away from the truth, which alone is "the power of God unto salvation."

Let us then be careful in selecting music for ourselves or for others, to avoid every thing, however popular, which may be exceptionable, or which in any way may be prejudicial to spiritual religion.

Parents especially should watch over their families in regard to this subject. They should be careful to supply their children with music of a good moral tendency; for, unless they make such a selection for them, they will be very likely to fall in with music of a very different character. It is natural for youth to seek anything that is popular; and much popular music is far from having a good moral influence on those who give themselves to the performance or enjoyment of it. To be convinced of this, we need only to look over the pieces of music that are published in many popular works, and which may be found lying on the piano in many genteel families. There indeed we may find music the composition of which has even a high degree of merit; but, on that account, it is the more pernicious, because used to convey corrupting sentiments to the heart.

On this subject, therefore, parents sustain a responsibility. If they love their children, they will select the music which they will have their children familiar with the music which is devoted to express the sentiments of such religion. They will endeavor to incline them to the cultivation of such music, and will not fail to interest themselves in selecting and procuring it for them.

They should also deem it important to put their children under the instruction of suitable teachers of music. They may realize this by considering that teachers of music have means, more than the teachers of any other art or science, of impressing their own feelings and sentiments on the hearts of their pupils. There is a charm wrought around their instructions so that their pupils, while endeavoring to imitate the pleasing modulation of their voice, are drawn insensibly to feel as they feel, and to think as they think, on moral and religious subjects. An irreligious teacher of music, therefore, is a dangerous teacher; while one that is devotedly pious, will not fail to exert an influence on his pupils which is

highly favorable to their moral and religious interests.

Herr Rubinstein.

The New York critics are paving the way for the approaching visit of this great artist to our country, by a series of notices expressing very high opinions of his ability as an executant. The following description of the "Titanic piano-fortist," as the writer terms him, we find in the *New York Weekly Review*:

"He takes such entire possession of the instrument as to tax to the uttermost every particle of its power. The hearer is sometimes kept in suspense lest it burst into atoms by the sheer force of the thunder tones he evokes from its appealing chords. Under his sway the keys and strings vibrate like continuous lightning, and the frame shakes like an earthquake. It is a musical storm which strains all its capacity to its extreme height and tension, but over which the divine pilotage of art presides with inevitable skill and certainty. Rubinstein is the strongest of players, but it is not really the mass or volume of sound which it calls forth that astounds, but the depth, breadth, height and fullness of spirit that is heard in the tremendous harmony. Let no one mistake. Rubinstein's strength is not noise. His tempest is not confusion. In seeming the dash of the breakers is not more impetuous, but the course of the revolving planets is not in closer harmony with infinite order, expression and power. In beautiful and effective contrast with this surprising sonorosity, is Rubinstein's tenderness and delicacy—qualities apparently opposite, but equally miraculous. Even in his strongest playing, his touch is remarkably light, and the softness with which in piano and pianissimo passages he strings his lucent pearls together, may be imagined but not described. He seems to evoke them more by an effort of will or fair power, than by manipulation. They steal upon the ear, sometimes with the most moving and melting sadness, and at other times with a pleasant, jocund far-off *lullaby*, as if inaudible except to imagination. And yet they fill every corner of the largest hall with a distinctness that seems born in the ear itself, so dreamily soft and tender is the tone."

The Piano.

The following, so just and truthful, we find in the *Waverly Magazine*, and hope it will be duly considered by the readers of the *SONG JOURNAL*. Read and ponder with care:

"The piano is a blessing in the house where everything is in the right attitude toward it, though it is often otherwise, and is a most intolerable nuisance. Then, too much piano forte is about as bad as anything that can be imagined. The piano is considered an accomplishment, and a girl's education is as much based on the piano forte as a boy's is on the Latin grammar, and too often with similar results. A girl without musical tastes objects to Mozart, as a boy without a classical turn hates Cæsar. It is a good thing for a girl to learn to play on the piano. It is a good discipline. Such a chance for gaining a sympathetic companion for life should never be thrown away. Even to the un-musical girl it is valuable as a training, and to the musical girl its value is beyond price. But, to a person with no musical taste, piano forte instruction, after a certain point, is only waste of time. As a general rule, musical talent develops early, or not at all. Why should not the girl try drawing, or painting, or literary composition? Why should the money be spent on her music, when she has, perhaps, shown some other gift? Many a girl with real literary or artistic taste, has achieved excellence in

Correspondence.

Letter from Boston.

THE WORLD'S PEACE JUBILEE.

Correspondence of THE SONG JOURNAL.

BOSTON, June 21, 1872.

nothing because her energies have been concentrated upon the piano, which she will never be able to play, or upon songs which are just as well left unsung. How many there are who would fain be spared the humiliation of exposing their weak points! The piano is a source of trouble to them and their friends. They cry over their music lessons, their friends groan over the result, and it is difficult to say which is the worst off—the professor who has to teach, the pupil who has to learn, or the people who have to listen. But the cause of music suffers most of all. Consequently the need of judgment is often seen here than in any other branch of education."

THE GREAT JUBILEE.—For the benefit of our country cousins and those living in the provincial cities of New York and Chicago, who desire to know how we are going to put through Gilmore's great Musical Jubilee, we would say as follows:

Everything will be done on a big scale; the chromatic scale will be nothing to the way this will be managed.

Gunpowder and nitro-glycerine will be employed to blow the organ, and a trumpet blast may be expected by the same agency.

All the leading bakers are now employed in preparing rolls for the drums.

Skilled navigators have been sent out to bring Cape Horn, and George Francis Train has been engaged to blow it.

The Trump of fame is expected to be present, if it is not played out.

An amateur who plays upon words will perform a duet with another who blows a cloud.

There will be overtures by dry goods drummers.

New York Judges will not be admitted to the orchestra as instruments of the Tammany ring.

Sixteen locomotives will whistle Yankee Doodle with a bell accompaniment.

The Heidelberg tunnel has been contracted for the base drum, and four elephant skins are now being tanned for the heads of it; and in place of sticks two steam pile-drivers will be used.

The Chinese National Hymn will be performed by the band of the Emperor of China, which is expected in junk. In their absence three hundred cats and sixty saw-filers have been secured to prevent disappointment.

There will be a number of celebrated airs—the contesting heir to the Tichborne estate is anxious to be present, if he can get beyond a few bars.

Finally, Mr. Gilmore will give a new version of the "March of Progress" with full orchestral and vocal accompaniment.—*Com. Bulletin.*

We hadn't hoped for so much. We begin to think "we will be there." But we really must be pardoned for leaving immediately before the last piece. We have heard it so often.

A Music Teacher Two Hundred Years Ago.

We quote the following from Mace's "Music's Monuments," London, 1676:

"And whereas in my *Expressions* I am very Plain and Downright, and in my *Teaching-Part*, seem to *Tautologize*: It would be Consider'd, (and whoever has been a *Teacher*, will Remember) that the *Learners* must be Plainly dealt with, and must have *Several Times Renewed* upon Them the same Thing; which according to my *Long*, and *Wonted Way of Teaching*, I have found very *Effectual*; Therefore I have chosen so to do in several Places: because I had rather (in such Cases) speak 3 Words too Many, than one Silabble too Few.

"And although These Instructions are chiefly intended for *Learners*; yet (upon due Examination, it will be found) they may be of Good, and Necessary use, to some *Young, Rave and Unexperienced Teachers*, who are often too Confident of their *Own Supposed Skill*, and *Ways*."

WHAT AN OLD MAN SAYS.—"I am now almost seventy-four years old, have good health, a great love for music and poetry of a sacred character. This makes the fifty-sixth winter that I have taught music or singing school. I sing with ease lightly—power is gone. When my voice fails me, or I become wearied, the violin is my helper. I manage with this instrument to keep up interest, and make out a good evening's work. I am a self-taught musician, never had but little help, vocal or instrumental. But I have my own way of teaching, and my own views of music, men, and things generally. Further I say not. I shall soon be gone.

"Yours, etc.,

"S. B. MARSH."

Boston is just now in a ferment of excitement over Mr. Gilmore's great international musical festival. The affair was inaugurated last Monday, and has now progressed successfully through five concerts, the like of which was never heard before. The festival is in all respects a gigantic success, financially as well as in other regards, although some of the earlier concerts did not promise so well, a large portion of the public staying away and awaiting the decrease which was advertised to be made in the price of tickets after a few days. Five dollars is not high for such tremendous features as Mr. Gilmore offers, in comparison with what is paid at ordinary concerts, but it is nevertheless a heavy tax on a man of limited means who desires to take his family to a series of concerts lasting for three weeks. On the "French Day" (yesterday, the 20th), the price of admission without a reserved seat was reduced to three dollars, and there was a tremendous outpouring. The great musical successes of the concerts thus far have been, primarily, the singing of chorals by the great chorus, which comes up nearly to the advertised number of twenty thousand voices (the only falling off having been occasioned by the limited accommodations in the way of seats, which were not fully arranged until the last moment, and in shaping the different divisions into the proper proportions); secondly, the magnificent orchestra, which plays Strauss' waltzes divinely, notwithstanding its great number of instruments; thirdly, the appearance of the foreign military bands; and finally, the assistance rendered by several distinguished foreign artists, notably Madame Peschka-Lentner, the great German prima donna, and Johann Strauss, the famous waltz composer and conductor, who has really made a great sensation. The foreign bands comprise representations of England, France and Germany, in the splendid band of the Grenadier Guards of London, Dan Godfrey leader, the band of the Garde Republicaine of Paris, M. George Paulus leader, which has thus far carried the palm for real excellence, and Band of the Kaiser Franz Grenadier Regiment, Heinrich Saro leader. Each band received magnificent receptions, not only from their own countrymen, but from the military and our own citizens. From their entrance to the city to their hotels, it was a perfect ovation. The red coated Britishers were the especial object of international attention. They were overpowered with kindness at every turn, and have been feted and dined ever since they have been here.

The Coliseum is an interesting place, as your readers may well believe. A newspaper correspondent naturally finds his or her way (and there is a whole battalion of hers as well as hims, who busy themselves with ink and pencil) to the press headquarters. This place is a little world in itself. At one end of a long room, over one hundred feet long and fifty feet wide, which contains some half dozen long tables where several hundred scribblers are seated, are a telegraph office and post office, the former having upwards of a dozen wires leading to all parts of the country and connecting with the foreign cables, and the latter possessing the fullest facilities for the reception and sending off of mail matter. At the other end are the offices of the gentlemanly superintendent, Mr. S. R. Niles, the press reception committee, and the secretary of the same, Mr. Dunham. As soon as the concert begins the room is vacated, and as soon as it is over the work begins again. But of the concerts:

THE OPENING DAY.

The concert on the 17th of June, the opening day,

was attended by about ten thousand spectators. The programme was arranged with a purpose of bringing out some American features, including the Marine Band of Washington, which attends the Jubilee by the consent of the United States government. This band compares very unfavorably with the foreign bands both as to numbers and excellence. There are thirty-four instruments in the Marine Band, and from fifty-five to sixty-five in the foreign organizations. "The Star Spangled Banner," however, was magnificently performed by the large chorus, full orchestra, organ, etc., with cannon and bell accompaniments, Mrs. Julia Houston West singing a solo in the last stanza with immense success. And here let me say a word about the cannon. The outside world is disposed to poke fun at the artillery feature, but after all it is in good keeping with the magnitude of the other appointments, and by no means an unpleasant feature in a musical effect. The guns are located in a park at the chorus end, and are discharged by means of electricity, the machine being manipulated by a musician who sits near the conductor. The sound comes to the audience through the mass of voices and instruments like the "thuds" of a large drum, and in much better time than is sometimes attained by the drummers on the stage. The organ, built by J. H. Wilcox & Co., of this city, proved to be an instrument of immense power, in good keeping with the size of the chorus, to which it is an invaluable aid when well played, and a fearful thing when out of time.

The appearance of Johann Strauss to conduct his "Blue Danube Waltz," was the signal for a perfect ovation, and the performance of this charming bit of dance melody was so good as to command a repetition. Madame Rudersdorf appeared, but created no especial enthusiasm, and the piano solo by Herr Franz Bendel, the eminent German player, although very skillfully executed, was lost upon the audience. The piano was an instrument manufactured especially for the occasion by Messrs. Hallett & Davis, of this city.

The best of the choral performances were the "Damasus" Triumphant March, from Costa's "Nasman," Mendelssohn's four part song, "Farewell to the Forest," which was sung with remarkable precision and really good expression, without accompaniment of any kind, and Dr. Lowell Mason's fine hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The Bouquet of Artists, which is made up of about two hundred of the best vocalists in the country, sang the sextette from "Lucia di Lammermoor," with very good effect, but the chorus, "This is the Witness," from J. K. Paine's new oratorio of "St. Peter," was very poorly done. The Anvil Chorus, although elaborately done, also fell flat. The conductors during the afternoon were P. S. Gilmore, who, of course, had an immensely enthusiastic reception from both the chorus and audience, Carl Zerrahn, Johann Strauss, Henry Fries (of the Marine Band), J. K. Paine, and Dr. E. Tourjee.

THE "ENGLISH" DAY.

The second day's concert was consecrated to England, and the great feature was the splendid band of the Grenadier Guards, under their accomplished leader, Mr. Dan Godfrey. The reception of the band was immensely enthusiastic, and their performances raised the excitement of the audience up to the highest pitch, especially when they struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," after playing Macfarren's overture to "Robin Hood," Weber's overture to "Der Freischütz," and Godfrey's own familiar "Mabel Waltzes." It was one of the most enthusiastic demonstrations ever witnessed, the whole audience and chorus rising to their feet and cheering lustily at the top of their voices. "God Save the Queen" was performed, but on account of a wretched faux pas on the part of the organist, and another on the part of the chorus, it went badly.

Madame Peschka Lentner made her first appearance at this concert, and at once made a great hit. She is a vocalist of the very highest order in a double sense, for she has one of the highest voices ever possessed by any singer. In an air and variations by Proch, she ascended to G flat with the utmost ease and with thrilling effect. Her voice completely filled the vast building, and her lightest notes were heard even at the remotest points.

Madame Arabella Goddard, the celebrated English pianist, played Thalberg's fantasia on "Home, Sweet Home," very successfully, or at least as successfully as could be expected in so large a place and with such surroundings. The fact is, piano playing in the Coliseum is entirely out of place.

Strauss made another sensation by conducting his waltz, "Wine, Women and Song," and the great choruses were sung with very grand effect, especially Bach's choral, "Now May the Will of God be Done," "He Watching Over Israel," from "Elijah," and Dr. Lowell Mason's "Missionary Hymn." A festival hymn, entitled "Peace and Music," both words and music by Dudley Buck, which was grandly given by both chorus and orchestra, formed one of the finest features of the concert. It is a composition of a high order of merit, and will add greatly to the reputation of its composer.

THE "GERMAN" DAY.

The third concert brought forth the Prussian band, and also Franz Abt as a conductor. The band were finely received, and their performances in all respects justified the enthusiastic applause which they aroused. They performed a fantasia on themes from Meyerbeer's opera of "Le Prophete," by Wierprecht, the band-master-general of the Prussian army, the overture to "Oberon," by Weber, "Die Wacht am Rhein," "Hail Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle," successively, with great success.

Keller's "German Union Hymn," dedicated to William I, Emperor of Germany (both words and music by Matthias Keller, the well known composer of the noble "Athenian Hymn"), was sung with magnificent effect, under the direction of the eminent composer himself. It is a fine piece of broad harmony and is very impressive when performed by a large body of voices and instruments, as it was on this occasion.

Franz Abt made his first appearance to conduct one of his well known songs, "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," and met with a gloriously enthusiastic reception. The song was given in chorus form, as arranged by Mr. Gilmore and approved of by its composer, and had a very fine effect.

The Emperor William's Cornet Quartette, Messrs. Kosleik, Philipp, Lenz and Deichen, made their first appearance, but failed to produce any very marked sensation, although they played very nicely.

Madame Peschka-Lentner won another grand triumph, giving the air and variations by Proch with the same degree of finish and marvellous power as on the occasion of her first appearance, her wonderfully high notes again raising the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch.

Herr Bendel again appeared and played two of his own piano compositions very nicely, but the effect was lost on account of the noise and confusion in the lobbies and the vastness of the place.

Strauss appeared with immense success conducting his own beautiful "Morgenblater" waltz, and upon an encore carried the orchestra through a fine performance of his charming little "Pizzicato" Polka.

The other great successes of the day were the singing by the great chorus of Luther's sublime choral, "A Strong Castle is our Lord," "Farewell to the Forest," by Mendelssohn (unaccompanied), and the massive Gregorian hymn known as "Hamburg," "Kingdoms and Thrones to God Belong." The latter was sung under the direction of Dr. Tourjee, with artillery accompaniments, and with a

grandeur of effect not excelled at any time during the Jubilee.

THE "FRENCH" DAY.

The fourth concert, which took place on Thursday, the 20th, was the great success of the week. It was consecrated to France, and the first appearance of the magnificent band of the Garde Republicaine of Paris, MM. Pauluss and Maurys leaders, gave great *edat* to the occasion. This is the finest military band ever heard in America. Its composition is better than either of the other foreign bands, and the Saxophone adds an orchestral effect to their playing, and gives it an inexpressible charm. It is more of a *salon* band, however, than a street band, and has indeed given concerts in London as well as in Paris with great success. They gave first "Le Marche aux Flambeaux," by Meyerbeer (No. 3 in B flat) which is better known under its German title, "Fackeltanz" ("Torchtlicht Dance.") The overture to "William Tell," by Rossini, and a pretty little gem (the "Anna Polka," by Legendre), which introduced an exquisitely played cornet solo by M. Sylvestre. "La Marseillaise" was given with tremendous effect by the great chorus, organ and great orchestra, with artillery and bell accompaniments, Mr. Gilmore conducting. It was such a rendering as this glorious hymn never had before, in France or anywhere else. The excitement aroused by this performance was of the most intense character, and it was repeated, the French Band adding, after the first performance, their own spirited rendering of the stirring measures. Then the French musicians added "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," and "The Star Spangled Banner" amid fresh excitement.

The piano solo by Mr. James M. Wehli, was as near a failure as it could be without actually missing it, although Wehli perhaps played well enough in his way. It was only a new evidence of the unfitness of the Coliseum for such things.

The operatic chorus sang the Soldier Chorus from "Faust" very well, but looked absurd enough *en costume*.

Strauss made a greater success than at any previous concert, the orchestra playing his "One Thousand and One Nights" Waltz, and upon encores the "Pizzicato" Polka twice over.

Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. M. Arbuckle, the well known Boston cornet player, gave a very good rendering of "Let the Bright Seraphim," from Handel's "Samson," although the former's efforts were far behind Madame Parepa-Rosa in the same connection at the Jubilee of 1869.

Madame Peschka-Lentner, on the other hand, won another really great success, first singing a recitative and aria from "Die Zauberflote," by Mozart, and upon an encore a song by Abt, who in person conducted the orchestra.

The choral performances were unevenly carried out, the *Gloria* from Mozart's Twelfth Mass going badly, the equally difficult chorus from Haydn's "Creation," "The Heavens are Telling," being given with much better general effect, Gounod's "Nazareth" (the bass solo by about forty of the Bouquet of Artists), going still better, and Dr. Lowell Mason's well known hymn, "Watchman Tell us of the Night," the best of all.

The Anvil Chorus, which, notwithstanding all the auxiliaries of an hundred firemen to beat the anvils, the guns and all the city bells, had been comparatively a failure at previous concerts, for the once redeemed itself in the popular estimation, and was encored.

THE "AUSTRIAN" DAY.

There was no Austrian band to bring up the dignity and importance of to-day's concert, but Gilmore paid his respects to Francis Joseph I, and his diplomatic representatives present, by giving the "Kaiser" overture, by Westmayer, which is built up very grandly on Austrian themes. Vienna's much beloved Strauss was also present to conduct his ravish-

ing waltz, "The Beautiful Blue Danube," and his "Pizzicato" polka.

The English band made its second appearance, and gained not a little in popular esteem by its splendid rendering of Rossini's overture to "Semiramide," and an extended selection from some of Meyerbeer's best operas, including "Le Prophete," "Les Huguenots," "Robert le Diable," "L'Etoile du Nord," etc. Levy's "Leviathan" polka was also given, with the cornet solo by Mr. Ellis. "God Save the Queen" was now sung by the great chorus, under Gilmore's direction, with gun accompaniment, and the music went off with much better effect than on Tuesday. Madame Rudersdorff sang the last stanza as a solo. A repetition was given, under Mr. Dan Godfrey's direction, the English band furnishing the instrumental accompaniment; and the British musicians subsequently gave "The Star Spangled Banner" and "St. Patrick's Day," and as they were marching off the stage, Mr. Gilmore caused "Auld Lang Syne" to be struck up by the orchestra and organ. The chorus and even a portion of the audience joined in with very spirited effect, and the guns also added their bass notes to the good old song.

The chorus sang Keller's American Hymn with grand effect, and also "Sleepers Wake, a Voice is Calling," from "St. Paul," "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," from Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus," "Farewell to the Forest" (unaccompanied), and as a closing piece, "Coronation."

The solo performances introduced Madame Peschka-Lentner in two splendid selections, "*Ernani, Ernani Inolanti*," and "Du Mein Herziges Kind," by Abt (the latter upon an encore), a fine execution of De Beriot's seventh *Aria e Varie*, and "The Last Rose of Summer" upon the cornet, by Mr. M. Arbuckle, and two piano pieces by Madame Arabella Goddard, which were by far the most successful things of the kind heard during the week.

FUTURE CONCERTS.

To-morrow's concert will be of a miscellaneous character. One of its features will be the introduction of a colored chorus to sing "Mine Eyes have seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord," to the music of "John Brown." The German band will also appear.

A sacred concert will be given Sunday afternoon, and next week will be enlivened by a series of entertainments of the most gigantic character imaginable, in which chorus, orchestra, foreign bands, and all the great artists will appear. The Jubilee will continue until July 4th.

THE DETROIT PRESS.

The *Tribune* is represented by Rev. C. H. Brigham, the *Free Press* by Mr. H. B. Roney, the *Post* by Mr. Henry P. Holden, and THE SONG JOURNAL by RANGER.

Correspondence of The Song Journal.

The Operetta of Enoch Arden.

Ypsilanti has had two nights and Ann Arbor one night of Pease's operetta, "Enoch Arden," and in both places it has been given cordial welcome and fine houses. The encomiums of the musical critics and the hearty recognition of Enoch at the place of his nativity is rather remarkable, considering the fact that the citizens have had a fine opportunity to foster and pet, or to criticize and frown upon the operetta from the time its cornerstone was laid until it was pronounced finished. As a general rule the productions of an author are not received with especial favor at home, and the fact that two crowded houses cast a unanimous vote for the operetta, must be significant and gratifying to Prof. Pease. Not being on the professor's staff—neither in his command; not being an Ypsilanti, and therefore biased in my opinion, I, with a few others, at your

expressed wish, attended its production at Ann Arbor, where, backed by a good audience room, good stage and good scenery, the operetta should have fair play.

The plot is a familiar one. The libretto is in part original, and in part compiled by Prof. E. L. Ripley, from a poem by Tennyson—the main incidents being followed with exactness, and the details but little changed from the original design.

The music, from first to last, is of a more strict school than any other American composition we have listened to, excepting the works of Wallace. The choruses are splendid, and at times rise to a grandeur and power worthy the old masters. The melodies are flowing, and a few are positively beautiful.

The situations, upon the whole, are good, but do not merge at all upon the sensational order. In fact, the plot, as worked out upon the stage, is rather tame than otherwise, and has hardly enough of detail or side play to give it variety. But improvements are promised in future representations, and Prof. Pease is busy writing up details, which will give the performers more action.

Mrs. Beebe was in remarkably fine voice, both at Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor, and, as Annie Lee, made a decided hit. The solo, act 2d, "Farewell, Dear Child," she rendered with most touching pathos. Prof. Jackson, as Enoch Arden, and M. Charles Lee, as Philip Ray, were in good voice, and both sang and acted well. But to the choruses must we give especial praise. Throughout they were as fine as anything we have listened to for years, showing diligent and faithful study. The costumes were good, and the whole production reflects great credit upon the managers. The music was under the direct supervision of the author, Prof. Pease, assisted by Prof. Hewitt, and the stage management was in the hands of Prof. McChesney. Sometime during the fall it is proposed to put it on the stage at the Detroit Opera House, where we predict it will be warmly received and supported. Time prevents a more extended notice of the Operetta at present.

TRIAD.

Musical Stones.

The largest and most complete set of musical stones, that was perhaps ever collected in this or any other country, may now be seen in Hutton's Museum, Kewwick. The set consists of 36 stones, which vary in length, from eight to thirty-six inches, and from which five octaves can be taken with the greatest precision. The wooden elevation on which the stones are placed, is 12 feet in length; and though they are as ragged and unshapely in appearance as can well be imagined, they have occupied the owner 13 years in collecting, and have been got chiefly from Skiddaw, at leisure times, by a man named Joseph Richardson, an industrious mason, residing at Applethwaite, near Keswick, who is reaping the fruits of his industrious and laborious research, as tourists think no more of leaving the capital of the lake district, without seeing these truly astonishing musical stones which the owner has very appropriately named the Rock Harmonica, than they do of leaving without seeing Flinto's celebrated model, or Crosthwaite's far-famed museum. These stones, from their number, and the compass they necessarily take up are worked by Richardson and two of his sons, and they at once astonish every visitor, who listens to their enchanting and perfect music. In fact, any piece of music set to the piano forte can with the greatest delicacy and correctness be played upon what the collector has so happily denominated the Rock Harmonica.—*English Paper.*

A PECULIAR PIANO.—An English inventor announces a piano that can be played with pedals. Of these there are sixty-eight cubical blocks of wood; and each one when struck gives a chord of four notes. The performer plays in slippers, and while he does the piano with his feet he plays the flute with his mouth and fingers. An edifying spectacle.

SETTLED IT.—The *Church News*, an Episcopalian paper, has settled the correctness of the doctrine of apostolic succession in such a manner as to leave no room for doubt. It says "that a church that has been able to survive so many years of suffering from quartette singing, must be the true church."

The Song Journal.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, JULY, 1872.

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"The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils; Let no such man be trusted."

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The World's Peace Jubilee—Dwight's Journal of Music.

The first mention made, or notice taken by the *Journal* of the "Peace Jubilee," if we mistake not, we find in Saturday's issue, June 15th. In our exchanges with this old and tried *Journal* of Music, knowing for many years past the character of its editor as truly orthodox on all points pertaining to music, as also the able pen he wields on all subjects pertaining to the divine art, we have been led to scan with care the positions assumed, in relation to that movement in the musical world to which all eyes are turned at the present time. For many long years we have doted on the *Journal's* course as the leading paper in our land, and have ever inclined to "swear by it," but the position it assumes looks to us very like that expressed by St. Paul, when he exclaimed, "it is hard to kick against the pricks."

To be sure, the ostensible object of the Peace Jubilee is the performance of music as a main thing; but looking at it in all its bearings, its moral effects, direct and indirect on the whole people of our own country; and through the representatives from abroad engaged in it, upon the peoples of foreign countries, the results for good cannot be overestimated. Who cannot see that the many native and foreign prejudices, as well as asperities long existing among our own people, North and South, East and West, musical or non-musical, will be favorably affected, if not eradicated by the attrition of contact in the eighteen days of intercourse.

Now, in view of what we have said, we cannot refrain the expression of astonishment at the position the *Journal* assumes in relation to the Jubilee; and not to be misunderstood, we quote the following:

Jubilee begins on Monday! Gilmore's Jubilee! "Peace" Jubilee! "My peace I give unto thee," quoth "The Great Protector," and Paulina too! Music by every instrument, more voices than were ever heard, or ever can be heard together! "Peace" with anvils, cannons, bells in glorious harmonic turmoil! "Anvil Chorus" at Gilmore's every day for three summer weeks! Three programmes are proclaimed already: the first "American," the second "English," the third "German;" "French," we suppose, will follow, and so the will stretch possibly to "Patagonian" and the "crack of doom;" what less finale would be adequate to the occasion?

Surely the three programmes are masterpieces in the art of advertising! And every newspaper has been magnetized and Gilmoreized until its critical and editorial columns have undergone a "sea change" and read precisely like the advertisements; so that every thing and every person, great or small, connected with the Jubilee is understood throughout the world to be sublime, magnificent and "pretty great." Particularly by our country cousins. Are they not great programmes? Why, here is something for every taste, and every form of no taste. Here are guns, bells, anvils ("played upon" by aesthetic red-shirted druggists—through hose and pipes is it); Lowell Masson palm tunes; noisy "Kienzi" Overtures, preluded by "Old Hundred" from 20,000 voices, one verse whispered, one verse thundered; Strauss Waltzes magnified through a thousand instruments; Solos in unison by "bouquets" (!) of 150 artists, and even by 5,000 voices all in melody; Star-spangled Banner with guns and bells; and the "Star-spangled Banner" with guns and bells; "The Organ in the World;" the distinguished personages, perhaps some of them titled, and the "Banner" worn by "The Protector," the sublime, the Only; by the Head Centre (innocent and modest little man) of all the chorus shouters of the

whole United States; by the Conductors, the august Committees, clear of all suspicion of commercial aims; and even by the "Press" gang, which has pressed us all into the service! Think, too, of the great "Bulletin-boards," announcing every hour the rates of gold and stocks, that thereby you may read how sensitive the pulse of the stock market throughout the world will be to the Anvil Chorus! During the second week it is said there will be Overture—"Israel in Egypt," by a selected chorus, Classical Symphonies. These will be worth hearing, if they can be heard in so small a place.

Well, *Vive la Gloire!* That is the Gilmore motto. Glory! Glory! That is the idea that the motive and the animating passion of the thing. That was ever the ideal of the French nation, and brought them to the present pass. The Celtic Gilmore, like the French Celts, dreams ever of *la Gloire*. It is a heartless and a truth-despising sentiment, where it becomes paramount, sure to sink into vain-glory, and its contagion dangerous, even without Music pressed into its service. We fear it is one of the dangers that most threaten our own beloved Country!

We care not, whether it be Patrick Gilmore's Jubilee, or "any other man's"—we do say he has, with his associates, carried his point, and that, too, against ridicule, coldness, and an expense beyond any musical event the world has ever seen. Of the musical talent brought into requisition, being the best, from home or abroad, vocal or instrumental, we are inclined to think, even the astute editor of the *Journal* will not deny.

Another feature connected with this gigantic movement (and by no means an unimportant one) is the interest taken and desire manifested to aid it by the heads of those governments of Europe who have expressed their sympathy for its success, and permitted their bands to come to us, and lend their aid, and participate in the performances of the Jubilee. Who can compute the influence for good accomplished by this alone; and is it not pertinent to ask, would this have been done except through the reciprocity of kindly feelings existing towards our country—so important to foster and perpetuate?

Far removed from the battle-field, and hence feeling in comparative safety from the guns of the contestants—not having heard so much as an echo from the mighty chorus of voices—the vast combination of instruments—the big drum—the booming cannon—or peal of bells—we may say what we think. Like one who would test the gravest tones of the scale by removal in the distance, that the vibrations may be the more distinctly and truthfully discovered, so we say "Let us have peace"—and, with emphasis, let us have Peace Jubilees.

Annual Musical Exhibition of Detroit Schools.

That the world is moving onward and upward in its march in the arts, music, painting, architecture, and, in fine, all that elevates, refines and ennobles, must be apparent to every careful observer; and that axioms in progress and true happiness, long buried in the ages of the past, are being exhumed, is also a truth striking and self-evident. Principles, revealed to us by history, of the conditions and practices in the arts of Greece and Rome in the ages long past, most clearly reveal the fact that, amid the sunlight developments of the nineteenth century, with all our boasts and paeans of exultation we are but revealing principles in nature known and practiced by races peopling the earth in ages long past. The stars that shone with effulgent brilliancy and beauty, whose rays have long been dim and obscure by distance and age, are again being revealed by the redemptory principles of science long concealed amid the smouldering ruins of age.

We have been led into the train of thought above expressed by an attendance of the concert of music by the children and youth of our public schools in the Opera House, under the direction of Professor Jackson, as a closing exercise connected with this department of study so long delayed in our city schools, but which now, under the able and efficient superintendence of Professor Duane Doty and a Board of Education possessing large and liberal views of the importance of music, have incorporated into the system of study this long-neglected branch of education.

We do not propose to go into a critical analysis of

the entertainment by the children, nor speak of the performance as anything beyond an exhibition developing correctness in education in the elemental principles of the science as to the reading of musical notation, time, tune, distinctness in articulation, and a truthful control of the voice and education of the ear, all of which was developed in the performance of the diatonic scale, and still further in the various pieces so effectively performed. Who, it may with emphasis be asked, can remain unmoved in the presence of fifteen hundred joyous, happy children and youth, pouring forth their voices in sweet gushing melody? Who, among the vast throng that were so fortunate as to gain admittance at the Opera House, can doubt for a moment that the cultivation of the beautiful art of music is winning its easy way into the amusements, habits and affections of the people of this beautiful city? We say *beautiful city*, and let him who denies the assertion "cast the first stone" at him who makes it. Though a city in all that pertains to beauty and development in music, in embryo state, still there is no use disputing it, the good Father has planted here a seed destined to become a tree from whose overshadowing branches shall fall fruit in ripe and glowing clusters, to refresh, beautify and bless a world.

It is seldom that opportunity is afforded for so marked an exhibition of the truth of this declaration as that under consideration; when talent in a primeval state is brought to view, and so interesting topics for discussion presented to the mind, all of which, in manner and effects, though unexampled we hope are duly appreciated. That the exhibition was in all respects satisfactory, reflecting the highest credit not only upon the largest choir of singers ever convened in our city, on their teacher and conductor, Superintendent Doty, the Board, and last, but by no means in importance least, the parents of the children. Looking forward a little in the progress of this youthful choir of singers, what may we not expect of them, and what a power for good will they become.

Thomas Buchanan Read—Dr. Thomas Hastings.

Since our last issue, old Time, with his ever busy scythe, has cut down two distinguished men, and sent them to the rewards awaiting all still living. Their names are given above; the first, familiarly known as the *poet-artist*, the second as the *poet-musician*. The first stricken down in the nadir of his manhood's prime; the second, after the faithful fulfillment of more than the allotted years of mankind, even when prolonged by strength. The former has exchanged the kindly air, purpling beneath the fair Italian skies, with her delicious clime, and landscape, and her luxurious gardens blooming there, her sweet winds, her vine-clad bowers, and breathing fragrance of blushing flowers, for a city whose streets are paved with shining gold, a paradise, a heaven planted with joys by mortal unimagined, an existence without disease upon the frame, or sin upon the heart, where hope is never quenched and age is unknown, and death unfearful; where fresh and fadeless youth glows in light effulgent from God's near throne of love.

The second, Dr. Thomas Hastings, as truthfully denominated the poet-musician, was eighty-eight years of age at the time of his death. Of his own original productions in psalmody, the number and popularity have been equalled by no other composer except Dr. Lowell Mason. As a writer and lecturer he had no equal, as evinced by his efforts in years long gone in the lecture-field, and also his dissertation on "Musical Taste" published in 1822. As a teacher both elemental and scientific, he was ever viewed among the first and most superior. But the music of earth he has exchanged for that of heaven. The songs of praise which thrilled his soul with so much love and delight here are now exchanged for

nobler, sweeter, loftier hallelujahs in a more glorious choir, infinitely beyond the conceptions of all the jubulations of earth.

National College of Music.

That progress of any art depends mainly on those engaged in teaching, is a truth beyond dispute, and that there is a constantly increasing demand for good, efficient and thoroughly educated music teachers is also a most encouraging feature of the present time. Hence, the first step in progress is to educate teachers. By them alone can the standard of taste for music be elevated among the masses, to a level with that of intelligence upon other sciences. Hitherto the music teacher may be looked upon as an adventurer, and a large majority of those pretending to impart a knowledge of the "divine art" are just about as competent to instruct in it as in any other of which they possess little or no theoretical or practical understanding. There is not now nor never has been any standard of qualification for the music teacher, vocal or instrumental, no test of his attainments as in other professions. He has ever been able to do about as he saw fit, and by common consent left to prey upon the credulity of the public in his own way, and as best he could. As a corrective for all this, and as a basis to carry out a system of study calculated to make good intelligent musicians of those who design to become teachers, we rejoice to know there is to be a National College of music established in Boston on principles which shall meet the approval of every rational mind. As movers in this direction, we are glad to know that the famous Mendelssohn Quintette Club are engaged as teachers in the college, and, associated with them, several other distinguished artists, all of whom will insure the success of the institution beyond a doubt. We shall have high hopes of the usefulness of this new institution.

Musical Matters in Detroit.

Unlike the condition of things, in a musical point of view, during the month of May, we may announce a surfeit of the good things in June, a satiety, however, of which we have no wish to complain. We have had a number of no mean entertainments by the amateur and professional talent of our city, for benevolent objects, all of which have been duly recorded in the daily and weekly papers, a reiteration of which we deem quite unnecessary. Suffice it to say that in a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, without any concert of action, except that of spontaneity, no musical organizations, except with the Germans, it is a marvel how quickly and well the good material we possess may be brought together and prepared for an entertainment in music, not only creditable but really good; going to demonstrate the fact that we have talent of the highest order, that only needs concentration, to wield a mighty power in the good cause. There is no denying it, we have in our city the talent, lying in a dormant state, for as effective a society as exists, which only needs concert of action and unity of purpose in its development, to accomplish an end, grand and glorious in its results. And while almost all the larger cities in our land are awake and moving in the right direction in relation to their musical interests, are we to remain in this lukewarm state? Has it come to that that we are to move along at "this poor dying rate," amid cheering developments on every hand, and encouragements that should act as incentives to efforts put forth, which are sure to yield a large reward?

We have also had two or three entertainments by Mr. Fairbairn, the eminent delineator of Scotch, Irish and English Ballads, and the troupe of singers associated with him. These concerts were all truly enjoyable. Of Mr. Fairbairn's rendition of the songs of the Emerald Isle, Bonnie Scotland's and the said

old English Ballads, we speak in unqualified praise, as also of his concerts as a whole, being of the most pleasing and popular character.

The Corani Opera Troupe have given us "Norma," "Lucretia Borgia," "Il Trovatore," "Martha," "La Traviata," and selections from "Ernani;" all of them, without invidious comparison, excelling anything ever produced in our city. That the opera in our city is a "new institution," comparatively, we frankly acknowledge, and that there is a strong prejudice existing towards representations of this character, there can be no doubt. Anything requiring the dress and scenic effects derived from them, in the portrayal of character in its varied and ever-changing phases, is looked upon by many as sacrilegious and intolerant. How little do those entertaining these notions know of its origin and true history. The original opera was taken from themes and characters presented to us in the Bible, and the personages and scenes therein presented to us were the first record of which we have any knowledge of the opera. But it is getting too late in the day to talk of the history of the art, or artists, composers or performers in the opera. They are clearly identified with the progress of the glorious cause of music, and hence we bid them God-speed.

The Choral Union, under the direction of Prof. Abel, gave a concert in Merrill Hall. The music was good, taken as it was from the masters. Of its interpretation we forbear to speak. Suffice to say, it was represented as good by those who heard it, which was doubtless true. In parlance, it was *very good*, and could scarcely have been improved upon by artists at home or abroad.

The drama with us for a week past has been the "Black Crook," good of the kind; but, doubtless owing to obtuseness, we fail to see the elevating character of this kind of dramatic representation.

Commencement of the Detroit Female Academy.

The annual closing exercises of this justly popular institution were held in Young Men's Hall on the evening of June 20th, at 8 o'clock. The school, under the control of Prof. J. M. B. Sill, is one of which our citizens feel a just pride, even when compared with any other in our land. Its systematic classification and gradation of departments, the thorough and truthful instructions imparted in each by the able corps of teachers, from the lowest to the highest grade, as evinced in the examinations for days prior to the closing exercises, all attest unmistakably the workings of an institution, a diploma as graduate from which any young lady may feel a just pride in, being enabled to say with emphasis in an educational point of view, *esto quod esse videris*.

The exercises of the evening consisted of carefully prepared essays which were properly and interestingly presented, together with select reading—in its literary department—interspersed with music, vocal and instrumental, affording an evening's entertainment enjoyable in the highest degree, as clearly evinced by the very large and appreciative audience in attendance.

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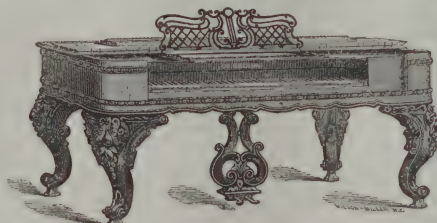
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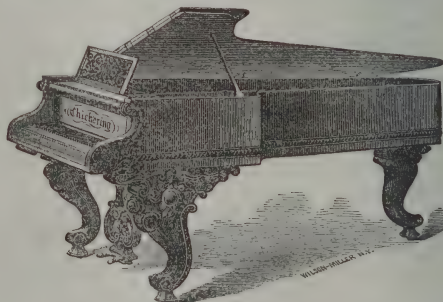
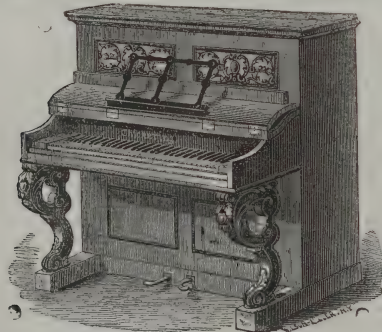
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VOLUME II.

DETROIT, AUGUST, 1872.

NUMBER VIII.

Organ Notes.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

Echoes of cathedral music
Heard, it may be, long ago,
Linger with us unforgettably,
Haunt us still and live and grow;
They are drifting, softly drifting,
Through the wild unrest of life,
Golden organ notes, uplifting
Weary souls above the strife.

Though the clamor of the city,
Round our outer being rolls.
Still those sacred notes are filling
All the chambers of our souls;
As if touched by hands immortal,
Stray chords, tremulous with love,
Drifted through some open portal
Of the wondrous Church above!

In the gray and silent morning,
Ere the shadows are withdrawn,
When the white mist hides the valley
With a veil of airy lawn;
Then we listen, hearing slowly
Through the stillness deep and calm,
Murmurs of that music holy,
Like the cadence of a psalm.

When the summer sunset lingers
Low adown the crimson west,
And the weary hands are folded
With a blessed sense of rest;
Then we listen, strengthened, soothed
By the magic of that strain,
Till the furrowed brow is smoothed,
And the heart grows young again.

They are drifting softly drifting,
Through the great world's daily strife,
Golden organ notes that tell us
Of a new and better life;
Low, clear music, sweetly blending
With the spirit's voiceless cry;
Undertones that have no ending,
Echoes of eternity?

Music.

Speak to me in music,
The language of the soul;
Sweet, sad, plaintive music,
Trust me to feel the whole.

I can hear thy laughter
In the gay runs and trills,
In the soft cadence after,
Tears, dew-drops on the hills.

Strike the full chords in turn
Of some sad minor key,
Oh! how my heart does yearn
For human sympathy.

Always, thro' thy music,
There's the echo of a thought,
Talk to me in music
When my brain is overwrought.

The Late Thomas Hastings.

A little more than thirty years ago, my steps were first conducted to a New York City Church. It was, for the boy, a memorable occasion. Dr. Hutton's, then Dr. Mathew's, church on Washington Square, at that time perhaps the architectural foremost in New York churches, and not now contemptible among the best of them, was such a rich and imposing temple as I had never seen. But the "lion" I was taken then to see, was Thomas Hastings, in the midst of his model choir, and near the zenith of his fame. A snow-white albino, head and delicate face, the eyes completely enclosed by green glasses and incessantly searching the score at an inch or two of distance, with a right and left motion like a weaver horse, were the exterior prominences of the great leader. Mr. Hastings led his choir not only with masterly precision, but with a delicate reflection of the varying sentiment, and a chaste simplicity of style, for which one would eagerly exchange all the "sweet tunes," not to mention the flowing theatricalities, that have since enriched the common repertory of our fashionable music galleries. It was then some ten years, and almost simultaneously with Lowell Mason in Boston, that Mr. Hastings had been engaged, at the invitation and under the auspices of a committee of devout lovers of sacred music and of the Church of God, in training choirs and singers to a correct, tasteful and devotional style of performance, and in composing, arranging and introducing a fresh variety, then sorely needed, of tunes and anthems for public worship. How much he accomplished, and how great a soul of all the musical interest in New York, was Thomas Hastings in those times, during say twenty or twenty-five years, nobody can realize who had not witnessed the prior condition and watched the change. Of his own original contributions the number and popularity have been rivalled by no other composer except Lowell Mason. Such airs as those familiarly sung in "Rock of Ages," "Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned," "From Every Stormy Wind that Blows," etc., are specimens from among many that are sung by millions, unconscious of their origin. He was no inferior lyric poet, too, and something like the same may be said of his hymns as of his tunes.

At his home in Amity street, in those days, was a minor group so like him in music, in gentleness and pleasantness, that to describe either of them would illustrate the rest and give an idea of the style of the family. His own higher compositions I have heard rendered there as nowhere else, and some instances of the kind are among memorable experiences. Both of the daughters, died missionaries' wives long ago; the elder as Mrs. Geo. W. Wood, in this city; the younger as Mrs. Wm. Scudder, on the foreign field. The son, now the only survivor to his nonagenarian mother (Mr. Hastings died at 88, week before last), is Rev. Thomas S. Hastings, D. D., a pastor in New York City, and a preacher of experimental freshness and independence.

Dr. Hutton remarked, in the course of his address to the large congregation assembled at the funeral of Dr. Hastings, that the most characteristic trait that could be mentioned of his piety, was its sunny cheerfulness. Next to that, perhaps quite even with it, stood strictness. The correlative constitutional traits were an even but inflexible temper, lighted with a lambent humor that softened the angles and shadows where it played—unless when it entered into the severity of rebuke, when his sarcasm was something not likely to be encountered twice. Under the lamb-like modesty, almost infirmity, of the outer man, a lion lay, wide awake, and not to be trifled with. He had his conflicts in the cause that he had at heart, the cause of God's praise. Among his adversaries at one time was his own organist. According to Dr. Hutton, this man undertook, on a certain occasion, to overpower the lead of Dr. Hastings's slender voice by wilful playing. How the

fired leader sprang between the choir and organ with shrill voice and commanding right arm, carrying every singer with him over the dissonant peal of the organ, in perfect time and unison, to the close of the stanza, was a memorable exhibition of character and power that needed not to be repeated.

The rules of the Sacred Music Society, of which he was the founder and head (this is from a boy's memory, if not precisely accurate), strictly forbade *encore*. The audience at one of the oratorio performances, then held in the old theater-shaped Broadway Tabernacle, conceiving a prescriptive right to the *encore*, made a test case, and stamped indefatigably to force out again a favorite *artiste*. In vain the crowd roared and thundered, with all its sticks and boots; no sign of concession appeared for its pacification. At length Mr. Hastings advanced with a signal for attention, and as the tumult sank a little, his voice rose over all in shrill defiance, "*It can't be done!*" Then turning, as the *fuore* burst forth again with redoubled vehemence, he summoned his musicians to the next regular performance on the programme, and on it went, as if the uproar had been a thunder-storm breaking on the roof.

Dr. Hastings was of firm champion of congregational singing, and of devout simplicity in church music. In his later years, retired from public service other than an occasional iteration of his profound convictions on this subject through the press, he must have found more disappointment than satisfaction in seeing the taste he had planted run to seed in the frivolous and fantastic forms of dilettantism.

—Cor. Buffalo Adr.

The following biographies of the leading artists of the late "Peace Jubilee," we copy from the New Hampshire Journal of Music—and will without doubt be read with interest,—and preserved for future reference:

PATRICK S. GILMORE was born near Dublin, Ireland, Christmas Day, 1829. While a boy he became the pet of an English band, and received instruction in music from one of the performers. He went to Canada with this band and from there came to the United States, arriving in Boston in 1849, aged twenty years. Here he became the leader of the Suffolk Band. He at one time resided in Salem and was leader of the Salem Band. In 1859 he organized Gilmore's Band, and in the same year became a partner of Mr. Joseph Russell as music dealer and publisher. His band went to the war with the 24th Mass. Regiment, and in 1864 he organized a grand musical festival in New Orleans, with a chorus of six thousand voices, several hundred instruments, and fifty pieces of artillery. He organized the Jubilee of 1869, and since, the World's Jubilee of 1872.

CARL ZERRAHN, the well known orchestral and oratorio conductor, was born in Malchon, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, July 28, 1826. He studied in Berlin, Hanover, and Rostock, and came to this country with the Germania Musical Society and played some instrument with them for several years, and became a conductor at the Handel and Hayden Society in 1854. He has conducted many societies and associations, and was teacher in the Boston schools from 1858 to 1867. He is now a teacher in the New England Conservatory of Music.

EBEN TOURJEE was born in Warwick, R. I., June 1st, 1834, of French Huguenot stock. He studied music at the Greenwich Seminary. When 13 years old he learned to play the organ, and became a music dealer at Fall River, Mass., at the age of 17. Here he taught in the public schools and published a paper called "The Key Note," which he united with the Massachusetts Musical Journal. Removing to Newport, R. I., he became a teacher, organist, and conductor of musical conventions. In 1859 he founded a musical institute at East Greenwich which he

removed to Providence and called "The Providence Conservatory of Music," the first of its kind in this country. He subsequently spent some time in Europe, but settled in Boston, Mass., in February, 1867, where he established the New England Conservatory of Music. He organized the great chorus of the Jubilee of 1869 and of 1872.

JOHANN STRAUSS our readers will find mentioned in this *Journal* on page 63. He was the father of the Johann Strauss, Jr., who has been employed to conduct the waltz and dance music at the World's Jubilee, 1872. The son of the eminent composer was born in Vienna, in 1825; received early instruction in music, and at the age of 18 played in his father's orchestra, of which he became director after the death of his father. He was afterwards appointed by the Emperor of Austria Hof-Ball-Musikdirector, and in 1853 became conductor of the summer concerts in St. Petersburg. In 1862 he married Jetty Treffz, a celebrated singer, and in 1867 he organized a new band and gave a series of concerts in Paris during the Great Exposition. He afterwards directed concerts in London, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. John Strauss, Jr., is employed constantly in directing open air and ball room dance music, and concerts. His appearance in this country is due to the efforts of Mr. Gilmore.

MADAME PESCHKA-LEUTNER was born in Vienna. She received early and constant instruction in music, her father being a fine musician. Though young she has sung with great success at all the musical centres of Europe. She is a soprano of remarkable strength of voice, and her singing is pure, even, and of charming quality. Her voice goes up to G flat, three or four tones higher than Parepa sings or Nilsson. She is thought to be the first of living artists. We heard her sing with flute accompaniments, and heard her imitate every possible variation upon that instrument.

MADAME ERMINIA RUDERSDORFF was born at Tranostsky in the Ukraina, Russia, Dec. 12, 1827. She commenced the study of music in Germany, and at the age of eight years could sing with much power and purity. She then studied with Sassi, in Italy, and at the age of 13 studied with the best masters in Paris, and then in Milan, where she appeared with signal success. At the age of 15 she appeared as an opera singer and actress in all the principal cities; but finally settled in England as an oratorio singer.

ARABELLA GODDARD is a French lady, born at St. Servan, near Brittany, in 1843. At the age of five years she became a concert performer. At the age of eight she went to London, where she became celebrated as a pianist. In 1864 she married W. J. Davison, the musical critic of the *London Times*. She made frequent concert tours through Europe, where everyone well received, and is now considered the leading pianist of England.

FRANZ ABT was born at Edenburg, near Leipzig, Sept. 21, 1819. His father was a distinguished musician, and minister of the Lutheran church. Franz studied music at Leipzig, and began to write songs, some of which became known in 1838. In 1841 he married, and became leader of the orchestra of Zurich Theatre. He became a teacher of music in 1842, but was little known until his song "When the Swallows Homeward Fly" carried his name to almost every household of the civilized world. He soon after became musical director of the court of Brunswick.

FRANZ BENDEL is a native of Hungary, born in 1835. The family removed to Saxony soon after his birth, and in 1857 he became a pupil of Liszt, and finally settled in Berlin, where he has increased in fame and honor. Here he married and became a court musician. He plays almost everything from memory.

THE ENGLISH GRENADIER BAND is one of the oldest, having been founded some hundreds of years. Sixteen years ago it was raised from forty to fifty-eight members, and Daniel Godfrey, who had a high reputation as a composer and band-master, was appointed leader. The members are regularly enlisted men of the British army, but are allowed their liberty when not on actual duty. Their regiment, the Grenadier Guards, is not called on for actual service except in cases of great wars. They reside where they choose about London, and have regular situations in the orchestras. They enlist for twelve years at a time.

For the sake of those who love us,
For the sake of God above us,
Each and all should do their best
To make music for the rest.

Correspondence.

Letter from Boston.

THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE JUBILEE—THE GRANT, GILMORE AND GREELY DAYS—THE IRISH BAND—THE EVENING CONCERTS—THE STRAUSS BENEFIT—THE FINANCIAL RESULT OF THE JUBILEE—THE FUTURE OF THE COLISEUM—A NEW AND IMPORTANT MUSICAL ENTERPRISE, ETC.

BOSTON, July 23, 1872.

The Jubilee was some time ago brought to a conclusion, but your readers will perhaps desire to hear something concerning the closing days of the Festival. My letter last month brought the proceedings up to the end of the first week only. The last concert was given on the evening of Sunday, July 7, and there were given altogether thirty-one concerts and two balls—the grand International Ball, Wednesday evening, June 25, and the Chorus Ball, Monday evening, July 1st.

The oratorio performance, on the afternoon of Monday, June 24th, was comparatively a failure. The singing was artistic, but it sounded thin in comparison with the great chorus, and it was demonstrated anew that the coliseum was no place for the development of nice effect. The oratorio was Handel's "Israel in Egypt," and the Handel and Haydn Society, of Boston, the Lynn Choral Union, West Roxbury Choral Union, and Salem Oratorio Society, formed the chorus; and Madame Rudersdorff, Mrs. C. A. Barry, and Messrs. W. J. Winch, J. F. Rudolpse and J. F. Winch were the soloists.

The three G's—Grant, Gilmore and Greeley—had each his day, Grant's coming first in order, June 25th. This concert was the first in which all the foreign bands appeared. "Hail to the Chief" was played by the combined bands (the French, English, German, and Marine Band of Washington), and the foreign organizations afterwards appeared separately. Madame Rudersdorff sang a piece, written and composed by herself, entitled "Homage to Columbia," the accompaniment being played by the English Band under the direction of Dan Godfrey. The music had no very marked merit, but the time, place and circumstances gave the performance and the singer a really great ovation.

The concert on the 26th of June presented no important features. The ball in the evening was an exceedingly brilliant affair, the grandest thing of the kind, probably, ever witnessed in America. Among the guests were President and Mrs. Grant, several members of the cabinet, and a whole phalanx of foreign ministers, governors, etc. Strauss, Gilmore and Zerrahn conducted the orchestra, and the foreign bands played between the regular dances.

The afternoon concerts on the 27th and 28th were not particularly interesting above those already taken place. The chorus had by this time become "thin." Many of the singers had returned home, and others remained away from sheer exhaustion. There were few vacant places, however, for the reason that absent singers loaned their tickets to kindred, friends and neighbors. The chorus singing, during the second and third weeks, amounted to but little, compared with that in the first week.

The Gilmore benefit, on the afternoon of Saturday, June 29th, drew an audience equally as large as that which had attended the concert on the previous Tuesday—the "Grant Day." The roof of the coliseum covered on each occasion between sixty and seventy thousand persons. All the bands appeared at this concert, including Gilmore's. The Ninth Regiment Band, of New York, had appeared the day previous. Madame Peschka-Leutner and Strauss were the recipients of great honors, as on previous occasions, and so were Gilmore, his band and the foreign bands.

Evening concerts were inaugurated in the second week of the Festival, and they were rendered ex-

ceedingly enjoyable. The different foreign bands appeared on different occasions, and Franz Bendel and Wehli also assisted at some of the concerts. The bands had much better opportunities for displaying their fine qualities in a programme so largely devoted to them, than in the brief periods allotted them in the afternoon concerts. The French Band continued the favorite in these concerts as in the earlier days of the Festival, although both the English and Prussian Bands also displayed exceedingly fine abilities.

The long expected and much delayed Irish National Band arrived on the morning of Sunday, June 30, and the succeeding morning were formally received. Seven thousand of their countrymen marched them over a long route in a broiling sun, and they were everywhere received with great enthusiasm. In the afternoon the band made their first appearance in the Coliseum before a small audience. It was the "Irish Day," and while the Americans staid away to avoid a crowd, the Irish staid away on account of the expense of tickets, or perhaps the street parade in the morning had satisfied them. At any rate they were not there. The band, be it known is a picked up affair, selected from among the best musicians of Dublin, but without practice together. Their playing was only of the ordinary kind, and it was confined mainly to the rendering of Irish melodies. The same day the English Band played a selection of national airs—Irish, Scotch, American and English—with great success.

The Chorus Ball took place on the evening of July 1, but was not so great a success as the ball of the previous week. There were some two thousand couples of dancers and one or two thousand spectators. Strauss conducted one of his waltzes, and Gilmore, Zerrahn, Eichler and others also conducted. The French and German Bands furnished music for promenading. The English Band were the recipients of a banquet at Faneuil Hall the same evening.

Tuesday, July 2, was denominated the Italian Day, though without any especial reason, so far as the programme was concerned. All the foreign bands, the Prussian Cornet Quartette, Madame Peschka-Leutner and Strauss, appeared in an excellent programme, but it was not distinctively Italian.

Wednesday, July 3, was called the "Greeley Day," and the philosopher of Chappaqua was present in *propria persona* to listen to the music. The audience was large but not quite equal in numbers to those assembled on the "President's Day," and at the Gilmore Benefit. The programme presented no new features.

There were four concerts on the Fourth of July, but none of them were largely attended. The chorus did not take part in these. At the afternoon concert there was nearly a panic in consequence of a storm and a small tornado. The air grew suddenly dark, puffs of dust, resembling smoke, were blown into the building, and some foolish fellow cried "fire." This startled the audience towards the doors, and but for the presence of mind of Dan Godfrey, director of the Grenadier Guards' Band, there would doubtless have been a calamity. Godfrey signalled his band to stop where they were in something they were at that moment playing, and ordered them to strike up "The Star Spangled Banner." This reassured the auditors, and quiet was at once restored. Among the incidents of the Fourth, was the presentation of Gold Medals to the bands by Mr. Gilmore in behalf of Mrs. Harrison Geary Otis.

The Festival virtually closed on the Fourth, but there were several supplementary concerts. The one for the benefit of the German Band, July 5, was not well attended.

Strauss had a benefit on the 6th. The audience was small for the place, but it made very little difference with Strauss who had been guaranteed \$2,500 in gold. He was in high spirits, and on no occasion during the Festival appeared to better advantage. He conducted the orchestra during half

the concert, and Gilmore conducted the other half. Mrs. H. M. Smith and Arbuckle were the only soloists. The former sang Engelhi's "*Gratias Agimus Tibi*," with splendid effect.

The closing concert was given on the evening of Sunday, July 7, an orchestra of one hundred and fifty, under Gilmore, the Irish Band, Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. Arbuckle, and two soloists of the Irish Band (Mr. A. F. Weston, an excellent violinist, and Mr. W. T. Blamphin, trombonist), assisting. The orchestral performances and the solos by Mr. Weston and Mr. Arbuckle were the best things of the concert.

The Jubilee was not a financial success, the expenses exceeding the receipts by something like \$150,000, but the managers are in hopes of getting out of the matter without calling for the guarantors to disburse a penny. Mr. Gilmore has not made a single penny by the enterprise, having given the entire proceeds of his benefit to save the guarantors from loss. Upwards of \$200,000 were guaranteed. An Industrial Fair to open in September is talked of, and the Coliseum is also to be let for any required purpose. A musical festival upon a moderate scale, to take place in the Spring is talked of, but is not yet rendered a certainty. The Jubilee Association have a lease of the ground upon which the building stands until July 1, 1873, with a privilege of renewal for three months from that date. At the end of that time, if not before, the Coliseum will undoubtedly be removed.

The Boston University, an institution under the management of the Methodist denomination, having received great additions to its funds, has decided to establish, as one of its departments, a college of music, under the charge of Dr. E. Tourjee. Dr. Tourjee has been appointed dean, and is already at work organizing the institution. It will be conducted for the present in connection with the New England Conservatory of Music, but distinct from it. Distinguished professors will be obtained (one of whom will be Mr. John K. Paine), and a regular collegiate course of study, lasting three years, will be inaugurated. Extensive arrangements are being made for courses of lectures in acoustics, aesthetics, the Tonal system, etc., and the degree of Bachelor of Music will be bestowed upon graduation. The college year will be divided into two terms, of twenty weeks each, the first beginning September 16th and closing February 5th, and the other commencing February 10th and closing June 28th. This is the most important musical educational movement that has yet taken place in this country. The New England Conservatory will keep upon its course the same as before for the accommodation of ordinary pupils, and with added advantages. Its list of teachers will be enlarged, and several new and important features will be introduced, foremost among which is the employment of a professional orchestra for symphony and other concerts. Mr. Charles Koppitz, the well-known *chef d'orchestre*, has been engaged to take charge of this department. It is also quite likely that Mr. George L. Osgood, the distinguished American tenor, who won such praise in Berlin and Vienna last season, will also connect himself with the conservatory as a teacher. Mr. Zerrahn, Mr. O'Neill, Mr. Whiting, Mr. Wulf Fries (the only original member of the Quintette Club), and all the other leading teachers remain.

Mr. George E. Whiting has gone to Europe for a brief season. His place as organist at the Cathedral will be filled during his absence by Mr. Henry M. Dunham, a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music.

Mr. W. W. Whitney, the American basso, has returned home. He has tempting offers to return to England again next season, but it is as yet uncertain if he accepts.

RANGER.

It is in learning music that many youthful hearts learn love.

Our Chicago Letter.

CHICAGO, July 18.

The last musical event in the Chicago season of 1871, was the quick movement of Theodore Thomas' orchestra vacating the Sherman House in time for the fire to take possession. Since that night, October 8th, no professional musician from the outside world has stood upon Chicago boards; and lest Detroit should be in like position, I ought to add that we have done admirably without them. Not that our amateurs and artists having local habitation and name, have filled the hiatus with so great success that nobody sighed for better. In truth, as the fire swept out the foreigners, it drove out the domestics, and by Christmas everybody went who had no anchor outside the burnt district, and had somewhere to sail to. Dudley Buck flew to Boston, even while Boston was sending help to Chicago, and was heartily welcomed to his old organ bench, and an art circle of which he was the center and the honor. You may have observed, he furnished one of the anthems for the Jubilee. Carl Zerrahn, who gave considerable breadth of tone to music here, and considerable character to criticism everywhere, was greedily snatched up by Gilmore and sent to Europe to secure a soprano. Pescka-Leutner was his choice. Cresswell, the scholarly and popular organist, spent two days finding his wife, who became separated from him that fiery night, and in a week occupied a permanent residence in St. Louis, whence he has just departed for a European tour. F. H. Pease, the pianist, and composer of some of the most graceful fantasies published for a decade, went to Brooklyn. Every professional soprano we had except Lena Hastreiter, who is a mezzo, was bought out of the city on very short notice. The German band men, who depended for their living on our fondness for street pageants, did not create a hieira of their craft, but formed a trades union, and bound themselves never to play except when all were engaged, thus creating a corner in cornets. Their plan succeeded. They got their own prices, full bands played when six or eight instruments would have been much better, and none of them did any striking—except the drummers.

We started out in November with the accepted belief that we were not to have any music, and since it was impossible to have the opera troupes, we wished for no other. But De Vivo became infatuated with the belief that our fields of broken columns contained golden grain for him and that musical beast, Wachtel. They came, took a little theatrical barn on the unburnt side of the city, and set up their show at four dollars single admission. A week's season was announced, in alternate nights, with Wachtel in each performance. He sang well the first night, mounting to his great C with the ease Brignoli takes its lower octave. The house was jammed; all the musical people were there, hungry after their long fast. But it was the universal verdict that Wachtel's vocalization was uneven, his tone-clement superb in strength, but not especially so in quality, and that, in singing and acting, he was unsympathetic, almost gross, always ungraceful, and commonly mechanical. He sang but once again in the *Postillon*, which was written, you know, for him, and which suits him exactly, morally and vocally. He is a mere musical blacksmith. The whole enterprise was a swindle. The prima donne, Lichtnay and Camssa are antediluvian; to see either as *Leonora* after seeing Nilsson in the part was too offensive for tolerance. The orchestra was execrable; and the chorus small but beautifully balanced, and the most intelligent in stage conduct that ever appeared in this city. The season was not finished. Wachtel departed suddenly between two days because DeVivo would not guarantee him \$12,000 a night in advance, altho' they had actually taken the risk conjointly, Wachtel to receive 40 per cent of the receipts. Then the proprietor of the theater sued

DeVivo for damages for the unfinished season. I met DeVivo in the Sherman House the very hour the writ was served. He was playing the role of the MAD MANAGER, and his impersonation was true to the life in the most literal sense. He swore none in my presence, of course, but he told me all the details with the air of a man who had half a dozen enemies, including Wachtel, whom he would comfortably behold in Hades. The suit was compromised, and the managers steered clear of Chicago ever since.

With the coming of a new October, we look for the initiation of a season only less brilliant than the one we missed last year, because there will be no Nilsson. The impression seems to be abroad that she will return in '73, but it is an error. I had a letter yesterday from Henry Jarrett, her agent, stating that she will be married on the 24th of July, and will not thereafter make her appearance in Opera until autumn, when she will flash for the first time upon St. Petersburg. Her marriage, which will have been consummated ere this letter is in print, brings to my mind many pleasant memories of her seasons in this city. I was, for the nonce, her guest, and sitting at her table, sipping claret, in drinking which she has charming *abandon*, the topic of her marriage, of which I had not heard before came up. With love or laughter leaping in her eyes, she drew from within her bosom a gold locket of elaborate design, and pendent upon a chain encircling her neck. She touched a spring, the case flew open, disclosing a young man's face, fresh, twenty-five perhaps, blue eyes, mild expression, light hair and whiskers, chop-fashion, for all the world like an Englishman.

"C'est un Anglais," said I.

"Ha, ha, ha—ha—ha—ha!" laughed Nilsson.

"Pas du tout."

I looked my question.

"Auguste," said she, with an air of pride and tenderness.

"Auguste?"

"You do not know? Auguste Rouzeaud!" and she kissed him.

I understood then.

No woman ever misunderstands that, when she sees another woman do it.

She put the locket back within its hiding place, and told me all about it. It is one of the purest love matches history will ever record. He came to the United States and to Chicago to see her. He sat directly in front of me during one entire evening; she knew he was there. Never was her voice better, never did her inspiration seem more divine, never did a house, magnificent in numbers, gorgeous in diamonds, and shimmering in lace, act so wildly over a night's heroine. Every few moments her eye alighted on Rouzeaud's, and his never wandered from her for an instant. She spoke of the performance to me the day after, and said with an air of profound happiness:

"It was a great house. *Mais, ma fille* felt but one listener—Auguste!"

This is love. Perhaps you do not know it. But it is. May that sentiment, so noble in the maiden, be never forgotten by the wife!

Jarrett, who is associated with Max. Strakosch in bringing Pauline Lucca over in September, has high anticipations of the success the baroness is certain to achieve. He assures me in frequent epistles that the company as a whole will be the very best the country has ever seen or heard. I emphasize *seen* because the eye has claims in an *enfermeable* as well as the ear. We are tired of spindleshanks and starved cheeks. A person who cannot "make up" beautifully in an opera should not go upon the stage. Original ugliness is not the objection, merely the inability to conceal it on the stage. Henry Jarrett will also have the management of the eminent pianist Arabella Goddard, now summering at Newport. Her playing at the Jubilee did not make the mark

that will be made by her first concert room performance.

Carl Zerrahn is here, conducting a musical convention, managed by the Roots.

Written for The Song Journal.

About Jubilees.

Since Mr. Gilmore first conceived the idea of a great musical event in the form of a series of monster concerts, much has been written and said upon the subject by way of criticism, therefore in that direction I have nothing to offer, so far as the performances are concerned. The excitement created, and the immense assemblages it has brought together, show, beyond all controversy, that a great interest is felt in music in this as well as other countries.

The Jubilee was not a new idea. It originated not with Mr. Gilmore. It was only a revival of a very old idea. In the days of Solomon large numbers of people were skillfully trained, both to sing, and with the accompaniment of various instruments; so that on the occasion of the dedication of the temple four thousand of the Levites, under the direction of the chief musicians, Asaph, Heman and Jeduthan, articulated so distinctly, so just their emphasis and tones, as expressive of the inspired songs they chanted, and so truly and accurately measured the tone and rhythm of their notes, that it is said, that as the singers stood with cymbals, and psalteries and harps, and with one hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets, it came to pass that the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound in praising and thanking the Lord. What a spectacle it would have been in those days to have had the praise of God attempted by a quartette choir.

Now I believe in jubilees, and in praising the Lord with song and with instruments of every kind; and, why not let it become no uncommon occurrence to witness several thousand persons with instruments of every description gathered on the Sabbath day singing and playing appropriate music. I have no doubt there are at least a thousand persons in this city, who would gladly join such an assembly, should the opportunity present itself, and as large a proportion in every other city in the union. We say there is talent lying in a dormant condition, which only needs concert of action and unity of purpose in its development, to accomplish an end, grand and glorious in its results.

It seems to me there would be no great difficulty in devising some plan whereby these desirable results might be realized. Want of time and expenditure of money have been the two great obstacles in the way of these achievements. Music with the amateur, is not a paying institution as far as dollars and cents are concerned, but the enjoyment which might have been derived from its practice has in many instances been sacrificed to leave room for labor and study that would secure the comforts of life. Now, if we start in the right direction both these obstacles will be, to a very great extent, removed. Let us commence with church music upon the Sabbath day, then our music will be praise, and our praise become a pleasure as all worship should be. Plain hymn tunes, and easy anthems might be at first introduced, and as the performers became more proficient, gradually rise to more difficult and higher style of music. There seems to have been a great fault with professors of music in always attempting the performance of oratorios, and the difficult selections from the old masters, so that the masses are entirely excluded from taking any part in them, thus often excluding many persons, who, by practice upon more simple productions, might soon excel some of greater pretensions. Suppose that in every city and town this step should be taken, suppose that a jubilee of sacred song should be instituted every Sabbath afternoon, under the direction of some person well qualified for the situation, and

under circumstances involving little or no expense, what an interest would be awakened, and what progress would be made; and, then once in each year all these societies should convene at the State capital or some other convenient place, and hold an annual jubilee, all having practiced the same music, what a glorious event it would be, and how much more good would be accomplished, and much better would be the influence than is derived from many others, and in some respects obnoxious annual gatherings. And, we might suggest still further, that after four years and upon our nation's hundredth birth day, these organizations from all the United States, might assemble for a great *National Jubilee*, and as wont, in olden times, with one voice praise and thank the Lord for his many mercies towards us.

AN AMATEUR.

For the Song Journal.

Song and Speech, and then Education.

With any reasonable, comprehensive view of song and speech, a throng of almost unutterable things suggest themselves, for in the morning of creation the stars sang together and the I Am spake the fiat of creation.

Unnumbered intelligences came forth to sing and speak creation's grandeur and happiness; song and speech unite in legend and worship, in conquest, peace, lullaby and command; and science whose eye pierces beyond the stars, and in the strings of the devout heart.

While thus acknowledging song and speech, as the ordained medium of intelligent and cultivated utterance, we see, in these, an inherent oneness, adapted to the nature of man whose thought and aspirations uniting to the seen and unseen, demand this double means of expression.

For the development of faculties so essentially one, as is song and speech, the methods of education are of utmost concern.

The term education has grown apace with our civilization, and is destined to acquire new significance from the real social advance which will reform the systematic education of our times, that now concerns itself with but a part of the nature it professes to unfold.

We require a system of *consecutive education*, which acknowledges for the purposes of the whole man, the unity and equality of all his faculties, and a corresponding continuous training in methods suited to unlock and discipline his entire powers.

What value these strictures possess, find their illustration in the divorce of song from speech in scientific education, and in the impoverishment of language and ideas which this separation involves; for in common life, the song is still cherished as the boon of heaven to earth, and the peer of any known qualities.

The study and fearless advocacy of the cause of consecutive education is then, the paramount duty of musical journalism; for, only through what is lofty, generous and broad, can we hope to realize the diffusive and all pervading benefits of music.

ADAM ELDER.

THE tendency among all nations has been from time to time to alter and vary their popular songs. The changes which music continually undergoes is sufficient to account for this characteristic. Traces of "God save the King" are to be found in "Ayre by Dr. Bull" written in 1590, in an old Christmas carol bearing the date 1611, in the ballad "Franklin is fled away," circa 1609, and in a theme by Purcell published 1696. All these tunes have passages in common, and some of them bear a remarkable resemblance to England's national hymn. "God save the King," in its present form, was first sung and played by Henry Carey, in the year 1793, at a banquet given in honor of the birthday of George II at the Freemason's Tavern in London, where it was much admired, though it does not appear that its transcendent merits were fully appreciated, as the fame of it spread very slowly.

The Song Journal.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, AUGUST, 1872.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."
"The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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Music Teachers, and Music Teaching.

In taking a survey of the theme placed above, ideas and views are suggested to all reflecting minds, worthy of careful attention, and suggesting thoughts entertaining, and by no means uninteresting. Involved in it, two ideas well up,—and dominate,—the defense of those who attack the profession, and who treat music as a frivolous art, unessential to intellectual advancement, suitable only to feeble understandings,—not at all calculated to elicit thought tending to the development of the mental faculties, but always puerile and fugitive, and not unfrequently pernicious;—and, the sinfulness of those who prey upon public credulity in foisting upon their pupils music, light and fantastic in character, instead of that elevating and ennobling.

In looking into our subject,—and an important one it is,—we shall speak with plainness,—and endeavor to present it with a perspicuity unmistakable, and candor commendable.

To begin then with a *home* question, we ask, what is the state of our music? What, indeed! exclaims the astute cognoscenti. Practically a mountain, scientifically a mole hill, sensuously everything, intellectually nothing. The singer is an idol, the composer its pedestal; the instrumental performer a dealer in legerdemain, and the master a teacher of it. We desire not to indulge in overwrought piquancy, or give undue coloring to our representations,—but deal in truths in an honest way, however humiliating they may appear;—hence, "Madam," we ask, "what is music in score?"—"Oh, music in score is a frightful heap of notes. Pray don't talk of it. It makes me quite nervous. Have you heard Madame Peschka-Leutner's '*Die's Zauberflöte*,' by Mozart—or Madame Rudersdorff's '*Let the Bright Seraphim*, from Handel's '*Samson*?' "No, Madam." "Oh, enviable creature! What a treat you have to come." Do we misrepresent the criticisms of art or artists presented daily for the elevation of the standard of music? Again, "What music had you last night, at Mrs. Roderick's party?" "O, delightful! We had, 'O Lady Fair,' 'I'd be a Butterfly,' 'Love was once a little boy,' 'Wilt thou say Farewell,' and all that was charming and fashionable." You are fond of music, Miss Matilda! "Oh, doatingly." "Which do you prefer, vocal or instrumental music?" "Oh, I don't know—instrumental, I think." "Indeed, whose compositions are you partial to?" "Whose, why Strauss' and Weippert's, to be sure." Ahem!—Who will deny that the taste and standard of music is not being rapidly elevated by all this?

"What did you hear last night, at the Philharmonies?" "Oh, everything exquisite! Such a galaxy of stars have never appeared in the musical firmament before! There was Leutner, Rudersdorff, Patti, Nilsson, Formes, Squires, Lindley, Moschles, Pasta, Lindley." "Pardon me, I did not ask whom

you heard, but what you heard?" "Oh, the most finished execution." "Doubtless, but the compositions?" "The compositions?" "Aye, by whom?" "By whom? Why, really, I don't know; I didn't inquire." Such is the condition of criticisms upon music in our country at the present time. Who will deny it is elevating in the highest sense?

Few people are aware of the true object which most learners of music in this country have in view,—and, if pupils themselves were catechized on this point, it would be a difficult question to answer, and consequently, of the manner in which most, either from choice or constraint teach it, will fail to recognize in the annexed dialogue the outline of what often occurs;—

"Oh, dear me! I'm glad you've come. I'm heartily sick of this practice. I have been at it, two long hours."—"What are you practicing?"—"A concerto of Kalkbrenner's."—"Do you like it?"—"Not at all."—"An agreeable employment. Let me see it. Aye, this is a good counterpoint."—"What is counterpoint?"—"That modulation, too, is fine."—"What is modulation?"—"Have you never studied the principles of harmony, and musical composition?"—"No."—"Not thorough base?"—"Oh, yes, I began it once, but I thought it sad dry stuff. I soon left it off. Ma said she wanted me to play, not understand music. She wished me to play as well as Miss Agile, who thinks nothing of playing twenty-four pages out of book. Indeed, she played thirty last night, but the company talked so all the while, that at last no one could hear a note."—"Poor Miss Agile!"—"Not so poor, neither. She has had a thousand dollars expended on her musical education alone, yet when somebody was going to ask her to play the other night, at Mrs. Finesse's, Captain Lucre, and several more, said, 'No, no;—no music, let us have cards,' and to cards they went. So the standard of music is being elevated in America."

If all this ignorance and fatuity be the love of music, it must be confessed, that, of all sorts of lovers, musical amateurs are the silliest; and if it be a national infirmity, in the name of common sense let us look to it. The public papers lately told us of a noted Signora, who, having bled us pretty freely, and returned to his native country, was indulging largely in ridicule of our pretensions to musical taste; so that we may exclaim, in the bitter irony of Sir Peter Teazle, that, "to become the standing jest of our acquaintance is the pleasantest situation imaginable." But this is as it should be. So long as we will give a foreign "slider of smooth semibreves and gargler of glib divisions," half the profits of our opera-house performance to keep our taste and knowledge stationary, let them laugh that win.

Music, as a Political and Religious Element.

In the history of music from the time the "Morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy,"—to the present, in every political revolution and change of government, in every religious epoch, public feeling and sentiment has been controlled to a greater or less degree, by the influence of music. We speak this with emphasis, and declare it without qualification, and wish its echo could reach the remotest corner of every government, and reverberate throughout every synodical council, political or ecclesiastical in the world. We say this because it is a *God-given influence*, and when rightly directed more potent than any other.

We need not go about to prove this declaration, for its truth stands forth in blazing capitals on every page of the history of the past, from the remotest ages. We might, were it pertinent to do so, cite the influence of music upon the children of Israel in their deliverance from Egyptian bondage under the leadership of Moses. Of David and Hezekiah, in their songs of rejoicing with the multitudes associated with them. Of Solomon and men-singers and

women-singers with their instruments of music of all sorts, in the dedication of the temple, and also in the political interests of the government over which he was placed.

And coming down in the history of the world, and also the Christian church, who can fail to be enchanted by the glad chorus that reverberated o'er Bethlehem's plains from the Celestial choir,—of "Glory to God in the highest," and the refrain subsequently caught up, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."—And still farther on in our history, the joyous songs of Paul and Silas coming up from their prison-cell. In looking at the past, then, who can fail to see the position music has occupied as a political and religious element?

But coming down to our own time, and looking at music in the position it occupies—who can question its importance, or fail to recognize in it an influence, all-controlling, and powerful? We ask, then, who can doubt that music gently touches and agitates the agreeable and sublime passions, wraps us in melancholy, and elevates us with joy,—that it dissolves and inflames; that it melts us in tenderness, and rouses to rage; but its strokes are so fine and delicate, that, as in a tragedy, even the passions that would please—Such emotions are discoverable in the swelling sounds that involve in imaginary grandeur, in those plaintive notes that make us in love with woe, in the tones that breathe the lover's sighs, and agitate the breast with gentle pain;—In those noble impressions that call up the courage and fury of the soul, or lull it in confused visions of joy;—in a word, in those affecting strains that find their way to the inmost recesses of the heart,—

"Entwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."—

We have said thus much of the influence of music because of our circumstances as a nation upon the threshold of one of the most important campaigns in the history of our government, and into which—if we mistake not,—the glorious influence of music is to be recognized, as an important element.

Music—1692—and 1872.

"Large oaks from little acorns grow;" is a truism in music, as in the giant of the forest, and teach a lesson in the one as truthful to the reflective mind, as any that nature imparts.

In the early Puritan churches of New England, but one psalm-tune was sung in the morning,—and this was dictated line by line to the congregation. An officer of the church read the hymn, and gave out the tune; for which service he was exempt from a responsibility in government, specified in a tax list.

Subsequently, the books, numbering but a few tunes was introduced, meeting with an opposition truly formidable, as an innovation and sacrilegious. Next, whether *women* as well as *men*, or *men* alone, should sing;—whether the "Pagans" (the unconverted) should sing with the church members. The old familiar tunes were *inspired*, and therefore, many opposed the new tunes. The scruples in relation to the singing of tunes in metre, because devised by man, waxed hot; and others were puzzled with the question, whether it was lawful to read the psalm to be sung in public worship. All the above questions were discussed by the learned divines of the period.

For sixty years after many of the churches were gathered throughout New England, not more than ten tunes were used. These were written in the psalm-book, or the bible, and often repeated once or twice of a single Sabbath. Can any one see, amid the fog of nearly two centuries,—any real decline in church music? If so, let them strike up, Boylston, Balerna, Dundee, Ortonville, or some other good old tune in use in the church, after two hundred years experience, and then boast loudly of the advancement of music!

But, in the quaint language of an old writer of the times of which we have been speaking,—we say, "every melody is tortured and twisted as every unskillful throat saw fit;"—which gives the key to the operatic church music of the present.

We have said thus much, because all eyes in our country have been directed for weeks past to the "*Boston Jubilee*." If we mistake not, the scene of what we have alluded to above, is in Boston, and the object before the mind is the contrast of *past* and *present*. We have described the past, the present is with us, and the results of the great Jubilee are being revealed in the specific records before us.—But of its influence for good or evil we shall speak hereafter.—Meanwhile we ask, look at 1692, and 1872,—and then tell us what you think of the progress of music.

A Nut-Shell View of the Jubilee.

During the last month an outsider has had his eye on the city of his musical education, if he has any, of which it does not become him to speak, but of which he is prepared to give an account. That Boston has had a good time amid the wild confusion of the Jubilee, and that she is, now the grand festival is over, prepared to enter into another, were the sublime and truest interests of the cause of music brought before her, there is no question.

The Jubilee past, has brought to the city many who never visited it before, thus giving them ideas which, in their secluded country homes, could have never been realized. The conception of so vast an enterprise was truly one which, to the tyro in music, must have been looked upon as a madman's illusion, never to be realized. Beyond all this, they have been thrown in contact with the leading musical talent of our own and the old world, thereby giving them the benefit derived from a contact with and competition, underlying the success of every enterprise—political, moral or musical. But, like every other of the kind of which we have any knowledge, the failure lies, if anywhere, in the numerical numbers, thereby rendering the whole thing, so to speak, unwieldy and beyond the control of any one man. And here, let us say, the principle of *control* in the performance of music, as in military tactics, will apply. We need not go about to illustrate this declaration, for it is a self-evident proposition.

But to come to a conclusion of what we have to say about the Jubilee, let us ask, pertinently, where will be the one hundred and sixty-five societies represented six years hence. Summoned to concert of action, by circulars sent out of Boston, for a specific object, thousands flocked together to drill for the battle. It is true all this drill and practice has its influence, and will tell its tale for weal or woe on the cause of music. But we venture to predict that not one-third of the societies connected with the Jubilee will maintain their existence for five years. Like the mushroom they spring up and grow for a night, and as quickly vanish away.

We would call attention to our correspondence in the present number, particularly our Boston and Chicago letters, feeling assured they will be read with interest and profit. Also, "About Jubilees," "Song and Speech, and then Education." We hope the contents of the present issue will be read, and the diversity of themes brought to view will be duly considered, and then action—vigorous action—for the promotion of the glorious cause of music entered upon and persistently pursued.

THE report that Madame Pauline Lucre is the mother of seven children, is simple nonsense. It was possibly put forth to create an interest for the beautiful artist in the bosoms of mothers of large families. More probably it was intended to lessen the interest in the coming Queen of Song, by parties in opposition. Any way it is an idle *canard*, and should be treated as such.

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PETERS'

Musical Monthly

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"Alas! Maz Kade Salon"
"Adeline, Song and C."
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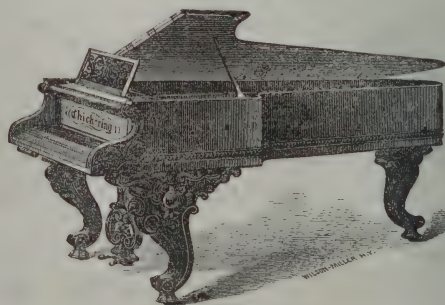
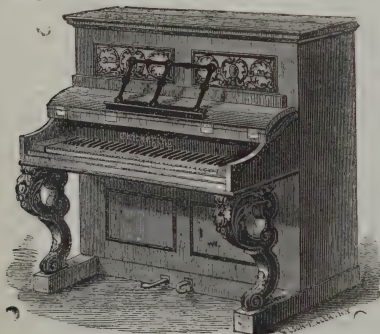
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VOLUME II.

DETROIT, SEPTEMBER, 1872.

NUMBER IX.

The Last Eve of Summer.

'Tis the last eve of summer
In the silence profound,
O'er field and o'er forest
Now closing around.
Farewell to the pleasures
Which round us have play'd,
Farewell to the summer,
Its sunshine and shade.

The husbandman's labors
Have met their reward,
The harvest is gather'd,
The garner is stored.
The orchard is blushing,
The cornfield is pale,
The foliage is drooping,
Its verdure must fall.

The cricket is singing
Its requiem alone,
O'er the season departed
Its shrill note makes moan.
The nightingale's warblings
Strike faint on the ear,
With song more melodious
Its close drawing near.

Farewell to the summer,
Its sunshine and shade,
By the whisperings of nature
Its requiem is said!
Farewell its green drap'ry
That curtain'd the wood;
Farewell all its pleasures
Of field and of flood!

And oh, my Life's summer,
Whose solstice is near,
Glide as gently to autumn
As that of the year;
And my wasting age gath'ring
Rich fruits of the past,
Be shrouded in honor
Serenely at last.

The Beauty of the Heart.

—BY J. BRAINERD MORGAN.

A lovely form may charm the eye,
With fairest loveliness and grace;
And oft we may be captured by
The witching beauty of a face;
But there's a beauty far more true,
Whose radiant charms shall ne'er depart,
But every morn and eve be new,
It is the beauty of the heart.

Beneath the weight of passing years
The proudest form must stoop and bend,
And all the charms that beauty wears
Must fade away and have an end;
The sparkling light must leave the eye,
And from the cheek the bloom depart;
But there's a charm that ne'er shall die,
It is the beauty of the heart.

'Tis this that scatters o'er life's path
The gems of happiness and truth;
And many charms in age it hath,
As in the rosy morn of youth;
A charm that wreaths the earth with flowers,
And both the sweetest joys impart—
Which brightly glids the saddened hours;
It is the beauty of the heart.

If your lips would keep from slips
Five things observe with care,
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

Boston and the Jubilee.

By far the grandest and most impressive musical demonstration of the century, was the Peace Jubilee, at Boston. It was vast in conception, wonderful in its aggregation of cultivated talent, superb in its mastery leadership and direction, and triumphant as an evidence of American enterprise and management. Any city or any continent could be justly exultant over such a monstrous exposition of musical art, and Boston deserves unqualified praise for the munificence manifested in creating and perfecting an affair, the machinery and details of which demanded not only immense expenditures, but absolute genius to bring them fairly and successfully into play. All that was required in nerve, means, and management, Boston had at hand, and everything prominently connected with the Jubilee was unqualifiedly great. The building itself, rough and rugged in its outward aspect, was a marvel within of comfort, cleanliness, tasteful adornment, and acoustic perfection. The choral and performers' platforms and the auditorium alike were models of architectural design and adornment, and stretched from earth to the dome, tier upon tier, and crowded with eager and enthusiastic multitudes presented a spectacle that it is as difficult to portray as it is to conceive.

Whether they were twenty thousand musicians and accommodations for fifty thousand auditors, or whether the enterprise was a Yankee advertisement of the "Hub," or whether the grand and thrilling organ was too big and boisterous, or whether the musical selections were masterpieces or otherwise, it will be confessed that a city that can conceive and construct such a structure, call tens of thousands of cultivated chorists from the schools and churches of all grades and shades in its surrounding neighborhood, command prima donnas, and tenors, and basses from far-off lands and sister cities at home, transport across broad seas world renowned composers and leaders, and bands of matchless skill, and combine the genius, talent, power, and execution of all into an imposing and inspiring whole, deserves a place in the very front rank of metropolitan communities. And as American journalists, having none of the narrow and nasty jealousies that are common to the New York press, we are pleased with the opportunity of rendering to Boston that which her enterprise, liberality, and genuine grit deserve. The spirit prevailing the demonstration from the beginning to its close, was in the highest sense American; and its successful imitation on an equal or even a grander scale by other cities of the continent would not fail to inspire a popular taste for cultivated music, and redound to the credit of the nation. Boston has set an example that we hope to have Philadelphia follow when the people of the world come hence to witness the Centennial commemoration of the freedom of America, and the beginning of a new and better era for humanity everywhere throughout the universe.—*Philadelphia Sunday Transcript.*

The Coliseum Organ.

The capacity of the Boston Jubilee instrument is about double that built under Mr. J. H. Wilcox's direction for the Musical Festival of 1859, and will be contained in a space thirty feet wide by twenty deep—the loftiest pipe extending to a height of forty-three feet from the gallery base. The only portion of the instrument to be incased is that below the top of the sound board—every pipe except those in the swell being visible from the auditorium. The largest pipes of the first manual will be placed at the ends and back of the organ chest—the smaller pipes extending toward the centre—and the stops grading from rear to front in their order of descent in the scale. Brayton's ready motor, a gas engine recently brought into prominence, will furnish the power for working the eight pumps which are to supply the immense organ with compressed air. These pumps

differ widely from any in general use, being in chest form, with piston pressure, and each is of a delivery capacity of eight cubic feet of air to every revolution of the crank shaft, which is calculated at twenty per minute, allowing for the eight pumps an aggregate capacity of twelve hundred and eighty cubic feet in that time. Two boxes, of ninety cubic feet area each, will receive and distribute this air as it is forced in and required by the key and pedal demand. Some idea of the volumes and pressure which will be requisite for supplying the atmospheric requirements of the instrument may be gained by the statement that, while a pressure of two to four inches is ordinary on church organs of average capacity, at least sixteen inches pressure will be needed to fill this instrument when the full organ is required. The key desk of two banks is to be placed over the main entrance for chorus and orchestra, sixty feet removed from the organ chest, with which it communicates by reversed action, aided by pneumatic levers applied to both manuals and pedals. The economy of power in manipulation thus obtained will be probably greater than that heretofore acquired on any instrument yet built. Very little will be done in the way of ornamentation, the arrangement of the pipes in a symmetrical manner sufficing for all artistic effects desired.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

Origin of Instruments—A Musical Research into Antiquity.

As the lyre of the Greeks was the harp of the moderns, so the viol and the vielle of the middle ages became the modern violin. The viol was of various sizes formerly, and, as at present, was anciently employed for accompaniment to airs and songs. That of three strings was introduced into Europe by the jugglers of the thirteenth century. The violin was invented toward the close of the same century. The fiddle, however, is mentioned as early as A. D. 1200, in the legendary life of St. Christopher. It was introduced into England by Charles II.

Pythagoras is said to have invented harmonic strings, in consequence of having heard four blacksmiths working with hammers in harmony, whose weights he found to be 6, 8, 9, 12; or, rather, by squares, as 36, 64, 81 and 144.

Doctor Franklin is said to have ascribed the invention of music to the many varied sounds produced by the hammers of Tubal Cain.

The Harmonica, a system of musical glasses by which peculiarly sweet notes are produced, was first invented by an Irish gentleman named Puckerage, and received Dr. Franklin's attention and was by him improved.

The flute was invented by Hiaquias, a Phrygian, the father of Marsyas. It was known to the Romans, and it was prized to such an extent in antiquity that several female deities lay claim to its invention. The flute was more commonly used in public assemblages than the violin until the early part of the last century, when the works of Corelli became popular.

The pipe is among the earliest instruments on record. The "pipers" were at one time the "great originals" of Ireland, but this class have greatly diminished in point of importance and numbers. The Irish people dwell with no little gratification on the tales and eccentricities pertaining to the pipers and their times.

More recently the Scotch have claimed the bagpipe as a national instrument, while the "harp of Erin" is a cherished emblem of the Irish people. At a meeting in Edinburgh, the Lord Advocate recently, in speaking of the bagpipes of the Scotch, ventured the assertion that the instrument was "especially English;" that the English were the original bagpipers, in which argument he claimed Shakespeare as an authority, and added that "Shakespeare does not introduce them into Macbeth." The annals

do not march on Dunsinane to the sound of the bag-pipe, and yet he speaks of the drone of the Lincolnshire and Yorkshire bagpipe. Scotchmen were not pipers, they were harpers. The harp was an old Scotch instrument, and continued so until recently."

Scripture alludes to the pipe in Ezekiel, and says: "The workmanship of thy tabrets and of thy pipes was prepared in thee in the day that thou wast created." From the formation of Tyre the pipe had been the emblem of her rejoicing and the pledge of her prosperity.

The Chinese nation, from remote periods, are known to have used the pipe among other instruments.

The flute and pipe are spoken of in connection with the shepherds and keepers of flocks and herds of remote periods. It is said that among this class of people originated some of the improvements which led to the perfection of flute music, suggested by effects produced by the wind coming in contact with reeds shaped at various lengths. The flute originally had but two holes, but the shepherds discovered the improved harmony produced by several holes in connection with longer reeds.

The above, pertaining to the origin of musical instruments, we take from the *Detroit Free Press* of June 9th, and commend its perusal to all interested in the history of the instruments therein brought to view, as developing a progress and improvement in their effects, inaugurated by Haydn and Von Weber, surprising and apparently limitless.

The Opera all Wrong.

The Opera is a mixture of two things which ought always to be kept distinct—the sphere of musical emotion and the sphere of dramatic action. It is not true, under any circumstances, that people sing songs with a knife through them. The war between the stage and music is interminable. We have only to glance at a first-rate libretto, *e. g.*, that of Gounod's "Faust," to see that the play is miserably spoiled for the music. We have only to think of any stock opera to see that the music is hampered and impeded in its developments by the play. Controversy upon the subject will, of course, rage fiercely. Meanwhile irreversible principles of art must be noted. Music expresses the emotions which attend certain characters and situations, but not the characters and situations themselves, and the two schools of opera have arisen out of this distinction. The Italian school wrongfully assumes that music can express situations, and thus gives prominence to the situations. The German school, when opera has been forced upon it, has striven with the fallacy involved in its constitution, by maintaining that the situation must be reduced and made subordinate to the emotion which accompanies it, and which it is the business of music to express. Thus the tendency of the German opera, as far as it goes, is to be as possible. The more unreal the scene, the more philosophical, because the contradiction to common sense is less shocking in what is professionally unreal than in what professes to represent real things but does so in an unnatural manner. Weber was impelled by a true instinct to select an unreal *mise en scene* in connection with which he was able to express real emotions. "Oberon" and "Der Freischütz" are examples of this. In spite of all drawbacks, it is not difficult to see why the opera does, and probably will for some time, retain its popularity. The public in all ages are children, and are led like children. Let person clap, and the others are sure to follow. Let a clown bow, laugh, and the whole house will giggle. A long drama is a little dull without music; much music is a little dull without scenery. Mix the two, in however unreasoning a manner, and the dull or intellectual element in each is kept out of sight, and will be swallowed unspiciouly. It is the old story of the powder in the jam. I say nothing against music being associated with situations, as in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," or as an oratorio. It is only when music is made part of the situation that it is misapplied. Let the event be in all cases left to the imagination; but if it be expressed, then the more imaginative and suggestive the expression, the less the violence done to common sense. The cantata and the oratorio are the forms which, with some modification, will prevail over the opera. When Mr. Santley appears in Exeter Hall as Elijah, in a tail-coat and white kid gloves, no one is offended, and every one is impressed, because he does not pretend to reproduce the situation, but merely to paint in words and music its appropriate emotion, leaving the rest to be supplied by the imagination of the audience. But let Mr. Santley put on a camel's hair shirt, and appear in otherwise wild and scanty raiment of the Hebrew

prophet—let him sing inside a paste-board cave, or declaim from the summit of a wooden camel, and our reverence is gone—our very emotions of the sublime music are checked by the farcical unreality of the whole thing. Herr Rubenstein once entertained, perhaps still entertains, the idea of putting the whole of Genesis on the stage with sacred music, and thought that England's reverence for the Bible would pave the way for the production of sacred opera in this country; he was much disappointed on being told that it was precisely Englishmen's traditional sense of reverence for the Bible stories which would not suffer them to witness its scenes brought before the footlights. This is perfectly true. But why is it so? Because, the more strongly we feel the importance of a story, the less can we bear to see it presented in a perfectly irrational manner, such as opera presentations must always be.—*H. R. Havelic.*

At what Age should Instruction in Vocal Music Commence?

A child should be trained to tones or musical sounds, as he is to words, from early infancy. He should be taught, first, to listen to tones, either vocal or instrumental, or both, and afterwards to produce tones. The most simple little melodies, chaste and beautiful, united to pure and appropriate words in poetic form, should be taught by the pattern of the mother's or teacher's voice; or as we often express it, by rote. If this is successfully continued until the child is eight years old, he will by that time sing as readily, as easily, and with as much accuracy as he speaks; and then he may commence learning to read music, or may acquire practical knowledge of the musical signs, or of notation. In the meantime, much attention should be given to taste, both in respect to the delivery of tones and of words. That which is usually called expression should receive careful attention from the first lessons of childhood. Care must be taken to treat the voice according to the physical strength of the pupil, but there should be a regular daily practice. The child should never sing when fatigued, or immediately after eating. In short, the voice should be used under the guidance of common sense, with the addition of a little physiological experience, so as to avoid too much effort, by any attempts to force it up or down. At the age of 15 or 16, the voice changes; when the change has passed, the vocal exercises may be gradually taken more severely; if the pupil has extraordinary talent, or a remarkably fine voice, and especially if there be an intention to become a professional vocalist, or public singer, now is the time to aim more directly at the full development of the vocal powers. Two or three years of close application will now do much for the pupils, so that at the age of twenty, a young lady may be in the professional sense a singer. If, however, the profession of singer is not intended, a year devoted to vocal cultivation (after the previous juvenile training mentioned above) will be quite sufficient for all the domestic and social purposes of song.

It is a very common error to suppose that a child will be injured by the use of her voice in singing; it is just as reasonable to say that she will injure her eyes by looking, or her limbs by walking, or especially by dancing. There is no danger in the use of her voice in singing at any time, from four years of age up to full growth, provided the condition of the child be taken into consideration, and her efforts are always kept within the bounds of prudence, or adapted to the health, strength, etc., of the pupil. An important consideration in favor of teaching vocal music to misses is this: it prepares them for the piano-forte. No one ever begins to commence the piano-forte unless she has acquired a knowledge of the musical characters previously, by attending a singing school or class instructions, so as to be able to read easy music readily at sight; or, if it be desired in particular cases, to commence the piano-forte at a very early age, the two things should be carried on simultaneously. We do not mean, however, to say that if it be desirable to teach a child the instrument, *without reference to cost*, it may not be well done without the previous knowledge of notation; yet there are things in music, as for example, *time*, which cannot be so well taught individually as in classes. On the other hand, it is true that class-instruction, either in vocal or instrumental music, is not sufficient for one who desires to excel; it prepares the way, but individual instruction must follow. On the whole, the idea that it will injure a child to sing is a foolish one; we might with just as much propriety say it will injure a child to laugh. But as in extreme cases, children have been injured by severe laughing, or by severe and protracted physical exercise in playing, so one may injure her voice by an imtemperate use of it. Most certainly it is, that except in extraordinary cases, if one does not com-

mence singing in childhood, she will never do much afterward. If one has not been taught to use her voice freely in singing while yet a child, she will not, in all probabilities, ever acquire much control of her vocal organs.—*Musical Gazette.*

A Music-Teacher Abroad.

The facts narrated in the following communication to the *Cincinnati Daily Times*, occurred, it is said, in that section of Illinois called "Egypt," in which, it was reported, a short time since, there was only one person who could read, and he was the "school-master." The extent of his acquirements was an ability to read when the whole matter was set in capitals.

A few nights ago, I attended a singing school a few miles from this place. It was a fac-simile, in its way, of a Western debating-society. I took a back seat in the synagogue (front seats reserved for ladies and singers), and mark me with to be distinguished from common folks, the teacher kept his hat on until service had fairly commenced, and by way of *licensing* the exercises, he interrupted the *executive* with numerous bursts of oratory, the product of his own masterful apostrophe! It was the second time the class had met, and he was putting them through the 'riddymens,' with variations in the following styles:

"Feller citizens of the community, and members of my class! In larnin' to sing the science of music, it is permanently necessary to learn to discover the music of the sounds; and, secondly, to become perfect in the melodious union of the many harmonious voices which shall blend the music of their melody in the sacred strains that shall emanate from the consecrated frescoed (!) walls of this school-house institution.

Yes, feller citizens, to contain all this vast amount of constitutional larnin', it is necessary, yea, we are bound by the respect we have for the people of the community, whose hearts we are now making glad by our vocalular spairns; and for the love we feel, yea, verily, enjoy! for these fair, rosy-cheeked blooming bucky (buxom) lasses! I repeat it, it is necessary, yea, we are bound! to practice—ah-a-hem! *known pieces*, so as to contain all this afore-mentioned constitutional larnin' to sing the science of music—and for the afore-mentioned object we will sing and practice from that very knowin' *hime* which commences in the following language:

"Oh! that will be joyful!"

Now, feller citizens, I want you, I desire you to sing this soul-inspiring song with true pecklinks of devotion and pyty, when which once done, you have learned the inexcusable science of music. Take the note; altogether, do, so! do, sing:

"Oh! that'll be choifful, choifful,
To meet to part no more,
On Cu-lan sappy shore!"

Good! (claps his hands.) Now, in the language of the conspired book-keeper, there is bruck! You can now turn to the *hime* recorded, on paper, named *Boylton*. Sing with understandin'; do, so! do!

This is a verbatim report of his harrange, as I can recollect it. He made the class sing several camp-meeting hymns to perfect their pronunciation."

A SUCCESSFUL STRATAGEM.—When Haydn, the musician, was in England, one of the royal princes commissioned Sir Joshua Reynolds to take his portrait. Haydn went to that painter's house and sat to him, but soon grew tired. Sir Joshua, careful of his reputation, would not paint a man of acknowledged genius with a stupid countenance, and deferred the sitting till another day. The same weariness and want of expression occurring at the next attempt, Reynolds went and communicated the circumstance to his royal highness, who contrived the following stratagem. He sent to the painter's house a pretty German girl, in the service of the Queen. Haydn took his seat for the third time, and as soon as the conversation began to flag, a curtain rose, and the fair German addressed him in his native language with a most elegant compliment. Haydn, delighted, overwhelmed the enchantress with questions; his countenance recovered its animation, and Sir Joshua rapidly seized its traits.—*Anecdotes of Artists.*

NEW MUSICAL STAFF.—George S. Darling has invented a new staff. The principle of the scheme is to represent by the staff the key-board of a piano, and make the spaces indicate the white keys and the lines the black one. For this purpose the staff is formed of five heavy and two light (dotted) lines, and six spaces. The light dotted lines are used to separate the spaces indicating the white keys, between which no black keys intervene.

Correspondence.

Letter from Boston.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THE COLISEUM—A MONSTER CATHOLIC CONCERT—THE MUSICAL CONSERVATORIES AND THE FALL CAMPAIGN—A NEW ORGAN—CONCERTS BY THE FRENCH BANDS—MUSICAL PROSPECTS—THE THEATRES—PERSONAL—MUSIC AT THE SUMMER RESORTS, ETC.

Correspondence of THE SONG JOURNAL.

BOSTON, August 20, 1872.

What is to be done with the Coliseum? The Jubilee management seem to consider the building as big an elephant as the Jubilee itself proved to be on their hands. The structure has been opened for inspection at twenty-five cents a head, but there have been no concerts there since the 7th of July, when the last festival entertainment took place. Various suggestions have been made, none of which have been carried out, in reference to the future use of the building. It was at one time contemplated to hold an Industrial Exposition in the building, but when the subject was canvassed, there were found to be many obstacles in the way of its successful accomplishment, the chief of which was a lack of time for the necessary preparation. While New York, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Louisville have been at work for many months upon similar enterprises, it was useless for Boston to attempt to do as much, or more, within the space of a few weeks. So the Fair was given up. Then the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Agriculture proposed to hire it for the purpose of giving a calf concert, or something of the kind, but the affair fell through, in consequence the desire of that organization to saddle all the risk on to the owners of the building. Promenade concerts were suggested (and might yet be profitable if properly managed), and a Teuton wanted to turn the structure into a mammoth beer and concert garden. The price asked for a day's occupancy of the Coliseum is one thousand dollars. A concert is to be given there next Sunday afternoon, in aid of the House of the Angel Guardian, and a children's chorus of thirty thousand and a large band are promised. The chorus will be made up of Catholic Sunday School children.

At a meeting of the Jubilee Executive Committee, held on the 15th inst., after much deliberation, the following vote was passed:

Voted, That a Sub-Committee of five be appointed, consisting of Messrs. Henry Mason, J. H. Chadwick, C. W. Slack, J. F. Paul and P. S. Gilmore, under the direction of the Executive Committee, to make such disposition of the Coliseum building as shall be deemed best for the interests of the Committee, Mr. Gilmore, and all concerned.

This committee favor the disposal of the property by lot or raffle, and in furtherance of this plan it is probable that a grand concert and ball, both to be given on a mammoth scale, will take place about the middle of October, the tickets to which will entitle the holder to a "chance." The building cost nearly two hundred thousand dollars, but it is probable that only fifty thousand tickets will be issued, at three dollars each. The plan contemplates doing the handsome thing by Mr. Gilmore, who, as is well known, realized not a single penny from the Jubilee.

The different Conservatories of Music are getting in readiness for the fall campaign. We have the New England Conservatory of Music, the Boston Conservatory of Music, the National College of Music, the Boston Music School and Mr. Petersilea's Music School. Of these, the New England Conservatory takes the lead, both in attendance and importance. During the five years of its existence, the average attendance per term has been no less than 672. Mr. Henry Strauss, lately a professor in the Conservatory at Geneva, an accomplished pianist, composer and author, has been added to the list of in-

structors at the Conservatory, and so has Mr. Charles Koppitz. Dr. Tourjee has contracted with the well known organ builders, Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook and Hastings, for a new three manual pipe organ, for the use of the organ classes, which are under the instruction of Messrs. George E. Whiting, J. K. Paine, F. H. Torrington and Dudley Buck. The following are the specifications of the instrument:

To have three manuals, and a pedale of two and a half octaves.

Compass of manuals, from C₂ to A₃, 58 notes.

Compass of Pedale, from C₁ to F₂, 30 notes.

Enclosed in an elegant black walnut case with front pipes ornamented in delicate shades of blue and brown with gold.

To contain the following stops and pipes:

I—MANUALE (Great)	
1. 8 feet Open Diapason, metal.....	58 pipes
2. 8 " Rohr Flote, wood and metal.....	58 "
3. 4 " Octave, metal.....	58 "
4. 5 " Twelfth, metal.....	58 "
5. 2 " Fifteenth, metal.....	58 "
6. 3 " Salicional, metal.....	58 "
7. 8 " Blank for Trumpet.....	58 "

II—MANUALE (Swell)	
8. 8 feet Violon, metal.....	58 pipes
9. 8 " Stopped Diapason, wood and metal.....	58 "
10. 4 " Flauto Traverso, wood.....	58 "
11. 4 " Violina, metal.....	58 "
12. 8 " Trumpet, metal.....	58 "

III—MANUALE (Solo.)	
13. 8 feet Dulciana, metal.....	58 pipes
14. 8 " Melodia, wood.....	58 "
15. 4 " Flute d'Amour, wood and metal.....	58 "
16. 2 " Piccolo, metal.....	58 "
17. 8 " Clarinet, metal.....	46 "

PEDALE.	
18. 16 feet Bourdon, wood.....	50 pipes
19. 8 " Flute, wood.....	30 "

MECHANICAL REGISTERS.

20. II to I Manuale Coupler.
21. III to I Manuale Coupler.
22. II to III Manuale Coupler.
23. I Manuale to Pedale Coupler.
24. II Manuale to Pedale Coupler.
25. III Manuale to Pedale Coupler.
26. Tremolo Swell.
27. Bellows Signal.

PEDALE MOVEMENTS.

1. Fork Combination with I Manuale.
2. Piano Combination with I Manuale.
3. Adjustable Swell Pedale.

The National College of Music is a new institution, about starting under the management of Mr. Thomas Ryan and other members of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and is in no way connected with the College of Music founded by the Boston University, as announced last month. Mr. Ryan has engaged Mr. B. J. Lang, Signor Vincenzo Cirillo, from the Naples Conservatory, and others, as teachers. The College of Music instituted by the Boston University will begin operations September 16. All information regarding it may be had by addressing E. Tourjee, Music Hall, Boston.

The French Band gave four concerts at the Boston Theatre about the first of the month. All were well attended except the last, and the members foolishly let some pic-nic speculators damage their prospects on that occasion. They accepted an invitation to attend a "grand excursion and pic-nic" given in their honor, giving a concert at one-third the price demanded in town, and the result was that everybody stayed away from their next high-priced entertainment. Then, the poor fellows were nearly starved on the miserable occasion. At their four concerts the Band played very few selections they had not previously performed in the Coliseum—not over four at most. At the closing concert a very charming waltz by M. Maury, the second director of the Band, was performed, and also a military march by M. Paulus, the chief director. The former is entitled "Farewell, Sweet Heart." It is understood that the Band carried home with them \$28,000 exclusive of their Jubilee gains, and despite a loss of \$8,000 by the Chicago defalcation.

Public band concerts are given upon the Common or public squares nearly every night, the City Council defraying the expense to the amount of some \$3,000 or \$4,000 for the season. These entertain-

ments call together large and well behaved assemblages, made up of every class of citizens who are numbered in the "can't-get-aways."

Both Music Hall and Tremont Temple are being put through a course of renovation and improvement in preparation for the coming season. Music Hall has been newly frescoed and otherwise beautified. At Tremont Temple extensive alterations have been made in the way of new seats, etc., and the organ has been improved. Music Hall will continue to be the favorite place for concerts, and the lecture business (in which department the "Hub" is especially strong) will probably be divided between the two places.

Rubenstein is to give a series of concerts at Music Hall October 14, 18 and 19, and on subsequent dates.

Theodore Thomas will give a series of concerts at Music Hall November 29 and 30 (matinee), and December 2, 3, 5, 6 and 7 (matinee). Mr. Thomas, by the by, has engaged the gifted young American tenor, Mr. George L. Osgood, for all his concerts next season. Mr. Osgood returned from Europe only a couple of months ago, after signal triumphs in Berlin and Vienna.

It is probable that Mrs. Moulton will sing in oratorio with the Handel and Haydn Society at Christmas. She will not organize a concert company this season, and probably will not be heard outside New England.

Lucca will be due at the Boston Theatre about the first of January.

Mr. Peck, whose concerts in past years have been so popular, and who has introduced nearly all the great artists in the country, will early be heard from, without doubt, and we may expect a busy season in all departments of music. Mr. Peck is the business agent of Music Hall, and one of the best concert managers in the country.

It is probable that Camilla Urso and Adelaide Philipps will give concerts together the coming season.

Mr. W. W. Whitney remains in America, although he has standing offers of a very flattering character to return to Europe. He has received a very tempting offer to connect himself with a New York choir.

The theatrical managers are busy making arrangements for the coming season. George L. Fox has just closed a "Humpty Dumpty" season at the Globe Theatre, which extended nine weeks. The clear profits were something like twenty thousand dollars. Emerson's California Minstrels now occupy the house. The new Lydia Thompson Troupe appear here September 30, and the regular season opens October 14. Among the company engaged by manager Floyd are Messrs. C. W. Coudcock, Wm. Sheridan, C. Leslie Allen and John T. Raymond, Mrs. Barry, Miss Orton and Miss Laura Philipps.

The Boston Theatre reopened for a summer season on the 19th, with Lisa Weber, Pauline Markham, and a burlesque company, Mr. Burnard's "Paris" being the especial feature. Joseph Proctor is to appear here September 2.

The Boston Museum has undergone extensive alterations and improvements during the summer recess. Both the auditorium and stage have been remodeled. The house will open for the regular season in the course of a week or two, with about the same stock company as last season. No "stars" are played at this house, and but few are accepted at the Globe, the management of both houses relying on the merits of good comedy acting and occasionally new plays as attractions. The companies at both places are very strong. The Boston Theatre is altogether a "star" theatre.

A musician named Von Duren, who was bold enough to open the St. James Theatre five weeks ago, has stumbled into a "good thing" by producing "Buffalo Bill" and pieces of a kindred character.

Many of our Boston musicians have been absent during the summer, or rather since the Jubilee. Hall's Boston Band give nightly concerts on the Fall

River boats. Bands for concerts, promenading and dancing are found at all the summer resorts, the best music in New England doubtless being that heard at the Profile House, New Hampshire, where the orchestra includes Charles Kopnitz, Fred. F. Ford, August Schultze and other prominent players.

RANGER.

Sacred Music and Church Choirs.

BY A. S. JACKSON.

Who has not, at some time in his life, felt the influence of music; who can say, that at some period of his existence, his turbulent disposition has not been subdued, and his rough and raging passions been calmed to submissive gentleness, by the soul-stirring and sweet-flowing songs which are dedicated to Divine praise?

Who has not been wafted nearer to the Father's house on high by the delicious strains of sweet music stealing upon his weary frame and troubled spirit? Who has not felt that to live in a world where there is no music would be worse than death itself? But we rejoice to know that, although our people are not yet quite up to the right pitch in this direction, we are making rapid progress, and that everything which tends to elevate and refine is moving onward and upward, with a firm and restless march, which must in the end accomplish the grandest and most happy results. And so each one who has enlisted in this army must be found in the front ranks, where he can plant the banner of love and sow the seed of union and harmony, which shall so unite and bind this people together, that all will alike seek after those things which will enable us to enjoy and appreciate the good we may find in this world.

And in what way can we do more for ourselves, our friends, this nation, this world, and our God, than to be laboring for the elevation of sacred song, which is now no small part of Divine praise, but which does not stand where it might were it brought within the reach of all who are found in the sanctuary of God. But it is a doubtful truth, which we are forced to admit, that our sacred music does not vie with the secular songs of to-day. I do not mean to say that the sacred music of this age does not possess as much merit as the secular, for I know it does, and stand far in advance in that particular. But that there is not that pains taken to render sacred music in public praise with that finish and taste that characterizes the public rendition of secular song. You may attend any public entertainment where music is the principal feature, and there will be a degree of finish in the performance which renders it quite acceptable, even to the most accomplished critic and refined ear, showing conclusively that much time has been spent in rehearsal, which is always necessary in order to render music well.

But how is it with our church choirs, one rehearsal each week, perhaps on Saturday evening at half-past seven o'clock, at which time the conductor, and perhaps the organist, will be there ready to begin. Very soon Mr. Thomas, the bass singer, will put in an appearance, and wonder where Mrs. Higgins and Miss Smith are. "I cannot stay here to-night, for I have another engagement that cannot be postponed," and so the time passes, until perhaps fifteen or thirty minutes after eight o'clock, in comes Mrs. Higgins and Miss Smith in a wonderful hurry, "Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, do—now do—hurry and get through, for we have a house full of company, and Mr. Brown is waiting down stairs for us." "Now will you, Mr. Jones, get through just as soon as you can." So Mr. Jones, in self-defense, selects an opening piece for the morning, which they run through two or three times, with some member of the choir singing out of time, or out of tune, in almost every bar. But they conclude that each one will make but one mistake, and not more than one in ten of the congregation will know the difference, and so they don't care. This is the preparation they give the opening music,

the psalm tunes are not rehearsed at all, but hasty selections are made, perhaps sing "Hamburg" to a hymn which expresses joy or gladness, or "Warwick" to one which should be gentle and subdued, thus giving no thought to the beauty of adaptation.

But, on the other hand, if our churches would each one secure the services of a competent leader, and have all the young people of the congregation assemble once or twice a week to practice sacred music, with a view to assisting in the songs of praise in public worship, a great change for the better would very soon be visible. I do not oppose paying singers. I would pay them—and pay them well—but I would be careful what kind of singers I paid, and what kind of singers I had in my choir.

Dr. Thomas Hastings, who was the best choir leader this country has ever had, said that to sing sacred music acceptably was to feel its healthful and Divine influence, and how can one who does not possess any love of the Divine realize the beauty of sacred song in Divine worship. So I would have all, both old and young, learn to sing, and as well with the spirit as with the understanding.

I would have sacred song added to public praise, and make the home circle a place of love and joy, enliven the domestic tea-table, add variety to the village school, and linger in the sanctuary of God.

Then, let us have sacred musical organizations in every community, and for every one who can sing the most simple melodies, not alone for those who sing artistic music, not alone for those who are far enough advanced to take part in the rehearsal of the Oratorio of St. Paul or the Messiah, but for those who are just beginning to sing, and, indeed, for those who have not yet begun, and in this way we can place sacred music where it should be, in advance of every science and ism, except the Divine.

Church Music.

The very means which are employed to build up and maintain a good choir will be equally conducive towards introducing and establishing congregational singing, and this consists principally in thorough rudimentary instruction in the singing school and well conducted singing in the Sabbath school. A good choir and congregational singing each needs the same public sentiment and musical atmosphere in order to flourish. But modern choirs are always practicing a sort of foolish sentimentalism in regard to what is termed expression, for example in the following verse:

"Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I may trust betray
I shall forever die."

Is there any necessity in singing the last line in an almost indistinct whisper? In fact, is it not contrary to good taste and judgment? Certainly no elocutionist would read it as we often hear it sung. There is nothing in the hymn expressive of sorrow or grief, but rather earnest entreaty for divine favor and blessings for the performance of Christian duties. Again in the hymn,

"Early my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face,
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace."

A diminuendo in the third line is contrary to all sense of propriety. The idea is longing for that which fills the soul with joy and raises high a cheerful voice. Now a promiscuous congregation never will and never can unite with a choir that are continually introducing this variety of time and style in singing. For not only the words do not require it, but it is contrary to good taste and judgment and common sense. But there are those who suppose that this style of singing psalmody, by a very limited choir, has a tendency to elevate the standard of musical taste: it is exactly the opposite, it is more, it is disgusting to listen to.

HERE is what they sing at public schools in Vermont, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," visitors all joining in the chorus:

If anything on earth can make
A great and glorious nation,
It is to give the little ones
A thorough education.

Chorus—Five times five are twenty-five,
Five times six are thirty,
Five times seven are thirty-five,
And five times eight are forty.

The Oldest English Song.

The following old English poem is said to have been the first English song ever set to music. It was written about the year 1390, and was first discovered in one of the Harleian MSS., now in the British Museum. We give the original, with a literal rendering into modern English:

APPROACH OF SUMMER.

Summer is i-come*n* ia,
Lhude sing cucu*c*u:
Groweth fed, and bloweth meed,
And springeth the wde nu.
Sing cucu*c*u.

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth:
Murie sing, cucu*c*u,
Cuccu, cucu*c*u:
Wel singest thou cucu*c*u:
Ne swik thou nower nu.
Sing cucu*c*u nu,
Sing cucu*c*u.

LITERAL MODERN PROSE TRANSLATION.

Summer is coming. Loudly sings cuckoo! Groweth feed and bloweth meed, and springeth the wood now. Ewe bleateth after lamb, loweth cow after calf; bullock starteth, buck verteth—i. e., harboareth among the ferns; merrily sing cuckoo! Well, singest thou, cuckoo. Nor cease to sing now. Sing cuckoo, now, sing cuckoo!—Hearth and Home.

CHOPPED MUSIC.—Oliver Wendell Holmes has the following to say in reference to music: "I don't like your chopped music any way. That woman—she had more sense in her little finger than forty medical societies—Florence Nightingale—says that the music you pour out is good for sick folks, and the music you pound out isn't. Not that exactly but something like it. I have been to hear some music pounding. It was a young woman, with as many white muslin flounces round her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music stool a twirl or two, and fluffed down on it like a whirl of soap-suds in a hand basin. Then she pushed off her cuffs as if she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and her hands, to limber em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the keyboard, from the growling end to the little squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys, as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump, and another howl, as if the piano had two tails, and you had trod on both of 'em at once, and then a grand clatter and scramble, and string of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than anything I call music. I like to hear a woman sing, and I like to hear a fiddle sing, but these noises they hammer out of their wood and ivory anvils—don't talk to me, I know the difference between a bullroar and a woodthrush."

MUSICAL ANECDOTE.—Correlli, the Paganini of the 17th century, possessed a vein of good-humored pleasantry, of which the following is an agreeable instance: Adam Strunck, violinist to the Elector of Hanover, arriving at Rome, immediately paid him a visit. Correlli, not knowing his person, but learning in the course of conversation that he was a musician, asked what was his instrument. Strunck replied that he played a lute on the harpsichord and violin, and begged the favor that Correlli would let him hear his performance on the latter instrument. Correlli politely complied, and on laying down the violin, requested a specimen of his visitor's abilities. Strunck began to play rather carelessly, but so well as to induce Correlli to pay him a compliment on the freedom of his bow, and to remark that with practice, he would become an excellent player. Strunck then put the violin out of tune, and began to play with such skill, correcting with his fingers the mistuning of the instrument, that Correlli, in amazement at his dexterity, exclaimed: "I am called Archangel, but, by Heaven, sir, you must be Archidivolo!"

A REVEREND sportsman in Wiltshire, seeing a Quaker on the road as he was returning home at night, laid a wager that he would get a direct answer from him. "Well, friend," said he as they met, "did you see the fox?" "If I had seen it," was the reply, "I would have told it to go where thou wouldst never find it." "Why, where's that?" "Into thy study."

The Song Journal.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, SEPTEMBER, 1872.

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 stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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Dr. Lowell Mason.

Last month we chronicled the death of Dr. Thos. Hastings, the oldest musician in our country. The present month we are again compelled to drop a tear of sorrow and strew the flowers of mourning over the grave of him whom we have ever looked upon as our father in music, and whose name—a household word—stands above, familiar to this and the past generation. His monument is already erected in the enduring marble of love in the hearts that beat in sympathy with the beautiful melodies of "Watchman, Tell us of the Night," "Boylston," "Hebron," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and many others which could be named, wherever the Christian heart beats in unison with the sublime and beautiful in sacred song.

Lowell Mason was born at Medfield, Mass., January 8th, 1792, and was, therefore, over 80 years of age at the time of his death. From early years he evinced great fondness for music, ardent desire for its study and acquaintance, and began to teach it when very young. In 1812 he went to Savannah, Georgia, where, in connection with the business in which he engaged, he devoted a large portion of his time to the giving of musical instruction, leading of choirs and other musical associations, and manifesting a much greater partiality for the notes of the musical scale than for promissory notes, and a fondness for rhythmic calculations applied to music, rather than the computation of interest tables. Hence, he intuitively turned his leisure from the dull monotony of the bank ledger to the soul-inspiring theme which his mental developments sought for, and thus his first music book was completed, after long and labored effort.

It was finished. He obtained leave of absence from his bank for a short time. He sought its publication in Philadelphia. It was refused; too hazardous an enterprise for wise men to undertake. He went to Boston; the same results. Finding it everywhere rejected, he put it into his pocket, and was about to return to his home in Savannah, when he accidentally met a gentleman of considerable musical intelligence who desired to examine it. The request was complied with, the examination made, and satisfaction with the work expressed, when the young man was asked what he was going to do with it. "Take it home with me," was the laconic reply. The gentleman asked permission to show it to the board of managers of the "Boston Handel and Haydn Society," of which he was a member. It was granted; the result was, the Society offered to take the book and publish it, and give Dr. Mason an interest in the copyright. The offer was promptly and gladly accepted, and the book was published in 1822 as the "Boston Handel and Haydn Society collection of Church Music." It became immensely popular, and ran through some eighteen or twenty large editions.

The great success which attended the publication of this book decided the future course of Lowell Mason. He returned to Savannah, but not there to stay. The Bostonians were determined that he should take up his abode with them. Accordingly, in 1826, a company of gentlemen interested in the cause of music in Boston in different churches, called him from his Southern home to take up his abode with them, which was accepted; and hence, about this time we find our young author lecturing upon music throughout New England, some of which lectures have been published and extensively circulated, exerting a potent influence upon the cause of sacred psalmody.

Thus commenced the musical career of one of the most remarkable men of the age. Dr. Mason could never be looked upon as a musical genius; had he been, he probably would never have accomplished what he has done. But he had just that rare conformation of faculties which qualified him for great enterprises, indomitable will and perseverance, executive ability combined with a scrutinizing and far-seeing knowledge of human nature, developing itself in everything undertaken.

One of his earliest and most favorite schemes was the instruction of children and youth in music, and its introduction as a branch of education into the schools. He worked long and hard for the object, and finally had the satisfaction of witnessing the complete success of the undertaking, not in Boston alone, but in almost all the cities and larger towns of our land.

Closely connected with this movement was another of equal importance, traceable to the action of the "Boston Academy of Music," which had its origin in the plans of musical improvement set on foot by Dr. Mason, the influence and results of which are felt to the present in every palace, cot and hamlet in our land.

It would be pleasant, and perhaps not unprofitable, to enter into an examination of these influences, and trace them to their legitimate results, but this will, no doubt, be done by abler pens and those more competent to the task. It must be apparent, however, to every reflecting mind that Dr. Mason mistook not his calling when he closed the ledger in the bank and opened the singing book. That act has been an amount of good to the country and the world which becomes a difficult task to estimate, and which cannot be overrated.

Dots and Jottings of the "Peace Jubilee."

That the world, now-a-days, lives too much "in the house"—a natural sequence arising from antecedents—and souls grow angular and circumscribed as the apartments they dwell in, and come, like them, to have parlors and drawing-rooms tastefully and gorgeously decorated with mirrors reflecting illusionarily every object before them in parlor, pantry, closets and coal holes; views take color and phase from the windows they are seen through; muffled thoughts in listed slippers walk on carpets, and the firm, free footfall upon the bare floors of God's great caravansary are seldom or never heard by "ears polite."

We wish not, in what we have to say before us about the jubilee just closed in Boston, to speak in parables, but can hardly refrain, from the standpoint, to say sunlight, in-doors, is a nun and enters veiled; or, it is a "grocery," poured from a tin can; or chemical, conducted in an iron tube. The air, in-doors must needs be beaten with fans into a mockery of motion, and music immured in rosewood and mahogany is mauimitted at intervals by ivory fingers with ivory keys.

Whoever has the time and disposition to look and listen, need only go out of doors to wonder and be charmed. On any "quarter section" in the world may be seen and heard the alphabet of almost all thought and the utterances of almost all tongues,

if the student will but retrospect the past and study the revelations brought to us by history. This is not a discovery, but a simple declaration of truth self-evident; oh, not it is only a scintillation, a wreath of vapor to the "cloud of witnesses" that have "gone before," and already testified.

The great "Peace Jubilee" closed on the 7th of July, causing a "grand skedaddle" among artists, vocal and instrumental, and singers of the "rank and file" to the ends of the earth. The one hundred and sixty societies, embracing twenty thousand souls, exclusive of the orchestra of wind, stringed, tympanum and exploding instruments of two thousand more, all governed and controlled by the same influences, have come and gone. From our standpoint the question comes welling up in the mind, what is the result of all this upon the glorious cause of music? The pulses of great nature never beat more audibly, nor perhaps more musically than just about the seventeenth of June, and so continued throughout the "leafy month." Life, musical, joyous, happy life, tied up in little bags and bundles of humanity, centered in the Athens of our country, and calling, as by

"The delegated voice of God,"

bidding all, East, West, North and South, "come in, come up, come down, come out, come over," and be, and do, and suffer, conjugating and inflecting the great active verb—SING.

Stern moralizers there are, doubtless, among our readers, who, on hearing this, will recall a multitude of pointed proverbs to their memories, and pass on; but to the multitude of those who have for years viewed music next to their faith in God, and happiness here and hereafter, and intimately, directly and indirectly connected with life here and the life and blessedness of hereafter, will discover the key, the word, and perhaps the resolutions terminating in consonance with those principles which should govern all desirous of promoting the good cause of music.

Now, to particularize with more definiteness, we venture to assert that twenty thousand singers cannot be thrown together promiscuously, in this or any other country, in which among the number may not be found talent in embryo, mental, physical and moral, just as good as a Nilsson, Leutner, Rudersdorf, Barry, or any other among what are termed the "Bouquet of Artists" in the great "Peace Jubilee." These we feel half inclined to call the sun-flowers of the "show," while the odorant fragrance and beauty of the whole are left concealed in roses, honey-suckles, and modest violets composing the choir voices in the choruses. What we say of the vocal will apply with equal emphasis to the instrumental. It is true, the French band were treated to a great ovation by its enthusiastic admirers, in which speech-making, presents, poems recited, and music constituted the main features of the occasion. Also true, Madame Leutner received one thousand dollars for a half hour's service in a concert in Brooklyn—one fourth of a year's services and labor at home. We are not told the amount Mrs. C. A. Barry, one of our own best artists, was paid for her valuable services in the same concert. Truly, we of America are matter-of-fact people—not the first element of toadyism about us!

Franz Abt went home from New York on the 6th of July. So the "Swallows homeward fly."

The Grenadier Guard Band extol their reception in Boston, as far beyond their expectations. How disappointed they must have been in little America. The Marine Band, of Washington, after returning from the "Peace Jubilee" gave a grand concert on the ground of the Executive Mansion. The Irish National Band made a grand show in their significant green uniform. All right. But we thought music, not buncomb and fustian, the dominant idea. Mr. Gilmore complimented them as being the last to leave the field, and added, "when you return to the

Emerald Isle, may you carry the memories of a short visit to this great country, and in the language of an Irish wit, who happily intertwined the mottoes of both countries, may you inscribe upon your banners "*Erin go Unnem, Epluribus Bragh.*" Good, very good for Gilmore, and yet as a good Irishman he is "speaking in meeting."

And now let us return to our chorus and the music performed by them—we mean that most efficiently rendered—and then leave the artist and connoisseur to cypher out his conclusions as to the results. We hardly need name the national airs of the various countries represented, nor allude to the thrilling effects of their rendition; nor those old sacred tunes that for long years have floated round the old gray walls of almost every church in every land—the Old Hundred, St. Martin's, St. Thomas, Silver Street and sweet old Corinth, and many others of more modern date. Looking at the truthful representations of those good old songs at the jubilee, who can doubt for a moment wherein lies the potent influence of music and its sublime mission of beauty and blessing, unended till "the pitcher and the wheel are broken, when the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it."

How to Become a Good Musician.

In literature and science—and music is a science—the nineteenth century is but repeating principles revealed, and perhaps as well understood, in many respects, by the ages past as those of to-day. It is true, they assume different phases and are presented in ways differing from the past; but, after all, they verge to the same point and terminate in laws fixed and unchangeable, never to be departed from.

With this axiom before us as a truism self-evident, we assert, the present is giving a diversity of authors and composers of music, governed by minds weak and puerile, compared with the *thinkers* and the *giants* of the last century. Are we making any discoveries in melody, harmony or counterpoint not perfectly understood by those of the last century? Look at the compositions of to-day, and compare them with the authors, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, or, if you please, the erratic Weber, in instrumental music, and tell us where is the advance. Let us ask, is there anything wrong in Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," Beethoven's "Grand Hallelujah," "Rejina's Music," Mozart's "Masses," Chopin's "Nocturns," that the student in music cannot study without profit? As well might the student in literature ignore the old Latin and Greek masters, as the student in music the lore of the old masters above named. The truth is, look at it as we will, the authors of to-day are repeating the ideas of the last century, and it is impossible to go beyond the developments of harmony and counterpoint understood by them; hence the student in music who desires to perfect himself, must study the works of the "old masters" and treasure the truths revealed in them, and thereby become an artist in music.

The National College of Music.

From the time of David, the "sweet singer of Israel," to the present, we have had intellectual epics in music, vocal and instrumental, and of this we have not the least desire to complain. Boston, however, is declared to be the main market in our country for this class of cognocentis; and of right to this, also, we have no disposition to question. There is no disguising it, she is far ahead of any city in our land in her efforts for the promotion of the great and glorious cause of music, and God be praised for it. Scarcely a week or month passes but some new scheme or plan is devised by the active, energetic minds comprising her professional men, for the improvement of the art divine. The omega in this direction, which may justly be looked

upon as the alpha, is the establishment by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and other artists associated with them, of a national college of music. We hail this enterprise as one auguring untold good to the cause of music, and filling a niche in the grand temple of the art being erected in our country, hitherto vacant. Alluding to the movement, the *Springfield Republican* thus speaks:

"They will open at convenient rooms in Tremont Temple, on the 16th of September a 'national college of music' on a peculiar and admirable plan, which ought to attract all the pupils they desire to instruct in the best music. In his circular, Mr. Ryan, the director of the new school, modestly expresses the hope that he and his associates, during the many years of their intercourse with artists and amateurs, have 'inspired a faith in the minds of all that whatever the club undertake will be of a nature that is genuine,' and adds that their purposes now are fully as artistic as any they have hitherto fulfilled, and of a character perhaps more permanently useful. It is but changing the field of their missionary labor. He announces, also, that it will be a regular order in the course of study for students of instruments, who are sufficiently advanced, to play daily in concert with others—students of piano with those of violin, violoncello or flute, etc.—in fact, any practical combination that will cause the students to play together frequently. The same system will be pursued with students in singing, who will be constantly exercised in part singing. Another feature of great importance is that all students sufficiently advanced in their specialty, whether of playing or singing, will have frequent opportunity of being accompanied by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with quartette or quintette of strings. Mr. Ryan says: 'Too much stress cannot be laid on the benefit to be derived from this plan, which is now offered for the first time in any course of public instruction. Even those who are preparing to become teachers study too exclusively the piano, violin or voice with a view to individual performance, thereby neglecting all preparation for concerted music. From the study of which comes, as all artists know, the best results. The result of never-ending solo instrumental or voice practice is a too *ad libitum* manner of execution, which leads to faults of the gravest character, such as unsteady and constantly changing tempo; incorrect value given to notes whether of long or short duration; insufficient attention to all the dynamics in music; and, summed up, the musical result is about the same as that which appears under that system of morals in which the single nature is permitted to do pretty much as it pleases, without regard to consequences. As a corrective for all these faults, and as a basis of action upon which to carry out a system of study that must make intelligent musicians of those who design to become teachers, where nature has given her average gifts, we propose to establish a college of music on principles which shall meet the approval of every rational mind.' They certainly deserve success in whatever they undertake."

Dominant Notes.

"One month with another, they are pretty much alike." If everybody almost does say it, it's a *no such thing*. This Everybody's a Nobody, and it may as well be said first as last. So this month's JOURNAL to "everybody" is something hot or dry, wet or cold, or something *else*, but "nothing more."

We hardly know how to allude to the approving smiles that come to us from every point of the musical compass, indicating the course designed and pursued in the conduct of the SONG JOURNAL. Should we particularize, a whole column could easily be filled, attesting the truth alluded to. Some on a broad laugh, some tittering, some looking awry to ascertain what neighbors think, pinning their faith on the paragon of musical artists which, by education, they have ever sworn by since their earliest history to the present. Now, this is all right. The press is the lever to control, directly or indirectly, the public mind, ethically. There is a principle underlying all this, which, in the religious, political, moral or musical world, should be studied and understood; and he is a tyro in music who seeks not to acquaint himself with these principles. No one can act independently if influenced by a knowledge emanating from the pen of a great writer, and one who can be, by his contributions, of im-

mense service to the work. It is thus that, after a while, our public journals become like those families that intermarry with each other, destitute of stamina, and degenerate into mere vehicles of senseless flattery and interested views. We wish it to be distinctly understood that in our criticisms on musical publications, performers and performances, we profess strict impartiality, and shall endeavor to speak "words of truth and soberness."

Monthly Record of Music in Detroit.

We have, literally, nothing worthy of note in the musical matters of our city during the past month. The surface on the tide has scarcely been stirred by a ripple. The song-birds (artistic) since the "Jubilee" have all flown, apparently, to their "mountain (summer) homes"—and are, doubtless, quaffing the sparkling waters of "Saratoga," indulging in the invigorating ablutions of "Long Branch," the delicious and inspiring pleasures of summer vacation at "Rye Beach"—or at some sequestered dell in the country. This it was reasonable to expect, after the three weeks—and more—unparalleled excitement at the "Hub." It may truthfully be said we have had nothing worthy of note for a month. Two or three concerts, local—two or three minstrel troupes—but nothing more. We trust a better day is dawning upon us, and the musical waters of our city will soon be stirred in a way worthy of a boastful record.

Musical Wants.

We propose, under this head, in the SONG JOURNAL, to notice *gratuitously* the wants of all who desire situations, or have vacancies to fill, as Teachers, Organists, Chorists, Seminaries, or Churches. Parties availing themselves of our columns will please address, briefly, the publishers, through the editor, 197 Jefferson avenue, Detroit.

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OPERATIC "STARS."—The following sensible remarks we find in *Watson's Art Journal*, and commend them most heartily to our readers:

"Madame Peschka-Leutner, who sang at the Academy and signally failed, is prima donna at the Liepsic Opera House, where she receives the modest sum of four thousand five hundred dollars for one year's performance on the operatic stage. Yet when she goes abroad she demands as much for singing two solos—ten minutes' performance—as she receives for three months at the Opera, and finds an impresario who accedes to her outrageous demands. Verily, the fools are not all dead yet! 'The star system is very injurious to the cause of art, and vigorous measures should be taken to check it. Stars demand such enormous salaries that the manager finds it utterly impossible to engage other artists who are worthy to support the principal. The same evil exists in the theatrical world, where we often see 'stars' with a company made up of 'nooks' from some of our metropolitan theatres, making a tour of the country with their 'full dramatic company from New York.'"

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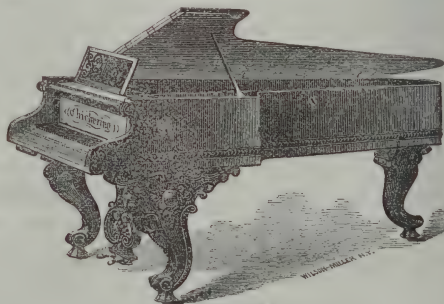
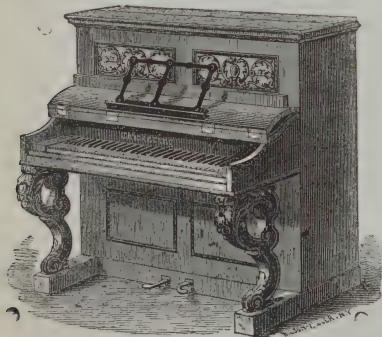
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VOLUME II.

DETROIT, OCTOBER, 1872.

NUMBER X.

The Closing Scene.

BY T. B. READ.

[The following is pronounced by the Westminster Review to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written:]

Within the sober realms of leafless trees,
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales;
Like some tanned reaper, in his hour of ease,
Are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns, looking from their lazy hills,
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales;
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed further and the streams sang low,
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forces, erewhile armed with gold,
Their banners bright, with many a martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest hue.

On slumb'rous wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint,
And, like a star, slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew—
Crew thrice—then all was stiller than before;
Silent, till some replying warden blew
His alien horn, and was then heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censor swung.

Where sang the noisy martins of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near—
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year.

Where every bird that waked the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from his wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east;
All now was songless, empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone, the peasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo in the distance to the cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the howers;
The spiders weave their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in the most dreary air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Plying the floor with its inverted touch.

Amid all this, the center of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyous mien
Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped and broke with her the ashen crust,
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume—
Regave the sword to rest upon the wall.

Regave the sword, but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tone.

At last the thread was snapped; her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through the hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the Autumn scene.

Address upon Music.

BY DR. L. FIRESTONE.

In compliance with the request of our highly respected correspondent from Wooster, we most cheerfully give place in our columns to the truly beautiful and eloquent address of Dr. Firestone, delivered before the Grand Saengerfest at their late meeting in that city. After alluding in a very facetious and happy manner to the circumstances and surroundings of the occasion, the charming music which had been so beautifully discoursed, to the organization of the mannerchor, its prosperity and success as contrasted with English societies instituted for like objects, giving most truthfully the reasons why the latter fail and the former prosper; the doctor says:

"They have more of the social element about them. He had often thought they were the only people who fully understood the secret of social employment. In music there is not that bitter contention among the leading performers. If our people had a little more of the social element, and a little less jealousy, it would be better. Germans practice music for the love of it, and because it is a great source of enjoyment. They are thus enabled to unite pleasure with profit. While music is a source of amusement, it is eminently profitable. The study of its principles will discipline the mind and its practice develops and strengthens the organs of the voice. All public speakers should be musicians. Music could not be dispensed with in either the family or social circle.

How slowly would pass the time, and how heavily would press the cares of life were it not that the mind was cheered, and the affections warmed and enlarged by its magic influence. How sweet is the "lullaby" of cradled infancy, and an evening hymn sung by the aged saint. "This music makes a home cheerful, no matter how humble,

"Rich though poor
My love roofed cottage is this hour a heaven,
Music is in it."

The influence of national music is truly wonderful; and good government owes much to its influence.

It is doubtful whether the liberties of any people could be long maintained without it. The Greeks appear to have understood this, and gave the science the support of government patronage. At Athens in the time of Pericles, music was regarded so necessary a part of education that not to understand it was considered a disgrace.

Each nation has its own popular melodies. These fire the hearts of the people to deeds of daring, and arouse the mind to the contemplation of deep toned patriotism. The "Marseilles Hymn" sung in France will awaken her sons to deeds of glory. "Wearing of the Green" will at any time put an Irishman into fighting attitude—ready to thrash the "spalpeens" who would dare enroach on his liberties. "Scots wha ha' wie Wallace Bled," sung in the hearing of a Scotchman will cause him to gird on his armor and march at the sound of his native "pibroch." What sound so sweet to an Englishman as "God Save the Queen?" Where is the American whose heart is not delighted at the sound of the "Star Spangled Banner," or "Hail Columbia, Happy Land."

There is not to be found a true, genuine Yankee but what will be enraptured at the hearing of his much loved popular air, "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Let it be sung, whistled, or played, and he is ready to "lam blazes out of the tarnal critters in less than no time."

Music exercises a powerful influence politically, and is employed particularly at the time of intense political excitement.

We have weekly demonstrations of its power in our city during the present campaign. Every week our Republican friends are trumpeted together, and, amid the beating of drums and the blast of the cornet, McClure, Douglas, Walker and Donnelly exhort their partisan friends to stand fast and "fight it out on this line," and across the way in the Court house at the playing of the same kind of music, Eshelman, McSweeney, Wiley and Eugene Fardee, tell the people "what they know about the white hat brigade."

The great object of music organizations should be to prepare singers for the church. This branch of musical education is sadly neglected, and hence, as a rule, church singing fails to come up to the standard it should maintain. It frequently happens that members of the church undertake to regulate the music who really know nothing about it, not being able to tell the difference between good and bad singing. Church music, when well prepared, is a great auxiliary in devotional exercises. It fills the mind with noble ideas, enlarges every conception, strengthens piety, advances praise into rapture, makes the place of worship inviting, lengthens and sweetens every act of worship, and actually produces more lasting and durable impression than can be found in any transitory form of words usually adopted as methods of religious worship. It advances the heavenly passion of love which reigns in the hearts of the pious and good. If we would have love in our congregations, kindness and good will in our assemblies, we should as frequently as possible call to our aid the assistance of music to work us up into this heavenly temper. All selfishness is vanished from the breast where the love of Divine harmony dwells, as the evil spirit of Saul retired before the harp of David.

Music delights to soothe, to light and to cheer the heart of man. It wipes away the tear of distress flowing from many a languid eye, lulls anger and hate to rest, takes vivid despair, smooths the ruffled plumage of love, pours honey in many a bitter cup, and when the hours become sad and dreary, lends a downy breath, and pinions tipped with light.

Why should there be so little interest manifested in its cultivation? Some go as far as to deride, scorn and speak lightly of those who practice it. It exists everywhere, and yet many persons are deaf to its harmony. The birds build their nests to some merry measure, and dawn is ushered in with a song. At every change of the seasons music delights and

charms. Who has not heard the music of Spring! The poet hath said:

"There is a void in Spring's soft music blinding,
In every opening bud and leaf alive;
Fields, forests, streams, soft notes to thee are sending,
Listen, they breathe of life."

Spring's resurrection call breathes over the hills, in wide extended plains, sleeping meadows and mute floral gardens, and as the slumbering hosts come forth clad in beauty's robes their sweet offerings of praise mount upward to the skies. The brooks loosed from icy chains flow carelessly along their pebbly channels with a silvery song of joy. No love of song? Why, there is music in the flowers, as they throw off their gray shrouds and look upon the sun. Some like the lily, blend their varied blues in one, some crimson as the rose, or blue as violets, but all are daughters of song. No lover of music? Why, there is music in every created thing—from the bee that beats his revellin in the spacious cup of dew-gemmed holly-hock, to the hollow roar of the lion as it reverberates along the arid plains of his native wilds. The whole world moves by music. We hear it in the storm, and in the calm, in loud whistling blasts, and mild murmuring zephyrs, in the dashing waves, and in the rippling streams, the laugh of a child, and the sigh of a dying saint.

Music was born in heaven expressly for our pleasure and delight. When this earth was called into being all was still, mute, dumb, and not a sound was heard. It was then that music from her blessed abode looked down, and thought how sweetly she could wake the hills, sing through the vales, and in the silent forests, chant among the mountains, murmur along the brooks, and multiply her numbers by the rocks. She was bathed in glory, and her wings dripped in sweet effluence as she spread them to make her flight. She passed the pearly gates and came to earth. At her electric touch all was changed; instead of mute silence, sweet harmony reigned, nature smiled, the green turf awoke, sea shells hummed along their vocal shores, and hill, forest, streams and dales, sang to each other in joyous sound.

Man, the mysterious instrument, master workmanship of God, when he felt his soul warmed up by the new descended power lifted up his voice chanting Jehovah's praise. Can any one say there is no pleasure in song? Music composers occasionally introduce discords in their productions to enhance the beauty of harmony. Some objectors to music are doubtless created for the same purpose, merely by contrast enhancing the beauty of those created with all the refinements. Pope evidently had this in view when he said:

"Partial evil, is universal good,
All discord harmony not understood."

Then shall we not say to our German friends, those at home, and those from abroad: Play on, sing on—sing of your adopted land—sing in praise of the "Stars and Stripes," and sing of America's proud bird of Liberty. Then still sing on—sing of the recollections of your foreign home—sing of your Fatherland! Join in one mighty chorus, and sing "Die Wacht Am Rhine." Play on, sing on, until you make the welkin ring!

Milton and Music.

The home education of Milton was of a generous and humane character. He had before him, constantly, the example of a father who knew what it was to suffer, in position and estate, for opinion's sake. The youthful John absorbed, with every boyish breath, the love of liberty for which his father paid so dearly. But the training of the home circle was not, entirely acrimonious. John Milton, senior, found time to give himself to the study of the noble science of music. He attained to such a degree of skill that he composed an *Il Nominie* of forty parts, which gained for him a gold medal from a European prince. Several of his compositions found a place in Wilby's selections, and also in Ravencroft's *Psalms*.

With such an exemplar in the household, it is not surprising that young Milton became an adept in the art of music. It is not difficult to imagine the domestic circle, with the father at the instrument singing bass, while John carried the melody, Christopher the tenor, and Ann the alto. If Cambridge gave the bent to Milton's mind in the direction of letters, those family concerts in the house of the London scrivener did no less for him in the divine science of music.

In all the experience of Milton's stormy manhood, this sweet comfort of a wearied mind never failed him. If he appears more prominently in history as a statesman and a poet than as a musician, it is only because the world gives more attention to the in-

venting streams than to the quiet springs which supply them.

After receiving his degree of Master of Arts, he bid adieu to his home and made a tour through the land of song. Already the name which, with that of Shakespeare, was to shine in English literature, found nobility and literati waiting to confer the highest honor. Artists and titled dignitaries recognized in him a genius worthy of their homage. The treasures of ducal palaces were laid open to his inspection. Galleries of art and ancient libraries invited his thoughtful study. But amid all the scenes of artistic glory and princely magnificence, he carried with him the training of the scrivener's fireside. After reaching Venice, he spent a month in collecting the works of the master musicians of Italy. Luca Marenzio, Monte Verde, Horatio Vecchi, Caba, the prince of Venosa, and others of the best composers of the time, furnished him with a rich treasury of Italian song. Two chests of music books were shipped to England.

At the age of thirty-one he returned to his native land. At once he addressed himself to those political and social projects whose audacity was equalled only by the vigor with which he discussed them. His "Tractate on Education" was as colossal in its conception as it was impracticable in its execution. He was so far in advance of his own age as to appear visionary. It is only in our own time that his broad views have been appreciated, and many of his principles adopted. He maintained that the education of youth should be physical as well as mental; that their minds should be occupied with the whole cycle of human knowledge; and that, among the arts, music should have a conspicuous place. He saw in music not a mere embellishment to set off sterner things, but a profound science and the most inspiring of arts.

Milton never speaks of music without a peculiar and impressive enthusiasm. The depths and virtues of music are glowing themes under his pen. His verses sing, because his spirit sings in them. No poet revels more luxuriously in the swelling waves of music. He soars into the very empyrean of lofty song. Coleridge calls him the "musical poet." "Paradise Lost" throbs with the echoes that ring, in incessant anthem, in his musical soul.

Music was his only recreation. In the intervals of severe study he gave himself to inspiring song. When he stopped to breathe amid the fierce and acrid controversies of his active manhood, he refreshed himself with the grand harmonies of the organ or the gentler tones of the flute. He could turn from the "Areopagitica" to a soothing chorale; from a state paper of the Commonwealth to an anthem. And when, in his old age, blindness and poverty and royal ban were on him, and the hopes of a lifetime were shattered forever, he felt his way back to the keys of the instrument, and found consolation in the harmony of sweet sounds. And out from the musical soul whose heavenly harmonies neither violence nor neglect could destroy, rolled the measures of the immortal epic that will sing its way on to the gates of pearl.—*College Herald*.

A Lesson in Musical Criticism.

We have, in the subjoined, a rare specimen of criticism from the pen of C. J. Miers, the irrepressible, who "reports" a performance in the following laconic manner, correctly or not, we are unprepared to say. He speaks thusly:

"The Soprano has a voice in two volumes, of great liability and undulance, but she displays a lamentable want of harmonic unity and *chiaroscuro* in signifying her croquet rests."

"The Contralto Alto has an extremely lymphatic and sardonic voice, of remarkable compass, extending from *ti*, in its diminished seventh, to the other end of the church."

"The Tenor Obsolete 'is, in many respects, the most notable vocalist of his age. His voice consists of twenty-six distinct registers, all of which are arranged in alphabetical order. His forty passages are excavated in the broadest style known to modern art; his rallentando is a thing of beauty and a joy forever; his inaudible *diminuendo staccato* (*con lingua pavana*) touches all ariculars; his pianissimo (*pour de force*) are like premonitory symptoms of the music of the future; while arpeggiated passages (*alla chasso*) seldom fail to bring tears to his eyes." It had been well said of him, "his prolonged cadences on twenty bars' rest are so skillfully drawn out that he is without *arrived*."

"The Basso Profundus has a submarine voice of extraordinary depth and longevity. His double diatonic effects are truly appalling. He has received a great deal of CREDIT for his SLOW NOTES, which

are given with untiring allegro, an impetuous andante and want of freedom unexampled, but are seldom taken up at maturity."

"The Organist is a musician of great opaqueness. He is a superior Contrapuntal Fugueist, and uses the double diapason and base flute with great vivacity. His mixtures (known to the Germans as *malanges*) have a very happy, exhilarating effect, and are generally taken before the close of the bar, with the utmost uncertainty, appropinquates and relish."

"With assistance such as this it was to be expected that the anthem, 'specially prepared for the occasion, would produce an effect, as indeed it did. The key chosen was D Major; it fitted admirably; the time 4.20. The Tempo 'Moderato,' for fear of tiring the *Basses*, who had to lead off in the Dominant, and immediately effect a transition from G Major to E Flat Minor—a bold movement, which demands a long wind and a word of commendation."

"How they did it we cannot imagine, but, fortunately, the second section ending in G Minor, the first bar of the third section led back to the Tonic, which refreshed the Choir exceedingly. After this came a grand burst in unison—an excellent point being made by the dominant *pedali*, cut sharp for this express purpose. When we have said that the whole was concluded with a Tutti on the Coda of the sustained seventh harmony, ending in the at-rallentand phrase which did the organ boy great credit. We have said enough."

Music Reading With Music Lessors.

F. S. Jewell has the following pertinent and sensible remarks upon the subject of reading music, we most heartily endorse, and sincerely hope will be duly considered:

Every one knows that it is not enough to put the plant into the ground. You must enrich the soil, keep down the weeds, and open it to the full influence of the sun and the rain. In short, all around it it must find the elements of expansive growth in ample supply and close at hand.

Now make a practical application of this plain principle in giving children a musical education. Can it be enough, simply to set them at the work of taking lessons and practicing? Does not the mind need also some general musical culture? To apply the illustration, should not pains be taken to enrich the mind with musical knowledge—knowledge of musical facts, events, and personages? Should not the obscuring shades of ignorance be removed, so as to let in upon the dawning knowledge of the art, and interest in its acquisition, the full sunlight of the world of genial and vivifying information now so abundant and so accessible?

It seems to me that in the neglect to do this lies one of the master blunders of parents and teachers, and one of the prime secrets of the spiritless unconcern and drudging dislike of many pupils in music for their music study and practice. They are shut in relentlessly to the hard, dry details of the technical illustration of musical knowledge—general outlook beyond is afforded them. The mind gets no refreshing view of what music has done for its followers, or what its great masters have done for it. It is not aroused and stimulated by the exciting stir of current musical events, which, in the progress of the art, are getting to be second to those of no other art. No wonder that under such treatment music pupils lack interest, and take their pupil-work as a drudgery.

Now what is especially wanted as a natural corrective of the evil, is musical reading. When the "Exercise Book" is put into the pupil's hand, the *Musical Journal* should go along with it. With that associate, from time to time, some sprightly musical biography. As the pupil advances in his technical study of the art, enlarge the circle of his musical reading. Add some higher class journal, or biography, or some interesting treatise on its history or principles. In this way the mind will be nourished and built up in a broader musical intelligence. That broader intelligence is a higher interest. That interest is vivified genius. Such genius is inspired effort and brilliant success.—*Amateur*.

SERVILITY and civility are as opposite as the poles. One is despicable, while the other is in the highest degree desirable. The style of manners which combines self-respect with respect for the rights and feelings of others, is a quality to be cultivated with extreme diligence.

AN AFFLICTED editor, who is troubled with hand organs under his window, lones for the "evil days" mentioned in Ecclesiastes, when "grinders shall cease because they are few," and "the sound of the grinding shall be low."

Correspondence.

Our Chicago Letter.

CHICAGO, Sept. 20, 1872.

In another fortnight we shall date affairs A. U. C.—*ante urbem condita*. We are rebuilt. McVicker's is open a month; the Academy is in legitimate use, with Mrs. Bowers and the vehement McCullum, who succeed the gentlemanly nuisance to whom I shall allude before bidding you adieu—Mr. Oliver Dowd Byron. The Globe has a capital Vaudeville troupe; cork-minstrelsy, like "a sable cloud, turns forth the silver lining of the night." Aiken is working his legion day and night, to be ready by October 7, for the Thomas Orchestra and the young tenor, George L. Osgood. Aiken's scene painter, Smith, who sits at my elbow sometimes, and who painted the original scenery for McVicker's, fifteen years ago, as well as for many of the principal theatres of the country, assures me that Aiken is sparing nothing to ensure a beautiful and enduring house, a worthy temple to raise its dome on the anniversary of that awful night, when

Naturo from her seat,
Sighing through all the works, gave
Signs of woe that all was lost.

And what a year it has been!—but, I leave that for the real estate men.

The music prospect is limited as yet to Theodore Thomas and some home opera performances which Signor Farini will bring out next month—Trovatore, Martha and Puritani. I fear we shall laugh more than weep; amateur actors are so apt to plunge us headlong from the sublime to the ridiculous. Of all the fun in the world, nothing is funnier than comic opera, except burlesque opera; and amateurs are sure to make the latter when they are dying, or trying to die—in their efforts to be serious *en scene*. Farini himself is a man of unbounded stomach, as well as throat. He is a good baritone, and, it is said, a fine drill-master; but I would as soon see a hoghead on stilts flirt with a woman as he. He is Falstaffian in proportions; but not so difficult for his feet to carry as is Brignoli. We have good material in the city for a fair operatic performance: Mrs. Clara Huck, Lena Hasteiter, Schulz and Bishop, and a chorus of skilled voices superior to anything this side of Boston. But to induce these familiar home elements to harmonize with majesty and decorum into a serious opera, I hope will prove impossible. The fun of an unintentional burlesque will be far more enjoyable than any burlesque on purpose.

Frank Lawlor, Josie Mansfield's first husband, and her only decent one, will be leading man at Aiken's. McVicker's has a fair company, and "Saratogeta" is on the boards. The "Union Spy" occupies Nixon's amphitheatre. Hooley will re-open on October 7, with a combination not yet announced, and Myers' Minstrels are promised in a month. Mario—"far off his coming show," will appear with that musical pyrotechnic, Carlotta Patti, in December, and Anton Rubenstein will play at Aiken's. We shall probably have "Moses in Egypt" and "The Messiah" under Farini's direction, after his operas. Anna Mehlig, who is tarrying here a few days, will sing in Oak Park next Tuesday evening for the benefit of the Unity Church of that place. Having said which, I have said all that Chicago has or expects to have of music or drama for the present and the immediate future.

Let me warn you against Oliver Dowd Byron, that ardent mountebank, gambler in the drama, stage struck lunatic, and histrionic cheat. No one respects genius more than I; no one more reverently bows to honest merit, and mine the last, if it be the feeblest, pen to leave the word of praise unsaid when praise is earned. But this Byron, who spends thousands for advertisements, nothing for study, so

outrages the public and degrades the art which he invades to its damage, deserves a merciless scoring in behalf of the race of dupes who are too numerous to protect themselves. Byron's play is the dramatization of any time novel in which the number of characters is unlimited; and the heavenly superlativeness of two—himself and another—and the infernal wickedness of all the rest, surpass, in their respective extremes, the celestial beauties of Milton and the blackest pages of the Inferno. The scenes are chiefly western. The nondescript is called "Across the Continent;" men kill each other by the dozen; pure maidens of a stunted growth suffer all the fortunes and misfortunes described in the fierce illustrations of the weekly *skin-milks*; good Indians and bad; Irishmen, Italians and Spaniards, with black eyes and bowie-knives; burning houses, miraculous horses, floods, thunder and lightning—enough for part I of the Judgement Day—forgeries, kidnappings, poisonings—every crime except the crimes unmentionable—forms the warp of this bastard play, and its woof is made of climaxes of blood and thunder that simply cuddle one up all over, and induce them to wish that Oliver Dowd Byron was in the Fortress of Gibraltar. The play has a tremendous run, of course; crowded houses every night. But Byron ought to be ashamed of himself. He has far more ambition than ability; but does not wholly lack the latter. He is too young to be willing to imitate merely the youth who fired the Ephesian dome. The only art he knows as yet is the art of dress. His fawn-colored suits are "divine." His yellow kids and mauve necktie and vest with a single button—when he is going to perform some wonder-work of astounding benevolence and insuperable difficulty—actually take the breath away, and moisten the eyes of the groundlings. In all his perils he never wets his boots or soils his clothes. Not a single hair of his head is displaced from its oil and mucilage, in undertakings which would remove the scalp clean off common men's heads. I have known him to wear six different shirts, ties and collars in a single night. Perhaps they were only movable bosoms; we can't always tell. But he should go into retirement and weep over the wrong lessons, the false ideas, the vicious basis of thought, the huge lies he has offered as realities, the bad example of manners, morals and men, which he has already presented to the thousands, the tens of thousands of boys and young calves who form the majority of his audiences, and whose money he has pocketed in return for their debasement. After he has mourned enough, let him study a year or two; then take the lowest part in the legitimate play, and after a while, perhaps, he may become a respectable actor.

Plymouth Congregational Church, which has one of the best organs in the city, if not the best indeed, has been purchased by Bishop Foley for a Roman Catholic Church, to replace the old St. Mary's, lost in the blaze. This new one will be called St. Mary's also, and it has been bought for a song, the congregation being in the condition of Micawber. It is a beautiful structure, dressed stone, occupying a prominent location on Wabash Avenue, with a frontage of eighty-four feet, worth at least \$1,000 a foot, and going up like a balloon; and yet \$112,000 purchased everything except the organ. The congregation propose to take that away; it was the most religious thing they had; but I apprehend they will think over it several times before ordering the carts to go after it. The instrument cost some \$8,000, I think; it will cost half that to take it down and put it up again, with a large risk of ruin in the process. The Bishop will pay an appraised valuation for it, and music and everybody's interest will be best served by keeping it where it is.

We are indignant. We are up in arms against our sea of troubles. Tantalus were we last year, while Strakosch haunted Nilsson in our eyes, but never in our ears, keeping her just so near and yet

so far that we knew she was singing, but we never could hear. Nor was it, as Aurora Leigh says,

Music played too far off for the tune,
And yet 'twas sweet to listen.

It was not sweet. He should have brought her to one of our barns—any of our barns are as large as your Opera House, (h'm)—instead of holding her out at us in Cincinnati and St. Louis. And now comes Lucéa and Kellogg; and their coming in Chicago is — next May! Could assurance go farther? There must be a diabolical plot in this. It is not ducats. Not a city in the land pays better for every form of entertainment than does Chicago; we presented fortunes to Nilsson and to Mr. Oliver Dowd Byron; to the Twelve Temptations and the anniversaries of (Borrio) boola Gha. It is envy, malice, and all uncharitableness which leaves us until flitting-day without a song worth hearing. We will hear it; but we will not grin.

Having no music, we have murderers. Having no prima donna, we have a demagogue. That citizens' meeting the other night, of which you heard so profusely through your local papers, was a snare and a delusion. It was called seemingly to put down crime; actually to put up a Congressman. It was one of the most barefaced tricks ever perpetrated in this tricky city. We had a few murders—our usual number—the Supreme Court was looking over the papers in the cases of those who had been tried and condemned, and the day was fixed for the trial of every one who had not yet passed toward the pearly gate, so far as judicial sentence could send him. No murder had been committed whose perpetrator was not in custody. That is, so far as *known* murders are concerned; of course, we do not profess to keep an accurate record of every little affair of life-taking. But it is the eve of Saint Caucas, and forsooth, a Congressman in embryo—I shall not tell you his name; Detroit publishers have libel suits enough on hand just now—bought him that to become the chief solon of seventy, the head archer of a council of twenty-five, would prove a 'cute move for the national capital. He called the meeting; "we were all in danger of assassination; our life-blood, should it run in the gutters while the red-handed murderer revelled in his gory dew? Never!"—and he induced good, thoughtful men like the editors of the daily press, Blakely, of the *Post*; White, of the *Tribune*; Botkin, of the *Times*, to sign the call which reached the astonished public at the top of forty first-class names. So far, the thing was a success. A thousand men went to the Board of Trade rooms in response. The original signer of the call was the only man who could be induced to make a speech. He made it, and it was very thin. He will prove a capital Congressman; he begins well. A committee of twenty-five was appointed, which will never act. One member has already thrown cold water on the entire affair; but he wants to go to Congress, too, and that is *his* little game. Believe me, you can come down here with perfect impunity. We will promise not to slay you if you are out no later than nine o'clock, and inhibit no more than is left by the man lying in wait for you around the bridge. You may come and d-fy the Philistines, if you do not prove one of them. You will be perfectly safe, and your man servant and your maid servant. I have lived here two years and have never been murdered once. You may come with all your chattels, fearing no foe but the landlords; having no agony in your heart except in the matter of house-rent. We who do not put an enemy in our mouths to steal our brains away, never are knocked down, never are garroted, never are insulted, never hear an offensive word. Chicago is as quiet as Detroit to those of her people who are by nature and habit quiet. In proportion to our inhabitants, we have no more crime than you. In proportion to our chances we have far less. And it is whisky commits every deed of violence that disgraces the city. It was in

a saloon that Chris Rafferty killed policeman O'Meara. It was beer which caused Callaghan's death. It was drink which inflamed the accomplice of Callaghan's murderer to attempt suicide. Swiegiert, the assassin of Kane Higgins, was intoxicated; Pertect, the wife-murderer, was drunk, and Peri, the double-slayer, was a saloon-keeper. I cannot conceive what the philosophy of liquor has to do with the ethics of music; but I will add, by way of conclusion to this most blood-thirsty of musical digressions, that the solution of our American difficulties does not lie in total abstinence, which, aside from religion, can never be attained; but in the securing of pure liquors, which shall cheer but not inebriate, in the place of the fiery poisons men now consume to their own and their fellows' ruin.

The announcement of our Star Lecture Course, which will begin on the 30th, with Edmund Yates' first appearance on the American platform, again raises the question: Where is Steiner? The young man disappeared, you remember, very suddenly, with the French Band receipts, and has never since been seen or heard of. His case is singularly curious. He was good-looking, the pink of gentlemen, had a fine stage appearance, and when, last spring, he introduced Theodore Tilton to an immense house in the Michigan Avenue Baptist Church, his oratory was in unfavorable contrast to that of the David of the platform and the Apollo of politics, Theodore, golden-haired and silver-tongued. Steiner's standing was first-class. His partner, George B. Carpenter, is a young man of blameless life, high integrity, and extraordinary enterprise; and a half dozen months ago, Carpenter was not more sincerely trusted and esteemed than Steiner. It is impossible, thus far, to unravel the mystery of his taking off. There are as many arguments in favor of thinking him a villain as for supposing him dead, but there are no more for the first than the last. If he is a thief and has absconded, he has sold himself for an exceedingly small reward, some \$15,000. If he be dead, the victim of foul play, much of his conduct, immediately prior to his disappearance, cannot be called by any other name than criminal, although, but for the *denouement*, it would not have been so soon detected. The Javert who will bring in Steiner, living or dead, shall have his reward in sectional fame. Carpenter & Sheldon are managing the lecture course, and their announcements include every name of prominence in the country.

Letter From Wooster.

WOOSTER, Sept. 14, 1872.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Our usually quiet little city has been the scene of unprecedented festivities during Thursday and Friday of last week. The State Saengerfest has been holding its jubilee with us, and Wooster has presented the appearance of a grand carnival, with its gorgeous decorations—streets crowded with the animated faces of those intent on enjoying to the fullest extent this musical treat; flags of both nations fluttering in the air, and strains of music ever and anon enlivening the whole, showing conclusively that our German brethren, while proving themselves true and loyal subjects of our own American government, do not forget their loved Fatherland. Such rejoicings are delightfully pleasant, and were entered into with much sympathy and enthusiasm by our American townspeople. Very much taste and good will were shown in the decoration of all the principal places of business, hotels, halls, and many private residences, as well as in the cordial reception of those who came from other parts to participate in the grand Saengerfest.

Thursday, the first day, was principally devoted to the reception of the different societies visiting Wooster.

In the evening was the grand concert at the wigwam, under the leadership of that excellent and

gentlemanly conductor, Prof. J. J. Bringer. An immense crowd completely packed the huge building, which was beautifully ornamented.

The concert was a perfect success. Below we give the programme:

PART FIRST.

1. Music by Marble's Band, of Akron.
2. "Die Himmel Erzählen," (Haydn) Chorus by the Wooster Saengers, with Orchestra.
3. Presentation of Flag to the Wooster Maennerchor, by Miss L. Kemmerlein, in behalf of the ladies of Wooster; and response by F. L. Ingard, President of the Maennerchor.
4. Poem, by Dr. W. C. Moore.
5. "Liedesfreiheit," (Marshner) by all the Maennerchors, with Orchestra.
6. Oration, by Prof. L. Firestone.
7. Music by Germania Band, of Mt. Eaton.
8. "An Das Vaterland" (Abb), Loudonville Liederkrantz.
9. "Der Kluge Ehemann," by Frohsinn, of Massillon.
10. Grand Fest March, by Straub's Orchestra.

PART SECOND.

1. Music by the Wooster Independent Cornet Band.
2. "Das Schildein," (Bessnitz) by Liedertafel, of Akron.
3. "Die Wuenshe," by the Liederkrantz, of Canton.
4. A selection from "Ave Maria," by the Akron Liedertafel.
5. "Saengers Heimath," (Meyer) by the Liedertafel, of Akron.
6. "An Das Vaterland," (Kreuzer), by all the Maennerchors, with Orchestra.
7. Bill of Fare, by Wooster Maennerchor.
8. Mt. Eaton Germania Band.

The music was uncommonly fine, and in every way creditable to those who performed, as well as to their conductors. Our own respected society has reason to feel gratified in the possession of a leader to whose faithful zeal and high ability they owe in the main their present flourishing condition. May he long continue in that capacity.

An elegant flag was presented by Miss Louise Kemmerlein, in behalf of the German ladies of Wooster, to the Wooster Maennerchor, with a very neat and appropriate address. President F. L. Ingard made an eloquent response.

The Original Poem, delivered by our townsman, Dr. W. C. Moore, was received with considerable mirth and applause.

Mr. Louis Ulrich, President of the Canton Leiderkrantz, in a few remarks expressed the pleasure enjoyed by himself and friends from Canton in the festivities of the occasion, and congratulated Wooster citizens on their attainments, intellectual and musical.

The address of Dr. L. Firestone we deem worthy of a wider circulation than our city papers will give it, and send a copy, which, if you have space in your journal, we wish you would insert.

At the conclusion of the programme, Mr. Ingard thanked the audience in his usual happy manner, and the great concourse dispersed, highly delighted with the exercises.

The second day of the festival dawned beautifully upon our radiant little city. First in the order of exercises was the formation of the grand procession, consisting of the different societies, bands, ladies, mayor of the city, and council, citizens, fire and hook and ladder companies, etc., passed through the principal streets of the city to Quimby's Park, where, after music by the different bands and singing by the several societies, President Zimmerman introduced Prof. Carl F. Kolbe, of the Akron Germania, who delivered an address in the German language. Judging from the reputation of the able speaker, and the evident interest manifested by the audience, we conclude that his remarks were both sound and eloquent.

Capt. A. S. McClure was then called for, and occupied about fifteen minutes in a stirring speech, which brought tremendous responses from his listeners. The Captain is one of our ablest speakers, and always is prepared to entertain an audience with something enjoyable and worthy of the occasion. On the return of the procession to the city the genial president of the day, Mr. John Zimmer-

man, entertained everybody at his beautiful residence on Beall Avenue.

The day closed with a grand ball at the Wigwam. We feel as if the Boston Jubilee is no where since we have had the Saengerfest with us. At any rate the occasion was one that Wooster will always feel proud to look back to.

Religion in Music.

It is the higher form of heart emotion that constitutes religion. Now this can nowhere else have expression so well as in lyrical poetry. There is no other creed that is like the hymn-book. There never can be such a bond of union as the hymn-book. And the songs of the church, and its regular service, often supplement the church, and sustain it through periods of emergency. Sometimes where the pulpit is weak they are strong, and hold the church on in spite of the weakness of the instruction of the pulpit. They give utterance to thoughts that otherwise could never be spoken. Many can chant what they cannot speak. Many and many a one can sing (with tears dropping, and, as it were, beating time) joys or aspirations which no other language could frame. I like to think of love as the center of religion, and of song as its best utterance.

The mother singing over the cradle—is there any other saintliness more beautiful to be thought of than that? The old bird sits on the tree and coaxes the young bird to fly to her. She sings to it, and teaches it to sing. And the mother sits at the cradle, as it were, to call the little children up to the Christian life. The children sing in the family, and in the utterance of song they are all one. There is but one sound, but one hymn, and to a large extent, so far as there is feeling at all, it is one feeling. And persons are never brought into such communion as when they are gathered together, and their feelings express themselves in song. It is the hymns that persons sing together that unite them. I think I love those that I have sung with better than any others. And when we come into heavenly places in Christ Jesus—into the lecture room and the church proper—and all join in singing, is there any other ministration in the sanctuary that opens the gates of heaven so quickly, and makes the battlements shine so brightly? Is there any other service that so brings to our thought the radiant inhabitants of the other side? Is there any other service that seems to bow and bend the heavens so near to us, and that awakens thoughts of dear ones who have gone away from us so quickly as songs of Zion? Is there anything which so makes doctrines seem no longer cant, by clothing them with life and beauty; which so makes theology like an orchard, in which stands the tree of life, dropping down Christian fruit? Since the church was organized, palms and hymns and spiritual songs have been among the peculiar and most blessed experiences of the church. —Beecher.

AMBIGUITY OF ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are adepts at ambiguity. A lady advertises her desire to obtain a husband "with a Roman nose having strong religious tendencies." "A spinster particularly fond of children" informs the public that she "wishes for two or three, having none of her own." A draper desires to meet with an assistant who would take an active and energetic interest in a small first-class trade, and in a quiet family; and a Boston chemist advertises "the gentleman who left his stomach for analysis will please call and get it, together with the result." Slipshod English is not, however, confined to the advertisement columns, or we should not be able to read of the shooting of a wild-cat "by a little boy five feet eight inches long;" nor should we be "much scandalized to note the fact" that "Miss Corry, in the presence of a large number of Admiralty officials, named the ship yesterday, and she was quietly warped out to her moorings in the river by ropes."

A physician says, "Hell is full of dyspeptics and dyspeptics are full of hell. When good Christians learn that there is an intimate relation and sympathy existing between the mucous surface of a man's stomach and his soul, they will take more care of their stomachs, and by so doing they may improve men rapidly in many of the Christian graces—virtue and patience, for instance."

AN EDITOR says his ancestors have been in the habit of living a hundred years. His opponent responds by saying that "that was before the introduction of capital punishment."

The Song Journal.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, OCTOBER, 1872.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."

"The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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Trouble with the Musical Profession.

It is a big thing to say—and perhaps we lay ourselves liable to the charge of falsehood when we utter it—that in ninety cases in a hundred, the troubles and difficulties of which the musical profession complain, are brought about, directly or indirectly, by themselves. It is true they assume as many phases in development—physical, mental, moral and religious—as in any other profession or calling which may be adopted. But, after all, they will be found in the non-fulfillment of some duty or obligation assumed for an equivalent, in some respects, above alluded to. We are approaching a subject humiliating and repulsive to speak about; but, nevertheless, it is one which should be truthfully and squarely looked in the face, and the remedy for the difficulty applied with vigor and determination by all desirous of the advancement of the art divine. Let it be distinctly understood, it is the *musical profession* of which we speak; for, in all others, veracity unadulterated is ever the dominant and governing principle.

We have before us, in mind's-eye, a professor of music that has "hung out his shingle" as teacher of the pianoforte, the cultivation of the voice, harmony, etc., in short, everything that goes to make up a good scholastic teacher. Pupils apply for instruction. They commence in good faith their lessons—pay the stipulated price for the same, and move on satisfactorily for a time—when, on a sudden they find their teacher has departed for parts unknown. The just conclusion of causes of exit may be cyphered on the slate of those who have time to figure, and, if ever true results are obtained, will almost always prove some dereliction of duty, the commission of some sin, the evasion of which prompts to the incurring of traveling expenses unforeseen, or not duly considered.

Another difficulty is, the incompetency of those who would become artists, and stand among those who have made the study of music their life-long avocation. It is true the ability to tell what we know does not depend on years of time; but it does on practice, and study in methods of imparting instruction. Principles, in music, never change. They are as fixed and unalterable as the laws of God. The text-books—vocal and instrumental—define *principles* and *rules* by which the exegesis is brought to view, but, after all, he is a poor interpreter who does not *think* and *study* to present them in a way adapted to the wants and circumstances in which he may be placed, and a clear understanding of the subject, in its most attractive forms. The jejune teaching of music at the present day, arising from attempts to copy after some popular teacher of the past, together with the effort to combine the various systems promulgated by the thousand and one authors, whose books and treatises are almost

daily brought forth, cannot but tend to a confusion, compared to which the dialect of Babel must have been euphonious.

We say, then, give us a national college of music, whose principles shall be based upon those infallible and enduring laws that underlie the oldest and most perfect science in the world; and let it be the high and noble aim of every teacher to so acquaint himself with its many hidden mysteries as to present them with a lucidity unmistakable. Let us have teachers who engage in it as a profession from principle and dear love of the art.

"Then will her mission out heaven be o'er;
Her end achieved, her parents found again;
Her place forever near the throne of God."

Memories of the Past.

Reader, how's your memory? Does it run away back to the days of life's "drowsy east"—when you sat on mother's knee—and the days that are gone shine yet upon the farther borders of it? Or, have you one of those little narrow memories, not broad enough for anything beyond yesterday and the day before? Say, can't you go back to the old home-stead, the old cot, the brook that murmured so sweetly by the old home, the old elm that stood by the gate you passed daily, the little dog "Sly" you loved so dearly, whose joyous greeting saluted you on return from school? Say, does not the sweet song that mother sang when lulling her darling boy to sleep still echo in your ear? Have you turned all these precious scenes into a blotter, to put "credits" to yourself and "debts" to somebody else, making of it a meager almanac of "bills receivable"? Or, are the memories of the past filled with records of joys departed—of brighter days and downier hours? Do the sweet and thrilling tones of the old church choir still echo in memory's ear, and the good old parson's "fiftly" and "sixtly" and "improvement" still linger in memory's halls? If so, and I hope they do, what would you give to be set back into one of those old-fashioned square pews, with feet swinging about eight or ten inches above the floor, father on one side, mother on the other, brothers and sisters perched on the same roost, now and then picking away from the great bunch of carraway provided by the good mother for the children? I'll wager a "concordance" those were happy days.

Then, that good minister, oh! what faith he had in him. All was safe when the minister was around. Let the winds blow, the lightning flash, and the thunder roar—all's well, for the parson's here—and He who rules the storm, as on the "Sea of Galilee," when "peace, be still," was uttered, the tempest was calmed, the angry waves subsided to a placid surface, and all is peace and joy again in the youthful breast. Do we color the picture too highly? Pardon if we do, but we'll duplicate the wager above if we do not express the real feeling of our reader—advanced in life—as memory turns to *childhood, home and mother*.

And don't you remember how the gray heads were sprinkled among the congregation, of tresses "brown in the shadow, golden in the sun," like the first snow-flakes of November? Well, they are not there now. There has been a sun or so too many, and melted them all away. Old Deacon Porter, that used to sit hard by the pulpit, now sits on the bank of the river that runs hard by the throne. Who can doubt it? He had a heart open as the day to melting charity; he sang a little too nasal then, we remember, but he has a "new song" and a new harp now.

Then, there's J. N., a boy of ten summers; he stands erect, as God made him, "that he may look," as a writer finely says, "upon the stars." Tall, of his age, isn't he? Don't John look over the table like a man, now, and that high chair once occupied by him around the old family board has been put away years ago. This boy is a man, and the man climbs rostrums to get higher—thrones to get higher

—mountains to get higher—monuments go up—shouts go up—laudations from a thousand favorite tongues go up to swell the glad chorus of the conqueror's glory. Higher, higher, and still higher, the echo responds from ambition's lofty height, till six feet of glory, till six feet two of honor and dignity is attained by the aspirant of a world's fame. Do we color the picture too strongly? Look it through—queer tinting, but no hasty sketch, don't you think so?

By-and-by—melancholy trio—the form is bent a little, and there goes an inch or two from that straight, erect stature. Is he looking at something in the dust? Can it be the "narrow house for all the living" is opening its portals for him? Then, what can it be? Is it the *grave* they look at? Yes, weary and worn in life's dusty pathway, they throw themselves into the bosom of the dusky mother of us all, and sleep—sleep till the resurrection morn—but do not *dream*. Where is your altitude now, your six feet two of honor and dignity? Where your mountains, monuments, and thrones? The sleeper is taken up, slowly, carefully, as a precious treasure, and laid away in the earth from whence he came, and the old estimate of *height* and *worth* resumed—nothing more.

Mons. S. Mazurette's Concert.

After a calm of nearly a month, the dawn of a day clearer and brighter is upon us. The concert given by Mons. Mazurette on the 6th of last month, in the Opera House, was truly an enjoyable one, reflecting great credit on the the *Ben trovato* programme presented. In going into any notice of the performance, it is justice to say, the performers all acquitted themselves nobly in their several *roles*; which, with the thermometer among the nineties, and an *en foule* audience in the house, renders the concert worthy of more than a passing notice.

We love to talk of what we deem good—we love to say what we think is bad or indifferent—a paradox, when applied to those who highly esteem, and whose best interests we desire to promote. Nevertheless, truth and honesty should ever guide the pen as well as the tongue, and he who cannot control both pen and tongue is an unsafe servitor in criticism in relation to subjects and things called upon to speak and judge.

The concert comprised a programme of sixteen pieces (too long), which, to notice in order and detail, would occupy a space in our columns, crowding out other matters of more importance. Still it is with reluctance we allude to some pieces, to the exclusion of others, as by so doing we lay ourselves liable to the charge of invidiousness.

The first piece was an overture for four hands—Grand Galop de Concert—"L'ORIENT" (performed for the first time), by S. Mazurette and Ernst Girardot. This composition partakes of little originality in phrasing; none in harmonious modulation and progression beyond those met with in every turn in melodic sequences by those familiar with the study of operas, and develops little originality of thought, except to tickle the ear, bewitch and captivate, and the least hard study, tending to make a true and finished artist. A composer of artistic music, and a performer of it, are widely different, and yet, in a certain sense, the latter must be a composer of everything rightly interpreted by him. A true artist, as composer or performer, is one who strikes out into new paths not before traveled by predecessors, and pursues it in theoretical and practical revelations of ideas and sentiments purely his own, upon principles governing the science, always keeping in mind the effects and influence of the positions assumed. There is no law of right which consecrates dullness or plagiarism—and we ever judge of a thing by the estimate put upon it by ourselves and others. This we apply directly to the overture as a composition.

The quartette "Moonlight on the Lake" was good, but by no means above criticism in time, articulation, phrasing or dynamic expression, all of which subjects furnish themes for useful contemplation and careful study to those who essay public performance in the direction of solo, duet or quartette. We have said that all the vocalists engaged in the concert possess voices requiring only judicious and careful culture to become truly effective, and hence we deem it not improper to suggest that in future public efforts they confine themselves to music of a character somewhat less difficult, in lieu of that seldom attempted by any but artists. The violin solo, by Mr. Luderer—with piano accompaniment—was a neat and chaste performance, as was also the violoncello, by Mr. Rauch. The closing piece, "Bright Dreams of My Youth," is a clever composition. Its rendition was not good and effective, because of the instruments overpowering the voice.

The Academy of Sacred Music.

It is a truth, no community is more richly blessed in the possession of all the requisites for progress in the musical art, than is ours at the present time, save a want of the proper and necessary energy to prosecute its interests and unity of action in its accomplishment. Still we are constrained by recent movements to believe that a brighter day is dawning upon us, and that influences which will result in good are being exerted; and by those who will be satisfied with nothing short of the full consummation of plans inaugurated. The right move in relation to the subject has at last been taken, we believe, in the organization of a society, commencing with plain, simple church music, and working from this to a higher type and style with as much speed as possible. And now let this enterprise be pushed forward with zeal and energy, and ere long our churches will be supplied with choirs worthy the name, instead of the piping quartettes that "do their music" for them, and a true appreciation of this part of worship will be duly considered.

Below we present a list of the officers of the *Academy of Sacred Music* for the ensuing year, which, for character, energy, and devotion of purpose to any object attempted by them, is a sure guarantee of prosperity and success.

President—W. T. Rumney.

Vice President—O. S. Gulley.

Secretary—A. J. Newby.

Treasurer—Horace Hitchcock.

Directors—J. A. Phelps, P. A. Billings, Jas. McKay.

Our Chicago Letter.

We would call special attention to and a careful perusal of the letter from our Chicago correspondent in this issue. If you fail to find some things in it of more than ordinary interest, please write and tell us. To our mind the *ultima ratio* of some points of criticism are reached in language quaint but unmistakable, and barbed truths uttered so softly as to require a sober second thought to fully understand the full import.

CONVENTION OF MUSICAL EDITORS.—The *Rochester Times*, and a number of other editors, suggests the holding of a convention of the conductors of the various musical journals of our country. We most heartily second the project, believing the same calculated in no small degree to promote the best interests of the art. Let us have the convention, and let those who are the conservators of the "art divine" come together to counsel and devise plans for the more effective promotion of the good cause in a familiar interchange of views and feelings in relation to the good cause.

Theodore Thomas' Concerts.

That our city will be blessed with two of the best musical entertainments ever given in it, on the 4th and 5th of the present month, there can be no doubt. It is enough to announce that Thomas, with his unrivalled orchestra of sixty distinguished performers, and also the accomplished young American tenor, Mr. George L. Osgood, whose signal reputation as an artist of the first class has been proclaimed in many of the musical centers of Europe, are to be the recipients of our favors; we are quite sure nothing more need be said of the feast in store for our citizens. That Mr. Osgood's interpretations of the classical songs by Schubert, Schumann and Franz are perfect, is a truth clearly established at home and abroad, and hence those who would enjoy a pure musical entertainment, instrumental and vocal, cannot fail in doing so by attending these concerts. We doubt not the Opera House will be filled to repletion with delighted auditors.

THE DETROIT PULPIT.—This is the title of a monthly publication just issued in this city, under the able control and editorship of the Rev. J. P. Scott. Its design is to furnish each month for gratuitous distribution a sermon by some one of our city pastors. The pecuniary expense of printing and circulation is to be met by the insertion of a few advertisements that form a part of each issue. Five thousand copies are published and carefully circulated. The ostensible object of the *Pulpit* is the dissemination of religious truth among those that seldom or never attend our churches. No. 1 contains a sermon by the eloquent pastor of the Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian Church, Rev. Wm. Hogarth, D. D.; subject, "Cross Bearing." No. 2 will contain a sermon from the pen of the popular pastor of the Central M. E. Church, the Rev. W. X. Ninde. The *Pulpit* is issued in octavo form, neatly printed on fair type and clear paper. We hope and trust the ends in view in the establishment of this new periodical, will be fully realized, and great good crown the efforts of those interested in its support.

PETERS' CATHOLIC CLASS BOOK.—"A collection of sacred and secular music for juvenile classes, by Wm. Dressler." We know of no distinctions in music as to Catholic or Protestant, but we do know that mankind needs the *grace* derived from the benign and potent influence of music to raise them to a higher life; and hence we hail with pleasure any attempt toward the accomplishment of this glorious object. In the book before us we have one we heartily commend, believing it calculated in a pre-eminent degree to the accomplishment of the end in view. We could speak of its elemental course of instruction as being presented in truthful, synthetical order, of music—varied, now lively and joyous—now sombre and sad, and thus alternating in phase and type in character, calculated to please the most fastidious and critical. In fine, we say it is a good book, and confidently believe its sale will be fully commensurate with its merits.

THANKS FOR SMILES.—Should we make record of the good things said about the conduct of the *SONG JOURNAL* by our cotemporaries of the press in our State and abroad, it would occupy a space we can hardly spare from our columns. We therefore very respectfully make our lowest bow, and declare with due modesty, we are striving to make our paper a true and unmistakable medium of information upon all points pertaining to the interests of the good cause we desire to promote. Justice, then, prompts our hearty thanks for the many tokens of approval daily received, and that the course pursued in the future may justly beget the smiles of the past, will be a reward cherished and duly appreciated.

How to Get Editorials.

The *American Newspaper Reporter*, in speaking of the conducting of a journal, talks thusly:

All journals ought to be smart now-a-days. It is so easy to be smart. A moderate sized exchange list and a good pair of scissors are all that is necessary. Cut out the richest nuggets you can find, after a careful examination; change a few words here and there; set 'em up in brevier type in a conspicuous part of your paper, and then enjoy your reward when they come back credited to you in the columns of some "conscientious" exchange. Keep on doing this in the most cold-blooded, impudent way you know how, and it will be written on your tombstone, "Here lies a smart editor."

Had we the *Reporter's* ear for a moment we should ask (not loud, of course), "Do you practice what you preach? If not, then stop talking. Preaching, 'without works, is dead.'"

THE ARCADIAN.—There can hardly be a surer index that music is winning its easy way to a foremost position, as it justly deserves, among the arts, than the multiplicity of journals devoted to its interests. Scarcely a week passes in which we are not greeted with a new paper or magazine. We have before us the first number of a neatly printed sheet of eight pages, just started in New York, nicely filled with advertisements, and recording with skill and accuracy the movements of leading artists. It is apparent that the knights of the quill wielded in the columns of *The Arcadian* are no novices in its control, for they are filled with good readable matter and information desirable of possessing. We cordially welcome this paper to our table, and hope and trust it will receive the support it merits.

About Beethoven.

Beethoven looked upon music as an inspiration. The following remarkable words, recorded by his friend, Madame Bettina Von Arnim, expresses his views on the subject: "As soon as I open my eyes," he said, "I begin to sigh for what is contrary to my religion, and I despise the world, which does not understand that music is a revelation sublimer than all wisdom, than all philosophy. It is the wine which inspires new creations. I am the Bacchus who press out of men this delicious nectar; it is I who give them this intoxication of spirit; and when it has ceased, lo! they have fished out a crowd of things which they bring with them to the shore. I have no friends; I am alone; but I know that God is nearer to me in my art than others. I work without fear with Him, because I have always acknowledged and understood Him. Neither have I any fear for my music; it can have but one destiny; he who fully feels it will be forever delivered from the evils that others draw after them." He was, moreover, fully conscious of his own genius, and his consciousness sometimes showed itself in a manner which in one less absorbed in his art would have savored of conceit. "I am of an electrical nature," he remarked on one occasion; "that is why my music is so admirable." Madame Bettina says, describing an interview with him, "Beethoven sang me 'Kennst du das Land' with a penetrating voice, and with such expression as to affect me with profound melancholy. 'Is it not beautiful?' he cried, quite inspired. 'It is wonderful,' I answered, 'Then I shall sing to you again.'"

IT IS EASY in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

THE great lesson for youth to learn is fidelity to trust. Now and then a boy or girl seems aware of the fact that success in life depends upon themselves, and that such success will generally be in exact proportion to their industry and attention.

Dr. Tourjee and Church Choirs.

Dr. Tourjee is an earnest advocate of congregational singing, but his views in regard to choir singing have often been misapprehended and mis-stated. His position on this question cannot better be defined than by quoting his own words from his lecture entitled "Music as an Element of Worship." They are as follows:

"While we regard congregational song as appropriate to the church service, *we do not advocate its exclusive employment*. The church should be the home of the artist and the amateur, and these should add their talents and abilities toward the completeness of worship.

"We would not dispense with choirs, only reconstruct them in many cases. Properly constituted, they are most important accessories, and the union of choir and congregational singing will be found most effective; indeed it may be safely said that with our present attainment in musical science, *congregational singing cannot well be sustained without the choir*. The choir is also to be relied upon for leading and sustaining the congregation, and to bring out the harmony parts of a composition (the congregation always singing the melody), to embellish and enrich and render impressive the service. The higher and more elaborate music is not to be banished from the Sanctuary where the means for it exist. Some of the very best music ever given to the world, music eminently fitted for worship, through which there breathes such a spirit of holy fervor and pure devotion that it seems to have been written under the direct inspiration of the Holy Spirit—the products of those great masters who consecrated their genius to the glory of God—are entirely unsuited for performance by the congregation and can only be effectively rendered by trained voices. There can be no objection to the highest artistic culture and excellence, provided they be made subservient to devotion."—*Orpheus*.

AN INDIANA editor lays down his shears for a few minutes to write a double-headed editorial, in which he plaintively remarks: "We are the recipient of half a peck of nice onions, two water melons and a bottle of ginger beer, from one of our subscribers. The gifts were like the shadow of a rock in a weary land. We are glad some one remembered us in the midst of our labors and cares, and evinced that remembrance in so delicate a manner. We dote on onions, and love melons dearly; and so long as the fragrance of the former and the gripes of the latter linger about us, they shall hold the kind donor in affectionate remembrance. Of ginger beer we have never been able to speak enthusiastically, but we may say that our children enjoyed it greatly, while the empty bottle added not a little to the effective force of our office armory. These little acts inspire us to renewed exertions, but our subscription price will remain the same."

THE queens of the lyric stage are certainly among the fortunate of earthly beings. They are born not only with gold spoons in their mouths, but with countless other articles of luxury. For instance, Madame Patti-Caux received nearly fifty thousand dollars worth of presents during her recent engagement in St. Petersburg, and now, while on her way to London, she is overtaken at Vienna by a messenger from the Emperor of Russia, who begs her acceptance of a splendid ruby, surrounded by twenty-four brilliants, and valued at ten thousand dollars, which, he explains, was not ready for presentation when the prima-donna left St. Petersburg.

THE rage for expensive funerals is strong even in death. "Are you prepared for the great change?" asked his minister of one of the venerable Smiths. "I am afraid not," said John, sadly; "the means for the occasion are insufficient."

A CITY MISSIONARY was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally," said he, with a twinkle of the eye, "because I have preached so much without notes!"

NAOMI, the daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years old when she married. There's hope for some of you other ladies, after all.

THE EDITOR of the Indianapolis Journal is learning to fiddle. The agitated neighbors soothe their nerves.

Oddities and Fun.

"I am resolved in this tragic-comedy, to act several parts. Some satirical, some comical, some in a mixed tone, as the subject I have in hand gives occasion, and present scenes shall require or offer itself."—*Barton's Anatomy of Melancholy*.

"That our three heroes should advance,

And read their comical romance,

How rich a feast, what royal fare,

We for our readers might prepare."

Churchill.

ON A very pretty girl saying to Leigh Hunt, "I am very sad, you see," he replied, "Oh, no, you belong to the other Jewish sect; you are very *fair*, I see."

A NEGRO thus philosophizes and reasons with the white world: "All men are made of clay, and like a meerschaum pipe, are more valuable when highly colored."

THE "Alexandra limp" is the latest eccentricity of fashion. It is produced by wearing a very high-heeled boot on one foot, and a flat-heeled boot on the other. The young lady waddles about like a goose.

SMIGGLES says he has seen a rope walk, a note run, a watch spring, a horse fly, and a Saratoga hop, and next summer he shall go over the Rocky Mountains to see the big trees leave and the Pacific slope.

WHILE an ignorant lecturer was describing the nature of gas, a blue-stocking lady inquired of a gentleman near her what was the difference between oxygen and hydrogen. "Very little, madame," said he: "by oxygen we mean pure gin, and by hydrogen, gin and water."

AN Irishman, who had been sick a long time, was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place: "Well, Patrick, I am glad you have recovered; but, were you not afraid to meet your God?" "Oh! no, your reverence; it was meetin' the other chap that I was afeared of!" replied Pat.

A NEW dish is grape leaves fried in an egg batter. It is called a French dish, and is imported from Lake Mahopac. We can't think of anything that would be more delicious than fried grape leaves, unless it is a circus poster on toast.

YANKEE CALCULATION.—Wal, it's curious how we due git over the ground! Why, the trees all look as if they were dancin' a jig to double-quick time. I kin recollect years ago that if I started from Bosting on Wednesday, I cud git in Philledelphy on the nex Saturday, makin' jist three days. Now I kin git from Bosting to Philledelphy in one day; and I've been calc'latin' that if the power of steam increases for the next ten years as it has been doin' for the last ten years, I'll be in Philledelphy jist two days before I started from Bosting.

A WITNESS, in describing certain events, said: "The person that I saw at the head of the stairs was a man with one eye by the name of Jacob Wilkins." "What was the name of his other eye?" spitefully asked the opposing counsel. The witness was disgusted at the levity of the audience.

PA, didn't you whip me for biting Tommy?"

"Yes, my child, you hurt him very much indeed."

"Well, then, pa, you ought to whip mamma's music teacher, too; for he bit mamma right on the mouth, and I know it hurt her, because she put her arms around his neck and tried to choke him."

"Now, then, Joseph, parse courting," said a teacher to a rather slow boy. "Courting is an irregular active transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person, and singular number, and so on," said Joseph. "Well, but what does it agree with?" demanded the teacher. "It agrees with *all the gals in town!*" triumphantly exclaimed Joseph.

A TOUCH CASE.—In Arkansas, Elder Knapp, while baptizing converts at a revival meeting, advanced with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap into the water. He asked the wretched creature, whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. After a pause, a tall, powerful-looking chap, with an eye like a blaze, who was leaning on a long rifle, and quietly looking on, remarked:

"Elder, I don't want to interfere in this yere business any, but I want to say that that is an old sinner you have got hold of, and I know that one dip won't do him any good. If you want to get the sin out of him, you'll have to anchor him out in deep water over night."

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Detroit.

Jan-72.

SONG JOURNAL

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197 Jefferson Ave.,

DETROIT, MICH.

CLOVER BANK SCHOTTISCHE.

Mrs. AMANDA S. BARLOW.

Moderato.

Introduction.

Cres.

f *sfz*

ff *ff*

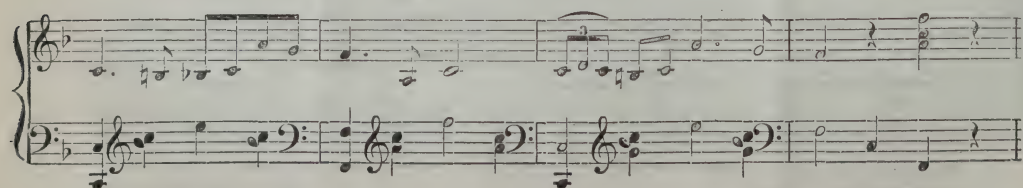
Schottische.

Sva.....

Sva.....

legato.

Ben marcato e staccato.



This musical score is for a piece titled "Clover Bank Schottische". It is written for piano and consists of six systems of music. The notation is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The first system features a treble staff with eighth-note patterns and triplets, and a bass staff with block chords. The second system includes a trill in the treble staff. The third system has a more complex treble staff with sixteenth-note runs. The fourth system includes a repeat sign and the instruction "repeat 8va." in the treble staff. The fifth system is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic in the treble and a forte (*f*) dynamic in the bass. The sixth system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes a section marked "8va..." with a dotted line, followed by a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piece concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.

3

tr.....

repeat 8va.

p *f*

8va.....

f *p*

COME OUT IN THE STARLIGHT!

SERENADE.

Words and Music by

R. S. CRANDALL.

Espressivo.

Piano.



1. Come out . . . in the
2. Come out . . . in the



shin - ing a - bove The whip - poor-will
do not de - lay Those bright, hap - py

sings in the old wil - low tree, Near the nest of the
spir - its o'er land and o'er sea, Turn the dark - ness of

soft coo - ing dove Let not sor - row or
night in - to day Oh! I list to the

COME OUT IN THE STARLIGHT.

care . . . have a home . . . in thy heart, But let hope . . . blossom
strain . . . of the soft . . . melt-ing note Of thy voice . . . floating

joy - - ful-ly there And to drive . . . a-way
sweet . . . thro' the air, Let us wan - - der a -

sad - - ness and bid it de-part, Oh, come out in the
while in my bark now a-float, Oh, come out in the

star - - light so fair
star - - light so fair

COME OUT IN THE STARLIGHT.

CHORUS.

Air.

Come out in the star - - light, I'm wait - ing for

Alto.

Tenor.

Come out in the star-light, to-night, love, I'm waiting, I'm waiting for

Bass.

Piano.

thee The bright . . . moon is shin - ing a - bove

thee The bright . . . moon is shin - ing, The bright moon is shining a -

COME OUT IN THE STARLIGHT.

..... The Whip - - poor-will sings in the old wil-low

bove, Then list to the Whip-poor-will sing - ing His song in the old wil-low

tree, Near the nest of the soft, coo-ing dove

Near the nest of the soft, coo-ing dove, coo-ing dove.

tree, Near the nest of the soft, coo-ing dove, coo-ing dove.

mp

COME OUT IN THE STARLIGHT.

197 JEFFERSON AVENUE.

C. J. WHITNEY & CO.'S

Late Publications.

MUSIC BULLETIN.

Those marked with a star (*) are elegantly illustrated. The Letters indicate the key, and the figures associated, with the song character as to degree of difficulty. No. 1, easy for beginners; No. 2, a little more difficult, and so on to No. 7, being very difficult.

Oh! Music, thy enchantments are not merely their own to charm, eking out joy and happiness to thy votaries; but thy mission to us drapes *thought* in the varied hues of Nature's setting. Miraculous Art! that makes the poet's skill a jest; revealing to the soul inexpressible feelings by the aid of inexpressible sounds. A blast of thy trumpet, and millions rush forward to die; a peal of thy organ and uncounted numbers sink down to pray. Mighty is thy three-fold power! Thou canst call up all elemental sounds, tones and subjects, with the definiteness of reality. Strike the lyre! Lo! the voice of winds, the flash of lightning, the swell of the wave, the solitude of the valley! Strike the lyre! Lo! our early love, our treasured hate, our withered joy, our flattering hope! Strike the lyre! and thoughts of this world and of Himself in mysterious melodies well up in the mind, bringing back dark or delightful recollections of a heritage lost, but which can be won again.

In grouping together the works of this trio of popular authors, the titles of whose compositions will be found in our Bulletin for this month, our mind has been led into thoughts above expressed, as prefatory to their justly popular music.

VOCAL.

M. H. McGUIRE'S MUSIC.

<i>I am Waiting for Thee, Darling.</i> Song and Chorus. Ab 3.....	35
<i>Sweet Alena Bell.</i> Song and Chorus. Db 2.....	35
<i>Roaming Nell.</i> Song and Chorus. C 2.....	35
<i>There's No One Like Me.</i> Song and Chorus. D 2.....	35
<i>Ellen Dear.</i> Song and Chorus. G 2.....	35
<i>Where is Darling Wanda.</i> Song and Chorus. G 2.....	35
<i>The Coquette.</i> Song. A 3.....	35
<i>Kittie McCreo O'Connell.</i> Song and Chorus. G 3.....	35
<i>Edna's Farewell.</i> Song and Chorus. G 3.....	35
<i>The Whippoorwill.</i> Song and Chorus. G 3.....	35
<i>Sweet Annie Lee.</i> Song and Chorus. Db 3.....	35
<i>Take Father's Advice, Willie Dear.</i> Song and Chorus. G 2.....	35
<i>Time and Fate.</i> Duett and Chorus, for male voices. G 3.....	35
<i>Saturday Night Song.</i> A 3.....	35
<i>Money Song.</i> Song and Chorus. Bb 2.....	35
<i>Raking In.</i> Song and Chorus. G 3.....	35
<i>Only a Little While Longer.</i> Song and Chorus. Eb 3.....	35
<i>Marrying Man.</i> Comic Song. Bb 2.....	35
<i>Ellen Dear.</i> Song and Chorus. C 2.....	35
<i>From Out the Darkness.</i> Song and Chorus. Bb 3.....	35
<i>Maggie O'Roan.</i> Song. Ab 3.....	35

INSTRUMENTAL.

<i>*Flute and Organ.</i> Eb 3.....	60
<i>*Flute with the Violin.</i> Eb 3.....	60
<i>Grand Marche des Dryads.</i> C 3.....	40
<i>Radiant Polka.</i> Eb 3.....	40
<i>Polka for the Little Ones.</i> G 3.....	25
<i>Little Nibbs Schottische.</i> Bb 2.....	25
<i>Summer Winder.</i> Mazurka. Eb 3.....	30
<i>Sweetly Thine Eyes.</i> Transcription on a beautiful song by L. C. Y. W. No. 1.....	75

C. T. LOCKWOOD'S MUSIC.

The last note of all has died on the lip, and its sweetness is fast being ceased from Memory's page, except here and there ripples of this author's sweet and gushing music floats on the ambient air, through the plaintive notes of his "Robin, Sweet Robin," wailed to the "Happy Hearts Have We," left behind. And, though "Left Alone" be the sad requiem chanted over his early grave, and the refrain "I've No Home" comes to intensify the thought of departed worth; yet, amid it all, a "Hymn of Praise" so sweetly sung by him, wells up in mind, to gladden the "Happy Thought" that the soul of our dear departed is stepping to the beautiful cadences of his "Bouquet March" in the Elysian fields of the blest; not under the guiding light of his "Little Star Schottische," but the full orb glory of the Sun of Righteousness.

<i>Robin, Sweet Robin.</i> Song and Chorus. Bb 3.....	30
<i>Happy Hearts Have We.</i> Song and Chorus. Ab 3.....	30
<i>Left Alone.</i> Song and Chorus. Ab 3.....	30
<i>I've No Home.</i> Song and Chorus. Ab 3.....	30
<i>Hymn of Praise.</i> Hymn. A 3.....	30
<i>Happy Thought Polka.</i> F 3.....	30
<i>*Bouquet March.</i> C 3.....	40
<i>Little Star Schottische.</i> Eb 3.....	35

J. L. TRUAX'S MUSIC.

The compositions of this justly popular author are mainly instrumental; who, in his chosen department, has achieved a name and fame truly enviable. His melodies are lively and sparkling, arranged in progressions and harmonies methodically accurate and just, many of which will bear the test of true artistic analysis. We commend, therefore, to teachers, pupils, all (outside the old masters), the list of our publications by Truax, believing there is no one of them not containing something for study and thought interesting and profitable.

<i>The Wedding Quickstep.</i> G 3.....	35
<i>Freemason's March.</i> F 3.....	35
<i>Answer to Broken Heart.</i> Bb 3.....	35
<i>Broken Heart Waltz.</i> Eb 3.....	35
<i>Champion Banner March.</i> D 2.....	35
<i>Maple Grove Waltz.</i> D 2.....	35

<i>Mellow Light Waltz.</i> Ab 3.....	35
<i>Philopona Waltz.</i> Ab 2.....	35
<i>Sunset in the Heart Waltz.</i> G 3.....	35
<i>Storm March.</i> F 3.....	35
<i>Lulu's Gone.</i> Song and Chorus. Bb 2.....	35

Did you catch a glimpse of angels,
In that far off beautiful land;
And have you gone to join them,
The fairest of their band?
Did the music of their voices
Attract your listening ear?
Did some heavenly little cherub say:
"Come, Lulu, come up here!"

<i>In the Moonlight.</i> Ballad. A 3. Below.....	30
A sweet, beautiful song—evidently composed with care, in melodic progression and piano accompaniment—destined to become a favorite; hence, earnestly commended.	
<i>Don't Sell My Father Run.</i> Song and Chorus. F 3.....	30
A good temperance song, the flowing melody of which should float over every grog-shop and saloon in our land, and thereby become a potent weapon in the hands of the "Sons of Temperance" to slay the monster Intemperance.	
<i>Clover Bank Schottische.</i> F 2. Barlow.....	35
<i>Trifle Waltz.</i> D 3. Kidder.....	40

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Detroit, Mich.

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JUST PUBLISHED,

BY J. L. PETERS,

AND FOR SALE BY

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VOCAL.

<i>Lay Me Where My Mother's Sleeping.</i> Song and Chorus. G 2.....	35
<i>Quit Did Tickling Me.</i> Song and Dance. Eb 2. Will S. Hays.....	40
<i>Meet Me, My Darling.</i> Song and Chorus. G 2. Will S. Hays.....	35
<i>Don't Weep So, Sister, Darling.</i> Song and Chorus. D 2.....	40
<i>Stewart.</i>	35
<i>Father of All Sinned Song.</i> H. Parsons.....	40
<i>Farewell, Annie Darling.</i> Song and Chorus. Bb 2.....	35
<i>Stewart.</i>	35
<i>Dear, Did Not Forsake.</i> Song and Chorus. C 2.....	40
<i>The Yagabond.</i> Song for baritone or base. Ab 4.....	35
<i>Melloy.</i>	35
<i>Dance of Joy.</i> Song and Chorus. F 2. Hays.....	35
<i>Dance of the Waltz.</i> Song. Soprano. Ab 6. Archer.....	35
<i>My Heart is Weary.</i> Song —, 5. Mezzo. Gounod.....	50
<i>Manolinda.</i> Roman Serenade. Mezzo. Soprano or tenor. Paladino.....	50
<i>Dance of Love.</i> Waltz Song. Soprano. Cb. Lucantoni.....	50
<i>Come With Me to Vary Land.</i> Mezzo. Soprano. Ab 4.....	50
<i>He Always Waits in Old White Hair.</i> Song and Chorus.....	50
<i>C 2. Mearcy.</i>	35
<i>The Farmer Goes Clipping On His Way.</i> Song and Chorus. Ab 2. Higgins.....	35

INSTRUMENTAL.

<i>Home Sweet Home.</i> F 4. Oesten.....	30
<i>Beat Song.</i> Eb 4. Oesten.....	40
<i>Little Red Song.</i> Db 3. Oesten.....	40
<i>The Spinning Wheel.</i> Db 3. Springer.....	40
<i>Academic Citizens' Waltzes.</i> 4. Strauss.....	70
<i>Polka.</i> Duett. D 3. Strauss.....	30
<i>Polka.</i> Duett. D 3. Strauss.....	30
<i>Woodland Polka.</i> Eb 3. Ida Walker.....	30
<i>Twelve Eludes.</i> Brauer. No. 1.....	50
<i>Twelve Eludes.</i> Brauer. No. 2.....	50
<i>Heller's Twenty-Four New Studies.</i> No. 1.....	60
<i>Heller's Twenty-Four New Studies.</i> No. 2.....	150
<i>At the Jew's.</i> A collection of easy pieces, by Chas. J. Young;.....	20
<i>Smile of Beauty.</i> Polka. G 2.....	20
<i>Murmuring Spring.</i> Mazurka. F 2.....	20
<i>Bird of Beauty.</i> Waltz. G 2.....	20
<i>Swirl of Gales.</i> F 3.....	20
<i>Fatal Glance.</i> Schottische. G 2.....	20
<i>Little Treasures.</i> A collection of easy pieces, arranged without notes, in sets, each containing four pieces:.....	
No. 1. <i>Humorous Set.</i>	35
No. 2. <i>Humorous Set.</i>	35
No. 3. <i>Humorous Set.</i>	35
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No. 43. <i>Salvo Set.</i>	35
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No. 45. <i>Salvo Set.</i>	35
No. 46. <i>Salvo Set.</i>	35
No. 47. <i>Salvo Set.</i>	35
No. 48. <i>Salvo Set.</i>	35
No. 49. <i>Salvo Set.</i>	35
No. 50. <i>Salvo Set.</i>	35

My Childhood's Home.

AND

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MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Summer Time Table.

TAKING EFFECT JUNE 3, 1871.

GOING WEST—MAIN LINE.

Through trains leave Detroit as follows:
Mail 7:00 a. m.; Day Express 9:20 a. m.; Evening Express 5:40 p. m.; Pacific Express (Sundays included) 9:30 p. m.; connecting with the various branch lines, as below, and arriving at Chicago at 8:05 p. m.; 7:05 p. m., 6:30 a. m., and 8:00 a. m. respectively. The Dexter Accommodation leaves Detroit at 4:10 p. m.

AIR LINE DIVISION.

Mail Train leaves Jackson at 10:45 a. m., and arrives at Niles at 3:30 p. m., connecting with Mail Train on Main Line at both places.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY DIVISION.

Leaves Jackson at 12:15 p. m. (Mail); 5:10 p. m. (Evening Express), and 7:00 a. m. (Mixed), arriving at Grand Rapids at 4:25 p. m.; 9:15 p. m., and 8:15 p. m. respectively.

DETROIT, HILLSDALE & INDIANA R. R.

Leave Ypsilanti at 8:35 a. m. and 6:00 p. m. on arrival of Mail and Dexter Accommodation.

FT. WAYNE, JACKSON & SAGINAW R. R.

Leave Jackson at 6:20 a. m.; 12:00 p. m., connecting with Day Express from Detroit; and 4:50 p. m.

JACKSON, LANSING & SAGINAW R. R.

Leave Jackson at 6:00 a. m. and 3:30 p. m., and arrive at Wenona at 11:40 a. m. and 9:15 p. m.

Trains arrive at Detroit as follows:

Atlantic Express 3:35 a. m.; Night Express 7:55 a. m.; Dexter Accommodation 9:25 a. m.; Mail 6:25 p. m.; and Day Express 6:30 p. m.

Mail Trains and Day Express run daily, except Sundays; Pacific Express, west, and Atlantic Express, east, daily; Evening Express, west, daily except Sundays, and only to Jackson on Saturdays; Night Express, east, and Dexter Accommodation, daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

Fullman Palace Cars on all night trains, and Ladies' Cars on all day trains.

Trains run by Chicago time.

H. E. SARGENT, Gen. Supt., Chicago.

C. H. HURD, Asst. Gen. Supt., Detroit.

THE NEW NORTHWESTERN ROUTE.

Detroit, Lansing & Lake Michigan R. R.

Detroit, to Plymouth, Howell, Lansing, Lyons, Ionia, Greenville, Howard, Big Rapids, Etc.

On and after Wednesday, June 11th, 1872, and until further notice, trains will leave and arrive at the Michigan Central depot as follows:

LEAVE.—Mail and Express, 7:30 a. m.; Ionia and Lansing Accommodation, 4:40 p. m.; Way Freight, 8:20 a. m.; Howell Freight, 3:30 p. m.; Through Freight, 10:30 p. m.

ARRIVE.—Howell Accommodation, 10:05 a. m.; Mail and Express, 5:30 p. m.; Day Express, 6:55 p. m.; Way Freight, 6:15 p. m.; Through Freight, 8:00 a. m.

Trains run by Detroit time.

A direct connection is made at Howell with stage for Nevada and Croton.

Freight office, Woodbridge street, foot of Seventh street.

Any information with reference to freight and passenger rates will be cheerfully given on application at the Company's General Freight Office, corner Woodward and Third streets.

A. H. REESE, Superintendent.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1872.
Trains leave Windsor (Great Western Railway) way time, which is 12 minutes faster than Detroit time) as follows:

Atlantic Express, daily..... 4:35 a. m.
Day Express, daily except Sundays..... 8:25 a. m.
Detroit Express, daily except Sundays..... 11:30 a. m.
N. Y. Express, daily except Sundays..... 7:45 p. m.

The Railway Ferry leaves Detroit (Detroit time) as follows:
First street—3:45 a. m., 7:40 a. m., 11:00 a. m., and 7:40 p. m.
Brush street—7:20 a. m., 10:30 a. m., and 6:40 p. m.

Trains arrive at Windsor from the East at 9:00 a. m., 6:45 a. m., 5:15 p. m., and 9:30 p. m.

Company's Passenger and Ticket Office, corner Jefferson avenue and Griswold street, Detroit.

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MOST OF THESE PIECES ARE ALSO SUITABLE FOR THE REED ORGAN OR MELODEON.

These pieces have been selected with great care, and with special reference to the wants of young players. Pieces marked (40 Oct.) (50 Oct.) etc., can be played on the Reed Organ or Melodeon.

Aencia Galop.	2. G. (5½ Octaves).....	Becht. 30
Adah Polka.	Rondo. 3. D.	Becht. 30
Africaine.	4. D.	Kinkel. 35
Africaine.	4. B.	Mack. 50
Album Leaf Polka.	2. C. (5 Octaves).....	Berger. 20
Amie's Polka.	3. G. (4 Octaves).....	Gransie. 30
Animation Waltz.	3. G.	Smith. 30
Anna Bolena.	3. F. (5 Octaves).....	Weber. 30
Annie Laurie.	Easy Var. 3. G.	Rudolphson. 30
Autumn Song Waltz.	1. G. (5 Oct.).....	Berger. 30
Ballet (En) in Masquerade.	4. C. (5 Oct.).....	Pacher. 35
Banjo Imitations.	3. G.	Lampard. 30
Barber of Seville.	3. C. (5 Octaves).....	Mack. 40
Battle-Ground March.	3. D. (5 Oct.).....	Smith. 30
Becoming Eyes.	2. G. (5 Octaves).....	Harnistoun. 30
Bear Dance and the Play.	1. C and F.....	Lesson. 10
Beautiful Bells.	Easy Var. 3. G.	Rudolphson. 30
Beautiful Hills.	2. G. (5 Oct.).....	Mack. 20
Beautiful Spring Polka.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Belle of the Season Waltz.	2. G. (4 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Bell Goss Ringing.	Var. 3. C.	Rudolphson. 30
Blossom Star Waltz.	2. G. (4 Oct.).....	La Hache. 30
Boat Polka.	3. G.	Wagner. 30
* Bertie's Schottisch.	3. A. (5 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 35
Betty.	(In questo Simples) 4. F.	Kinkel. 35
Bird Waltz.	2. A. (4 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
* Black Bird Schottisch.	3. F. (5 Oct.).....	Boeman. 25
Blooming Floweret.	2. F. (1 Oct.).....	Harnistoun. 30
Blooming Youth Schottisch.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Smith. 30
Blossom Waltz.	2. F. (5 Oct.).....	La Hache. 20
* Blue Bird Polka.	2. G. (5 Oct.).....	Boeman. 25
* Blue Bird Schottisch.	3. D. (5½ Oct.).....	Becht. 30
* Blue Eyes Galop.	2. C. (5 Oct.).....	Harnistoun. 30
Blushing Rose Quickstep.	2. G. (5 Oct.).....	Wagner. 30
Bobolink Schottisch.	2. F. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
* Bobolink Waltz.	2. F. (4 Oct.).....	Boeman. 25
Bohemian Girl.	4. G.	Pacher. 30
Bohemian Girl.	3. C. (5 Oct.).....	Weber. 30
Bouquet Polka.	2. G. (5 Oct.).....	Strate. 30
Boyer Quickstep.	2. D. (5 Oct.).....	Mack. 20
Bridal Eve Mazurka.	2. F. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Brigid Polka.	1. C. (5 Oct.).....	Berger. 20
Brightest Eyes.	Rondo. 2. G. (4 Oct.).....	La Hache. 20
Budding Pink Waltz.	2. G. (4 Oct.).....	Wagner. 30
Bugle-Call Quickstep.	3. G. (4 Oct.).....	Smith. 30
Bird Finch Waltz.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Bunceboom Reel.	3. G.	Smith. 30
Burns's Quickstep.	3. C. (4 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Cambria Schottisch.	2. F. (5 Oct.).....	Berger. 20
Camille Polka.	Rondo. 2. F. (4 Oct.).....	Wagner. 30
Camille Schottisch.	2. C. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Campbells are Coming.	Var. 3. G.	Rudolphson. 30
Canary Bird Waltz.	2. G.	Weber. 30
* Canary Polka.	2. C. (4 Oct.).....	Boeman. 25
* Canary Schottisch.	2. G. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Carrie Mazurka.	1. G. (4 Oct.).....	Lesson. 10
Carrie Vaughn Quickstep.	2. (5 Oct.).....	La Hache. 20
Cecilia Waltz.	2. D. (5 Oct.).....	Smith. 30
Chaffinch Mazurka.	2. F. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Chant du Berger.	3. C. (5 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 35
* Charlie's Galop.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 35
Charming Maggie Waltz.	2. (5 Oct.).....	Harnistoun. 30
Charming Set Schottisch.	2. G. (5 Oct.).....	Wagner. 30
China Rose Schottisch.	2. C. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
* Christmas Gifts Waltz.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 35
Clochette (Lee) Galop.	(The Bells). 3. C. La Hache. 20	
Concordia Schottisch.	3. F. (5 Oct.).....	Kappa. 30
Corinne Schottisch.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 35
* Cornet Polka.	2. C. (4 Oct.).....	Lampard. 30
Cottage March.	2. D. (5 Oct.).....	Mack. 20

Cracovienne Waltz.	2. G. (5 Oct.).....	Berger. 20
Crispino e la Comare.	1. C. (5 Oct.).....	Mack. 40
Crispino e la Comare.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Smith. 30
Crossing the Ferry.	Easy Var. 3. C.	Rudolphson. 30
Crown Diamonds Galop.	3. C. (5½ Oct.).....	Kinkel. 35
Crown Diamonds.	3. C. (4 Oct.).....	Goole. 30
* Cry Baby's Waltz.	3. B. (5½ Oct.).....	Kinkel. 40
Cyrla's Waltz.	2. F. (5 Oct.).....	Harnistoun. 30
Cypress Mazurka.	2. G. (5 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 35
Daiana's Delight Polka.	3. F. (5 Oct.).....	Harnistoun. 30
Danach Rose Schottisch.	2. C. (5½ Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Daphne Polka.	Rondo. 4. B. (4 Oct.).....	Weiss. 30
* Darling Waltz.	2. F. (5 Oct.).....	Harnistoun. 30
Dearest Spot on Earth.	2. (4 or 5 Oct.).....	La Hache. 20
Der Freischutz.	3. D. (5½ Oct.).....	Goole. 30
Dew-Drops Polka.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Harnistoun. 30
Diamond Galop.	2. C. (4 or 5 Oct.).....	Berger. 20
Dieu et la Bayadere.	3. F. (5 or 6 Oct.).....	Von Weber. 30
Dollie's Eyes Waltz.	2. (4 or 5 Oct.).....	Harnistoun. 30
Don Juan.	4. A. (5 Oct.).....	Pacher. 35
Don Pasquale.	3. C. (5½ Oct.).....	Weber. 30
Don't be Sorrowful Waltz.	2. F. (4 Oct.).....	Mack. 20
Drum Mazurka.	2. G. (5 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 35
Do they think of me Waltz.	2. (4 or 5 Oct.).....	La Hache. 20
Down by the River March.	2. G. (4 Oct.).....	Mack. 20
Dorrie Cheeks Polka.	2. F.	Harnistoun. 30
Dozia Mazurka.	3. D. (5 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 40
Driving in the Park.	Easy Var. 3. D.	Rudolphson. 30
Dulcinea Mazurka.	3. C. (5 Oct.).....	Smith. 30

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Duke of Reichstadt Waltz.	Var. 3.	Rudolphson. 30
* Eddie's Polka.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 35
Eleanor Schottisch.	2. F. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Elegance (L') Polka.	3. C. (5 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 40
Elfin Waltz.	2. A. (5 Oct.).....	Sofge. 30
Elisir d'Amour.	4. G.	Kinkel. 30
Elsie Gray March.	2. D. (5 Oct.).....	Mack. 20
Emerald Waltz.	2. D. (5 Oct.).....	Marines. 30
Ernani.	4. C.	Pacher. 30
Ernani.	3. C. (5 Oct.).....	Smith. 30
Ether Waltz.	1. C. (5 Oct.).....	Panorama. 30
Evening Tide Quickstep.	2. G. (4 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Evening Waltz.	2. B. (4 Oct.).....	Wagner. 30
Essie Schottisch.	3. A. (5 Oct.).....	Smith. 30
* Fairy Bell Schottisch.	4. B. (5 Oct.).....	Wagner. 30
Fallen Leaf Redowa.	2. C. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Falling Leaves Polka.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Goole. 30
Fanny Grey Schottisch.	2. G. (4 Oct.).....	Berger. 20
Faunt Galopade.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 30
Faust No. 1 Waltz.	3. C. (5 Oct.).....	Goole. 30
Faust.	3. F. (5 Oct.).....	La Hache. 20
Faust.	4. D. C and B. (5 Oct.).....	Mack. 20
Favorita.	3. F. (5 Oct.).....	Goole. 30
Favorita.	3. F. (4 Oct.).....	La Hache. 20
Favorita Polka March.	4. G. (5 Oct.).....	La Hache. 20
Fidello.	4. F. B. and G. (5 Oct.).....	Mack. 40
Fille du Regiment.	3. C. (6 Oct.).....	Goole. 30
Fille du Regiment.	3. C. (6 Oct.).....	La Hache. 20
Fille du Regiment.	3. F. (6 Oct.).....	Weber. 30
Fille du Regiment Waltz.	2. C. (4 Oct.).....	Berger. 20
First Love Redowa.	2. G. (4 Oct.).....	La Hache. 20
Floretta Waltz.	2. C. (4 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 35
Flora Waltz.	2. C. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
* Florie's first Waltz.	2. G. (4 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 35
* Florie's Waltz.	2. G. (4 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 35

* Florina's own Waltz.	2. C. (5½ Oct.).....	Strate. 20
Flower of Beauty Waltz.	3. (5 Oct.).....	Harnistoun. 30
* Floweret Waltz.	2. F. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 35
Foley Hall Waltz.	3. C. (5 Oct.).....	Smith. 30
Forest Waltz.	2. C. (4 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
* Forget Me Not Mazurka.	3. B.	Becht. 35
* Forget Me Not Polka.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 35
* Forget Me Not Quickstep.	3. G. (4 Oct.).....	Becht. 35
* Forget me not Waltz.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 35
* Forget me not Waltz.	1. G. (5 Oct.).....	Alfred. 30
Forza del Destino.	4. A Min. (5 Oct.).....	Mack. 50
Fra Diavolo.	3. C. (5½ Oct.).....	Goole. 30
* Freddie's Galop.	3. C. (5 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 35
Friendship's Offering Polka.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Frontier Quickstep.	3. F. (5 Oct.).....	Smith. 30
Full of Fun March.	2. C. (5 Oct.).....	Goole. 30
Gaiety Polka.	3. C. (4 Oct.).....	Mortimer. 30
Gazza Ladra.	4. F.	Pacher. 35
General Somebody's March.	3. (4 Oct.).....	Smith. 30
* George's Waltz.	3. F.	Kinkel. 35
Georgiana Quadrilles.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Georgia Schottisch's Song.	Var. 2. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Gipsy Waltz.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Berger. 20
Golden Age Schottisch.	3. B. (4 Oct.).....	Smith. 30
* Goldfinch Galop.	2. G. (5 Oct.).....	Boeman. 25
Goldfinch Mazurka.	2. G. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Graceful Mazurka.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 30
* Grace's Waltz.	3. G.	Kinkel. 35
Grand Duchesse.	3. F. (5 Oct.).....	Fry. 30
Grand Medley Cotillions.	2. G. (5 Oct.).....	With Figures. 30
* Greeley's Grand March.	4. F. (5 Oct.).....	Smith. 40
Hail Columbia.	2. C.	Desider. 20
Handy Andy Polka.	Mortimer. 30
Happy Home and Flora's Waltz.	1. G and C. (4 Oct.).....	Sofge. 30
Heliotrope Polka.	3. F. (4 Oct.).....	Wagner. 30
Her Bright Smile Waltz.	3. F. (4 Oct.).....	Viereck. 30
Holiday March.	2. G. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Holiday Polka.	3. C. (5 Oct.).....	Reiden. 30
Home, Sweet Home.	Var. 2. F. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
* Honeysuckle March.	3. G. (5½ Oct.).....	Becht. 35
* Honeysuckle Mazurka.	3. G. (5½ Oct.).....	Becht. 35
* Honeysuckle Polka.	3. F. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 35
* Honeysuckle Quickstep.	3. C. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 35
* Honeysuckle Schottisch.	3. D. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 35
* Honeysuckle Waltz.	3. G. (5½ Oct.).....	Becht. 35
Hopp Marinka.	1. C. (4 Oct.).....	Lesson. 10
Hours there were.	Var. 3. C.	Rudolphson. 30
How can I leave thee? Galop.	2. (4 Oct.).....	La Hache. 20
Huguenots.	4. F.	Kinkel. 20
Huguenots.	4. B. (5 Oct.).....	Mack. 40
Humming-Bird Polka.	3. C. (5 Oct.).....	Albert. 30
* Humming-Bird Waltz.	2. F. (4 Oct.).....	Boeman. 25
Hunter's Joy Quickstep.	3. C. (4 Oct.).....	Smith. 30
Hunter's Quickstep.	2. D. (4 Oct.).....	Wagner. 30
Heating Song and Dancing-Master.	1. C.	Lesson. 10
I da March.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Il Bacio.	(The Kiss Waltz) 2. F. (4 Oct.).....	La Hache. 20
Il Desiderio.	3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 35
* Innocence March.	2. G. (4 Oct.).....	Harnistoun. 30
* Irish Volunteer.	2. F. (5 Oct.).....	Mack. 20
It is the last Rose of Summer.	1. F. (4 Oct.).....	Lesson. 10
Ivy Vine Waltz.	2. C. (5 Oct.).....	Harnistoun. 30
I would like to change my Name Galop.	2. G.	Becht. 30
* Janette Polka Redowa.	2. F. (5½ Oct.).....	Mack. 40
Japan Rose Polka.	2. G. (5½ Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Jennie's Schottisch.	3. F. (5 Oct.).....	Le Motte. 30
* Jimmie's Schottisch.	3. F. (5 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 35
Johnny Jump Up Polka.	3. (5 Oct.).....	Harnistoun. 30
Johnny Jump Up Waltz.	2. G. (5 Oct.).....	Sofge. 30
Jordan's a hard Road.	1. F. (4 Oct.).....	Desmari. 10
* Josephine Mazurka.	3. F. (5 Oct.).....	Smith. 30
Joyful Schottisch.	3. D. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Julia's First Waltz.	2. C. (4 Oct.).....	Albert. 30
Kathleen Polka.	2. C. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
King's Gardeners Waltz.	1. G.	Hess. 10
Kitty Kino.	1. C. (4 Oct.).....	Desmari. 10
Lady of the Lake March.	1. D. (4 Oct.).....	Lesson. 10
Laura Lee Macaroll.	2. C.	Mack. 20
Lusternach Waltz.	3. G.	Cunning. 30
Lenore Schottisch.	2. G. (6 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Leona Waltz.	Var. 3. C.	Becht. 45

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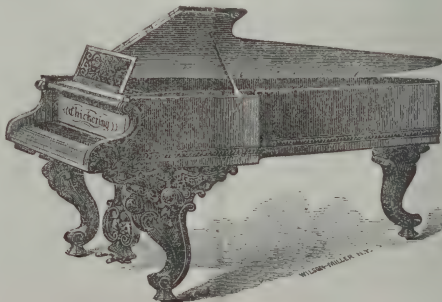
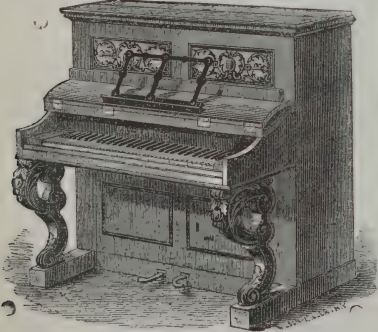
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VOLUME II.

DETROIT, DECEMBER, 1872.

NUMBER XII.

The Dream of Youth.

Thou dream of youth—as beautiful
As moonlight o'er the main—
The moon shall rest in the shrouded west,
And the wave be dark again.

Thou dream of youth—sweet as the tone
Of the night music sighs,
Bear the deep song on the breeze along;
It wakens and it dies.

Thou dream of youth—fair as the flower
The Spring's soft morn'gave,
Its bloom declines what'er it twines,
The bridal or the grave.

Thou dream of youth—more bright yet fleet
As the night bird's wing of gloom,
It passes by on the night-wind sigh,
And rests upon the tomb.

Thou dream of youth—and it is thus
With all things pure as thou—
Blights for the flower that decks the bower,
Shades for the sunny brow.

Rest for the night-bean and the tone
Of music o'er the sea,
And there is sleep as sad and deep,
Thou dream of youth for thee!

The Sweet Little Rover.

Dear little feet, how you wander and wander,
Little twin trunco so fleet,
Dear little hand, how you ponder and ponder
Over the things that you meet.

Dear little tongue, how you chatter and chatter
Over your innocent joys.
Oh, but the house is alive with your clatter—
Shaking, indeed, with your noise.

Can't you be quiet a moment, sweet rover?
Is there no end to your fun?
Soon the "old saint man" will sprinkle you over,
Then the day's frolic is done.

Come to my arms, for the daylight is dying,
Closer the dark shadows creep;
Come, like a bird that is weary of flying;
Come, let me sing you to sleep.

Congregational Singing.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge of Brooklyn, New York, talks thus laconically about choirs and congregational music, in the *Independent*, which will furnish "food for fun," and fun for sober reflection, to all who will read; and, could we have our way, we would have it photographed and placed in the vestibule of every church in the land. We hardly think, however, that the prescription herein applied, will effectually cure, but duly administered will so work on the present system as to "pave the way" for the second, which, God grant, may finally accomplish the end so ardently desired:

There has been an effort made for the last twenty years to kill congregational singing. The attempt has been tolerably successful; but it seems to me that some rules might be given by which the work could be done more quickly and effectually. What could be the use of having it lingering on in this uncertain way? Why not put it out of its misery? If you are going to kill a snake, kill it thoroughly, and do not let it keep on wagging its tail till sundown. Congregational singing is a nuisance, anyhow, to many of the people. It interferes with their comfort. It offends their taste. It disposes their nose to flexibility in the upward direction. It is too democratic

in its tendency. Down with congregational singing and let us have no more of it.

The first rule for killing is to have only such tunes as the people cannot sing.

In some churches it is the custom for choirs at each service to sing one tune which the people know. It is very generous of the choir to do that. The people ought to be thankful for the donation. They do not deserve it. They are all "miserable offenders" (I heard them say so); and, if permitted once in a service to sing, ought to think themselves highly favored. But I oppose this singing of even the one tune that the people understand. It spoils them. It gets them hankering after more. Total abstinence is the only safety; for, if you allow them to imbibe at all, they will, after awhile, get in the habit of drinking too much of it, and the first thing you know they will be going around drunk on sacred psalmody. Besides that, if you let them sing one tune at a service, they will be putting their ear into the other tunes and bothering the choir. There is nothing more annoying to the choir than, at some moment when they have drawn out a note to exquisite fineness, thin as a split hair, to have some blundering elder to come in with a "Praise ye the Lord!" Total abstinence I say! Let all the churches take the pledge, even against the milder musical beverages; for they who tamper with champagne cider soon get to Hock and old Burgundy.

Now if all the tunes are new there will be no new temptation to the people. They will not keep humming along, hoping that they will find some bars down where they can break into the clover pasture. They will take the tune as an inextricable conundrum, and give it up. Beside that, Pisgah, Orion, ville and Brattle Street are old-fashioned. They did very well in their day. Our fathers were simple-minded people, and the tunes fitted them. But our fathers are gone, and they ought to have taken their baggage with them. It is a nuisance to have those old tunes floating around the church, and some time, just as we have got the music as fine as an opera, to have a revival of religion come, and some new-born soul break out in "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me!" till the organist stamps the pedal with indignation and the leader of the tune gets red in the face and swears. Certainly anything that makes a man swear is wrong—ergo, congregational singing is wrong. *Quod ergo demonstrandum*; which, being translated, means plain as the nose on a man's face. What right have people to sing who know nothing about rhythmic, melodies, dynamics? The old tunes ought to be ashamed of themselves when compared with our modern beauties. Let Dundee and Portuguese Hymn and Silver Street hide their heads beside what we heard not long ago in a church—just where I shall not tell. The minister read the hymn beautifully. The organ began, and the choir sang as near as I could understand, as follows:

Oo-aw-gee-bah
Ah-me-lah-le
O-pah-sah-dah
We-haw-gee e-e-e.

My wife, seated beside me, did not like the music. But I said: "What beautiful sentiment! My dear, it is a pastoral. You might have known that from 'Wo-haw-gee.' You have had your taste ruined by attending the Brooklyn Tabernacle." The choir repeated the last line of the hymn four times. Then the prima donna leaped on the first line, and slipped and fell on to the second, and that broke and let her through on to the third. The other voices came in to pick her up, and got into a grand wrangle, and the bass and the soprano had it for about ten seconds; but the soprano beat (women always do), and the bass rolled down into the cellar, and the soprano went up into the garret, but the latter kept on squalling as though the bass, in leaving her, had wickedly torn out all her back hair.

Now, I admit that we cannot all have such things in our churches. It costs like sixty. In the Church

of the Holy Bankak it costs \$100 to have sung that communion piece:

"Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor!"

But let us come as near to it as we can. The tune "Pisgah" has been standing long enough on "Jordan's stormy banks." Let it pass over and get out of the wet weather. Good-bye, "Antioch," "Harwell" and "Boylston." Good-bye till we meet in glory.

But, if the prescription of new tunes does not end congregational singing, I have another suggestion. Get an irreligious choir, and put them in a high balcony back of the congregation. I know choirs who are made up chiefly of religious people; or those, at least, respectful for sacred things. That will never do, if you want to kill the music. The theatrical troupe are not busy elsewhere on the Sabbath, and you can get them at half price to sing the praises of the Lord. Meet them in the green room at the close of the "Black Crook" and secure them. They will come to church with opera-glasses, which will bring the minister so near to them that they can, from their high perch, look clear down his throat, and see his sermon before it is delivered. They will make excellent poetry on Deacon Goodson as he carries around the missionary box. They will write dear little notes to Gonzalo, asking him how his cold is and how he likes gundrops. Without interfering with the worship below, they can discuss the comparative fashionableness of "The Basque" and "The Polonaise," the one lady voting she thinks the first style is "horrid" and the other saying she would rather die than be seen in the latter—all this while the chorister is gone out during the sermon to refresh himself with mint julep, hastening back in time to sing the last hymn. How much like heaven it will be when, at the close of a solemn service, we are favored with snatches from Verdi's "Travatore," Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," and Bellini's "Sonnambula" from such artists as:

Prima Donna Soprano,
Madelmoelle Suzette,
from Grand Opera House, Paris.
Signor Bombastani
Basso Buffo,
from the Royal Italian Opera.
Carl Schneiderne,
First Baritone,
of His Majesty's Theatre, Berlin.

If after three months of taking these two perscriptions the congregational singing is not thoroughly dead, send me a letter directed to my name, with the title of O. P. M. (Old Fogey in Music), and I will, on the receipt thereof, write another perscription, which I am sure will kill it dead as a door-nail, and that is the deadiest thing in all history.

The Riches of Sacred Song.

Poetry and music had their origin in emotional speech. Language was at first entirely composed of concrete terms—that is, of terms which were names of material things. Spiritual experiences had to borrow or derive the nearest name accessible. And so it happens, that whenever speech rises above the things of earth, as soon, indeed, as it makes mention of even well-known facts and existences that can neither be measured nor weighed, it becomes a tissue of metaphors. The language we speak, indeed, has been so enriched by the intellectual treasures of past ages, that we have at last come into the use of terms especially set aside for the discussion of immaterial things. By this limited use of the terms, we have gradually lost consciousness of the material meanings they all once had. Nevertheless, the fact remains, that the spiritual significance of the words is under-shadowed, and indeed, explained, by the old material meanings. For the great world itself is but a vast object apparatus, to teach us something about the kingdoms out of sight. In intentionally metaphorical speech, the material meaning is thrust forward into the foreground; so we first become

conscious of the picture, afterwards, of the moral. For example:

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth me beside still waters."

Here the rhetorical figure is retained throughout, and the higher meaning is to be discovered beneath the surface. As Ruskin has said about water "When you look at the surface, you see merely the ripples and the clear or muddy hue; but look deeper, even in the little road-side puddle, and you shall see, far down in the depths, the waving grass, the murmuring trees and the beautiful sky of God's heavens."

Poetry is nothing but metaphorical speech, so emotional as to take to itself rhythm. The old Hebrew poetry, indeed, has little of what we call rhythm; yet it has a general ebb and flow, and a correspondence of ideas in the two lines of a couplet, that served to Israelitish ears as a prophecy of the more polished music that should come later.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors!
And the King of Glory shall come in."

The music is of the interior structure, and not the merely outward fashion of meter and rhyme.

Throughout the Old Testament we find that whenever the speaker was profoundly moved by his subject, whether it were a message from God or inspired vision of "one treading the wine-press alone," his mysterious suggestions of the things of the spiritual world—unspeakable in mortal speech—in every case, poetry is the chosen medium.

In the beautiful strains of song, the church throughout all ages, has found sweetest solace. Whenever spiritual life has faded on earth, sacred song has fallen into disuse. In the bloom of youth, David sang the sweet pastoral already quoted. In maturer manhood, but in the brightness of his glory, ever even sin had got such sore hold of him, he uttered those noble lyrics: "Lift up your heads," and "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." In later life, his wings were too encumbered with earth to suffer such flights.

At the Christian era, spiritual life was almost lost out of the earth. Yet there were some who looked for better things, and the earliest dawn of the era was signalized by song. "Blessed art thou among women," sang the angel; and "Peace on earth" was the benediction of the celestial choir. Even through the dark ages, here and there a good soul kept heart, and sweetly sang of light and love. The best of all these songs that have come down to us, is the one known as "Jerusalem, the golden," a new version of a Latin hymn of one Bernard, of Cluni. The hymn was written about 1145, and the English version is by Dr. John Mason Neale, warden of Sackville college, Sussex, England. Of this the American edition says: "The beautiful simplicity of its artless, child-like lines, portrays more naturally the fervid imagery of the monk. After seven hundred years of darkness, the holy fervor of Bernard re-kindles in it as warmly as when, in the warmth of his devotion, he believed himself specially inspired by the Most High. In other language, at another time, and among those who can but dimly trace his name in the crumbling record of his works, the rhyme of the poor monk re-lives to gladden the hearts of other Christians, loved by such as possess its faith, and treasured by the best and gentlest of earth."—*Song Messenger*.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make it no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud, that makes a flower. There is always that before or around us which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The world is bright ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is as well that none should be free from them. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can, without and within him; and, above all, he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. What is ill becomes well—what is wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down either heads or lips; and those who do, only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam, than a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore, look on the bright side of things, and cultivate what is warm and genial.—*Monthly Echo*.

Satan Rebuking Sin.

We need never despair of a good cause when advocated by so potent a power for good as that the *New York Herald* wields. Only see how it belabors the fashionable choir-singers connected with our churches. We respectfully suggest it be printed in gold, and hung up in the vestibule of our meeting houses:

"What we desire is, that members of choirs shall, without exception, be something more of Christian and less of professional singers. It is true that they are regularly paid to chant the praises of the Lord in soprano, contralto, tenor, basso, and the rest; but whether the notes be worth the infinitesimal part of a mill each, or the fraction of a dollar, or even a whole dollar, is not the question. We propose that after they have ceased singing they shall set to praying, or listen to the preacher with the rest of the congregation. How often has it not been observed that the instant members of a church-choir have finished a hymn they settle down to a cosy chat, passing their little jokes with as much indifference as if they were not in a place of worship, or as if they had received information direct from Heaven that they need not trouble themselves with the question of salvation?

We do not mean to say that a majority of the members of choirs act in this manner, but that a minority sufficiently great in numbers to attract attention do this, no person will deny. Indeed, we are assured that at some of the churches social topics are discussed every Sunday; satire and criticism are indulged in, and pleasant stories are told between the pauses in the music. Such levity and irreligion merit and ever receive our condemnation. We are willing to pay these people to sing us to heaven, but we cannot undertake to pray them to that happy home of a hereafter. They must do their own praying; they must become Christian worshippers. Conversations on social matters and pleasantries are very good and allowable things in their way, but they are not appropriate at church. Let us trust the erring members of the choir will heed this admonition, behave better in the future, and become faithful and devoted followers of Christ."

Voices.

The cultivated listener, at any of our concerts, churches, or musical gatherings of any kind where vocal music is being rendered, cannot fail to be brought to a knowledge of the fact that there are a great many varieties of the same kind of voice. Take, for instance, the *soprano*, and you will find the squeaking, the squealing, the screaming, the squalling, the squaking, the scooping, the timid-flatter, the terrific-sharper, and many other varieties. Among *altos* are the guttural, the sepulchral, the thick, the thin, the betwixt-and-between, and the soft-solder alto, other varieties of course, exist, which do not require the use of an ear-trumpet to enable the listener to distinguish them. Of *tenors*, the gasping, the blating, the pipe-stem, the over-the-pitch, the under-the-pitch, the up-the-nose, the crying, the tom-cat, and the saw-filing varieties are everywhere to be met with. Of all these the "crying tenor" is certainly the most to be dreaded. It can only be employed to advantage at funerals and "wakes," and even then its effect is almost too heart-rending.

Now last, but not least, the *basses*. There are the roaring, the howling, the bellowing, the grain-leather, the pump-kink, the eddy-barrel, the grating, the down-cellar, the wedge-hammer, the green-edge, the dry-as-dust, the mouldy, the gone-to-seed, and the blast-furnace bass.

This descriptive catalogue contains specimens of what may properly be called eccentric voices, i. e., voices which have received "special training" at the hands of the owners thereof, or have been "made over" to order by some teacher of the "compartment system." The purer types of voices are not so often found among "educated" singers now-a-days, nor are they so highly prized by concert agents, church music committee-men, and campaigning clergymen, who seem to prefer the peculiarly startling effects produced by these eccentric voices, either singly or combined, to the tamer and, consequently, less attractive varieties who employ pure tone as the basis of their musical operations.—*Metropolitan*.

The woodman who "spared that tree," has run short of wood, and is almost splitting with vexation to think how green he was. He now "axes" a donation from the gentlemen at whose request his destructiveness was starved.

Correspondence.

Letter from Boston.

THE GREAT FIRE—ITS EFFECTS UPON THE SEASON'S MUSICAL PROSPECTS—CONCERTS PAST AND TO COME—THE COLISEUM TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION—THEATRICALS, ETC.

Correspondence of the THE SONG JOURNAL.

BOSTON, November 20, 1872.

Our city, like Chicago, has been stricken by disaster. The richest section of the city, with its great warehouses filled with goods has been swept away by the cruel flames, and between one and two thousand of our leading business firms have been prostrated by the calamity. An hundred millions of dollars in property has been destroyed. Not is this all. Hundreds of poor families have been rendered homeless and homeless, and tens of thousands of working people, men and women, have been thrown out of employment. There will be great suffering this winter, notwithstanding the active means now being taken to relieve all known wants. Such a calamity can have only one effect upon amusement matters, musical and theatrical. Money will not be wasted in frivolities this winter, nor in luxuries, and high priced entertainments of all kinds will be poorly patronized. Several projected musical entertainments have already been given up, and others doubtless will be.

The Harvard Musical Association began its eighth season on the 7th inst., with an excellent concert in which Madame Rudersdorff took part, in addition to the orchestra. Zerrahn was the conductor, and Madame R., sang a cantata by Haydn, "*Ariana u Naxos*," and an aria by Mozart with fine success. The orchestral selections embraced Mendelssohn's overture to "*Athalie*," Beethoven's First Symphony, Schubert's overture to "*Alfonso and Estrella*," and Schumann's overture to "*Genoveva*!" Madame Rudersdorff sang with better effect than on any previous occasion in Boston. The second concert of the series takes place next Thursday, when Miss Therese Liebe, the violinist of the Rudersdorff Troupe, will appear. Mr. Nelson Varley, the English tenor, was to have made his first American appearance at the same time, but will be unable to reach here in time. The orchestra will perform Cherubini's overture to "*Medea*," Weber's overture, "*Ruler of the Spirits*," and Mozart's Symphony in E flat. Among the selections to be performed at future concerts, are Gade's Symphony, No. 5, in D minor, with piano-forte obligato; concerts for the Oboe, by Rietz; Haydn's Symphony in E flat; Cherubini's overture to "*Ali Baba*," Haydn's "*Surprise*" Symphony; "*Krakowiak*," for piano and orchestra, by Chopin; Mozart's piano Concerto in A; the first movement of Rubinstein's "*Ocean*" Symphony; Beethoven's Seventh Symphony (to be performed with other of the great composer's works, on the anniversary of his death, March 27); and piano concerto in C minor, by Mozart. Among the soloists who are to appear, are Miss Alice Fairman, and Miss Anna Mehlig, December 5; Mr. August Kutzleb, oboe, and Mr. G. W. Sumner, pianist, December 26; Mr. J. C. D. Parker, January 9; Mr. B. J. Lang, February 6; Mrs. C. A. Barry and Mr. Hugo Leonard, February 27; Mr. M. W. Whitney, March 13; and Mr. E. Perabo, March 27.

The series of Popular Orchestral Concerts which was to have been given at Music Hall, on the alternate weeks of the Harvard Concerts, was opened on the 30th of October, and the entertainment was one of rare excellence, although the attendance was not altogether what it should have been. There was some fine orchestral performances under the direction of Mr. Zerrahn, and Mrs. C. A. Barry, Mr. J. C. D. Parker, and Mr. Walf Fries also assisted. The second concert, which was to have taken place on

the 13th inst, but it was given up on account of the fire.

Of Mr. A. D. Peck's promised series of concerts, only two came off. The others were postponed on account of the prevailing horse distemper. The horse railway lines and omnibus lines suspending all travel for a week or more. The postponed concerts were announced for the present week, but the great fire has led to their second postponement. At the two concerts given, Mrs. Charles Moulton appeared with fine success, as did also Miss Adelaide Philipps, Mr. F. D. Packard, Sen., M. W. Whitney, Miss Mehlig, Mrs. H. M. Dow, and the Beethoven Quintette Club.

A concert was given at the Music Hall October 30, under the auspices of the Boston Lyceum, at which Miss Alice Fairman, the contralto; and Miss Therese Liebe, the violinist, both of the Rudersdorff Troupe, were heard for the first time in Boston. Both made pleasant, though by no means great impressions. Miss Fairman has a good voice and good method, and sang with fine expression and taste, but unfortunately she was brought into close comparison with Miss Adelaide Philipps, who chanced to be in better voice than Miss F., and consequently sang divinely. Both Miss Fairman and Miss Liebe will probably be heard to better advantage at the Harvard concerts. Madame Rudersdorff, Mrs. Julia Houston-West, Mr. Packard, Mr. M. W. Whitney, and the Boston Artists' Orchestral Club assisted on the occasion, as well as Miss Philipps.

The New England Conservatory of Music has given several fine concerts lately. Mr. F. H. Farrington gave a recital on the great organ, November 9th. On the 16th a concert was given at Wesleyan Hall, at which Miss E. F. Parker, a young pianist of marked ability, made her first appearance in Boston. Miss Parker is a pupil of the Leipzig Conservatory, and her playing shows the results of careful and intelligent study. She made a very agreeable impression, and we trust will be heard in Music Hall. Mrs. Anna Granger Dow, and Mr. Wulf Fries assisted on the same occasion with excellent success. The regular quarterly concert of the Conservatory takes place this afternoon at Music Hall. The programme arranged for the occasion is of an interesting character.

Theodore Thomas and his matchless orchestra are to give six concerts at Music Hall, beginning November 29, assisted by Mr. George L. Osgood and Miss Anna Mehlig. The first concert will be for the benefit of the sufferers by the recent fire.

Mr. Gilmore has arranged to give a series of Sunday concerts at the Boston Theatre, in aid of the sufferers by the fire. The first will take place December 1.

The Apollo Club have under rehearsal portions of Mendelssohn's "Athalia." The club have secured elegant quarters in a new building on Tremont street, opposite the Common.

Mr. M. W. Whitney, Boston's favorite basso, sings every Sunday in the choir of Christ's Church, New York.

The Boston musicians have formed a club for social and friendly purposes, with Charles Kopitz as president.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club propose to give a series of concerts at its hall in Tremont Temple.

The Handel and Hayden Society will probably have the assistance of Mlle. Drasil in its Christmas oratorios. In the oratorios to be given in February and March Mr. Nelson Varley, the English tenor, and M. W. Whitney, will, it is expected, appear, in addition to Madame Rudersdorff and Miss Fairman.

The return of M. Paulus, the well known leader of the band of the French Garde Republicaine, to this country, with a new musical organization, for an extensive concert tour, is announced. M. Paulus was to receive his retirement on pension next year, as he would then have served thirty years in the army, but his retirement, it is understood, will be

advanced by several months, in view of his past valuable services.

Mr. Carlyle Petersilea has begun a series of piano-forte recitals at Wesleyan Hall.

Dr. Tourjee lost in the recent fire the stereotype plates of his "Tribute to Praise." They were valued at \$5,000, and were uninsured.

Your correspondent sustained, with other losses, in the great fire, that of an extensive collection of musical journals, files, more or less complete, of nearly all the American and English musical and art weeklies, and monthlies being included. It was unquestionably the most complete collection of the kind in the country.

The Coliseum is to be sold at public auction next Saturday, and is to be taken down immediately after. It is considered to be a dangerous building. Since the great fire it has been guarded by troops to prevent incendiary attempts.

Mr. Gilmore realized about \$1,000 from his benefit at the Coliseum October 23d.

The fire has seriously affected the theaters. For two nights all the places of amusement were closed on account of the gas deficiency, all the gas in the city being shut off, to prevent explosions. One fire did result from this cause, and the destruction of a large amount of property was threatened. The valuable wardrobe of the Globe Theater was removed to a place of safety, in anticipation of the destruction of the building. The Howard, Museum and Globe have already given benefits to the sufferers by the fire, and the Boston, where Miss Charlotte Cushman is playing, follows suit to-night.

RANGER.

From Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 20, 1872.

We are fairly on in the amusement season, such as it is. It is chiefly buncumbe and beer; buncumbe on the lecture rostrum, buncumbe in the pulpit (that's amusement), buncumbe in the newspapers; buncumbe from the politicians—thank Heaven, that is over! Where there is not buncumbe, there is beer; and sometimes where there *is* buncumbe there is beer. I have seen both at the same mouth almost at the same moment; the beer scarcely in when the buncumbe came out. The liquor law, or rather its attempted enforcement, sent politics into a *galop* and made a pot-pourri (let us say pot-pie) of politicians.

The first lecturer whom I heard was James T. Fields, the man who has written, revised, edited, bought, printed, bound and sold books. My impression is now, that the relation to books which Mr. Fields can hold with the greatest benefit to himself and the public, is to buy and sell 'em. As a book maker, in other than the blacksmith sense, he is a failure. A man of literature he certainly is. A literary man he is not, and cannot ever be. As well might a wagon painter essay a portrait, as Mr. Fields the putting together of his own thoughts in a form to represent anything in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. In appearance he is heavy, lethargic; quite free from the pale cast of thought, and suggesting no suspicion of the midnight oil. I should say that his character may be summed in a single sentence: he reads many books and eats much roast beef. His talk in "Masters of the Situation" makes one believe that he has read and read and read for forty years with the sole aim of gathering odds-and-ends of sayings and happenings, and then, interspersed with men's names, strung them all together in a string, and called it "Masters of the Situation." I never heard the same number of surprising quotations in the same length of time. From the Persian proverb, "the devil sells milk although he has no goats," to that always to be laughed at remark of Chesterfield—"there are some men who so much esteem themselves that they will take off their hats

at the mention of their own name," Mr. Fields traveled the whole expanse of utterances, and told something that everybody had said and that nobody had heard often if at all before. I have a tender place in my desk for a book of quotations; but, oddly enough, Mr. Fields' are not in it. Of course, he showed that masters of the situation—well, that masters of the situation are—well, that they are—that they are those who—who—that they are those who—who are like General Grant, for instance! The *moral* of his discourse may be summed in that peculiarly accented couplet (which was the only thing Mr. Fields did not quote):

Patience and perseverance
Made a bishop of his reverence,

On the evening after his lecture on "Masters of the Situation," Mr. Fields lectured on Tennyson. The manager of the lecture course, who is my friend, Mr. Carpenter, came to me and said: "I want you to go to hear Mr. Fields for your own enjoyment, but you must not put any of it in print."

Then I interviewed Mr. Carpenter:

"Why?"

"Because I had great difficulty in inducing Mr. Fields to give this lecture."

"Why?"

"Because he is exceedingly unwilling that any part of it should get into print."

"Why?"

"Because the relations between him and Tennyson are such that it would be unpleasant for Mr. Fields to have even a paragraph concerning the lecture get to the other side of the water."

"Why?"

"Because the lecture is a criticism on Mr. Tennyson, who cannot bear criticism from his friends."

"Why?"

"Because he thinks himself above criticism—"

"Why?"

And Mr. Carpenter rushed out of my interrogative sanctum with his coat-tails on the perpendicular. I cried after him that I would not go to the lecture, and that I would say anything I pleased about it in print. He yelled "All right," and escaped.

I did not go to the lecture. I only sent a man. Mr. Carpenter made an agreement with the city press people that they would publish nothing concerning the lecture except what he furnished, and that is exactly what they did. Of course, I cannot be a party to any such public imposition. If newspapers have any object in life it is not to tell any more truth than they cannot help; but in this case of Mr. Fields' lecture on Tennyson, the truth ought to be told. I asked my deputy the next morning about it. Said he, "I liked Mr. Fields very much, and the lecture was highly entertaining. But—"

"Speak, John," I cried; "speak or die!"

"Well," said John, "I thought more of Mr. Tennyson before I heard the lecture than I do now."

"Why, John, Mr. Fields has known Mr. Tennyson for thirty years. I know he did not say a harsh word about him. So unwilling was he that Mr. Tennyson, in whose house and heart and confidence he has been, should know he had been talking of him at all, that nothing appears in the morning papers except what Mr. Carpenter wrote at Mr. Fields' dictation."

"I should think so," said John.

"John," said I, "give me a written report of Mr. Fields' lecture. Boil it down to a paragraph."

The next morning, John delivered his fulfilled task. Here it is:

"Mr. Fields gave a very vivid and familiar picture of Mr. Tennyson's home-life. He is a sunny, melancholy, condescending and whimsical man. He considers that the world had no poetry until God raised him up to make it. One never finds him in good humor. He is fond of reading his own poems in a kind of chant, to pavior gatherings at his own house or elsewhere. On one occasion, when a sentimental young lady, moved by a tender passage, clasped her hands and cried, 'Oh, that is beautiful!' Mr. Tennyson turned upon her with fierce pettishness, and hissed, 'Of course it is beautiful. Would it be mine if it were not beautiful?' Do

not interrupt me again." He scorns criticism and loathes critics. He is fond of ale. He wears number 18 boots. He is never good-natured, and constantly outrages all established forms, despising social proprieties. He esteems his own the only genuine poetry of the age. I presume he eats a great deal of mutton."

Mrs. Oates has been giving us comic opera at Aiken's pretty theatre, and, not calculating to go anywhere, I sauntered in there. She was playing the "Daughter of the Regiment," with a good deal of half-coarse wit put in, and all the good music left out. She is not quite a clever actress; but an ambitious and industrious one. As the bouncing tomboy with seven hundred fathers and no mother, she produced considerable laughter, which is success, without evoking much real admiration or challenging anything so cordial as esteem. As to her singing, of course, her voice is used to drudgery, and shows it. Occasionally one is gratified by a liquid, delightful note; and a dash of spirit, a fine shade, a well-watched *diminuendo*, promised that the next effort would be a genuine pleasure, but the promise remained unfulfilled while I listened, which was not long. Her voice is thin and hacked; her organ inelastic, and her schooling crude. The other singers of the troupe are all third-rate; but their acting is praiseworthy. The steward became obstreperous in his intoxication scene, and was probably never drunk before, he behaved so badly.

Among the Hills.

NOVEMBER, 20, 1872.

DEAR SONG JOURNAL.—It savors, undoubtedly, of the very essence of audacity, for me to rise among the learned and music-wise contributors to your respected paper, and attempt to wedge my little offering between the weightier documents which grace its columns. Trusting, however, that the little mite, on account of its insignificance, will thereby escape the "critic's eye," I take this method of introducing myself as the music teacher of D——. That modest little article in my last sentence at once defines my position, coupled with the relative pronoun first, would suggest to your ready mind the fact, that I am a pioneer—not in the cause of female suffrage, anti-slavery, temperance or politics; these most weighty and important questions I leave in more competent hands; but in introducing the art of music into this hitherto neglected field, we stand solitary and alone, without either predecessor or competitor, and "none to molest or make us afraid."

Imagine a quaint and quiet little village, lying encircled by a whole brotherhood of venerable hills, in one of our western States, apparently the most improbable place in the world for raising the musical standard, and you have in mind my "field for usefulness."

An enterprising agent for a celebrated organ, stumbled into this unsuspecting little settlement in his wanderings, and, by dint of hard reasoning, coaxing, daily rehearsals, flattery, using every available faculty he possessed to further his purposes, he obtained before his exit, one dozen orders for this wonderful instrument. Close on the heels of this sagacious runner, came your humble servant, and by the time these twelve organs had made their appearance at the station, (we have not arrived at the dignity of a depot yet), and had been anxiously and tenderly conveyed to their future abodes, ten pupils desirous of "becoming master of the instrument," had been secured; not, however, without my being subjected to any number of interrogations, cross-examinations and sweeping criticisms from those knowing nothing whatever of the subject in question. Anxious mothers inquired concerning my age, attainments, former experience, family, and antecedents. Prudent fathers ground off the edge of my stipulated price with a persistency which would have done credit to Shylock himself. Daughters, just bidding a reluctant adieu to their teens, became deeply interested in my future prospects. One kindly asked, "Be you spoken for?

another "can you play 'Fisher's Hornpipe'?" "What number of shoes do you wear?" An old devout woman wished to know whether I "belonged to the Methodist church?" On being answered in the negative, she eyed me with a pitying look, and "could not conscientiously allow me to teach her daughter?" A maiden lady of uncertain age begged leave to inquire whether I "wore false teeth," and were "those curls my own." "Would rather take of a gentleman." Notwithstanding these unpromising preliminaries, wherein I was called upon to give all the information I possessed, upon every possible subject save the one paramount in my own mind, no question of vital importance being broached relating to music, (the reason why is obvious,) I entered with much confidence and enthusiasm into my labors.

It is my first attempt. I need not add, it is also their first attempt.

One of the twelve organs found its way into the gallery of the Presbyterian "meeting house." My services as organist were promptly secured. I did not receive this honor as a compliment to my skill or proficiency as an organist, there being no other alternative for the good people of that church, if they wished the instrument for use, and not ornament merely, anything of a purely ornamental character would have seemed strangely out of place in that serenely plain and unassuming edifice. The amount of my salary shall be nameless here, for fear of exciting a smile of contempt on the face of some fair sister organist, whose lot is cast where filthy lucre abounds more plentifully, and whose tender conscience is not troubled by the knowledge that a certain amount of her well earned salary was "donated" by sister A., who in consequence, has deprived herself of the luxury of a new winter bonnet. Brother B., also "generously subscribed five dollars as his share." "Sister C. (who really was not able) canvassed the town, that our organist's salary might be paid." Deacon L. whose private opinion is that the "Lord's work should be freely done," "as usual had to make up the deficit."

I made my debut on the first Saturday night after this new organ had arisen to its dignified position in the gallery; where, heretofore, the numerous choir had sent up its praises from voices unalloyed by culture, and unaccompanied by aught save each other, and the sturdy echo from the pews below. At early candle light we trudged bravely up the well worn path which led to the scene of action. A goodly number of "singers" had already assembled, and were ranged in well ordered rows on the high backed benches which graced the gallery.

Audible whispers, principally coming from feminine lips, greet the ear of "the new music teacher" (who evidently was supposed to be deaf) as she unlocks the organ and takes her seat. "Wonder! can she work that thing now," "Aint her face red," "What's her name," "Where did she come from," and many more remarks not always complimentary to the looks, or supposed intelligence of the victim.

In the seat of honor, at the head of a long row of females, sits what afterward proved to be the "leading soprano."

Her best role was the anthem selected for the morning opening piece. Possessed of a voice remarkable alone for power, she led her obedient followers into crooked labyrinths and deep waters. On her right was also enough, apparently, to balance a heavy chorus, but "appearances are deceitful" sometimes, and "things are not what they seem." The tenor was done by a youth with corn colored hair, and the faintest allusion to a buff moustache on his upper lip, pale blue eyes, and a continual smile ever playing over his amiable countenance, for the leading soprano. Last, but by no means least in numbers or strength, came the bass, the heavy work was performed by two old men and three younger, four or five aspiring youths in roundabouts picking up what was left. One of the aforesaid old men was the leader. Stationed in the center of the gallery, a

candle in one hand, the other firmly grasping a stout hickory stick, he wielded his huge baton with great dignity and power, above our devoted heads, and led us triumphantly through our first rehearsal with an organ.

I will not weary you with a description of our ludicrous attempts to "keep together." The poor little tenor stealing a march on my modest interludes, but confident he was right, being "with the treble every time" Some one on the bass calling out Do, in sonorous voice, thereby excusing the instrument from giving the key. The "leading lady," declaring the instrument "clear below her voice" (which I trust for the reputation of the organ was the case). The alto hopping unceremoniously into the tenor staff, from thence *chousing* to the treble (always a third below,) ending up with a promenade all round, and coming down with peculiar force on the last note.

Many were the curious glances cast in the direction of the gallery on the following morning; for, be it known, *all* in the straight-laced congregation were not favorably inclined toward this innovation on an old custom, and I commenced with great inward agitation my carefully prepared voluntary. One black bonneted individual, with a defiant shake of her presbyterian head, arose in high indignation, and stalked out of church. An old deacon gave vent to his feelings in a deep groan. Young men and maidens appeared supremely satisfied, the smaller fry endeavored vainly to suppress an irreverent laugh, the good pastor squinting nervously at them through his glasses, and holding up a thin bony finger warningly as they peered cautiously around to catch a sly glimpse of the new machine, or hide their flaxen heads in their mothers' laps, to be rid of his awful glance.

Well, they all survived, and now, just one year from the inauguration of this "new fangled notion," all seem perfectly reconciled to the new organ. The close black bonnet nods approval from the corner pew, while its occupants' shrill counter rises high above organ and choir, in her favorite hymns.

In my private class I can boast of no prodigies. Few nimble fingers make a pastime of the daily routine. It is rarely the case that an answering look of intelligence encourages my heart, if I happen to grow a little enthusiastic in striving to instill into the mind of a pupil a love for the art for its own sake. Parents invest their children and me with ability unheard of, in expecting their untutored minds and fingers to develop in one term, what it has cost others years of patient study and unwearied labor to acquire. Still, in spite of uninterpreted motives, and a prospect of a tardy gathering of the fruitage which will one day reward my labors, I am not discouraged, though my initiation into the mysteries of music teaching has not been of the gentlest kind. At some future time, if agreeable, we would like to give you a brief sketch of our attempt to introduce the "Song Journal" to those musically inclined in our village. We received a copy from the agent who introduced the Estey organs here and found so ready a market for them. Being highly pleased with the paper ourselves, we thought it expedient to form a club. With what success you shall hear anon.

NOVICE.

The following we clip from the "Home Journal," which may be deemed pertinent, and will unmistakably apply to other localities outside New York, not excepting, perhaps, the city of Detroit:

FACTS, HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.—The Sunday night concerts would be better attended if the prices of admission were lower. One dollar and a-half for a reserved seat is too high a figure. "General admission" should be placed at fifty cents, at which rate the receipts would be larger. While everything else has been reduced, admission to theatres remains at war prices. The Olympic has resumed its former charge—entrance fee, seventy-five cents.

The Song Journal.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, DECEMBER, 1872.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."

"The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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The Close of the Year.

The leaves are almost gone,—we mean the leaves of the second year of the "SONG JOURNAL." The duet of years of our brief existence, closes with our present number; and these leaves hold their hands to shade us from the glaring sun of the older musical journals that surround us. Our contemporaries have danced on the grass, and played their games of croquet in all their gleeesome, fantastic, and shadowy ways, for our amusement—all of which they can afford to do. We cannot; for, be it distinctly and unqualifiedly understood, we have a higher (and in our view), a nobler aim. Not that we make larger pretensions to the love of art; or, belong to a church musical, of a proselyting persuasion, desirous of bringing all to embrace our creed,—join our church—or start on the road for the never ending song "beyond the river," under the control of the SONG JOURNAL. But we do say, in all our efforts connected therewith, we have tried to subserve the best interests of the cause of music.

But to what purpose is the above said? Have the leaves from the journal fallen beyond a resurrection to life renewed in form and phase differing from the original? Have the sweet songs from its pages found sunnier climes, and are they being sung by sweeter voices than those of their natal home? Well, be it so. The December days are chilly,—the birds of song, whose sweet, downy nests have been made in the SONG JOURNAL, (their old home), are now, perhaps, singing in sunnier climes far away, but will return and again gladden the hearts of those cheered by their sweet warblings, ere they departed.

Our readers will immediately coincide with us in feeling, when we announce that, from first to last, it has been an aim, dominant in mind, to make our paper a readable one, without the flashiness to the eye, too often resorted to in embellishments of journals of like character. Our aims have been distinctly and unqualifiedly set forth heretofore, and let it be understood, there will be no departure from them in future. Though progress in this direction may be slow and fitful in advancement, yet we deem it continually progressive, if rightly pursued. We wish to make our paper acceptable to the profession—to the amateur, and the tyro in music,—presenting something from month to month interesting and profitable to each and all. The journal will lend itself to no cabal, system, or name; but as heretofore will equally avoid favoritism or exorcism.

Conformity of opinion with our own in all cases, is not expected by our correspondents. It will suffice that they bring to the work a feasible object, and a decent style; at the same time, it will be allowed that it would be but fair to be exempted from any supposed identity with, or implied advocacy of, all the opinions which may be expressed by others. Controversy is not in itself objectionable,

provided the points in dispute be important; but its desirableness, can only be determined, by the spirit with which it is carried on, and the objects at which it aims, and the degree of power possessed by the disputants.

On behalf of the publishers we beg leave to state that punctuality in making payments by patrons of the work, or otherwise, involves the *existence* of every periodical, and therefore a strict compliance with terms is earnestly solicited. Now is the time to renew subscriptions, the time to form clubs—the time, "yes the set time," when teachers, choristers and all desirous of working for the cause can do so most effectually. Look to our premium list,—and ponder well the inducements for efforts in this direction therein set forth,—and then consider well if labor expended in this direction will be lost.

The Music in Our Paper.

We wish to call attention to the music herewith presented in the closing number of our second volume of the SONG JOURNAL. And, in doing this, we would not be invidious in comparison with any of the popular authors whose productions have graced the pages of our journal during the year now closed, nor the music of any of our contemporaries, in popular or artistic merit. It is not egotism in us to think and believe that we have just as good talent in Michigan, native and adopted, as in any of our sister States. The howls from the Wolverine State are no more discordant in an artistic view than those of a Weber, Haydn or Handel; with others whose names might easily be written, whose immortal works are being repeated by the authors of to-day, clothed in a garb suited to the conventionalisms and wants of the present.

We say thus much not in a boastful spirit, nor special reference to provocation or criticism, but believing it truth incontestable. The hymn, by our own Pease, "Softly Now the Light of Day," and we can safely couple with it, "Bear Ye Breezes," published in our last, are compositions and arrangements which may be pointed to with a pride and satisfaction of no ordinary kind.

We could easily speak of many others which have appeared in our pages, any and all of which can be pointed to as vocal or instrumental, possessing merits which demand a place in the olio of every lover of music. We say, then, the SONG JOURNAL is giving you from eighty to one hundred pages of the choicest music annually, costing not less than five times its subscription. Now is the time to renew subscriptions, and we appeal to every teacher, leader of choir, in fine, to every lover of music—send in your names for the SONG JOURNAL.

Michigan's Musical Bee Hive.

Reader, have you been in the country in summer, when the apple-blossoms, the roses and the clover were preaching their sermons of the coming bountiful harvest; when nature, in all her beauty and loveliness, seemed decked in her bridal attire; the flowers in the garden were dancing, courtesying and nodding to every passing breeze? Well, these were things wonderful without—things that no man living or dead could accomplish or bring about. There is a beautiful harmony in nature, which the more one contemplates, the more he admires. Did you ever witness a hive of bees swarm? Did you ever watch the swallows or the martins in their preparations for migration to climes sunnier, as the autumnal months approach? Here, then, we have lessons taught us, which the student in nature's school will ever learn from; and, if truthfully applied, will ever serve as a sure index to usefulness here, and happiness hereafter.

We have just left the old Musical Bee Hive of C. J. Whitney & Co., and, though a drone, perhaps,

in the family, yet we say the old *queen bee* is still there, and the swarms are multiplying and going forth from their old home from day to day in numbers almost uncountable. The music of their march can only be described by enumeration of instruments, from the Jew's-harp to the "Chickering Grand," the "castanets" to "Estey organ," all playing the same versatile repertoire of songs, duets, trios, quartettes and choruses gone and going out from this old hive to gladden the hearts of the thousands on hill and in valley throughout our State. Talk of the progress of music, of the improvements in the art of teaching it, of the facilities of the present as compared with the past, in acquiring knowledge, and when ciphered down to the solution of the problem, it will be found nowhere but in brains, or, to speak a little more definitely, in the education of the present, which, in many respects, is imperfect (we use the word in its softest signification), and not with an application to any teacher, any choir, any artist, any influence in any form, save that of the advancement of the cause of music; and, hence, only as a feeler, by which we hope to superinduce thought and study in relation to best interests of the cause in an educational point.

Look through our music stores, and behold the almost countless variety of instruments there found. The numberless publications of music, both in book and sheet form—the facilities for gaining knowledge in our boasted systems for acquiring it as compared with the past, and then tell us why so few readers of music.

Let the song writers, the book-makers, the teachers of music in our public schools, in fine, let the world look into this problem, yet to be solved, and tell why so few readers of the art divine.

"Wont do." That's so.

One principle of action has ever governed us, never to steal anything worthless, and if by accident we lay our hands on anything we had no right to take, the old Jewish law to restore four-fold, and thus make amends honorably, thereby settling accounts without the disputation often resorted to in courts of justice. This frank declaration of our creed is made because of the fault-finding coming up from the city of "Brotherly Love," a source from which any reasonable concessions of dereliction of duty, or sin of sinners, will receive due consideration. We have to say, therefore, by confession respectfully tendered to the *Amateur* (our highly respected contemporary), that perhaps the old rusty scissors, which had fleeced the wool from some poor editor's scalp, by some *hocus-pocus* descended a little and deeper through the paper covering, filching therefrom a few brains complained of, therein concealed.

We unqualifiedly and heartily indorse the *Amateur's* truism, so boldly set forth, "when we know where an extract comes from, we invariably make a point to credit it to the owner." All this is beautiful on paper. You preach with the eloquence of a Demosthenes, but a mightier weapon to wield may be viewed through the telescope of practice.

We hope to be forgiven the sin—if it be a sin and not unpardonable—and that Brother Basch will exercise Christian charity (we ask no more); and we hereby promise in the future to give credit to the *Amateur* in good fat-faced italics everything taken therefrom the old scissors may attack.

It is a well established fact, that those who learn to sing early in life, avoid many disorders of the chest and lungs to which others are subject. The love of song, and its frequent practice in moral and devotional exercises, makes the morning happy and joyous, the meridian cheerful and contented, and the evening of life calm, secure and hopeful.

A Look into the Musical World.

The dim distance is not unfrequently delusive in its illusiveness, and hence seldom reliable; therefore, the exercise of judgment, careful calculations from points of observation enter largely into estimates formed of merit and demerit, in mental as well as physical calculations. The figure-head of the musical ship has been MR. GILMORE for a score of months last past—in his "Peace Jubilee" movements, the results of which are as familiar to the musical world as the musical alphabet identified therewith.

In this declaration, we wish it understood, we say nothing against Mr. Gilmore, nor the gigantic efforts put forth by him, which, we verily believe, could have been accomplished by no other man in America, but the end is not yet realized, the results are far-reaching in the future advancement of music, yet to be ciphered on the slate of the historian; and whether results will say truthfully *minus* or *plus*, is a problem yet to be proven by the revelations of the future.

The next, in order of prominence, as connected therewith, is "Strauss and his band." All good musicians, and some of them artists, but not one—*no qualification*—better than a thousand of *our own*, which can be picked up by the almighty dollar at almost every door.

Again, we have the Irish band. It was a good one, we will not dispute on that point. And now to come down to the distinguished artists (we need not name them), connected with the great "Peace Jubilee"—and we are going still further in our analysis, and inquire into the *key*—(is it F sharp or B flat), we seek for the *root*, as some (if not all connected with it are still doing peculiarly)—for, when figured, it is found, not in the study of harmony, in any of its phases, but in the almighty dollar. What sent those bands to us? Why did they come? The artists also—why did they brook the perils of the ocean, departure from home and friends, the sundering of ties and obligations among kindred and loved ones. Why, we ask, but to gain a *name* and *fame*, and make money by it? Are we wrong in position, or premises assumed, in what we say in this matter? If so, God forgive, for, in our view, we speak the words of "truth and soberness."

We have said thus much from the stand-point we occupy, and, as we view the scene, expressing our opinion in relation to them in our humble way. If aught amiss in the guidance of the seeker after truth has been uttered, we are sorry; but, with emphasis we repeat the *almighty dollar* is the *equator* in the musical world, as in everything else, at the present. This truth may as well be presented first as last, it will bear its own weight.

A Word to Friends.

For two years past, the "SONG JOURNAL" has been laboring for the good cause of music; with what success, can only be judged of by words of cheer coming from almost every quarter through missives private, as also our contemporaries of the literary as well as musical press. To say we have no discouragements arising from a want of interest in our enterprise; and, that too, from some of the leading musicians of our State, as contributors upon musical topics identified with its advancement, would be the utterance of an untruth we do not propose to make. We say, therefore, to teachers, to leaders of musical conventions, and choirs, let us hear from you. Tell us how you are getting on, for this kind of chit-chat is useful, profitable, and conducive to good when rightly directed. We wish to make ours the paper of the State, and as conservators of musical matters, *Teachers should be held responsible*. We underscore this last clause, designing, by so doing, to impress its truth in a way, meaning *action*. Let us hear from you, then, dear friends, speaking words of cheer or censure, as "the spirit shall move you."

Webster's Musical Institute.

A new and important step has recently been taken by one of our commercial schools, in the inauguration of a musical department for instruction in vocal and instrumental music. Eligible rooms have been provided by Professor William Webster with a superior Piano-forte, in the Hodges' Block, corner of State and Griswold streets, and competent teachers engaged by him to give instruction in the theory and practice of music to the pupils of his large school, and all others desiring lessons in the art. We look upon this as a move in the right direction, for we see no reason why music may not be introduced into schools of this character as well as in our public or private schools, academies or colleges. We do most confidently look for good results in all respects from this new feature for the promotion of music, and heartily wish it all the success it deserves.

The Vocal Organs.

We find no fault whatever with the almost innumerable treatises upon the cultivation of the voice, when they are based upon those *laws* nature has established. Any departure, in theory or practice, diverging from these, will just as truly end in ruin as that relating to any other in nature. God Almighty has fixed these laws in the human constitution, and said to man, in language unmistakable, *study them*; use those powers and faculties given you *for me*, and in doing so it is done *for yourself*, and for the world. Let the principles herein enunciated control the cultivator and cultivated voice; and also the aspirant for truth in the attainment of Music, with well directed effort in the accomplishment of the end, and the time of consummation is not in the far, dim distance of the future.

The Estey Organ.

It is always a pleasant duty to record success in any well directed effort or enterprise, tending toward the advancement of music. With more than common interest, therefore, we extract from one of our exchanges the following description of the Estey & Co. organ manufactory, in Brattleboro, Vt.:

J. Estey & Co., cottage organ manufacturers, at Brattleboro, are doing an immense and increasing business, and are second to no concern of the kind in the country. During the month of October they made and shipped between 700 and 800 organs, and since January 1st, nearly 7,000. On an average one instrument is produced every twenty minutes of working time, and they are sent to all parts of the world. Four hundred hands are in their employ, and although possessed of the best facilities, they are unable to supply the demand. They occupy seven factories, each 100 by 80 feet, three stories high, and covered entirely with slate. The distance between the buildings is forty feet, and all are connected by a walk in the second story, in the rear. Speaking tubes connect with the office and all the shops. There are two large dry-houses. The power is furnished by a 100 horse power Corliss steam engine, with four boilers. A steam fire engine, with a regularly organized company, is on the grounds, and as an additional security, a portable fire extinguisher is placed on each floor of every building. The land in the vicinity of their manufactories, which was a sheep pasture when they moved to their present location two years ago, is now a village of forty houses."

We hardly need announce that the interests of music in our own State are most intimately identified with the gigantic manufactory above described; nor apprise our readers, that nearly one-third of the superior instruments sent forth from this colossal establishment, pass through the hands of C. J. Whitney & Co., sole agents for Michigan. In doing this, without further comment upon their instruments for the parlor or the church, as to superiority, without invidious comparison with the many other organs in the market, we simply say, the above speaks for itself, tells its own tale in a straight forward, unvarnished way, rendering further remarks wholly superfluous.

Voice and Health.

The following article, truthful and just, we transcribe from Brainard's Musical World, and commend its careful perusal to those interested in the cultivation of the voice, and meanwhile the preservation of the health. The importance of truth herein enunciated cannot be too carefully scanned, nor too tenaciously adhered to; for, principles are involved, that underlie the control of the voice, coupled with due preservation of the health.

It is generally acknowledged, that the act of singing is a healthy exercise. All medical men, all musical composers agree on this point; though they may differ as to the operation of the voice and vocal organs. Singing is a much better exercise than reading. Respiration in singing differs very much from that in speaking. Let us observe how the singer is obliged to fill his lungs quickly, and that without much, or any, outward manifestation of exertion. Then observe how slowly he dispenses his breath, while his lungs naturally desire to expel it quickly. The action of the lungs being very uneven in singing, the singer must have a greater control over them, than is required of the elocutionist.

The speaker or reader uses his lungs differently, and is not forced to husband his breath as much as the singer. He has his punctuation, which gives him frequent stopping places, while time, accompaniment, dramatic action, singing perhaps with others, drive the singer onward, with no liberty to rest his vocal organs, except at given pauses. Though music has its punctuation, has its long and short rests; though the skillful singer may here and there snatch a second wherein to obtain a fresh supply of breath, there is, after all, not as much liberty for the singer as regards breathing, as there is for the elocutionist in reading.

The singer's lungs, require, therefore, very peculiar training, and their power must necessarily be great and varied. It follows then, that the work of practicing music, must require much more mental and bodily effort than the mere act of speaking, and must be as such, healthier and more strengthening. While there is a *relation* between oratory and singing, they differ nevertheless, widely from one another in their methods.

It is true, that many have been brought to an early grave by injudicious singing. This has been the fault of teachers as well as that of pupils. Ignorance or carelessness, were in either instances, the first cause. Many teachers pretend to train the voice, but know nothing, or very little, of the anatomy of the vocal organs. Nor do they generally know the character of the individual voice under training, and hence apply wrong means, which in the end prove injurious to the voice, and the bodily health of the pupil. A teacher ought to be able to see whether or not a pupil is inclined to lung disease; should be able to judge correctly of the character of a voice, and not treat an alto as a soprano, or *vice versa*. This latter error is very common. There are still those who promise to make a soprano out of an alto. When will teachers and pupils learn that the laws of nature are unalterable?

Again many teachers err seriously in the attempt to raise the voice; i. e., to give it additional tones. This may be possible with some, but not with others. To great a strain injures the voice and health. Teachers should watch, therefore, not to plant the seeds of sickness, by imprudence. Singing is healthy; but screaming is not only inartistic, but fraught with danger to the voice. Alas! that public taste too often mistakes screaming for singing, thus setting a premium upon that which is not art, and which will eventually prove fatal to the singer's health. But composers of music also should be prudent in this respect, and not weary the voice by a too frequent use of the higher notes, or by putting them on wrong vowels.

Singing is a healthy exercise, if you make it such. It is injurious if you sing too much, especially difficult exercises. Never sing when you have a sore throat, or when fatigued. Never sing immediately after eating, and be prudent what you eat, for the vocal organs are directly influenced by the condition of the stomach. Dress prudently, avoid draughts and colds, and protect your feet when walking. If these simple rules are observed singing will be beneficial. Let singing begin early, as early as children can catch a tune. For the expansion of the chest caused by the right use of the vocal organs, is the greatest benefit to the child, giving the same growth and strength to the internal organs, that outdoor exercise does to the external. Let children sing in schoolrooms, give them plenty of fresh air, and many diseases will be ward off.

DETROIT, MICH

SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

(HYMN.)

FREDERIC H. PEASE.

Moderato.

pp Organ. *mf*

The organ introduction is written for a 4/4 time signature. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a series of chords and moving lines, marked *pp* (pianissimo) and then *mf* (mezzo-forte). The left hand (bass clef) provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Soprano Solo.

Soft-ly now the light of day, Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from

The vocal melody for the soprano solo is written in a 4/4 time signature. It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes. The organ accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

care, from la - bor free— Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.

The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'care, from la - bor free— Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.' The organ accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

SOPRANO.

Soft - ly now the light of day,

Fades up - on my sight a - way,

ALTO.

Soft - ly now the light of day,

Fades up - on my sight a - way,

TENOR.

Soft - ly now the light of day,

Fades up - on my sight a -

BASS.

p

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee, Lord I would

p

Com -

way ; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.

mf

SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

.... Lord, I would com - mune with Thee. Soon, Soon for me the light of

mune with Thee, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee, Soon, Soon for me the light of

Lord, I would com - mune with Thee. Soon for me the light of day,

day, Will for - ev - er pass a - way, *p* pass a - way, *pp* pass a - way; *f* Then from

day, Will for - ev - er pass a - way, pass a - way, pass a - way;

Will for - ev - er pass a - way, pass a - way pass a - way;

p *pp*

SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

f Then from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee, Then from

Then from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee, Then from

f Then from sin and sorrow free *dim.* Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

f sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

f *dim.*

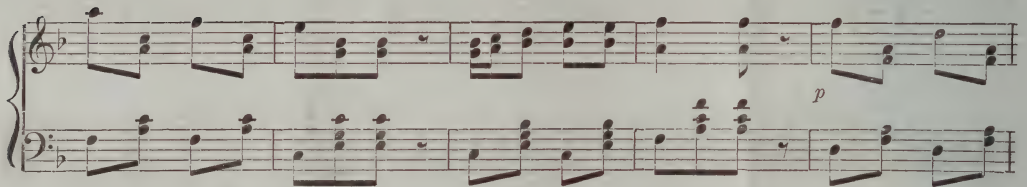
SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

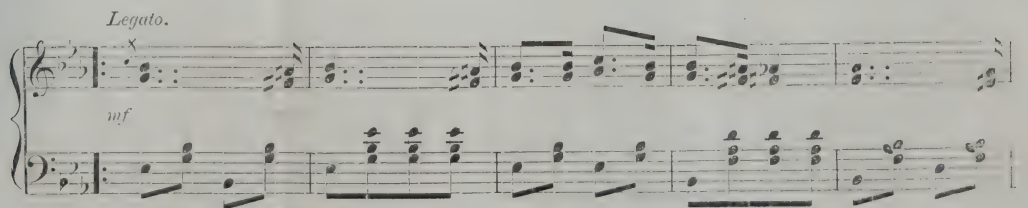
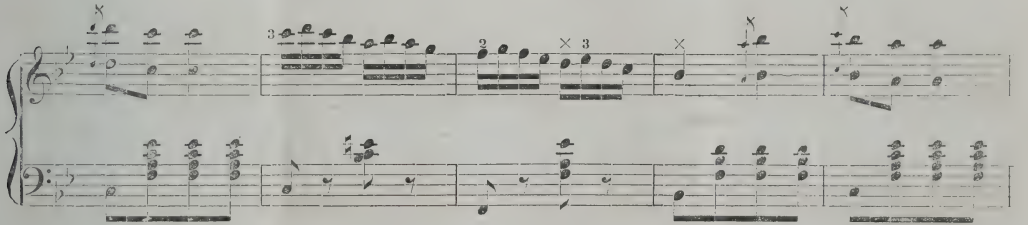
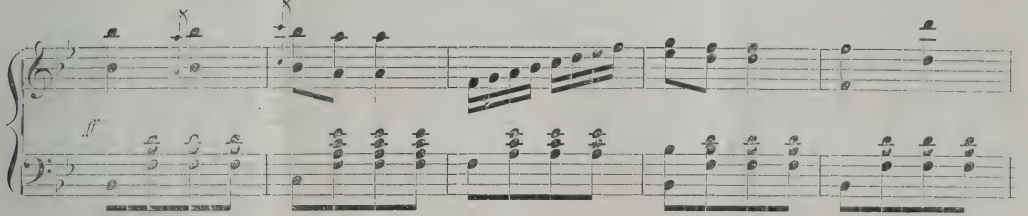
TO MISS EMMA HIXON, Pontiac, Mich.

HABEN SIE POLKA.

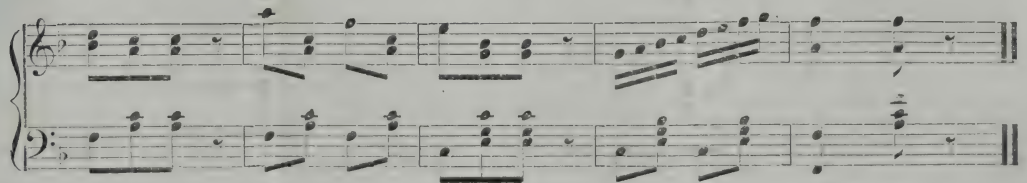
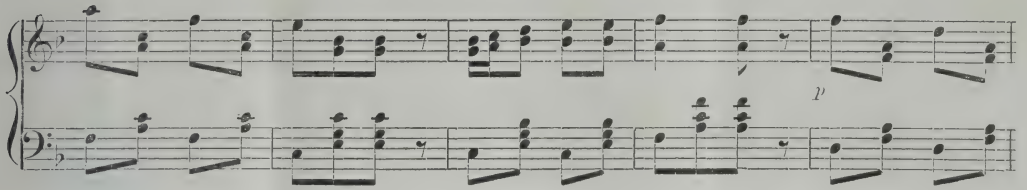
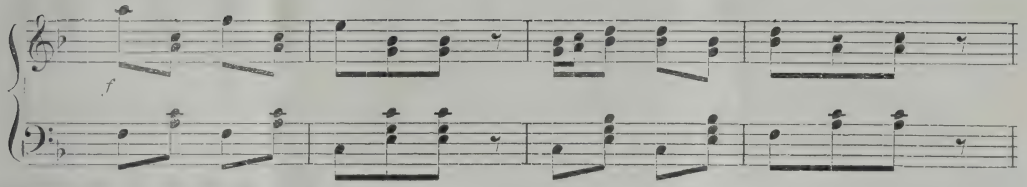
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No. 1.









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Those marked with a star (*) are elegantly illustrated. The Letters indicate the key, and the figures associated with the same character as to degree of difficulty. No. 1, easy for beginners; No. 2, a little more difficult, and so on to No. 7, being very difficult.

VOCAL.

- Beary Brezies.* Eb 6. Quartette. Fease..... 50
A charming arrangement of an air from "Sommambula," opening with a soprano solo, the theme repeated as a duett by tenor and soprano, followed by a quartette. This is one of the finest productions offered the public in a long time, and will be eagerly sought after.
- Hymn, "Softly Now the Light of Day."* F 4. Fease..... 35
Among the many meritorious arrangements of this well-known hymn, this, Mr. Fease, is destined to become a favorite; for fine dynamic effect, variety in melody and arrangement of parts, and fitness in every respect for church purposes, we have seldom seen a better adaptation.

Come Out in the Starlight. Eb 3. Serenade. Crandall... 35
A really enjoyable melody, easy and flowing in movement, with simple but very effective accompaniment.

- Love's Forgetfulness.* G 2. Ballad. Clark..... 30
Over and Over Again. F 2. Ballad. Herrick..... 35
My Darling's Little Shoes. Eb 2. Song and Chorus. Towne..... 35
There's Some One at the Door. Eb 2. Song and Chorus..... 30
Little Clara. Eb 2. Song and Chorus..... 30
The Old Rustic Porch. F 2. Song and Chorus. Linwood..... 30

All of the above are songs, pleasing, within the ability of the most modest performer, and calculated to give peculiar satisfaction, as home songs—around the fireside.

- Tela Trifaina.* Db. 2. Song and Chorus..... 30
Spirit of Light, Love and Beauty. Eb. Duett and Chorus..... 30

These two pretty compositions, by Whiting, will be found very desirable parlor songs, full of melody and not difficult.

Somebody's Darling is Slumbering Here. Ab 3. Song and Chorus. Moore..... 30
I Have Found Thee But Too Late. C 2. Ballad. Cox..... 30
Little Clara. Eb 2. Song and Chorus..... 30
I'm Lonely Since We Parted. Eb 2. Song and Chorus..... 30

Both the above compositions, by Crandall, can be made available by every musician of ordinary ability; they are simple and quite pretty.

- I am Coming Home, Dear Sister.* D 2. Song and Chorus..... 35
Mueller.....

A very attractive melody, with good chorus.

- We have Laid Her in the Garden.* Ab 2. Song and Chorus..... 35
Mussey.....

A plaintive little gem, whose echoes find a and response in the hearts of many a family.

- Why Silent Thus so Long, my Love!* C 3. Song and Chorus..... 30
Smith.....

Among the many songs and choruses we have occasion to notice this month, this is one of the best. Will give pleasure to all lovers of good harmony.

- Oh, Will He Never Come?* Ab 3. Song and Chorus. Burke..... 30

A sad song of the lonely watch of a drunkard's wife, for the coming of her unfaithful husband. A very effective piece for temperance gatherings.

INSTRUMENTAL.

- On the Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes.* Strauss..... 75
One Thousand Night's Waltzes. Strauss..... 75

These two immensely popular compositions, by the well-known master of waltz music, should be obtained by all who are capable of performing music of moderate difficulty, their bewitching strains cannot fail to delight, and not weary.

- Song of the Rain.* Polka Brillante Eb 3. Hewitt..... 45

A fantastic little gem, possessed of more than ordinary merit.

- Young and Loyal March.* C 8. Merz..... 40

An excellent teaching piece, carefully fingered.

- Who Cares Galop.* D 2. Merz..... 40

A lively, rollicking melody, rightly named; also a good piece for young players.

- Sparkling Glen Waltz.* F 2. Roberts..... 35

A very attractive melody, with good chorus.

- My Dear Galop.* D 3..... 50
Valse Fantastique. G 3..... 40
Prairie Flower Polka. F 2..... 40

The above four, by the popular composer Moelling and Roberts, are fast finding their way to the pianos of our young players.

- Grandes Valse de Concerto.* D 4. Moelling..... 50
Travelling. Ab 4..... 60
Yankee Fols. Eb 3. McChesney..... 30
Parade Notions. Eb 3. Grand Waltz. Mueller..... 50
Waltz. C 1. Robjohn..... 40

This is a chaste and very beautiful little thought. Is very justly a favorite.

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VOCAL.

- Sweetest.* Song and Chorus. D 2. Danks..... 30
Oh! Give Me a Home in the South. Song and Chorus. Eb 3. Hays..... 40
Make the Old Folks Happy and Pride of the Ball. Two Songs with Chorus. D 2 and A 3. Connolly..... each 30
Save One Bright Corner For Me. Song and Chorus. Hays..... 40
Lori. Forever at Thy Side. Soprano Solo and Quartet. Ab 3. Danks..... 25
Little Bird Nell. Song and Chorus. D 2. Macy..... 35
Back to the Old Home. Song and Chorus. Eb 2. Stewart..... 35
The Fortune Teller. Eng., Fr. and Ger. Duett, Sop. and Alt. D 5. Gabussi..... 50
Close the Shutters, Willie's Dead. Song and Chorus. G 2. Stewart..... 50
Met Me, Darest, with a Kiss. Song and Chorus. C 2. Danks..... 30

INSTRUMENTAL.

- Georgette Chorus.*—
Heart Burning (Herzsch). Eb 4. Behr..... 30
Home Returning (Retour du Pays). F 4. Jungmann..... 30
Awakening of the Lion (Reveil du Lion). Db 5. Wagner..... 75
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Berlin's Twenty-five Studies...... 1 75
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Mass Glenn Waltz. Eb 2. Richardson..... 25
Young Men's Christian Association Grand March. Eb 4. Dressler..... 60
Mollie's March. C 2. Kinkel..... 35
Autumn Leaves. Ab 4. Frey..... 35
Rustic Beauty March. Bb 3. Kinkel..... 50
Whispering Breezes. Eb 4. Wilson..... 50
Golden Pearls. C 3. Meyer..... 60
My Flowers. Polka. Eb 3. Simon..... 40
Railroad Galop. C 3. Richter..... 35
Hattie's Waltz. F 2. Kinkel..... 35

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MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Winter Time Table.

TAKING EFFECT OCTOBER 30, 1871.

GOING WEST—MAIN LINE.

Through trains leave Detroit as follows:
Mail 7:15 A. M.; Day Express 9:40 A. M.; Evening Express 5:45 P. M.; Pacific Express (Sundays included) 9:55 P. M.; connecting with the various branch lines, as below, and arriving at Chicago at 8:05 P. M.; 7:05 P. M., 5:30 A. M., and 8:00 A. M. respectively.
The Dexter Accommodation leaves Detroit at 4:05 P. M.

AIR LINE DIVISION.

Mail Train leaves Jackson at 11:10 A. M. and arrives at Niles at 4:00 P. M., connecting with Mail Train on Main Line at both places.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY DIVISION.

Leaves Jackson at 12:30 P. M. (Mail); 5:00 P. M. (Evening Express), and 6:40 A. M. (Mixed), arriving at Grand Rapids at 4:55 P. M.; 9:15 P. M., and 4:10 P. M. respectively.

DETROIT, HILLSDALE & INDIANA R. R.

Leaves Detroit at 8:35 A. M. and 7:25 P. M. on arrival of Mail and Dexter Accommodation.

FT. WAYNE, JACKSON & SAGINAW R. R.

Leaves Jackson at 7:15 A. M.; 12:00 P. M., connecting with Day Express from Detroit, and 4:40 P. M.

JACKSON, LANSING & SAGINAW R. R.

Leaves Jackson at 6:00 A. M. and 4:45 P. M., and arrive at Wenona at 11:40 A. M. and 10:30 P. M.

Trains arrive at Detroit as follows:

Atlantic Express 8:35 A. M.; Night Express 7:25 A. M.; Dexter Accommodation 8:45 A. M.; Mail 6:25 P. M., and Day Express 6:40 P. M.

Mail Trains and Day Express run daily, except Sundays; Pacific Express, west, and Atlantic Express, east, daily; Evening Express, west, daily except Sundays, and only to Jackson on Saturdays; Night Express, east, and Dexter Accommodation, daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

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On and after Wednesday, November 20, 1872, and until further notice, trains will leave and arrive at the Michigan Central depot as follows:

LEAVE.—Mail and Express, 7:30 a. m.; Ionia and Saginaw Express, 3:00 p. m.; Lansing Express, 6:00 p. m.

ARRIVE.—Detroit Express, 11:00 a. m.; Mail and Express, 3:15 p. m.; Evening Express, 1:45 p. m.; Way Freight, 6:35 p. m.

Trains run by Detroit time.
A direct connection is made at Howard with stage for Newaygo and Clinton.

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Any information with reference to freight and passenger rates will be cheerfully given upon application to the Company's General Freight Office, corner Woodbridge and Third streets.

A. H. REESE, Superintendent.

DETROIT & BAY CITY RAILROAD.

OPEN TO LAPEER.

Connects with Port Huron & Lake Michigan Railroad for Flint. No change of cars between Detroit and Flint. On and after November 18th trains will run as follows:

GOING WEST.

	Mixed.	Express.
Detroit, leave.....	6:00 a. m.	3:50 p. m.
Utica.....	8:00 "	5:15 "
Rochester.....	9:00 "	5:35 "
Lapeer.....	11:30 "	7:00 "
Flint, arrive.....	8:00 "	

GOING EAST.

	Express.	Mixed.
Flint, leave.....	6:45 a. m.
Lapeer.....	8:00 "	1:30 p. m.
Rochester.....	9:00 "	4:10 "
Utica.....	9:25 "	5:15 "
Detroit, arrive.....	10:35 "	7:00 "

Passenger and freight rates reasonable and satisfactory. Passenger trains start from the Michigan Central depot. Freight received at Detroit, Lansing & Lake Michigan freight house, on Woodbridge street, foot of Seventh street.

A. H. REESE, Gen'l Supt.

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GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT, 1872.

Trains leave Detroit as follows (Detroit time):
Atlantic Express, (daily) foot Third st..... 3:55 a. m.
Day Express, (daily except Sundays) Third st..... 7:20 a. m.
Detroit Express, (daily except Sundays)..... 11:40 a. m.
N. Y. Express, (daily except Saturdays & Sundays, 7:20 p. m.
N. Y. and Buffalo Express, (daily except Sunday)..... 8:10 p. m.

The Railway Ferry leaves Detroit (Detroit time) as follows:
Third street—8:55 a. m., 7:45 a. m., 11:50 a. m. and 7:20 p. m.
Express train—7:20 a. m. and 6:55 p. m.

Trains arrive at Windsor from the East at 9:20 a. m., 6:45 a. m., 6:10 p. m. and 9:20 p. m.

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Carlotta Louise Mazurka. 4. F.	Clapham. 30
Carlotta Waltz. 4. B.	Frey. 30
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Cinnamon Rose Waltz. 4. C. Col. Pic. Kinkel. 30	
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Cliff Waltz. 4. B.	Siegle. 40
Columbus March. 4. A.	Blind Tom. 30
*Coming Step March. 4. E.	Müller. 30
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*Congenial Hearts Polka. 4. E.	Kinkel. 50
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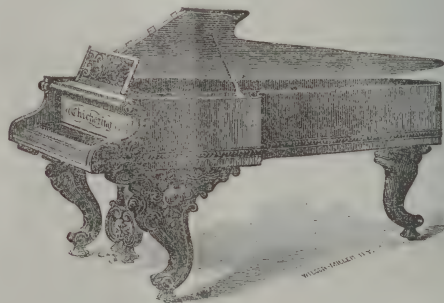
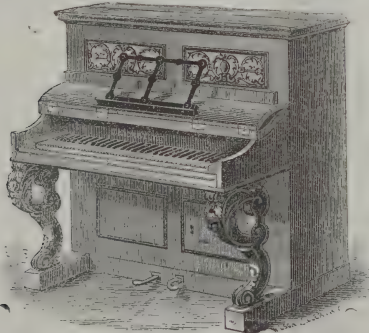
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VOLUME III.

DETROIT, JANUARY, 1873.

NUMBER I.

[For the SONG JOURNAL.]

Lines on a Sleeping Infant.

By William Webster.

How peaceful thy slumbers,
And calm is thy rest;
While here in thy cradle,
My child, thou art blest.

Thy smiles are enchanting,
Thy dreamings are sweet;
So sleep, lovely infant,
Ere sorrows thou meet.

Like rose-bud just opening,
The type of thy race,
Heaven's peace is now lighting
Thy innocent face.

The angels are whispering
Their secrets to thee,
Give heed to their counsels,
When sailing life's sea.

Amid the storms gath'ring,
A bright shining ray,
Will always attend thee,
Directing thy way.

The clouds will be flying
Around thee through life,
But boldly press forward,
Amid the stern strife.

Be watchful and prayerful,
Contenting for right,
Then God will endow thee
With spiritual might.

And when thou hast conquered,
A crown will be given,
And greetings of angels
Await thee in heaven.

Musical Studies.

NOTWITHSTANDING the public and private instructions given in music by able men who devote their lives to the pursuit, there still are persons to be found cherishing the persuasion that this art has no fundamental rules, or rather, that its rules are but shackles, which it is expedient to shake off as soon as possible. This prejudice, which had birth at a time when the rules of composition were in reality but so many enigmas, is attributable to the obscurity of style in writers, who talked a language which they did not understand, and of practical men incapable of teaching what they themselves could do sufficiently well.

Now-a-days, Musical Professors are no longer uneducated. Indeed, some of them lay down their theories with elegance—all with clearness. But the prejudice exists not the less; on the contrary, the apologists of ignorance, resting on the numerous successes of a new style of music, endeavor to establish it as the order of the day.

Before ranging under their banner, let us inquire how far they have reason on their side, and examine:—

1. Whether the reputation of superiority in music, enjoyed by the Germans and Italians, be due more to the influence of climate, or a particular organization, than to judicious studies;

2. Whether it be sufficient to feel, in order to judge of the merits of composition;

3. In fine, whether rules be shackles which are injurious to genius.

Certain physiologists, whose delicate ears have often been wounded by the hoarse and discordant noises of the French, on their festival days, deny to that nation all musical capacity, on account of the imperfection of their articular organs. To this we cannot subscribe. The French are a vivacious people, and have no lack of aptitude for any of the arts. They would probably arrive at the same results as the Germans and Italians, were they to employ the same means—namely, to enforce a well-directed study of music, as the essentials of education.

In Germany, children of all classes learn, at one and the same time, the gamut and the alphabet. The students of the university occupy themselves not only with the study of languages, sciences, and law, but also with that of music. Throughout the country the schoolmaster is a teacher of music. If we look to Italy, we find that, from a period the most remote, there have been musical academies at Bologna, Milan, and Venice. From these establishments all Italy has drawn its taste for music.

In France, before the revolution, were some establishments where no uniformity of doctrine was to be met with; each teacher having his own system, which was not unfrequently a vicious one. Since that period, there has been only one Parisian Academy for Music. What immense progress has been thereby caused in the art! In no country have such rapid advances been made. Italy, on the contrary, having attained the summit of glory, is verging to decline; which, however, she will owe to the negligence with which composers now write, and the disregard of the resources of the art for the feeble means of natural harmony.

The superior musical sentiment of the Italians and Germans is mainly attributable to their education rather than to any peculiarly perfect organization.

The influence of climate is equally well regarded as giving more or less aptitude for musical studies: though it holds good with reference to the style to which those studies are directed. Thus the nations of the north, who live in the midst of frost, under a gloomy and silent sky, are less expansive and more thoughtful than those of a milder climate; they eagerly seek for strong emotions, and their concentrated passions require a vigorous harmony to excite them. They have besides few fine voices, and their languages are hard; hence, then, their preference of the effects of harmony.

The inhabitants of the south are more sensible of the charms of melody; too happy, too indolent for thought, they content themselves with sensations entirely material. A pure and lively sky, smiling fields, picturesque views, and the sweetness of their languages, give birth to the light and joyous song which they produce. Their barcarolles flow as softly as the gondola on the surface of the water.

These general and physical causes may be attributed to the characteristic difference existing between the music of the Italians, and that of the Germans.

In France, where the two climates just mentioned are as it were blended, and where the language is neither remarkably harsh nor melodious, there is nothing, it would seem, opposed to the formation of a complete and satisfactory system of music.

We now come to the second question—Whether it be sufficient to feel, in order to judge adequately of a musical composition.

Music is the language of the passions, and, as such, has its grammar, its rhetoric, and its philosophy. In the same manner as several letters united form a word which raises an idea, so several sounds united form a chord, which gives a complete result for the ear. The combination of chords, like that of words, constitutes the expression. The period, semicolon, and comma, have just the same office with that of the final suspension and incidental cadences in music.

So far the grammar. When we proceed to discourse, there are, as in literature, an exordium, an exposition, a peroration, which are taught for all long and important pieces—as symphonies, quatuors, overtures. Then as to the philosophy, which may be called the rationale, or explanatory part (*partie raisonnée*) it consists in the scientific combination of sounds, from which result the double and triple counter-points, etc., canons, fugues, and generally, the fugued style. Having established this parallel, we may deduce the consequence, that, if well directed studies be indispensable to render a man a competent judge of literature and the arts of design, then sound musical study must be necessary to the formation of a competent judgment in musical productions.

In fact, a little candid observation will suffice to convince us that music—a fugitive art, which scarcely leaves us time to perceive the sensations to which it gives birth—is more difficult to estimate, than any of the other arts. Yet it is the only one of which, generally, people know nothing; for the art of reading music must not be confounded with that of writing its inspirations. We should remark the division into two distinct branches, one called *execution*, familiar to many persons; the other *composition*,—in which there are but few adepts. When any one limits himself to the former, that is, to the acquisitions necessary for playing on an instrument, be it what it may, or for singing, and has no notion of the constituent principles of the art, how is he to judge of its effects?

Among all those who attend a concert, how many are there who are capable of estimating the beauties of a passage in the admirable symphonies of a Beethoven? The plan of the work, its developments, the art of certain combinations, all this passes unnoticed by the generality, who are far more struck by the effect of a solo, on account of the particular sound of the instrument.

Now place the same assembly in a gallery of pictures. There each painting may be examined at leisure, and the labor of the artist be analyzed at will. Independently of these advantages for observation, every person has some notion of design. At the theatre, in like manner, the public are competent judges of a tragedy or comedy. Knowing the prin-

ci, es of the language in which they are addressed, they are offended by a gross fault or defect; while the barbarism of music have no effect on persons who pretend to constitute a tribunal, from which there is no appeal. The natural conclusion is, then, that the elements of language and design being taught in the schools, all persons of ordinary education are fit to form a judgment on the production of these arts—but that it is not the same with music.

Let us now inquire whether serious labor be necessary to the formation of a good composer.

Dilettantism will proceed at once to resolve the question, by mentioning the celebrity of Rossini. This is great and well-merited, and far be it from us to dispute it—but we dispute that Rossini's is an example of uncultivated genius, as many of his admirers thoughtlessly affirm. That great composer devoted the best years of his life to his musical education; and if he has not deeply inquired into the purely scientific points, it is because he only wished to write for the theatre, where this is not indispensable. An exquisite tact, sensibility, and great vivacity, make him life and melody successful. Such was his object, and he has attained it. But will any one infer from this that science is useless or prejudicial?

We may be told that dry studies have seldom produced distinguished composers. This is to be accounted for on two grounds—the first is, that nature is rather sparing of men of genius; the second, that young aspirants are often alarmed by the obstacles which must be overcome before their fame can be spread, and thus abandon the career in disgust. The products of science without genius are always useful, and often highly valuable; those of genius without acquired knowledge are always difficult and undeveloped. We think then, first, that musical faculties can only proceed from the union of science with genius. We think then, first, that musical faculties are every where to be found, and that the want is of musical education. Secondly, that a thorough knowledge of the principles and progress of the art is indispensable to him who will pass a judgment thereon. And thirdly, that scholastic rules invigorate genius, instead of impeding its flight.

Music the Language of Woman.

The emotional force in woman is usually stronger and always more delicate than in men. Their constitutions are like those fine violins which vibrate to the slightest touch. Women are the great listeners, not only to eloquence, but also to music. The wind has swept many an Æolian lyre, but never such a sensitive harp as woman's soul. In listening to music, her face is often lifted up with tenderness, with mirth, or with the simple expansiveness of intense pleasure. Her attitude changes unconsciously with the trust, because the most natural, dramatic feeling. At times she is shaken and melts into tears, as the flowers stand and shake when the wind blows upon them, and the drops of rain fall off. The woman's temperament is naturally artistic, not in a creative but in a respective sense. A woman seldom writes good music, never great music; and, strange to say, many of the singers are incapable of giving even a good musical reading to the songs in which they have been most famous. It was rumored that Madame Grisi had to be taught all her songs, and became great for her power of appropriating suggestions. Her simple expression which she was incapable of originating herself, Madame Malibran had a great dash of original genius, and seldom sang a song twice in the same way. Most women reflect with astonishing ease, and it has often been remarked that they have more preception than thought, more passion than judgment, more generosity than justice, and more religious sentiment than moral taste.

The girl who sings to herself her favorite songs of Schubert, Mendelssohn, or Schumann, sings more than a song; it is her own plaint of suffering floating away on the wings of melody. That poor lady, who, little sorrower, hardly knows the power of solity dreaming at her piano, while her fingers, caressing the deliciously cool ivory keys, glide through a weird nocturne of Chopin, is playing no mere study piece. Ah! what heavy burden seems lifted up and borne away in the dusk! Her eyes are half closed—her heart is far away; she dreams a dream as the long, yellow light fades in the west, and the wet vine-leaves tremble outside to the nestling birds; the angel of music has come down; she has poured into his ear the tale which will confide to no one else, and the restless, unsatisfied, longing has passed; for one sweet moment the cup of life seems full—she raises it to her trembling lips. What if it is only a dream—a dream of comfort sent by music? Who will say she is not the better for it? She has been taken away from the com-

monplaceness and dullness of life—from the old boxes in the study, and the familiar faces in the school-room, and the people in the streets; she has been alone with herself, but not fretting or brooding—alone with herself and the minstrel spirit. Blessed recreation, that brings back freshness to the tired life and buoyancy to the heavy heart! Happy rain of tears and stormy wind of skies sweeping the sky clear, and showing once more the deep blue heaven of the soul beyond! Let no one say that the moral effects of music are small or insignificant. That domestic and long suffering instrument, the cottage piano, has done more to sweeten existence and bring peace and happiness to the families in general, and to young women in particular, than all the homilies on the domestic virtues ever yet penned.—*R. H. Haasie's "Music and Morals."*

Musical Instruction.

Never in the past history of the United States, has so much attention been paid to this important branch of education as during the past year. Every village, hamlet, and cross-roads in the country, has its teachers of music, while cities are well supplied with competent instructors in all departments of this ennobling science. An interest is being awakened in hearts that have never before been cognizant of the mighty influence the study and knowledge of music possesses. The lack of proper and adequate means for musical instruction during the early years of the present generation is the great reason for our backwardness in nearly everything pertaining to the divine art, and it behooves those of us, therefore, who exert a controlling influence upon members of the rising generation, and who would see them thoroughly well grounded in the principles and practice of music, to afford them the best means in our power for the acquirement of knowledge which shall exert a refining influence upon their lives, and become an unfailing source of pleasure during the greater part of their existence.

This obstacle has now been about overcome, and the possibility of securing a good musical education placed at the feet of every youth in the land. At the same time remains to be done, in order to place the United States above the derisive insinuations of European countries, is to keep alive and stimulate this growing taste for advancement in the art of music now prevalent throughout the country. Parents must be acted upon, and through them the hearts of the children be reached.—*Cherrell's Musical Visitor.*

About Beethoven.

Beethoven looked upon music as an inspiration. The following remarkable words, recorded by his friend Madame Bettina von Arnim, expresses his views on the subject: "As soon as I open my eyes," he said "I begin to sigh for what is contrary to my religion, and I despise the world, which does not understand that music is a revelation sublimer than all wisdom, than all philosophy. It is the wine which inspires new creations. I am the Bacchus who press out for men this delicious nectar; it is I, who give them this intoxication of spirit, and when it has ceased, by they have fished out a crowd of things which they bring with them to the shore. I have no friends, I am alone; but I know that God is nearer to me in my art than others. I work without fear with Him, because I have always acknowledged and understood Him. Neither have I any fear for my music; it can have but one destiny; he who fully feels it, will be forever delivered from the evils that others draw after them." He was, moreover, fully conscious of his one genius, and this consciousness sometimes showed itself in a manner which is less absorbed in his art, would have savored of conceit. "I am of an electrical nature," he remarked on one occasion: "that is why my music is so admirable." Madame Bettina says, describing an interview with him, Beethoven sang me, "*Keinest du des Laut's*" with a penetrating voice, and with such expression as to affect me with profound melancholy. "Is it not beautiful?" he cried, quite inspired. "It is wonderful," I answered. "Then I shall sing to you again."—*British Quarterly.*

Young Ladies and Music.

It is often queried why young ladies who play many beautiful pieces brilliantly, gradually lose their interest in music, and finally resign their place at the pianoforte entirely. Why do they not continue to play new music, just as they read new poems or novels?

There are always quantities of fresh, beautiful music, and the fine-toned piano is going to ruin from

disuse, as pupils learn nothing new. Why is this? Generally and principally because they learned music so superficially that it is impossible for them to interpret a piece correctly. The rules of rhythm and harmony have always been neglected, and all the knowledge that has been acquired is only a knowledge of the mechanical execution of a set of trivial pieces; the consequence is when these have lost their novelty, music is thrown aside.

It would contribute vastly more to the appreciation and advancement of the science if music teachers would pursue a course analogous to that followed by teachers of reading, viz., keep pupils upon works of a certain degree of difficulty, until new pieces of that grade could be played quite fluently at sight, then advance, but not continually change the style and grade of the lessons.

What would be thought of an elocutionist who would teach pupils to enunciate a number of choice poems elegantly, while they could not read the simplest extract correctly, had they not previously studied it? Would it not be pronounced mere sham, and may we not so denominate the music teaching which enables scholars to play certain brilliant variations or accompaniments, while they cannot play simple melodies or accompany an orchestra in a distinctly graceful and with precision? All cannot play equally well, but the teaching ought certainly to be more thorough and practical.

Mozart and the Orchestra.

MOZART, being once on a visit at Marseilles, went to the *Opera incognito*, to hear the performance of his "*Niliariella Rapita*." He had reason to be tolerably well satisfied, till, in the midst of the principal aria, the orchestra, through some error in the copying of the score, sounded a D natural where the composer had written D sharp. This substitution did not injure the harmony, but gave a commonplace character to the phrase, and obscured the sentiment of the composer.

Mozart no sooner heard it than he started up vehemently, and from the middle of the pit, cried out in a voice of thunder, "Will you play D sharp, you wretches?"

The sensation produced in the theatre may be imagined. The actors were astounded. The lady who was singing stopped short, the orchestra followed her example, and the audience, with loud exclamations, demanded the expulsion of the offender. He was accordingly seized, and required to name himself. He did so, and at the name of Mozart the clamor suddenly subsided in a silence of respectful awe, and which was soon succeeded by reiterated shouts of applause from all sides. It was insisted that the Opera should be re-commenced, Mozart was installed in the orchestra, and directed the whole performance. This time the D sharp was played in its proper place, and the musicians were surprised at the effect produced. After the opera, Mozart was conducted in triumph to his hotel.

Musical Sensibility of Poets.

Poets who have been masters of the melody of words have often been destitute, or nearly destitute, of musical sensibility. Chaucer says right out that he had, at all events no skill in music, and he leaves us to infer that he did not care for it. Goethe was, we believe, "no great shakes" at it. Wordsworth and Scott belong to a similar, or even a lower category, and strong living instances might be given. Now, some of Scott's songs were exquisitely musical (e. g., "*Proud Maisie*" and "*County Gull*,") and Wordsworth, though often a lumbering fellow, can be finely musical too. On the other hand, there is Shakespeare, and again Milton, and later on Shelley and Leigh Hunt. Landor writes of "*Paradise Lost*" that it contains more music than has ever been heard on earth since the angels sang over it at the creation. Of all critics Leigh Hunt has shown the most acute sense of the music of verse. Then it is curious that Shelley, intensely musical as his verse often is, very rarely writes singable lines. At the first glance, the facts just thrown together in a heap make an odd jumble, and we cannot now try to assort them. But we might go on picking up odd things forever. There is for example, a species of musical sensibility (we have intimate personal knowledge of such cases) which constitutes the possessor of a good judge of music, and that, strange to say, in proportion to its fullness of harmony, and which makes the possessor susceptible of musical emotions; and yet it is a sensibility that carries with it, no aptitude for recognizing melodies; or even "learning" music.—*St. Paul's Magazine.*

Correspondence.

Letter from Boston.

EFFECTS OF THE FIRE UPON CONCERTS AND THE THEATRES—THE THOMAS CONCERTS—THE HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERTS—MR. PECK'S TWICE POSTPONED CONCERTS—THE DEMOLISHED COLISEUM—GILMORE'S BAND GOING TO CALIFORNIA—PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

Correspondence of THE SONG JOURNAL.

Boston, December 21, 1872.

There is no questioning the fact, that the fire has thrown a damper upon the musical season in this city, paradoxical as the statement may seem. There is less money in circulation, or rather less inclination to expend what money there is in circulation for what are generally termed luxuries. There is a great apathy in regard to musical matters, which seems a little strange in the home of music, but it must be remembered, that the two thousand or more mercantile houses burned out represented the great bulk of the art patrons of the city, the liberal open handed public upon whom all musical enterprises of a high order depend for support. The merchants may not be beggared, but they find other channels for the expenditure of their money than those which contribute solely to their entertainment. There have been several recent concerts given in aid of the sufferers by the fire, which have netted quite handsome sums—one by Theodore Thomas, when his entire orchestra and all the soloists, together with superintendent Peck and every attache of Music Hall, volunteered their services, while the directors of the Music Hall corporation also gave the use of the hall; and another under the direction of Mr. Gilmore, at the Boston Theatre. At the latter, Gilmore's band and orchestra, Mrs. Charles Lewis, Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, Mr. M. Arbuckle, and the Catholic Choral Society appeared. Another is to be given at Tremont Temple this evening, under the direction of Mr. D. C. Hall. Among the artists who are to appear, are Miss Lizzie M. Gates and M. Calixa Lavallee, a pianist who has recently come here from Canada.

The theatres feel the depression quite as much as the concerts, and all the recent engagements at the leading houses, including Miss Charlotte Cushman's at the Boston, the Boucaults' at the Globe, and Miss Carlotta Leclercq's at the same house. Miss Leclercq, to be sure, has drawn better houses than her predecessors, the Boucaults, and she has certainly deserved them, for a more charming actress does not tread the boards. She remains several weeks longer, and next week will appear in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea." The Aimee Opera Bouffle Troupe open an engagement at the Globe early in February.

The Theodore Thomas Concerts were the first musical events of the present month. Mr. Thomas gave a series of six concerts, and also appeared with his orchestra and his soloists, in connection with one of the lecture courses. The concerts were, in an artistic sense, in the highest degree successful, and financially they were quite as much so as could have been expected under the circumstances. The programmes were highly interesting on account of the new music presented, and I need not attempt to tell your Michigan readers of the magnificent manner in which they were executed by this finely trained body of musicians. Mr. Osgood was well received, and so, too, of course, was Miss Anna Mehlig. During the remainder of the month Mr. Thomas and his concert company, journeyed through New England, visiting Chelsea, Lynn, Salem, Lawrence, Haverhill, Portland, Augusta, Bangor, Springfield, Worcester, Taunton, New Bedford and Providence, and again favoring Boston with their presence last evening and to-day, in two concerts given by Mr. A. P. Peck, the enterprising manager and superintendent at Music Hall. Mr. Peck announced four concerts

early in the season. He gave two, and it became necessary to postpone the remaining two on account of the "epizootic," which caused a cessation of all horse car and carriage travel. The latter part of November was appointed for the postponed entertainments, and the fire occurred to cause another derangement of managerial plans. The concerts finally came off last night and this afternoon. The concert last night had a terrific storm to contend against, and an almost impassable state of the streets, but there was nevertheless an excellent house. In addition to the Thomas orchestra, Miss Mehlig, Mr. Osgood and other soloists of the Thomas company, assisted by Mrs. Charles Moulton, appeared and sang with magnificent effect.

The Harvard Musical Association gave its third symphony concert of the season December 5, on which occasion Miss Alice Fairman sang, and Miss Anna Mehlig played several piano forte solos, the orchestra, performing as its chief piece Gade's symphony No. 2, in E major. The programme at the fourth concert, to be given December 25, is as follows: Overture to "Fäniska," by Cherubini; concerto for the Oboe, by Rietz, performed by Mr. August Kutzleb; symphony in E flat, Haydn; piano concerto in F minor, Chopin, performed by Mr. G. W. Sumner; overture, "Meeresstille," Mendelssohn.

Miss Marie Maucher, pianist, a graduate of the Stuttgart Conservatory of Music, played at one of the New England Conservatory Concerts on the 14th, with fine success.

The Handel and Haydn Society are to give their annual performance of "The Messiah" to-morrow evening. Mrs. Charles Moulton is to make her first appearance in oratorio on the occasion, and Miss Anna Drasdil, the English contralto, will be heard for the first time in Boston. Mr. F. C. Packard and Mr. M. W. Whitney, are also to appear as soloists.

Rubinstein and Wieniawski are to give four farewell concerts at Music Hall next week, assisted by Madame Liebhart, Madame Ormeny, M. Rembielinski, and also by Mr. Wulf Fries, the well known violoncello player of this city.

Madame Rudersdorff has purchased a house in Boston, and will make the city her future home. She has given up all her concert engagements outside of New England, and will probably devote some portion of her time to teaching. Miss Fairman, Miss Therese Liebe, and Mr. Nelson Varly, the tenor, the latter of whom arrived from England a couple of weeks since, will also pass the winter in Boston.

Madame Camilla Urso arrived in Boston from her brief concert tour in the south, December 14. She is shortly to give a series of chamber concerts in this city.

The Boston Chorus will begin its second series of oratorio rehearsals January 8. The practice of "The Woman of Samaria" will be continued.

The purchasers of the Coliseum will clear over ten thousand dollars it is said, the fire having caused an advance in the price of lumber. The celebrated structure is being demolished as fast as possible.

Mr. Gilmore intends making a professional visit to California in the spring, with his band of fifty musicians, who have for some time been rehearsing very diligently. The band have played better than ever since the Jubilee, the visit of the foreign bands having stimulated them to greater exertions. The band will give concerts *en route* to California, stopping at all the principal cities, and intend to be absent some two months.

News has been received that the band of the Garde Republicaine, of Paris, propose to give a concert in that city for the relief of the sufferers by the Boston fire.

Lucca and the Italian Opera Troupe will appear at the Boston Theatre, January 6.

Among the prominent singers and instrumentalists who have recently established themselves in Boston, in addition to those already mentioned, are Mrs. E.

V. Rink, soprano, from Chicago; Mr. C. R. Hayden, tenor, from Naples; M. Calixa Lavallee, pianist, from Canada; R. Shuebruk, cornetist, from England; and Signor Luigi, pianist, from Naples. Signor Tosti, the well known Italian teacher of singing, will soon settle here.

Henry M. Russell, a young musician of great promise, died in Chelsea, Mass., recently.

Miss Sara W. Barton, the Boston vocalist, has made a two years' operatic engagement, commencing at Warsaw January 15.

A fine bust of Mr. Gilmore was destroyed by the great fire, as were also the plates of his History of the National Peace Jubilee. The bust was in the studio of the Brothers Cobb.

A new male quartette, called the "Adelphi," has been formed in Boston, with G. W. Want, Arthur T. Hills, C. H. Webb and E. R. Titus, as members.

Mrs. Mabel Burnham, the Temple Quartette, and Mr. H. M. Dow, will shortly give a series of concerts "down East."

The Tremont Temple Musical Association, under the direction of Mr. H. L. Whitney, has commenced the rehearsal of a new oratorio by Dr. Deems, entitled "Nebuchadnezzar." It will be performed towards the close of the season for the first time by any society.

The Malden (Mass.) Choral Society, O. B. Brown, conductor, are to perform "The Messiah," Dec. 23, with Miss Franc Perry, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, Mr. F. C. Packard and Mr. I. F. Winch as soloists.

Our New York Correspondence.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA—SOME NEW PLAYS—THE COMEDY REVIVALS—BROUGHAM AS A PLAYWRIGHT—RUBINSTEIN AND THEODORE THOMAS IN CONCERT AT STEINWAY HALL—A SPLENDID SPECTACLE—THE MINSTRELS AND THE CIRCUS, ETC., ETC.

Music has been dealt out to us in large quantities this season, but it must be said that the public has not taken kindly to it, for the quality did not by any means equal the quantity. The Italian Opera season which closed last Saturday, by a matinee performance at the Academy of Music, N. Y., and an evening one at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, which lasted thirty nights, running through October and November to December 14, is admitted on all sides to have been a brilliant failure. Mme Lucca was the "bright particular star," around which clustered the wealthy patrons of Italian Opera, the men who take season tickets of reserved seats and private boxes. When Lucca played, the house was filled to suffocation; when she did not play there was a "beggarly" account of empty benches, which is the more to be wondered at, as the baritone was a good one, and the tenor's voice was firm, clear and well trained, but the chorus was bad and ill-trained, most of the male voices weak and uneven, and the scenery in some scenes shabby, and the orchestra an indifferent one, which may account for the failure of this season of Italian Opera. Miss Kellogg, excellent *artiste* as she is, with a highly trained, and exquisitely cultivated voice, did not succeed but very rarely in attracting any but the slimmest audiences, owing to the inefficient support she received, the lukewarmness of the public, and their infatuation for Lucca. Besides she is not sympathetic enough. Lucca is so lady-like and petite, you can't help feeling interested in her. Then she is beautiful, and her manner is full of a thousand nameless airs and graces, which captivate and fascinate. No wonder she has taken the public by storm, aided as she has been by elaborate puffing. Her voice is smooth and flowing, of deep feeling and great compass. She is highly educated and accomplished, and is as thorough a lady as she is an *artiste*.

Rubinstein and Wieniawski, with Mlle Lilipport, soprano, and Mlle Ormeny, contralto, will be with

us again, playing, at Steinway Hall, in conjunction with the massive and superbly trained orchestra led and organized by Theodore Thomas, one of our best and most conscientious musicians and orchestra leaders. The concerts are three in number, and take place on December 21st, January 3d, with a matinee on January 1st.

J. B. Bonawitz is giving a series of Saturday night concerts at the above hall, which are becoming popular, and are quite well attended; but they are not quite up to the mark. Dr. Damrosch and M. S. B. Mills, our "eminent" pianist, who is a Dundreary sort of a fellow, and plays on the piano as he would put on a pair of kid gloves, are giving a series of matinee concerts at Steinway Hall. They are very fashionable, and are well attended. Jean Voyt, the Berlin composer and pianist, assisted at one on Tuesday, December 17.

One word about Rubinstein and Wieniawski. Rubinstein, who is said to be the equal of Abbe Liszt, is undoubtedly a skilled and accomplished pianist, and one who is a thorough master of the instrument. He is also a composer of no mean power; indeed his works in this line are prolific. He also plays on a great many instruments. But I think even he is overpraised by the men who style themselves critics, but are in reality "puffers," at so much per puff. They abound in New York. Wieniawski is a perfect on the violin, as Rubinstein is on the piano. Mme Louise Lichtmay, the bell-cose prima donna, who is celebrated more for her pugnapacious proclivities and fighting powers, than she is for the quality of her voice, has turned manager and organized an operatic company, with whom she has been giving Italian Opera. Acting on the advice of the "Herald," she is going to devote more time to German Opera, and intends to give Wagner's "Lohegrin," which is a very good specimen of the "music of the future." She was formerly at the Terrace Garden in 59th street, but finding that too high up town, she has moved into the old Stadt Theater in the Bovey, a rickety tumble down structure, which ought to have been torn down long ago, to give place to a handsome building worthy of the large German theatre-going element in our city. Mme Lichtmay's company is not very strong, but she has a careful and cultivated baritone, she, herself, possesses a tolerable voice, and there are several lady members of her company who sing sweetly. The orchestra is experienced, and the chorus is not bad. The scenery is a little the worse for wear.

There are also sacred concerts every Sunday at the Stadt. These Sunday concerts, which created such a furore a short time ago, and were going to do such great things for music, give the people innocent recreation and to tempt them to stay away from temptation, have all been given up except the one above mentioned, which has only recently been started. They were begun by the late Col. Fisk, with his admirable 9th Regiment band, about two years ago, at the Grand Opera House, where the famous cornet player, Levi, of whose whereabouts every one is ignorant, but who is supposed to be in Russia, in the pay of the Grand Duke Alexis, used to draw crowds to the Opera House by his admirable playing on the cornet.

Daly commenced a series of them at the same place a short time ago, but had to give up because his performances fell far short of his promises. The famous 9th Regiment band has dwindled down to a mere handful, and have nothing but the memory of their former triumphs to sustain them or keep up their popularity. When that fails them, they are gone. The Italian Opera company, from the Academy, used to give concerts at Wallack's, but the concerts somehow or other didn't pay, and they were abandoned.

Opera Bouffe at the Olympic, with the sprightly Mme Aimée as the leading attraction, is flourishing. Offenbach's opera, as usual, are the ones produced so far. Very soon a new one is to be produced, and

report speaks very highly of it. The only ones produced so far have been "Genevieve de Brabant," "La Belle Helene," and "Le Petit Faust," in which Mme Aimée sustained the leading roles of "Drogan," "La Belle Helene," and "Mephisto," respectively, with her usual vivacity and feeling. This lady is a clever and popular actress, and full of *espriguerie*; she is a beauty and bubbles over with fun. Mme Aimée is ably supported by M. Juteau, the tenor, who has a sympathetic voice, and a delightful manner, and who is moreover a good actor. Gabel is inimitable as "Peton, the Gendarme," in "Genevieve de Brabant," which he has made his special study. Mme Bonelli, who is the only lady member of the troupe, besides Aimée, who has anything to do, is a careful singer, with a voice of moderate compass, and has a pleasant manner. The orchestra, under the baton of Van Ghele, render Offenbach's sprightly music in a most acceptable manner, and make more painfully apparent the short comings of other theaters in this respect. Nothing is more pleasant in the interlude and waltz than to have lively music well played. And it is besides an able accessory of the play, and a great help to the singers. The Seventh Regiment have begun their regular Saturday evening promenade concerts at the armory. The music is furnished by their own band, led by Downing. The concerts are deservedly popular. Matinee balls have for several years been an institution in this city, owing to the vigorous efforts in this direction by Col. Augustus Sunk, their first and most indefatigable promoter. These matinee balls, which take place at Irving Hall, opposite the Academy of Music, are very pleasant affairs. They generally begin at 1 P. M. and end at midnight. No admission is asked, but you are charged fifty cents admission for your hats, and as you have to wear one, it amounts to the same as paying fifty cents for yourself. The season of church fairs has commenced. They are all the rage with the charitably disposed rich. It is as much as a young man's life is worth to attend one of them, if he has any loose change in his pocket. For he is invariably garroted and his pocket picked by beautiful young women.

Manager Daly's Old English Comedy Revivals, at the Fifth Avenue theater, ends this week. They have attracted universal attention, and given birth to the most elaborate criticisms in all the papers. The "revivals" have been "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the "School for Scandal," "Married Life," and "Bold Stroke for a Husband." They have been well acted and set. Mr. Daly has now probably the best stock company for comedies and plays in the United States. At the Grand Opera House "Round the Clock," is keeping the even tenor of its way. One of the features of this piece is a "mill" between two genuine prize fighters, whose appearance and practice of the "manly art," elicit uproarious applause. Mr. Daly believes in variety, comedy at the Fifth Avenue, and sensation, interspersed with prize fighting at the Grand Opera. This sort of thing was tried with Jem Mace at Niblo's some time ago. "Leo and Sotos," running at Niblo's, is a splendid spectacle, and revives all the glories of the "Black Crook." The scenery is simply magnificent, and the costumes are gorgeous. The ballet is very fine, numbering 150 members, and including four premieres danseuses. The actors and actresses are sticks, and only set off and illustrate the scenery, and the plot of the play is no plot at all, but a thread upon which to string scenes. The prima donna(?) Mlle Diani, has a weak, uneven, uncultivated voice. Mlle Rossette sings sweetly; that is all.

"Lord Dundreary" is the magnet at Wallack's, toward which all lovers of fun are irresistibly drawn. Mr. Sothern, during his engagement, will give his rendition of "Brother Sam," and "David Garrick." Mr. Sothern's perfect acting is too well known to need comment here. Wood's Museum is running burlesque in the afternoon, and melo-drama in the

evening. It is popular and pays. Barnum, the irrepressible, has come to town, and located in 4th street, with his show, circus and menagerie. He gives two performances daily. The Theatre Comique has become a variety theatre, and is given up to sensation farces, and burlesques, diversified by clog dancing, minstrelsy, etc. The minstrels are all doing well, and are well organized. They all have clever performers, good programmes, and taking burlesques. We have never had so much good minstrelsy before. Agnes, after its one hundredth performance, is to be withdrawn from the Union Square, where Miss Agnes Ethel, as the heroine, has made herself very popular, and given some good acting, to be followed by John Brougham. "Atherley Court," Miss Helen Temple is playing in John Brougham's "Lily of France." At Booth's Theatre, where Miss Adelaide Neilson has just closed a successful engagement, and has acted acceptably in both tragedy and comedy.

Theatricals in Brooklyn are languishing. There is no first class theatre there, and they get all their plays second hand from New York.

Correspondence of the Song Journal.

From Japan.

YPSILANTI, December 26, 1872.

On Wednesday, the 11th inst., Professor Pease, assisted by his pupils, gave one of his popular concerts. The music was of a high order and well rendered. A chorus from Farmer's Mass, in *B flat*, and a march by Rossini, "Deep Rolling Clouds," being especially worthy of notice. A violin duet, well played by Professor Hewitt and his pupil, Miss Rice, received an *encore*, and the famous duet, from Martha, "Dearest Lady," very finely sung by Miss Theo. Miller and Miss Dora Barnard, was also repeated.

The second part of the entertainment consisted of the operetta "Cox and Box." This is an arrangement of the well-known farce "Box and Cox," set to some very pretty and classical music by Arthur Sullivan, one of the most promising of the young composers.

The arrangement of the stage was not as complete as might have been wished, owing to the desire of the Ladies' Library Association, for whose benefit the concert was given, to avoid expense. The audience, however, seemed well pleased. The concert may be pronounced a success, the lighter pieces appearing to be the most appreciated.

There are few places so well favored as Ypsilanti, in hearing so much music of a first class rendered so well. We understand that the same chorus is now about to rehearse Mozart's Twelfth Mass.

A VALUABLE RELIC!—Geo. H. Brewster, of Boston, is the owner of a copy of the New Testament, the oldest book in America. It was printed in London in 1583, 11 years after the discovery of America and 117 years before the landing of the Pilgrims. The book is of quarto form, 3 inches thick and 10 long, the marginal notes and comments being printed in large Roman letters, while the chapters are of old English type. The orthography of the literature of those days differs much from the language of our time. An idea of its antiquity can be imagined when it is told that the work was printed only 27 years after the introduction of printing into England, and as the rates of printing at that time were enormous, this one must have cost upwards of £100. On one page is an Autograph which appears to be that of Abel Brewster. As he came over in the Mayflower, it is believed that this book made by those old Puritan Fathers that eventful voyage, and is supposed to be the book of Scripture from which the founders of our Colony, over 250 years ago, listened to the word of God.

SOMEbody in Germany has invented a bed which has a musical inside; it lulls you to sleep with soft music, and wakes you up with a strain with anything but a "dying fall" to it.

The Song Journal.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, JANUARY, 1873.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,
 sins, and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

Terms.

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PRINTED AT THE FREE PRESS BOOK AND JOB ROOMS.

The New Year—Our New Song Journal.

"Stern winter's icy breath, intensely keen,
 Now chills the blood, and withers every green:
 Bright shines the azure sky, serenely fair,
 And driving snows obscure the turbid air."

We love the landmarks in life's pilgrimage. Our birthday, that of father and mother, brothers and sisters; the natal day of our country. Thanksgiving, Christmas; in fine, every day is a milestone on the track of human life, bringing obligations and duties to be fulfilled in toil and labor for good.

The index of our board on the turnpike track of THE SONG JOURNAL points two ways, like that of the faces of *Janus*, one of the old Roman divinities, back, through the two years past, and forward, with the cipher—an occult character—to the new year just entering. Some decipher the two faces to mean Providence, representing Janus clad in white, the color of the earth at this time of the year, blowing his nails. The beauties of landscape, all clothed in new fallen snow is thus described by Thompson in his usual happy manner:

"The cherished fields

Put on their winter robe of purest white;

"His brightness all, save when the new snow melts—

Along the mazy current. Low the woods

Show their hoar heads, and, ere the languish sun

Faint from the east emits his coming ray,

Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,

Is one wide, dazzling waste, that buries wide

The works of men."

It has been truly said: "Every first of January we arrive at is an imaginary milestone on the turnpike track of human life; at once a resting-place for thought and meditation, and a starting-point for fresh exertion in the performance of our journey. Who can see the new year open upon him without being better for the prospect, without making sundry wise reflections (and any reflections upon this subject must be comparatively wise ones) on the step he is about to take toward the goal of his being. The man who does not at least propose to himself to be better this year than he was the last, must be either very good or very bad indeed. And only to propose to be better is something; if nothing more, it is an acknowledgment of our need to be so, which is the first step toward amendment. But, in fact, to propose to oneself to do well is in some sort to do well positively, for there is no such thing as a stationary point in human endeavors. He who is not worse to-day than he was yesterday, is better; and he who is not better, is worse."

On the verge of the new year it is well, it is pleasant to take a retrospect and even look back to early days, to blot out the years we have lived, and breathe once amid the shadows of youth—loved friends, proud expectations, desolated prospects, and disappointed hopes. The feelings of youth will remain when youth has departed, and beautiful recollections of distant days linger in the memory like

the setting sunbeam on the far-off hill top. There is, I am persuaded, at the bottom of every heart, this tinge of strong, perhaps romantic feeling. We have stood, perhaps, like some goody tree that has long reared its head in the pride of its beauty, bud after bud is blighted, blossom after blossom falls, leaf after leaf is scattered, branch after branch the storm rends away, the hand of time is busy at the heart, and it falls in the loneliness of the desert; it falls, and its graceful ruins cumber the spot it was wont to freshen with its shade. And, yet, so gradual are the footsteps of change and decay, that we hardly notice their approach till the recurrence of these anniversaries warns us, as it were, to breathe for a moment, and then move on to the goal, whither the parted from us, with whom we have traveled side by side, have arrived. Oh, there is no voice like the voice of the dead, when from the shoreless sea it calls back to us who yet linger behind, and, with our sails trimmed, wait but the breeze that is to speed us onward and homeward with them.

To our readers we say, the thoughts expressed, well up in mind after another year's toil and labor, the fruitage of which is all safely garnered in memory's storehouse, consisting of approving words and pleasant smiles. It only remains for us, then, as the best token we can give, to wish you all a very **HAPPY NEW YEAR**. May you, throughout the year we have entered, eat your bread with joy, and drink your wine of pleasure and happiness with merry hearts.

"The Closing Scene."—The Saginawian.

Nothing can be more evident, than that many writers of splendid talents, and, in many respects, correct views of the beautiful and sublime, remarkable for grandeur of conception, and natural attributes, have perverted them in many instances, so as to become flagrantly bad. Instances, almost innumerable in corroboration of this declaration, might be cited in illustration of its truthfulness. But, in the language of another (trite,ly expressed), "that alone is truly sublime, of which the conception is vast, the effect irresistible, and the remembrances scarcely if ever erased." But though philosophers have often written about this emotion, they are far from being the only men who have felt it. Thus we deem the astute criticism of the beautiful poem by T. Buchanan Read by the Editor of the "Saginawian," which we published in our October number, a special notice of the same being delayed by him "until after the election." Here it is:

"In the October number of the *Saginawian* purporting to be 'a repertoire of music and its literature,' is re-published 'The Closing Scene,' by T. Buchanan Read, with this brief note of introduction: 'The following is pronounced by the Westminster Review to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written.' In conception, imagery, feeling and expression, it is unquestionably as fine as anything of like characteristics in the language, but comparing this introduction with what the *Journal* offers as the 'poem' in question, 'how it sounds.' In all the eighteen verses there is but one rightly printed. Little and great there are forty-eight mistakes in the re-print, a few typographical errors, but mainly flagrant blunders, which destroy the sense, mangle the grace, and murder the poetry of the production."

Amid the pine-clad hills and vales of the "Saginaw Valley"—preserved by the saline properties of the soil which has long nourished and fructified in beauty and vigor the chief staples of the valley, we find standing erect, hale and green, the conservator of the poems and poetry of the nineteenth century. We make this declaration as an important discovery, which, unless we greatly err, has not before been revealed, but deserving of due record. Nay, we must not stop here, but go still further and announce that, the "Art Preservative," has been intrusted to the same mind, the faithful and safe keeping of which should be duly recognized, else the derelict will suffer under the ban of excision.

But to the criticisms. And first, we ask, respectfully, *when* and *where* was your version of the poem under consideration written? In *what* and *where* published? We have a firm and abiding belief that there is connected with this poem, like most other gems from this fine poet, a history of a touching and peculiar interest. And we feel quite confident that we know a little respecting it, not designing (by any means), to convey the impression that we are so profound in our knowledge respecting its origin, birth or life, as the conservator of the north. We thought and still believe that we extracted "The Closing Scene," from the journal wherein it was first published, and that it was transferred to our columns *verbatim* as in the original, from whence taken,—excepting of course,—the "fee" typographical errors the *Saginawian* complains of. In conclusion on this portion of the *Saginawian's* notice, we say, we shall be happy to make the amend honorable, when convinced we have erred in the reproduction of one of the finest poems in our language; but till then, we waive all concessions upon criticisms—couched in language like that made use of by the editor of the north.

We cannot dismiss the notice under consideration without the expression of regret that we have so little talent in the "Art Preservative," in our city! And, not wishing to do or say anything improper, we would softly suggest, that there be a Conservatory for instruction in this art opened by the *Saginawian*. Such an institution, conducted with the ability the editor of the *Saginawian* can easily bring to bear, would impart a thorough knowledge of it in all its ramifications, from the printer's devil to the proof-reader. We have little doubt such an institution, rightly managed, would receive all the patronage it merited from the printer's fraternity of this little city.

Musical Caviling.

"A great deal is done under the pretense of *progress* which could well be left undone," a truth fixed and firm as holy writ, and based upon laws controlling art in the interpretation of nature's laws physical, but by no means mental or moral. He who enters the sacred field of mental pasturage should be extremely careful how he grazes upon the succulent herbage there found, for there is no sense or attainment to guide but that akin to which he is thrown in contact. We make this declaration without any pretense to profoundness in mental or moral philosophy, or indorsement of Paley, Wayland or Blair in theories or principles, by these great educators in mental science.

We of the nineteenth century are continually exploring the worn of the "Lost Arts." Badges of mourning are worn by mechanists because, peradventure, they cannot tell how a solid block of stone was moved over desert wastes of sand and placed in its destined position in its pyramid, there to remain amid the crumbling and wasting ages of centuries of time.

Now, it will be asked why this allusion to the mechanic arts, lost, dead and buried in the ages past, and what have they to do with music. My answer is, much in every way, mental and physical, but especially the former. Music is an art and a science, both mental and physical, antedating any and all mechanical arts. Its hidden springs and principles are yet undeveloped from the mind of Infinite Wisdom; yet continually being discovered through agencies He deems proper to make use of. It is not only a mental, but also a physical art, and he who studies it, and practices upon principles being revealed as he advances, is sure to approximate toward a perfection infinitely beyond anything of a merely physical character. Let us, then, away with this continual grumbling about the loss of mechanic arts, and apply ourselves with redoubled diligence and effort to higher and nobler aims than any what-

soever pertaining to mere physical development, even to the advancement of the great and glorious cause of music. What care we about puzzling ourselves as to how the huge masses of rock of which the pyramids were built attained their places in those ancient and wonderful structures? The mechanic arts of to-day answer all practical purposes for our age, and in some respects, nay, many, are far in advance of any ancient nation that has ever existed in our world. Why not go to work and philosophize, and study up the cause of Samson's great strength, and from whence derived? It is not improbable that those pillars he capsize were as large as many in the pyramids. We say, then, let us seek to improve aright the facilities for progress in the art of arts, and let by-gones alone.

Our Table.

We take pleasure in noticing the publication, by J. L. Peters, of two new works suitable for school exhibitions, festivals or concerts. A Cantata, entitled "An hour in Fairyland," the words composed by the well known and favorite author and poet, George Cooper; music by H. Schoeller. Both words and music of this elegant Cantata are of the most chaste and beautiful description. Partially allegorical, there are over twenty different characters to be personified, besides numerous attendants for the King and Queen characters for tableaux. The work comprises five scenes, viz., "An Old-fashioned Fireside," "Winter Scene," "Hay Making," "Golden Wedding," "A Christmas Tree." Parties wishing a musical arrangement that will give unqualified pleasure and satisfaction will find this eminently successful.

For sale by C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson Avenue.

"MAUD IRVING, or the LITTLE ORPHAN," is an Operetta in five acts. Introducing the heroine in her orphaned home, weeping over the loss of her mother; falling asleep, dreams of the lost ones, who appear in a tableau watching over her. After going through various trials and hardships, little Maud finds friends who prove to be wealthy relatives, that care for her, and, as years roll on with changing scenes, she is claimed as the bride of a worthy lover, and the curtain drops for the last time on a wedding scene in a little brown church. In case it is desirable to leave out the male character, a substitute is provided in the Operetta. A great many beautiful songs are introduced, such as "Let the Dead and the Beautiful Rest," "Nobody's Darling," "Send the Little Ones Happy to Bed," etc.

The music is adapted by George Cooper, and arranged by William Dresden.

Both the Cantata and the Operetta for sale by C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson avenue, Detroit.

We would call special attention to "Peters' Burrowe's Thorough Bass," an elementary work carefully prepared from the old editions of Burrowe, with many new additions, which will enable the student to acquire a good practical knowledge of the elements of thorough bass with facility and comparative ease.

Also, to any one desirous of acquiring a knowledge of the Concertina, "Merrill's Harmonie Method" will prove invaluable. It is a new and complete method, on a different principle from any heretofore published.

A BEAUTIFUL monument will be erected to John Howard Payne, in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, by the Faust Club of that city. His song, "Home, Sweet Home," is sung in every tongue. He wrote it while he was in Tunis, where he was the United States consul. He was also a fine poet and playwright, and the Faust Club deserve credit for doing honor to his memory.—*Art Journal*.

The Song Journal.—Publishers' Notice.

A general outline of the plan of the SONG JOURNAL has been given in the prospectus, and reiterated in its former numbers, from which an honest and discriminating public, and constant readers and patrons, can judge of the dominant motives of the publishers. It may not now, however, be inappropriate to present some fuller description of influences operating, which have led to the establishment of a journal of music in Michigan, and to go more into detail in regard to the motives and reasons which have governed and controlled us in the formation and adoption of our plan.

Two years ago Michigan had not a musical journal worthy the name, and in this department of a science, the oldest, and, in many respects, the most important, could be considered only as an untamed wilderness. Still, the elements of support, and the qualities elastic and creative, which are indispensable to the support of a good musical paper, seemed to us expedient, practical and important. Hence, we embarked in the publication of the journal, which seemed in the start paradoxical, but has totally disappointed ends and aims, because of the favor and support received. From a single subscriber, we now number our thousands, and that in the limited period of our existence. Our journal is traveling into the pine forests, and the melodic songs its pages contain are nerving the arm of the woodman in his daily avocations, and the merry ring of axe and saw, pick, hammer and shovel, in mine and forest, are blending in sweet concords with those peopling our wilderness, favorable to the cultivation of the arts.

It has been our intention, from first to last, to make the journal the paper of the State, devoted exclusively to the interests of music. In its inception, control and aims we have labored with this end in view, and the expressions of approbation and support have been so cordial and hearty from every quarter that we can now announce the rub is passed, and the smiles of an approving public cheer and encourage us to still greater efforts, and the successes of the past cast an effulgent light on the future of the journal for good, beyond the most sanguine expectations of the publishers.

We are now prepared to announce that the pages of the journal will contain essays on music, style, etc.; biographical sketches and anecdotes of eminent musicians; impartial reviews of musical publications; critiques on the principal musical performances of public concerts, oratorios, the drama, musical conventions, etc., together with a large and reliable correspondence from all parts of the country, in matters pertaining to the advancement of music.

It is also our design to send forth monthly a choice collection of music, both secular and sacred, vocal and instrumental, drawn from the best sources, and adapted to the musical wants of those we desire to please. The cheapness of the music given in our pages is not an unimportant feature, since every subscriber at the close of the year will find that he has on hand a stock of music suited to his wishes, at less than one-twelfth the cost for which the same quantity could be purchased at the music stores, and the musical literature into the bargain.

The instrumental department will contain pianoforte pieces of every variety of character, from the plain and easy to those requiring a considerable degree of skill and execution. The majority of these pieces will be original and by our best and most popular authors.

The vocal department will embrace secular songs and duets, trios, quartettes, glee, etc. This will constitute an important feature in the journal. Much of the secular music now in existence, particularly as regards the subjects or the poetry, can lay little claim to purity of morals, delicacy of sentiment, or refinement of character. The public may

rest assured that nothing will find its way into the pages of the SONG JOURNAL which breathes of any other spirit than the pure principles just named.

The literary department will contain articles, both original and selected, on the theory of music, including the various departments of musical science; the history of music and musical instruments; essays and miscellaneous articles on music, vocal and instrumental, and on various instruments; biographies of eminent composers and performers; criticisms and analyses of musical compositions; articles on the teaching and cultivation of the various branches of the art, and on musical education, musical tales, anecdotes, etc.; musical news, both from Europe and America, accounts of musical institutions and societies, and their operations, etc. In fine, the object will be to fill the pages of the journal with matter of *permanent interest*, since a monthly periodical is little suited to criticisms of local musical performances, except in a general manner.

In all the departments the wants of teachers will be constantly kept in view. In the literary department the great object will be instruction and information, and the subjects of teaching and musical education will come in for their full share.

To Correspondents.

As we desire to know nothing of the identity of those persons who offer contributions to our work, we most earnestly ask that they will address anonymously to the editor alone.

We have a pretty piece of poetry by us, but we cannot insert it as it is; were we to do so our work would lose the respect of the public. Above all things in the world, slovenly poetry is the most inconceivable.

F. H. C.'s communication is hereby duly acknowledged and duly returned. There is no use in going into personalities of a purely private character, and can never be done through the SONG JOURNAL.

We acknowledge the honor done us by the gentleman (we shall be excused for the misnomer, as the writing would lead us to suppose), who took such pains to disguise his hand to furnish us with a polite epistle. Although not obliged to notice every blockhead by a reply, yet, from motives benevolent, we deem it proper to digress in the present instance.

To Our Subscribers.

We would respectfully request any of our patrons who fail to receive the SONG JOURNAL, to write at once for it. Do not delay compliance with our suggestion, for the number printed beyond actual want is limited; in fact, it would be impossible to duplicate two numbers of the last volume without reprinting, the editions being entirely exhausted. May we also ask our friends to aid us in procuring new subscribers. We point with pride to our liberal premium list, and that, too, without invidious comparison with any other paper in our land. Our aim is to make a good journal, readable and instructive in all its departments. Friends, send in your names for the SONG JOURNAL for the year 1873.

Music in Our City.

The daily press have chronicled the movements in the musical pool during the last month, and a reiteration would be deemed superfluous, since any notice we might give, would simply be a repetition of what is past. 'Tis true, we love to look up by-gones, but in our present condition, we see no real utility in it: Enough to say, we have had a busy month, and all the various entertainments given, point, unmistakably, to the advancement of the cause of music. From the efforts of the amateurs of our goodly city, to the higher flights of the distinguished artists who have visited us the key is, *advancement*. Let us, then take courage, pressing forward toward the goal of perfection, striving, unremittently, to do all we can for the advancement of the good cause of music, and the just reward is not in the far future.

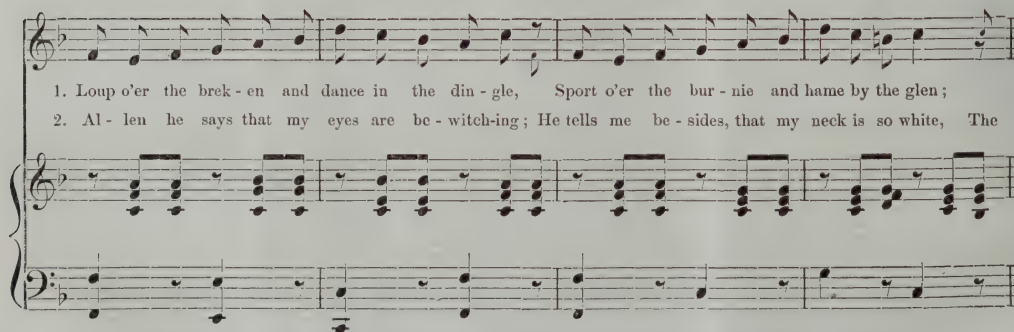
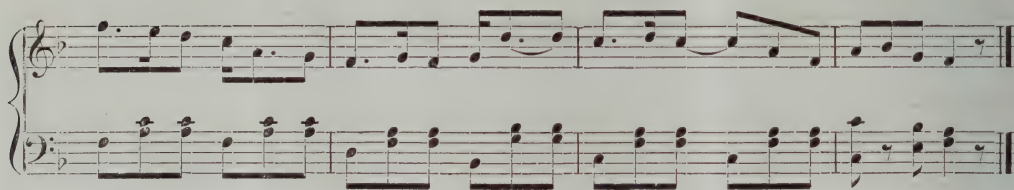
Jennie McNeil.

(A SONG.)

Words and Music by

S. C. COFFINBERRY.

Vivace.



Why should a las - sie like Jen-nie live siu - gle? I vow, by good for - tune, I'll have me a man.
 rose on my cheek ev' - ry beau-ty en - rich-ing, I think, in good faith, what he tells me is right.

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody includes a fermata over the final note of the first line.

Al-len, he praises the rig - o' my bon-net, He says it be - comes my dark ringlets o' hair; The
 Rob-in, the loun, I shall nev - er / for - get him, He comes ev' - ry ev'n - ing poor Jen-nie to tease; He'd a

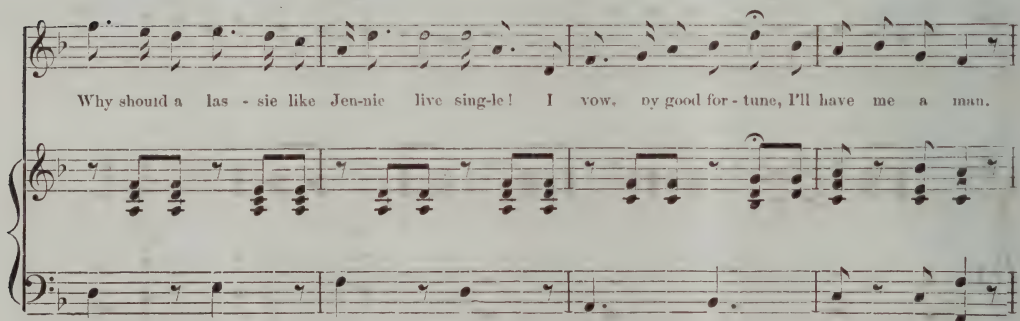
The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass clef and chords in the treble clef.

wild mountain flow - ers that I've twisted on it, He says none but Jen - nie could find out so fair.
 kiss yes-ter - e'en, troth, but I wad na let him, But Al - len may kiss me when - ev - er he please.

The third system concludes the piece. The melody ends with a fermata, and the piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support.



1. Loup o'er the breck - en and dance in the din - gle, Sport o'er the bur - nie and hame by the glen ;



Why should a las - sie like Jen - nie live sing - le ! I vow, by good for - tune, I'll have me a man.



LOVED ONES ARE WAITING FOR ME.

SONG AND CHORUS.

J. C. MACY.

Moderato.

Piano. *mf* *Rit.* *Dim.* *p*

Tenderly.

1. There's a dear old home in the qui - et lit - tle val - ley, Where I part - ed with loved ones so
2. There's a loved one's smile that is dear - er than all oth - ers; And she loves me where'er I may

dear; There are friends who wait with their kind and lov - ing fac - es;
roam; Though the cold winds blow, and the win - ter's snow is fly - ing,

Friends that I've left for many a year,
Warm hearts will wait to greet me home,

O - ver the wide world I've wan - der'd a - far,
Fath - er and Moth - er so fee - ble and old, With

p Rit.

Toss'd on the waves of life's sea; Oh, how I cher - ish that
locks that are white as the snow; Oh how they'll wel - come their

dear est of thoughts— Loved ones are wait - ing for me!
wan - der - ing boy, Back to the home of long a - go!

p Rit.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO.

O - ver the wide world I've wandered a - far. Toss'd on the waves of life's sea,

ALTO.

O - ver the wide world I've wandered a - far. Toss'd on the waves of life's sea,

TENOR.

O - ver the wide world I've wandered a - far. Toss'd on the waves of life's sea,

BASS.

*f**Rit.**Dim. p*

Still in my heart there's a thought I fond - ly cher - ish— Loved ones are wait - ing for me.

Still in my heart there's a thought I fond - ly cher - ish— Loved ones are wait - ing for me.

Still in my heart there's a thought I fond - ly cher - ish— Loved ones are wait - ing for me.

p Rit.

Medallion Waltz.

S. PALMER.

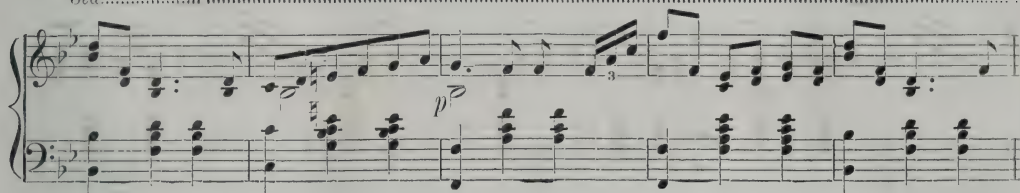
Animato.

The first three systems of the musical score for the Medallion Waltz. Each system consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The first system begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with a double bar line and the word "Fine." written below the bass staff.

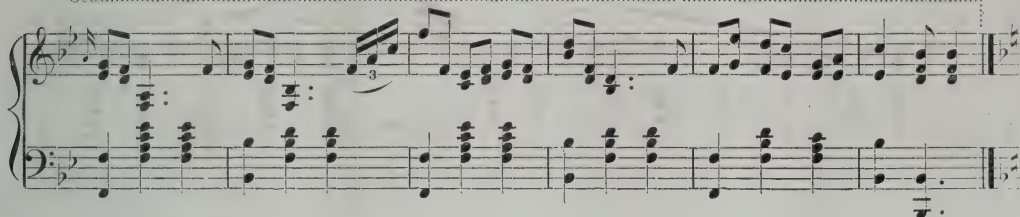
Stra...

The fourth system of the musical score, which is a continuation of the previous system. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The melody in the treble staff includes a triplet of eighth notes. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

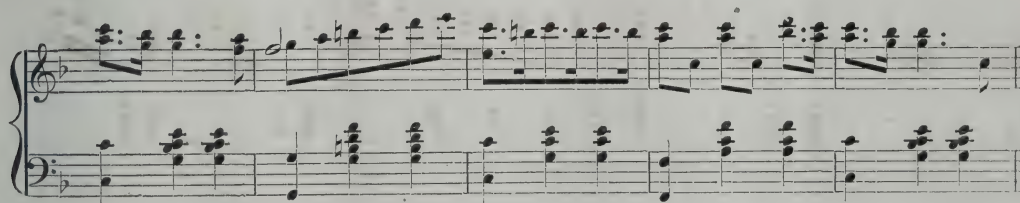
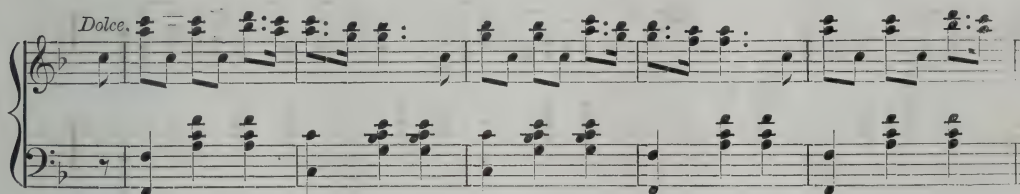
Sva.....

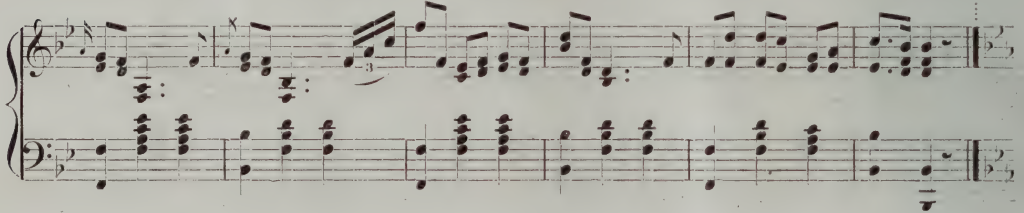


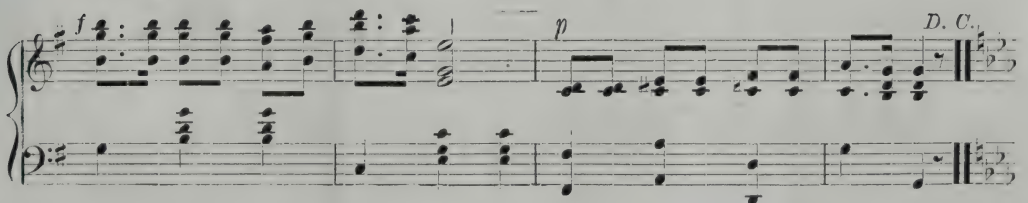
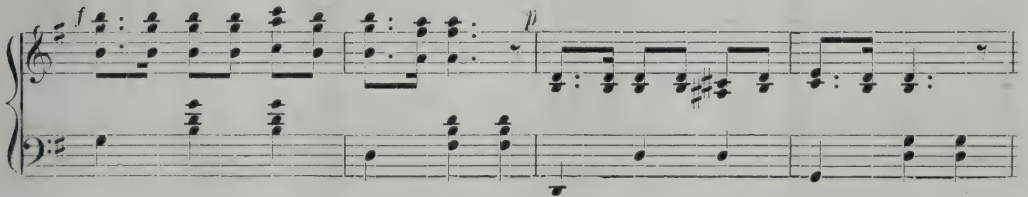
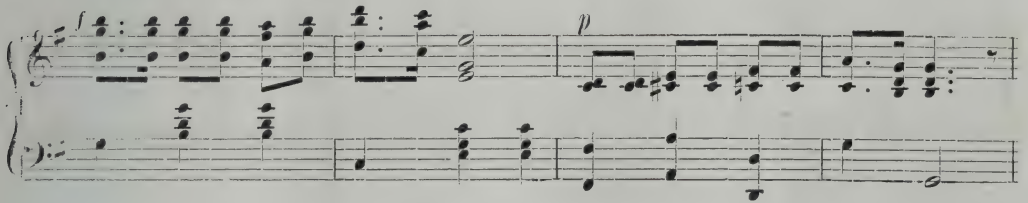
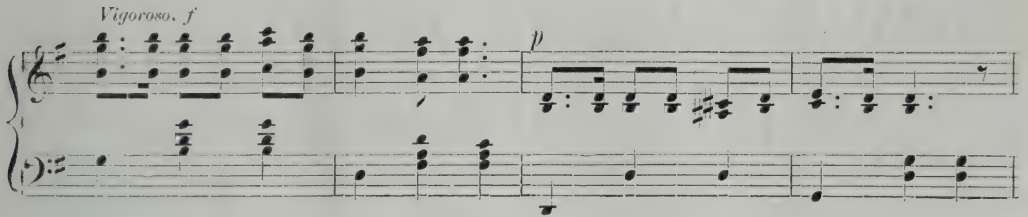
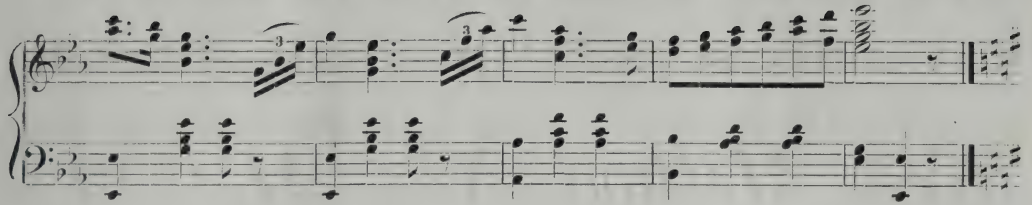
Sva.....



Dolce.



Sea.....*Sea.....**Sea.....*



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I cordially recommend it to teachers and pupils, as a valuable and artistic method for acquiring a mastery of the instrument for which it is designed.

L. H. SOUTHARD, Mus. Doc.

Late Music Director, Peabody Institute, Balt. Present Conductor of Boston Jubilee Chorus, Chelsea Choral Society and others.

ANDOVER, MASS., July 25, 1872.

MESSRS. S. BRAINARD'S SONS:—

GENTS:—I am most decidedly pleased with what I have seen of "Kimball's New Method for the Reed Organ." The selections are all of a high order, and from the works of the Masters of the Art, progressively arranged, relieving the teacher from the work of selecting music at the music stores for his work, at a great saving of time and patience to himself, and expense to his pupils.

Yours truly,

J. R. MURRAY,

Conductor of Andover Choral Union, and Superintendent of Music in the Public Schools of Lawrence and Andover, Mass.

BOSTON, June 16, 1872.

MESSRS. S. BRAINARD'S SONS:—

GENTLEMEN:—We have examined with much pleasure the new Cabinet Organ Method by Mr. Kimball, which you have recently published. So far as we have the ability to judge, it is most admirably adapted to the requirements both of the student and the amateur, and we can with cordiality commend it to our friends.

Very truly yours,

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.

NEW YORK, June 14, 1872.

MESSRS. S. BRAINARD'S SONS:—

GENTLEMEN:—The copy of "Kimball's New Method for the Reed Organ" so thorough and comprehensive, yet so concise, as that of Mr. Kimball, a copy of which you have kindly sent us. We have only admiration to express for the careful minuteness of its directions, for the clear and judicious arrangement of its matter, and for the handsome and attractive shape in which you have placed it before the public.

Respectfully,

E. P. NEEDHAM & SON.

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MESSRS. S. BRAINARD'S SONS:—

GENTLEMEN:—A thorough and careful examination of the work, I candidly say that I am not acquainted with any work of its class that approaches it, both for pupil and teacher. The selections are judiciously arranged and selected with unquestionable taste. It will fill a need that has long been felt, and is the only work I have ever seen which deserves the name of an "Organ Method." I shall recommend it "every time."

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[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

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Two songs under the above titles, simple and easy, but embodying a sentiment finding a niche unlike in the hearts of all advanced in years in search of happiness the soul over long after, but seldom finds, and finally returns to the old cot where father and mother, brothers and sisters, the old mill stream and the beautiful mountain scenery surrounding the "Cot" where I was born. It is again viewed in all its loveliness and beauty. These, in vivid language, are all portrayed in the songs, coupled with a vignette truthfully executed in the highest style of artistic skill. The picture alone is worth the price of the whole.

Night (Nacht). Slumber Song. F. S. Robjohn. 35
A beautiful lullaby, of more than ordinary merit, the music fitting into the sentiments of the words so neatly that one cannot fail to admire the quaintness and beauty of it, in adapting to the words.

Kittie McCre O'Tassell. Song and Chorus. Bb. 2. McChesney. 35
A sparkling, lively song, just such as slingers want to sandwich in between songs of graver character; sure to please, and is within the ability of the most modest performer.

Cold Water Bright and Free. Good Temper Song and Chorus. G. 2. Mattoon. 35
An earnest, stirring temperance song—just the kind needed in our Lodges. So lively and pleasing, its accompaniment not difficult; should have a wide circulation.

Anabel. Ballad with chorus. G. 3. Mattoon. 35
Another gem from the above author. A very beautiful sentimental ballad, with a smooth, flowing melody, followed by a finely arranged chorus full of pleasant and striking harmonies.

The Marrying Man. Comic Song. Eb. 2. McChesney. 35
This appeal from a poor old bachelor who wants a better half cannot fail to touch the hearts of the sympathizing. Yet, the forlorn individual throws such an amount of fun into his enumeration of his own excellent qualities that we predict a large circulation of the song among the fun-loving public.

Time and Fate. Duet and Chorus for male voices. G. 2. Composed by S. C. Coffin. Arranged for piano by McChesney. 40
Gentle words fall on the heart, Like dew-drops on the flower;

They cheer our care and gloom away,
And cheer the lonely hour.
Chorus—Each foot we in kindness spoken,
Merry treasures up with joy,
Each kind look remains a token,
Nought is earth can ever destroy.

Sunny South. Song and Chorus. McChesney Bb. 2. 35
This is one of this popular author's best, and little more in its praise can be said. The theme has withery in it, always fascinating and welcome, easily expressed in three words composing the triad—home, father, mother—the latter always the dominant in the heart's strings.

Little Rosebud. Song and Chorus. Finney. G. 2. 35
A beautiful song, easily sung, because of its melodic simplicity—with a chorus, the parts at variance in movement; destined to become very popular on account of the pleasing effects arising from these sources.

Beyond the Golden Door. Song and Chorus. G. 2. 35
A most charming song, by the favorite author of "Angel Maggie," "Whisper, Sister, Whisper," "Come Out in the Starlight," etc. We abate nothing from these when we say "Beyond the Golden Door" is to eclipse in circulation either of the above named, and therefore we highly recommend it for its excellence and beauty in all respects.

Saturday Night. Song. McChesney. A. 3. 30
This is a beautiful song, by a prolific author; well adapted to an alto or baritone voice.

It Might Have Been. Song and Chorus. Finney. Bb. 2. 35
Another truly charming song, with just the melody as any one acquainted with Mr. Finney's style would expect, and a song that will delight in singing at all times and places.

I Heard the Wee Bird Singing. Song and Chorus. Finney. G. 2. 35
The author's name attached to this song is a sufficient guarantee of its merits.

I am Waiting for Thee, Darling. Song and Chorus. McChesney. Ab. 3. 35
This is one of those truly good songs that improves by age. Those that have not got it should bestir themselves to possess it, and by keeping it a few years will become as fresh and green as when first published.

Annie's Violet. Song and Chorus. Bb. 2. 35
It is good; none the worse—but all the better—for being about three years old. Should be on every piano in the land.

The Shy Little Maiden of Sweet Sixteen. Sherwood. Ab. 3. 40
A nice, sparkling melody, with words exceedingly funny—capital to laugh over or dispel the damps; good to have round the house. Buy it and see.

Waiting for Thee. Ballad. Smith. G. 3. 30
A nice quiet song for male voice; susceptible of fine effects when well sung.

The Dreamer. Song. Hubbard. G. 3. 35
A good song; moderately difficult; susceptible of beautiful effect when correctly rendered.

The Angels are Waiting for Me. Song and Chorus. Smith. F. 3. 35
This beautiful piece is designed as a companion to "Waiting for Angels to Come."

Take Father's Advice, Willie Dear. Song and Chorus. McChesney. G. 2. 30
A nice song, with a chorus, McChesney. 35
Baking It In. Song and Chorus. McChesney. G. 2. 35
Time and Fate. Duet and Chorus for male voices. McChesney. G. 2. 40
The last three named songs are all good, and the last two are full of trappings, riveted in mind by their connection with music appropriate and pleasing.

Sign and Shadow. Quartette and Chorus. Poney. A. 3. 50
This is a beautiful song for male voice; susceptible of fine effects when well sung.

Under Thy Lattice. Song. Smith. D. 2. 40
This is a beautiful song, destined for a serenade. The vignette, as a work of art, is well worth the whole.

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***Floating With the Tide.** Reverie. McChesney. Eb. 4. 50
Mr. McChesney has written many beautiful pieces, none that excel this in a melodic or harmonic design. The title piece is illustrated in the highest style of art.

***Oriele Waltz.** Crandall. D. 3. 30
This is a very attractive piece and a great favorite; excellent for teaching.

***Greeting the Dawn.** Berdix. F. 3. 30
Spirited in character; nicely arranged, and one of the best of this justly popular author's productions.

***Chateaux en Espagne.** McChesney. Bb. 3. 60
Christine. G. 2. 35
A fine piece, the author's best piece; very showy and airy in style; a great favorite.

Radiant Polka. McChesney. Eb. 3. 30
An old favorite and fine polka.

Munkey De-I. Medley. Mattoon. C. 2. 35
Philomena Waltz. Truxa. Ab. 3. 35
Brook Hill. W. 2. 35
Sunset in the Heart Waltz. Truxa. G. 2. 35
Bonnie Boat Polka. Whipple. Bb. 2. 35
The Dew Drop. Truxa. A. 3. 35
Flora's Polonaise. C. 3. Spindler. 40
Album Leaf. F. 3. Kirchner. 35
Witch's Waltz. F. 3. Truxa. 35
Silver Spang Waltz. F. 3. Scherer. 35
Little Star. Schottische. Eb. 3. Lockwood. 35
Anna Polka. Eb. 3. Wells. 35
Christine. G. 2. 35
Something New. Eb. Moeller. 35

The pieces above named form a part of a series of forty numbers, published under the name and title of "Home Delights," and as a whole, furnish one of the finest repertoires of piano music extant. In it will be found the grave and jocund in *reliques*; the music adapted to the taste and wants of the 17th, and also the

ablest in fine, every grade, in style and movement; suitable for practice, of a chaste and elevating character. Each piece is a theme of its own, and hence the whole combined forms a book blending in variety and interest, lively and fascinating to study.

***Grand March.** Lockwood. Bb. 2. 35
A fine composition by this lamented author, and should be possessed by all amateurs of good teacher and musician.

***Academy Polka.** Berdix. C. 2. 35
Very nice piece; good for practice in octaves and also trills.

***Gypsy Queen.** Grand Polka. G. 4. Moelling. 50
A brilliant and fanciful composition; very attractive, and calculated to become a great favorite with amateurs.

Cornet Waltz. Eb. 2. Simonds. 80
A very desirable teaching piece; pleasing and lively.

Song of the River. Sonata. Bb. 3. Peace. 35
This talented composer has given us a very poem in this world and diversified song of the river—in wad and complaining, then blending into a joyous, thrilling succession of runs, then the more majestic strides of the stream as it seems nearing the broad ocean. Every lover of the beautiful in music should obtain a copy of this.

Times of the Roses. Waltz. F. 2. Berdix. 40
A most and sprightly waltz, in keeping with many other graceful compositions from this well-known author.

L'Amethyst. Valse Brillante. Eb. 4. Fairbank. 40
This is a fine set of waltzes, well adapted for parlor or ball-room purposes. It is light, calculated to inspire and delight all who hear and play it. It ranks in the list of truly meritorious pieces; every player should make a copy of L'Amethyst one of the leading gems in his or her repertoire.

Fony Quickstep. G. 2. C. J. Whitney. Colored. 40
A lively, dancing little composition, with an elegantly illustrated title page.

Sparkling Gem Waltz. F. 3. Roberts. 35
Moroni March. D. 4. Mrs. F. A. Wells. 35
The two pieces above named form a pair, as yet called Home Delights. Both are deservedly becoming popular, being the one a delightful little waltz, refreshing in its melody and nicely arranged. The latter a good substantial march; moderately difficult.

Metecor Gallop. D. 4. Moelling. 40
This showy instrumental piece, a set of six pieces called most appropriately "Parlor Favorites." We predict a wide sale for this as well as the rest of the set; it combines the two good qualities, showy and of medium difficulty, to satisfy our amateurs.

Summer Winds. Mazurka Caprice. Eb. 3. McChesney. 35
An attractive drawing room piece, full of melody, nicely harmonized; very desirable for those who wish relaxation from the more classical order of music; should find a place in every repertoire.

Silver Maple Waltz. Bb. 2. Hewitt. 49
A very useful and pleasant piece for teaching, as well as interesting and profitable for study and practice to the pupil.

The Wedding Quickstep. G. 3. Truxa. 35
This true title little of the name of a song, however striking in beauty, but we do say there is something charming in the title "Wedding Quickstep," though it must be confessed that the loveliness of this piece will be found hidden in euphonious music. Fairy fingers try it.

Love's Chase. Rondo Brillante. D. 4. Peace. 50
We have here much in a piece, a precious collection of five order of things, perhaps this should have been named before the last. However this may be, they will be together, viewed in any light. Hence, we say put them together on your piano.

Ariel Polka. Eb. 4. Mattoon. 40
Lively, sparkling, showy piece, in the approved modern style.

Le Partie Social Gtlopp. Bb. 2. Barnhardt. 40
Old, but good; like a certain instrument, improved by age.

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A collection of popular gems, easily arranged for the piano.

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No. 3. BRUNETTE POLKA. 25
No. 4. POET AND PEASANT WALTZ. 25
No. 5. FOREST ECHOES MARCH. 30
No. 6. QUI VIVE GALLOP. 25

It requires no great strength of the imagination to come to the conclusion that the above pieces are correctly named in their leading title, "Wreath of Roses," not only as symbols of simplicity, silence, union, bashfulness, beauty and elegance—all of which emblems were attributed to the rose by the ancients—but moderns who have made the happy acquaintance of the above bouquet of sweet music, are lavish in praise of the beautiful wreath of which it is composed.

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Victory March. 3. C. (6 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 25
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Warblers at Eve. 3. F.....	Kinkel. 35
Washington Artillery Pol. Mar. 2. (5 Oct.).....	Huck. 30
Water Lily Waltz. 3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Wagner. 30
Waverlet Schottisch. 2. G. (5 Oct.).....	Goole. 30
Wayside Rose Schottisch. 2. (1 Oct.).....	Harmstadt. 30
Wedding Bells Polka. 2. G. (5 Oct.).....	Recht. 30
Welcome Home Schottisch. 2. C. (5 Oct.).....	Goole. 30
When the Swallows, etc. 3. C. (6 Oct.).....	La Hucho. 30
White Corkade. Var. 3. D.....	Rudolphson. 30
White Rose Polka. 3. C. (5 Oct.).....	Recht. 30
Widow McGee. Var. 3. C.....	Rudolphson. 30
Wild Goose Chase Galop. 3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Smith. 30
William Tell. 4. G.....	Kinkel. 35
Willie's Delight Polka. 3. F. (5 Oct.).....	Goole. 30
Witches' Galop. 2. G. (5 Oct.).....	Wymann. 30
Woodland Mazurka. 2. C. (5 Oct.).....	Ballak. 30
Write me a Letter Schottisch. 2. (4 Oct.).....	Mack. 30
Yankee Set Cottons. 2. D. (5 Oct.).....	Wissner. 40
*Yellow-Bird Waltz. 2. G. (5 Oct.).....	Bonmann. 35
Yes! Galop. 2. F. (4 Oct.).....	La Hucho. 30
Young America Schottisch. 2. (5 Oct.).....	Lampard. 30
Young Fairies' Quadrilles. 3. G. (4 Oct.).....	Mack. 35
Young Ladies' Polka. 2. C. (5 Oct.).....	Dressler. 30
Young Soldier's Quickstep. 3. F. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
Zampa. 4. F.....	Pacher. 35
Zula Zong Waltz. 2. D. (5 Oct.).....	Mack. 20

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Annie Mazurka. 4. F. (5 Oct.).....	Uermoeslen. 30
Autumn Leaves. 5. A. (4 Oct.).....	Frey. 35
Barbe Bleue Quadrille. 5. (5 Oct.).....	Dressler. 30
Belle (La) Helene Quadrille. 4. (5 Oct.).....	Dressler. 30
*Belle Georgine Quickstep. 3. C. (5 Oct.).....	Granniss. 35
Carrie Mazurka. 3. Es. (5 Oct.).....	Hays. 30
California Grand March. 5. Es. (5 Oct.).....	Granniss. 30
Central Park Lancers. 4. (5 Oct.).....	Dressler. 50
Central Park March. 4. G. (5 Oct.).....	Wondell. 35
Chain of Love Schottisch. 4. G. (4 Oct.).....	Young. 30
*Cinnamon Rose Polka. 4. G. (5 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 60
Dora Mazurka. 4. D. (5 Oct.).....	Uermoeslen. 30
Evening Quickstep. 3. D. (5 Oct.).....	Wymann. 30
Emma Mazurka. 4. C. (5 Oct.).....	Uermoeslen. 30
Farewell to the Alps March. 4. G. (5 Oct.).....	Smith. 30
Full of Beauty Polka. 4. G. (5 Oct.).....	Gehrke. 30
Faust March. 3. C. (5 Oct.).....	Dr esler. 35
*Forget Me Not Schottisch. 3. F. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 30
*Genevieve de Brabant Polka. 3. C. (5 Oct.).....	Dressler. 40
*Heavenward? Pensée Religieuse. 4. (5 Oct.).....	Vilbue. 40
*Johnnie's March. 3. C. (5 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 30
Johnny's Return March. 3. C. (5 Oct.).....	Mack. 30
Katy McFerran Quickstep. 4. G. (4 Oct.).....	Mack. 35
*King William's Lancers. 5. C. (5 Oct.).....	Dressler. 60
Love Dream Schottisch. 3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Mancers. 30
Mary's waiting at the Window. 4. (5 Oct.).....	Mack. 30
Mariette Landler Waltz. 4. G. (5 Oct.).....	Georgi. 30
Mermanid Polka. 4. C. (5 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 30
Mistress Jinks' Sociable Quad. 4. (5 Oct.).....	Dressler. 60
Morning Schottisch. 4. Es. (5 Oct.).....	Wym. n. 30
Nora O'Neal Quickstep. 4. C. (5 Oct.).....	Mack. 40
Orpheus aux Enfers Lancers. 5. (5 Oct.).....	Dressler. 50
*Perpetual Rose Mazurka. 4. Es. (5 Oct.).....	Mack. 30
*Phrenological Waltzes. 4. Bs. (5 Oct.).....	Wubau. 50
*Pretty as a Pink Barcarolle. 4. (5 Oct.).....	Mack. 60
Robert le Diable. 4. D. (1 Oct.).....	Mack. 60
*Rustic Brandy March. 4. Es. (4 Oct.).....	Kinkel. 35
*Kiss-Rud Polka. 3. D. (5 Oct.).....	Becht. 35
Shamrock Quadrille. 3. G. (5 Oct.).....	Denard. 45
Sorrow! Marche Douloureuse. 3. C. Min. (4 Oct.).....	Nack. 30
Starlight! Norwegian Serenade. 3. (5 Oct.).....	Widman. 30
Susie Redoua. 3. F. (5 Oct.).....	Porter. 30
Sans Souci Galop. 4. C. (5 Oct.).....	La Hucho. 30
Sensation Lancers. 4. (5 Oct.).....	Dressler. 50

Sensationl Quadrilles. 4. (5 Oct.).....	Dressler. 60
Starlight Polka. 4. Es. (1 Oct.).....	Edson. 30
*Sunbeam Waltz. 4. Es. (5 Oct.).....	Muse. 35
*Sueban March. 4. C. (5 Oct.).....	Skaut. 35
*Sweet Western March. 4. A.....	Préval. 35
Tremolo Polka. 4. Es. (5 Oct.).....	Frey. 30
Uncle Sam's Grand March. 4. C. (5 Oct.).....	Nagels. 30
Vie (La) Parisienne. 4. G. and D. (5 Oct.).....	Dressler. 50
We parted by the River Side Waltz. 4. (5 Oct.).....	Mack. 35
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Gipsy Schottisch. 3. C.....	Gipsy. 35
Gipsy Typienne Mazurka. 3. G.....	Dressler. 35
Grand Union Brigade Quickstep. 2. Es.....	Lampard. 35
*Harrie's Polka. 3. G.....	Kinkel. 35
Hornie March. 3. C.....	Wymann. 30
Hunting March. 3. F.....	Grobe. 30
Hurrah Storm Galop. 3. C.....	Dressler. 30
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Little Daisy Polka. 3. F.....	Kinkel. 30
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Louiselle March. Easy Var. 3. F.....	Ballak. 45
Lottie Galop. 3. G.....	Dependard. 35
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Love Star Polka. 3. F.....	Manners. 30
March Was Hymn. Easy Var. 3. C.....	Rudolphson. 30
Mary Polka. 3. F.....	Mancers. 30
May Day Waltz. 3. Es.....	Cook. 30
May Queen Schottisch. 3. Bs.....	Mahlin. 30
Mermanid Waltz. 3. G.....	Granger. 30
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Mima Waltz. 3. A.....	Borden. 30
Miss Lucy Long. Easy Var.....	Strily. 40
Morning Glory Polka. 3. F.....	Wagner. 30
Morning Star Polka. 3. G.....	Wymann. 30
Mountain Belle Schottisch. 3. F.....	Kinkel. 35
Nannie Galop. 3. C.....	Mahler. 40
Natallie Waltz. 3. A.....	Barker. 30
Nellie's Dream Waltz. 3. G.....	Nyrene. 30
Nesport Schottisch. 3. G.....	Kinkel. 30
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*Silver Cloud Waltz.....	Warren. 40
*Silver Pluke Waltz. 2. D.....	Marinez. 20
*Softwater March (Yellow Rose) Col. Pic. Wymann. 60	
Stetson's Quickstep. 3. Bs.....	Brown. 30
Summer Cloud Polka. 3. F.....	Wondell. 30
Sunshine of Love March. 3. C.....	Préval. 30
Syren Schottisch. 3. G.....	Ucho. 30
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VOLUME III.

DETROIT, FEBRUARY, 1873.

NUMBER II.

Retrospection.

BY WM. WEBSTER.

I sit me down in pensive mood,
Revolving o'er the narrow span,
From childhood's days, the years how few,
That usher in the full fledged man.

With buoyant step and kindling eye,
He grapples with the tide of life,
Resolved to win and earn success,
Be foremost hero in the strife.

A change comes on his youthful dreams,
The sun that rose in splendor bright,
In manhood's gay and early morn,
Or sinks away to gloomiest night.

'Tis well if hopes beyond the grave,
Doth cheer us through the winding vale;
If we but trust the One above,
In darkest hour He will not fail.

Away with baubles of the earth,
A diadem I would not wear,
But give me the crown of life,
That I with saints above can share.

Yes, here 'tis all a fleeting show,
And much of pain consumes the heart;
Ere we attain the wane of life,
To other scenes we would depart

With patience let us run the race,
Performing all the good we can,
When angels through the gates of heaven,
At last will usher in a MAN.

Planning for the Future.

Up life's hill, so steep and rugged,
Toiling all the live-long day,
Planning, planning for the future,
As the moments glide away.

Now in little airy castles
Thoughts delight awhile to stay,
And, forgetting all the sorrows
That befall us by the way.

High we build them, little castles,
Where no tears can ever flow—
Where the music is the sweetest,
Where the fairest flowers grow.

High we build the little castles,
And we work the live-long day,
Forgetting what our hands were doing
While the moments glide away.

High we build them, and, forgetting
That the morrow's sun may shine
Only on a heap of ruins—
Wrecked upon the shores of time.

—Selected.

COTTAGE ORGANS.

The Estey Organ Manufactory at Brattleboro.

ONE OF VERMONT'S MOST NOTABLE ENTERPRISES—
THE HISTORY AND GROWTH OF THE BUSINESS—
THE LARGEST COTTAGE ORGAN MANUFACTORY IN
THE WORLD—HOW THE BUSINESS IS CARRIED ON.

Vermont's list of manufacturing enterprises is a short but exceedingly honorable one, for whatever credit there is in leading the world in the manufacture of scales and cottage organs, belongs to the Green Mountain state and to the towns of St. Johnsbury and Brattleboro. Any State might well be proud to have these great enterprises within her limits, and we may well pardon the pride which Vermonters naturally take in the unparalleled success which has attended the energy and efforts of the men in charge of these two great establishments. A noticeable and significant circumstance connected with each of them, is the fact that they have been built up and controlled by individuals rather than by corporations, and that what has elsewhere been done by a succession of corporate managements, has here been accomplished by two or three individuals who have grown up with the business which they have fostered, and who have taken all its risks and enjoyed all its successes.

The manufacture of reed musical instruments dates back to 1846 at Brattleboro, and, like many other now great enterprises, it had a very humble beginning and but little success. After a three years' battle with adverse and unpropitious circumstances, the men who started the business concluded that digging gold in the new Eldorado of California, would bring quicker fortune than making melodions at Brattleboro, and they accordingly sold out, with the intention of packing themselves off for the Pacific coast, an intention, however, which sickness prevented them from carrying out. Mr. Jacob Estey, then a thrifty plumber, had some faith in the future of the enterprise, and expressed his willingness to furnish capital, and become a silent partner with the parties who succeeded the would-be gold diggers. The manufacturing department was for the next seven or eight years, conducted by different persons and with indifferent success, but Mr. Estey stood by with his money, and in 1857 became an active partner and the financial manager, under the firm name of Estey & Green. The financial troubles of 1857 bore hardly upon this, as upon all other feeble industrial enterprises, and to that was added the same year a fire which destroyed their manufactory, which stood near where the Brattleboro house now stands, and caused them a heavy loss. Nothing daunted, however, by this ill fortune, the manufactory was promptly rebuilt, and the firm of Estey & Green continued the business until 1861, when Mr. Estey took it alone. Three years later, in 1864, he was again burned out with heavy loss, but he again rebuilt, and a year later took in two partners under the firm name of J. Estey & Co. The business was continued under this management for about fifteen months, and these two partners then retired and their places were filled by Mr. Levi K. Fuller, a son-in-law of Mr. Estey, and Mr. Julius J. Estey, his

son. Mr. Fuller had been in the shops for seven years before, and had thoroughly mastered the mechanical details of the business, and the younger Mr. Estey had been his father's assistant in the business management of the concern. The new firm was therefore a strong one and fully prepared to push the business they had undertaken. From that time to the present the enterprise has had constant and gratifying success, and its history for the last six years has been in gratifying and cheerful contrast with the vicissitudes of the first twenty years of its existence.

After the second burning out in 1864 the manufactory was located upon the "flats" in the buildings now occupied by the Brattleboro furniture company, but the disastrous effect of the freshets in that locality admonished them that another location must be sought for the growth and enlargement of their business. A farm of some sixty or seventy acres, fronting on Birge street and overlooking the village, was selected as a suitable site for the erection of the needed buildings in 1869, and the firm has now beyond question the most convenient, complete and extensive reed organ manufactory in the world. There are seven three-story factories, one hundred feet long, and from thirty to thirty-eight feet in width, all built the same distance from Birge street, upon which they front, and forty feet from each other. A walk at the rear of the second story connects all these buildings, and by the aid of this and by elevators in each building, the transportation of articles from the different buildings, and from the different stories in the same buildings, is very readily accomplished. In the rear of these main buildings are two large dry houses, which are used for seasoning the lumber, and are kept at a uniform temperature of 120 degrees by means of steam pipes. There are also a blacksmith's shop, a building for the steam fire engine and a fire proof engine house, and they are now building a large store house and gas works for supplying their manufactory with gas. There are also within the enclosure two dwelling houses occupied by the expressmen, watchman and firemen connected with the establishment, and in the rear of the manufactory enclosure there has sprung up quite a village of comfortable and tidy looking dwelling houses, many of which are occupied by their workmen. The factories and dry houses are built of wood, but the sides as well as roofs are covered with slate, and the cornices are covered with tin. As further provisions against danger from fire, there is a steam fire engine ready for use at a moment's notice, and an organized fire company, the members of which are drilled fortnightly, and are put through all the evolutions incident to an ordinary conflagration. Buckets of water and fire extinguishers, with printed directions for their use and management, are kept upon every floor, and trust watchman are upon the ground day and night, Sundays and holidays. Several large reservoirs within the enclosure contain an ample supply of water for any probable emergency. So complete is the organization of the fire company alluded to, that on the occasion of a recent visit from the fire inspector, only four minutes elapsed between giving the alarm and having two streams playing with full force.

Yet a perfect analogy to such a course is found in the conduct of those who use simple music only, and that of the trashy kind above alluded to.

Musical education must be progressive. The child must pass through the successive stages from the simplest possible tunes, through the modern dance-music, through the fantasia stage up to the higher planes of musical culture; and in this progression he needs at every step the wise counsel of an experienced teacher to point out the faults and errors, as well as the beauties of the pieces in hand.

Simple music for beginners by all means, but beware how you select it, and especially beware of suffering the young mind to dwell long upon or to rest satisfied with it, and be sure that your simple music is not machine-made; be sure that it says something; that it expresses some clear, well-defined musical thought, and that this thought is of an ennobling and elevating tendency and not of debasing influence. "Milk for babes" is the apostolic direction; only be sure that you give milk and not dish-water.

Fiddling under Difficulties.

A southern parer relates the snagging of a steamboat, with the owner on board, who was very fond of playing on the violin. The captain, pilot and crew were in the cabin playing cards one day, when her bow struck a snag with force that knocked a hole in her side as big as a hoghead. The shock upset the fero bank and those gathered around it, and caused a general confusion and consternation among all except the owner, who, having righted himself in his chair, re-commenced his tune where he left off, and went on as though nothing had happened.

"She's sinking," shouted an Arkansas man, dressed in a hickory bark coat, who was making his way out of the cabin with a pair of saddle-bags on his arm.

"Tomahawk me if she ain't sinking, sure," the owner heard, but, fiddling away as unconcerned as Nero at the burning of Rome, "Three feet of water in the hold!—Run, old Buzzard, ashore if you can," shouted the captain. The startling words reached the ears of the owner, but he continued to saw away.

The passengers ran to him, and bawled out, "Do you know the boat is snaged?" "I suspected something of the kind," coolly answered the owner, as he laid is left ear to the violin, *a la* Ole Bull, and appeared perfectly enchanted with his own strains.

"She'll be lost in five minutes," continued the passengers.

"She's been a losing concern this five years," replied the owner, as he drew most excruciating tones from his fiddle.

"I can feel her settle," said a passenger. "I wish she would settle with me for what I've lost by her, before she goes down," was the owner's reply, as his right hand moved backward and forward over the fiddle.

"But why don't you speak to the captain, and give him orders what to do in this emergency?" asked the good-natured passengers.

"Interfering with the officers of this boat is a very delicate matter," meekly remarked the owner, as he still sawed away.

The boat careened over, and the next moment the cabin was half full of water.

The buzzard, together with her cargo and machinery, proved a total loss. The officers, crew and passengers saved themselves by means of a yawl; the owner swam ashore with his fiddle under his right arm and the bow in his mouth. No insurance.

A NEW MUSICAL CONTRIVANCE.—In one of the Western States, a German Lutheran minister, who has a wonderful inventive and constructive genius, has for years devoted his leisure time to inventing some kind of musical instrument so simple that it will not require long practice and skilled fingers to produce the best music. He has now perfected a contrivance which can be attached to an organ or other musical instrument, and by touching the keys in regular order, commencing at the left-hand side, any tune for which it is set will be played. The attachment is as yet limited to forty tunes, but a great many more can be very easily attached.

CUTE REPLIES OF THE GREAT FREDERICK.—A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia: "Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That's none of my business," replied the king. "But he speaks ill of you," said the lady. "That," replied he, "is none of your business."

Correspondence.

Our Boston Letter.

BRILLIANT SUCCESS OF THE ITALIAN OPERA SEASON—LUCCA AND KELLOGG—CONCERTS AND OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS—A NEW ENGLISH TENOR—THE APOLLO CLUB—JOHN K. PAINE'S NEW ORATORIO—MUSIC TO COME, ETC.

Boston, January 17, 1873.

I wrote last month to the effect that the fire had seemed to throw a damper upon the musical season—if the big conflagration may be said to have had any damper—and so it had. The influence has continued to a certain extent, but, strangely enough, it has not affected that high-priced institution, the opera. Everybody predicted a financial failure for Messrs. Maretzek and Jarrett's operatic undertaking, and with apparent reason, too, in view of the numerous examples of the same thing in recent musical and theatrical enterprises. But Pauline Lucca came and conquered, and the spacious theatre is crowded on the nights she appears at the rate of four dollars for the best seats. Miss Kellogg has been moderately successful, and certainly has never sung better, but, then, Miss Kellogg has been heard at a lower price of admission, and the Kellogg nights suffer in comparison with the Lucca nights. The best performances of all have been when the two *prime donne* have appeared in the same opera, as in "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni." Lucca has thus far appeared as *Leonora* in "La Favorita," *Margherita* in "Faust," *Cherubino* in "Le Nozze di Figaro," *Zerlina* in "Don Giovanni," and *Valentina* in "Les Huguenots." To-night she appears as *Zerlina* in "Fra Diavolo," and next week "Mignon" and "L'Africaine" are promised.

Miss Kellogg has sung *Violetta* in "La Traviata" (on the opening night, January 7th), *Leonora* in "Il Trovatore," *Donna Anna* in "Don Giovanni," and *Susanna* in "Le Nozze di Figaro." Lucca's versatility is remarkable. She sings tragic opera and comic opera equally as well, and her *Cherubino* is as light, graceful and sparkling as her *Valentina* is intense, strong and dramatic. Her voice is peculiarly rich, though it does not extend high in the upper register, and the listener cannot but feel its influence. Her *Margherita* differs somewhat from Nilsson's and Kellogg's, and is by no means her best part. Kellogg is better in some portions of the garden scene, but fails to give the later scenes with such grandeur and fullness of dramatic effect. Nilsson makes much of the cathedral scene and the prison scene, and it is in these portions of the opera Lucca's greatest power also lies. Her performance as a whole, however, is less idealistic than either Kellogg's or Nilsson's, although there is something indescribably fine in her rendering of the scene in the cathedral, in the cathedral, and not upon the outside, as this portion of the opera is usually given.

Lucca's *Valentina* is a combination of magnificent vocalism and gloriously rich dramatic coloring, and the representation of last Wednesday evening aroused a really great degree of enthusiasm. So, too, did her *Leonora* in "La Favorita." Miss Kellogg has met with unqualified success both as *Leonora* in Verdi's opera and in the trying role of *Donna Anna*, both of which are parts which would seem at first thought too heavy for her. The rest of the troupe, with one or two exceptions, are not up to the high standard of the leading *prime donne*, or, indeed, anywhere near it. Nevertheless, they are generally much better than the New York press have given them credit for being, and, at least, they have not done positive ill, if they have failed to distinguish themselves very highly in the opposite direction. After the severe strictures of the New York press, Boston had expected a lot of "sticks," and was not a little surprised and delighted to find

the troupe much better than it had anticipated. The season will continue through next week.

The Harvard Musical Association has given two concerts, since my last letter was written, the fourth of their series on the day following Christmas, and the fifth on the 9th instant. At the concert of December 26th, the chief event was the American debut of Mr. Nelson Varley, the English tenor, who has come over to join the Rudersdorff troupe. Madame Rudersdorff, by the bye, has not been very successful in this country, at least, outside of New England, and her troupe will not have as much to do as they anticipated. She has given up her projected western tour.

Mr. Varley has a fine voice and an excellent method, and his admirable rendering of a concert aria by Mozart, and an aria from Handel's "Israel in Egypt," made him a favorite at once.

Mr. G. W. Sumner appeared at the same concert, playing a piano concerto—Chopin's, in F minor—passably well. At the fifth concert, Mr. J. C. D. Parker performed Moschelle's piano concerto in G minor, and Mr. August Kutzleb executed a concerto for the oboe by Rietz. The overture to "Coriolan," by Beethoven, Cherubini's overture to "Les Abencerrages," and Mozart's symphony No. 6, in C, were played by the orchestra.

At the sixth concert of the series, February 6th, the first movement of Rubenstein's "Ocean" symphony will be played by the orchestra. Mr. B. J. Lang will perform the *Concertstück* in G, by Schumann, and the D minor concerto of Bach will be played on three pianos.

The New England Conservatory of Music gave a very interesting concert at Wesleyan Association Hall, on the 4th inst., when a new concert cabinet organ manufactured by the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company, was introduced. The instrument combines some new ideas with the best features of the French organs, and is especially adapted to concert purposes. It has a wonderful sweetness and brilliancy of tone, and far greater variety than any instrument of its class has hitherto exhibited. Its orchestral effect is also quite remarkable. It was played on this occasion by Mr. Henry Strauss, both in solos and concerted numbers, Messrs. George E. Whiting (piano), F. H. Torrington (violin), and Wulf Fries (violinello), assisting on those instruments. Miss Sarah C. Fisher appeared at the same concert with very fine success, singing a scena from "Ernani" and two German songs. The Conservatory gives another concert at Wesleyan Association Hall, on the 25th, and its quarterly exhibition occurs at Music Hall, February 1st.

The Boston Conservatory of Music, gave its quarterly concert at Music Hall, last Saturday afternoon.

The Apollo Club gave two magnificent concerts on the 3rd and 6th inst. Both were private soirees, tickets being distributed only among members and their friends, but music hall was densely packed on both occasions. The club sang the same programme on the two evenings, and at the second concert an orchestra assisted. "The Cheerful Wanderer" by Mendelssohn, "The Night" by Schubert, "Rhine Wine Song" by Franz, "A May Night" by Kucken, the Chorus of Derivishes from "The Ruins of Athens" by Beethoven, "The Woodland Rose" by Fischer, "The Tars Song" by Hatten, "The Long Day Closes" by Sullivan, a double chorus from Mendelssohn's "Antigone" music, "Evening Song" by Naeter, and a "Champagne Song" by Schrober, comprised the vocal numbers. The club is under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang, and has improved since last season. It is made up of some fifty of the best voices of the city.

Madame Rudersdorff gave the first of a series of three matinees on the 7th inst., at Mechanics' Hall, assisted by Miss Alice Fairman, Mr. Varley, Miss Mary Underwood, pianist, and others. Miss Therese Liebe, the violiniste, was too ill to appear, and the

performance suffered greatly in consequence of the substitution at the last moment of another violin player, who had not even had time to rehearse the music he was expected to play. The programme embraced several fresh selections, including a selection from Mendelssohn's early opera, "Camacho's Wedding" (sung by Madame Rudersdorff), and a beautiful composition by Rubinstein, entitled "The Naiads," in which the principal part was sustained by Miss Fairman. The remaining matinees will take place January 21st, and February 4th.

Canilla Urso is to give a series of chamber concerts at Mechanics' Hall, in the latter part of the season, with the assistance of some of our best instrumentalists, when she will be heard for the first time in Boston in stringed quartettes, trios, etc. These entertainments were originally announced to open on the 22d inst., but the plan of giving them thus early was abandoned on account of profitable concert engagements which offered themselves from New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia. She is to play with the New York Philharmonic Society tomorrow.

Messrs. Hugo Leonhard, and Julius Eichberg, are to give a series of classical matinees at Wesleyan Hall, January 21, February 14, March 7 and 21, and April 4 and 18.

The Handel and Hayden Society will give "Judas Maccabaeus," and "Elijah," February 8th and 9th, with the assistance of Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Fairman and Mr. Varley.

The Foster Club of Boston Highlands gave two concerts at the chapel of the Mount Pleasant Congregational Church, January 8th and 10th, under the direction of Mr. John C. Warren. The programme, which was the same on both evenings, comprised among other selections the forty-sixth psalm, for solos and chorus, by Dudley Buck, Mendelssohn's ninety-eighth psalm, choruses from Mendelssohn's "Loreley," and songs by W. H. Gerrish and others.

The Boston Catholic Choral Society will give a concert on the 16th of February, when Gounod's choral music, as performed at the Crystal Palace, London, under the composer's own direction, will be sung for the first time in America.

M'lie Aimee and her Opera Bouffe Troupe, will appear at the Globe early next month.

John K. Paine's new oratorio, "St. Peter," is meeting with great favor from the choral societies, several of which have arranged to take it up for rehearsal. It is a work of a high order of merit, and will give its composer a foremost place among living oratorio writers. Strangely enough, Sir Julius Benedict and Mr. Paine were engaged simultaneously upon the same subject. The two works differ essentially, however, and those who have examined both scores say the American composer will not suffer by the comparison.

The stereotype plates of "The Tribute of Praise," were destroyed in the great fire, but Dr. Tourjee has a new edition of the work nearly ready.

RANGER.

From Jackson.

THE cheering news comes to us from the goodly city of Jackson, that they have organized a musical association, under auspices truly encouraging and auguring well of prosperity and success. Some of its officers we are personally acquainted with, and hence speak by letter; they have the ability and snap requisite to push the good, thing right along. The officers are:

F. H. BURGESS, President,
PROF. J. TROUTMAN, Conductor,
PROF. SCHEFFLER, Organist,
SANFORD HUNT, Secretary.

We hope to hear often from this society, and anticipate happy results from the efforts of these good workers in the cause of music.

Correspondence of the Song Journal.

Our Chicago Letter.

CHICAGO, January 10, 1873.

The only entertainments worthy of note which have been afforded to the music lovers of Chicago, during the past month, were the Rubenstein concerts, which occurred the first week in December. These included six evening performances and a single matinee, and took place at Aiken's Theatre. It is a mortifying fact to chronicle that they failed to awaken the enthusiasm that might have been expected from their merits, and that their patronage, as in most of the cities where they have been given, was altogether too light. This result was due somewhat to the high rates of admission which the management thought fit to demand; but it was owing still more to the absence of attractive vocalists in the troupe. This lack of success has proved beyond a question, that the masses will not go out to listen to the piano and violin alone, although the instruments may be played by the most accomplished artists that ever struck the keys or drew the bow. To the multitude there is a charm in the human voice which cannot be equalled by the most exquisite music possible to any instrument of man's invention. The manager who forgets or defies this natural and instinctive preference, when selecting soloists for a concert troupe, should be a philosopher as well as a schemer, in order to bear the sure failure that awaits him, with appropriate equanimity.

So much has already been said of the art and the manner of Rubenstein and Wienianski that little remains now to be added. Although in mere execution upon their respective instruments the one can scarcely be said to surpass the other, there is a striking difference in the impression they produce. There does not seem to be any measurable distance between the two artists, but there is a decided inequality between the two men. It is an instance where the weight of character is finely shown. Probably the violinist is far the more genial and amiable in disposition, as he is more easy and gracious in manner. But there is a deal of materiality in his constitution that is obtrusively visible in his physique, and plainly apparent to the soul in his music. He has acquired a wonderful mastery over the violin, and performs with astonishing facility the most difficult feats of technique. Some of the intricate passages he accomplished have never before been essayed in an American concert room. But with all this amazing talent and skill, there was lacking that heaven-born tone that falls on the ear with divine significance. His hearers wondered and admired, but did not adore. It was a creature, like unto themselves, who was displaying these curious and surprising achievements. It was human art, not a celestial gift, and the effect accorded with the cause. But with Rubenstein all was pure intellect, unalloyed genius. He was haughty, cold and distant, as if his spirit were remote and dwelt apart. He was oblivious of his audience, never evincing a consciousness of their presence beyond the low bow on approaching and leaving them, and the slight inclination towards the piano when their applause broke out at the conclusion of a number. He never turned his face toward them, or gave them one glance of recognition. Yet this fine scion of the ordinary relation between performer and spectator created no offense. It was like the contact between spirit and flesh, and there was no disappointment that the one did not deserve to meet on the plane of the other. But he made himself manifest through the medium of the piano. He sat down to the instrument with a grave, earnest face, and swept his fingers over the keys as if he had a holy task laid upon him to interpret the deep and subtle meanings of the great tone masters. He played with the precision, the passion, the delicacy, the might, of a master approaching his work with reverence and solemnity.

Much has been said of the unique ugliness of Rubenstein's features, and their resemblance to those of the great Beethoven. His face is indeed rugged, but the calm strength and nobility of all its lines elevates it above the accusation of homeliness. The width of the brow, the contour of the head, and the shaggy mane falling about it, recall the portrait of Beethoven, but still more that of Liszt, as he is commonly represented, with face upturned and hair tossed wildly back, sitting in an attitude of rapture before the piano.

While Rubenstein was in our city he one day visited the Chicago Musical College. After examining with much interest its methods of instruction, he expressed a wish to hear one of the students play. A young lady was called upon who declined on the plea of not having her music. Then Rubenstein turned gravely round to one of the directors and said with frank brevity "She is lazy." It was a sharp sentence, but it expressed the stern principles of the musician. With him, a student's duty includes not only a perfect performance of a piece of music with the notes in sight, but also that patient and prolonged practice needed to fix the whole score inalienably in the memory. The incident reveals the prodigies of labor the pianist has imposed upon himself. During the seven concerts he gave here, in each of which he played three or four of the longest and more difficult compositions ever written for the piano, he had not a note of music before him. He read entirely from the page of his memory. Through vast study he has made the masterpieces of music his very own, a part of himself, and he carries them about with him, where he does his genius, in the tissues of his brain.

The manufacturers of the Steinway piano, upon which Rubenstein nightly plays, pay Mr. Grau \$10,000 for the privilege of having it displayed at these concerts. They also transport the instrument and send a tuner along with it, at their own expense, throughout the tour.

Although the last month's musical records begin and end with the Rubenstein concerts, the annals of the drama include several notable events. The great Cushman is still in the midst of an engagement at Mr. Vickers', in which she was preceded by Miss Jane Coombs. Mr. Lawrence Barrett has been at Aiken's and Mrs. Scott Siddons has given, at brief intervals, five most successful dramatic readings.

Although now in her sixty-fourth year, and absent from the stage twelve years or more, during which she declares she never so much as thought of her abandoned art, Miss Cushman does not betray in her acting the slightest evidence of age, of weakness, or of loss. Her personations are now as vigorous, as sustained, as refined, and as imposing as they were in the medium of her days. During the first week of her appearance here she confined herself to her famous role of *Meg Merrilee*, and delighted audiences thronged the theatre at every representation. Toward the last of the week it was difficult to secure even standing room without application in advance. The second week she has appeared in the characters of *Lady Macbeth* and *Queen Katherine*, and in the comedy of *Sinpson & Co.*, at the New Year's matinee.

As "Meg Merrilles" Miss Cushman has never had a rival. The part is identified with her, as "Rip Van Winkle" is with Jefferson, and whoever attempts it after her, must do so with the sure prospect of suffering from the comparison. "Lady Macbeth," on the other hand, has been so often essayed by actresses foreign and native, either as an independent exhibition of their own art, or as a necessary support to some ambitious "Macbeth," that the public are tolerably familiar with the character, and have seen it rendered in such varying styles that they are able to judge, with some degree of intelligence, of the skill with which it is assumed. The "Lady Macbeth" of Miss Cushman is a middle-aged, mature, majestic woman. There is no ef-

fort made to dress her in the charms of youth, or to hide by the devices of the toilet the real age of the actress who personates her. The beautiful gray hair, which lies like a crown on the head of Miss Cushman, equally becomes the regal face of Lady Macbeth. It does not give an impress of age, but, with the full form, the bright eye, the fresh cheek, it indicated that ripeness of the physical and intellectual nature for which we should look. It is no lady of tender years and limited experience who can coldly plot the murder of Duncan, invite her husband to the deed and sustain his weaker nature when it falters and fails. It was evidently at a period long gone by that she gave suck to babes and knew the sweets of a mother's love. Henceforth the hopes springing from ambition are all to which her barren heart can give birth, and upon their fructification she concentrates all the energy and activity of her being. Miss Cushman mingles with the hard and cruel traits of the murderous plotter, a deep and abiding tenderness for her husband, which shows there are some womanly attributes still attaching to her. The touching evidences she continually offers of loving solicitude for the partner of her crime, soften the severity of our judgment, and afford a grateful relief to the otherwise terrible picture. Hints of uncertainty, hesitation, sorrow and regret, indicate all along her course that she is not wholly iron-hearted, and that she has to scourge her inhuman purpose to keep it from flagging.

In the famous sleep-walking scene, Miss Cushman's conception is that of a wan, worn, haggard woman, emaciated by sickness and tottering with weakness. The tortures she has suffered from her guilty conscience, and from the knowledge of her husband's remorse and anguish, have broken her spirit and wasted her flesh, until she is reduced to a pitiful shadow of the bold, proud, reliant woman who reached out her bloody hands for a crown with so appalling greed and courage. The conception will be acknowledged upon reflection a just one, but at first its strangeness is startling, and there is feeling of disappointment. The scene seems feeble in comparison with the tremendous intensity and power of the first two or three acts of the tragedy. But the aged and dying woman who finds no rest in her sleep, from tormenting visions, and who unconsciously now babbles the frightful secrets that oppress her is incapable of any but weak and trembling efforts. The strength, the skill, the subtlety, the success that made her fearfully glorious in the opening of her ambitious career, have deserted her now, and in abject wretchedness and misery her life draws to pitiful close. The picture is carefully studied, and is full of new and interesting suggestions.

Mrs. Scott Siddons has made a most happy hit in her reading here. The little lady is deserving of her good fortune, for she has genius, beauty, and many sweet virtues. Her reading is an inspiration rather than an act, and captivates by its fervor, feeling and spontaneity. She took to the stage at twenty-one because the spirit of the Kemble's long imprisoned within her breast clamored for liberty of expression. In early childhood she had evinced extraordinary dramatic talent, and was ever the applauded heroine of the private theatricals which were the favorite amusement of her school days in Germany. But this tendency toward the stage was afterwards carefully repressed, as it was not the wish of her widowed mother that she should adopt the profession of her illustrious ancestors. And so in the absence of all reminders of the play, the young girl gradually forgot her love and capacity for it, and at the age of eighteen married an officer of the English navy. When three years after, a separation from her husband, by his removal to distant service seemed imminent, she suddenly conceived the idea of turning to account the histrionic talent she felt sure she had inherited, and by this avenue to find an escape for

the dreaded necessity of parting for a time from him who was so dear to her. After a vast deal of trial and difficulty, she succeeded in persuading her friends, and above all a London theatrical manager that her project was a wise one. She made her debut, convinced all doubters that she had discovered her vocation, and has since constantly increased in ability and reputation.

Mrs. Siddons is endowed with great personal charms, which are an invaluable advantage in her professional career. And with her lovely face and person, she unites the utmost simplicity of heart and the most engaging manners. Her finest example of reading is afforded in the before mentioned sleeping-walking scene in "Macbeth." This is a grand rendition, equalling in power and surpassing in beauty that of Miss Cushman. Some portions of her pantomime have never been excelled in the delivery and force of their suggestion, while the fixed gaze of her glassy eyeballs, the rigidity of her features and their utterly vacant expression, perfectly represent the somnambulist condition.

Mrs. Siddons is still young, she was born in 1844, and if she persists in her present course of assiduous study, she will yet achieve a high and honorable renown.

Miss Jane Coombs may be dismissed in a word. She has a fair insipid face, and an elegant wardrobe. Of genuine dramatic ability, she has exceedingly little, and may be distinguished from the leading ladies of any stock company, only by her prettier features and more costly dress.

Mr. Barrett has been attempting that impossible feat of making Shakespeare attractive by the help of a troupe of wretchedly inferior actors. His support at Aikens' has been simply execrable. He is a refined and intelligent player, rendering his text with nice understanding, but he frequently mars his action with too much theatrical mannerism. There are many who believe him nevertheless to be the coming tragedian. He is a young Chicagoan, born and bred here; and many of his auditors, during his late season were the boys and girls who learned lessons by his side, and were snowballed by him on Sundays.

We have had a season of English Opera, and to night—this letter has been written at odds and ends of time for two weeks, and here it is the 20th—I go to Aiken's to hear Offenbach's opera bouffe sung by Aimee and her sixty-five unrivaled—always unrivaled you know—artists from the Paris Opera Houses, which ought to suspend business while they are away. The English opera was subjected to severe and well earned criticism, but the performances were by no means devoid of merit. The prima donna of the troupe is Rose Hersee, piquante, jolite and studious as ever. The second is Mrs. Zelda Seguin, whose fine mezzo voice begins to wear a little, but whose superb dramatic faculty makes her a delightful artiste, while her dignity and conscientious attention to the properties render her an admirable background for a prima donna like little Rose, for Mrs. Seguin, if not quite majestic, is very nearly so, and Rose's singing and acting fall back on her like sunbeams on a bald and shadowy mountain. Miss Emma Howson, a light and inelastic soprano, is attached to the troupe to vocalize the leading role on Miss Hersee's fatigue nights. Brookhouse Bowler, Gustavus Hall, Eugene Clarke, John Clark,—of whom a word again,—and Edward Seguin are the male members of a company that ought to do "Maritana" and the "Bohemian Girl" well, but should not essay "Trovatore." But they did and failed. The length of this letter will prevent my saying anything in detail of the performances.

You remember John Clark? I saw his name on the bills to sing *Don Jose* in "Maritana," and I said to my memory, "Can this be John Clark, of Detroit?" When the unhappy cavalier appeared I was in doubt, and cried with Johnson, "speak, that I may see thee!" It was John Clark, revised, enlarged

and improved. His voice is broader, fuller, deeper than when he sang the *pro peccatis* in Father Bleyenbergh's "Stabat Mater"—how many years ago?—in Young Men's Hall. He is more portly in person, has aged a little too, and indicates in voice, in stage presence, and off the stage, that a man cannot be a student and escape some furrowing by time's flow. But he is young, alert, and robust, and his vocal organ is magnificent. His *Don Jose* was admirably taken as a whole. He sang the score with great fidelity, as meritoriously in recitative as in ballad; and while the orchestra was too low for aural convenience, sang with a nicety and grace that made him a popular favorite immediately. As an actor he lacks that ease born only of experience. He made an unmistakable hit in every opera in which he appeared, and so welcome was his voice that the public demand compelled the management to substitute him as *Arnheim* for Gustavus Hall in the Saturday matinee. Although a lighter man physically than Drayton, of Green memory, or Campbell, his make up for the part was surprisingly good. The troupe sings in concert here to-morrow night, and again in opera six weeks hence. The Lucca Italian people come on February 2, to McVicker's, and will charge Nilsson prices. Boucicault and his charming wife hold the boards now.

Our New York Letter.

To the Editor of the SONG JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, January 15, 1873.

There has been a dearth of novelties since my last. Brougham has had his "Atherly Court," a historical drama founded on Robinson's novel "A Bridge of Glass," produced at the Union Square Theatre. In some respects it is a success, in others a failure, as was the case with his "Joan of Arc," brought out at Booth's recently, in which Miss Helen Temple, a *debutant*, took the leading part, of which she made a complete failure. But this was, in great measure, the fault of the author in not making of the character such a one as would appeal to the sympathies of the audience. In some respects it was too cold and lifeless—almost as a statue. In others it was as passionate and heroic as to appear ridiculous. Mr. Brougham based the merit of both these dramas on the manipulation of the scenes and the elaboration of the plot, rather than in the delineation of character. The plot of "Atherly Court" is clever and well carried out, surpassing that of "Joan of Arc" as much as the scenes of the latter surpass those of the former in dramatic effect. Mr. Brougham's genuine success as a writer of burlesques disqualifies him, in my opinion, from writing a successful drama or comedy.

Booth has returned to his own theatre for his annual winter engagement of a month or so, and is "himself again" in "Richard III.," Shakespeare's immortal play, in which part and piece he is perfectly at home, and has done more to render himself famous and make himself popular with us New Yorkers, than in any other, if we except *Hamlet* and *Cardinal Richelieu*.

The appearance of Mr. Sothorn as *Sam*, in "Brother Sam," at Wallack's, may be considered another "novelty," as the public have been for so long accustomed to see him as Lord Dundreary, and only that, that they began to think him "part and parcel" of that eccentric and idiotic fop. Mr. Sothorn's *Sam* is a clever piece of acting, but it is continually reminding us, in his tones and manner, of Lord Dundreary. Perhaps that fault will stick to him always. I think that the plot and situations of "Brother Sam" are very funny, and also clever and well managed, and are immensely superior to "Our American Cousin," as altered to suit Mr. Sothorn.

The newest thing in opera bouffe was the production, for one week, at the Olympic, of Charles Lecoq's "Les Cent Vierges," which is as sprightly

and immoral a piece as has been put on the stage in some time, either here or in France. However, most of the immorality is hidden in "double entendres" and amorous couplets, the meaning of which few of the audience understand, as but few understand French. For, it is a notable fact that the majority of the audience of French pieces in this city are Americans, and do not understand a word of French. Why they come at all, it would be hard to explain, unless it is because it is "just the cheese" for the young men and the fashion for the young women, and we all know what young men will do for "the cheese," and the young women for the fashion. They will do most anything and go most anywhere—they ought not to do or go.

"The Alhambra" is the title of a new "comic spectacular legend," otherwise known as a burlesque, brought out at the Olympic on Tuesday, January 14th, and introducing a company of beautiful blonds, trick mules, and other performers, to the public, which is just about sick of beautiful blondes and their stuffed calves and cracked voices, and the comic trick mules, clog-dancing and other variety features which it has now become the fashion among managers to introduce in spectacular pieces, burlesques and melodramas, thus securing a brief existence for the most trashy plays, but disgusting all sensible people and lovers of the true and ennobling drama. Truly, gunpowder and calcium lights are powerful auxiliaries of the modern drama.

The Bowery theater is running the "Twelve Temptations," produced about two years ago at the Grand Opera House, under Fisk's management with a gorgeous *mise en scene* and corps of three hundred performers. It is preceded by the "classic" comedy of "Slasher and Crasher." This is the only theater in town that sticks to the Grand Sunday Sacred Concerts, inaugurated by Fisk at the Grand Opera House, with the 9th Regiment Band, and at Wallack's Theater the last season with the Italian Opera Troupe. The drama of "Buffalo Bill," first brought out at this theater, will be shortly reproduced here. Mr. John Filbert, and Miss Effie Germon have re-appeared at Wallack's, and are filling their parts in "Brother Sam," as acceptably as is usual with these finished and clever actors. Wood's Museum is running two new sensational dramas at the same time, matinee and evening. The titles are "Poison" and "Jartine," and were written to order by literary hacks, so you can imagine what trash they are. The museum department of this theatre is a snare and delusion; it is a colossal humbug. There is scarcely anything there but what nearly everybody has seen before, or doesn't care to see, like the "Chamber of Honors" which contains wax figures in every conceivable attitude of despair, terror, or suffering. It gives one the cold shivers just to look at them. There is nothing instructive or amusing in it. Mr. Edwin Booth has appeared at his own theater at two matinees as "Don Caesar de Bazan," and at one as Benedict in "Much ado about Nothing." Mr. Booth plays comedy and romantic parts with infinite zest, and with credit to himself. He is such a finished actor, and so thoroughly at home on the stage that he can essay all parts and act them well, though of course, his forte is tragedy. For the first time in six years Mr. Booth will play the part of Lucius Junius Brutus, Poyne's Tragedy of "Brutus; or, the Fall of Torquin," for the production of which careful and elaborate preparations have been made. It would be desirable to have better actors for Mr. Booth's support than the members of his stock company, which is one of the worst in the city.

P. T. Barnum has been burned out, it is true, but, as he says himself, he has been burned out so often, four times, that he has got used to it and doesn't mind it. He intends to put another circus on the road next spring, in addition to the one which is traveling in the south. Mr. Daly, another unfortunate victim of the "Fire Fiend," has remodeled and

refitted the old New York Theater, latterly the Globe, and will open with his stock comedy company, on January 21st, in "Alixé," a new Parisian sensation, adopted by Mr. Daly. By the time this reaches you, "Round the Clock" will have been withdrawn from the boards of the Grand Opera House, and the "Cataract of the Ganges," a fine old spectacular play, will be substituted in its stead. It is expected that this piece will run a month. Mr. John Brougham, Mrs. Wood and others of this really excellent company remain. The Louvris, the funny pantomimist, are transferred to the Olympic, and the Majiltons, the wonderful dancers, and clever trick performers go to Philadelphia. I do not know whether there will be any more sparring exhibitions at this theater, it is to be hoped not. Mr. Daly intends to practice a new piece at this place every month. The Mathew's Family, Arthur, Gregory, and Henry Page, the cornet man, and the rival of Levi, are the attractions at the Theater Comique.

Rubinstein's troupe and Thomas' incomparable orchestra have separated. They have treated us to a series of admirable concerts at Steinway Hall, which have been well attended.

There are only two good minstrel troupes in our city now. Bryants and the San Francisco, who really endeavor to say and do something funny, and present the public with novelties, a very unusual thing for a minstrel troupe to do.

Leo and Lotos keeps the even tenor of its way at Niblo's, the home of the spectacle. It is impossible to say when it will be withdrawn, as is being well patronized—better than it deserves to be.

German Comedy is flourishing at Neuendorf's Theater, in Fourteenth street. It was a good idea that to start a theater especially for the Germans, where light plays and comedies could be well played and set. The German population have patronized this theater well.

Tony Pastor's Opera House in the Bowery is the best variety theater we have, and is popular with the "Bowery Bhoys."

Of good lectures, as of novelties, there has been, and is at the present writing, a dearth, which promises to continue for some time. We have had some good concerts, both amateur and professional—notably that of the Philharmonic and Onslow Quartette Club, and those of Dr. Damosch, and Mr. Mills at Steinway Hall, which still continue. The Italian Opera Company which Max Strakosch proposes to bring out at the Academy of Music include the names of Adelina Patti, Christine Nilsson, and Signor Italo Campanini, with Signor Ardito as conductor.

Mrs. Conway's theater, Brooklyn, has on the boards Polgrove Simpson's original play of "Time and the Hour."

Hooley's Minstrels, Brooklyn, and the Brooklyn Olympic offer no novelties, and few attractions. They get the refuse of New York as a general rule, which would not be if they were more enterprising, for Brooklyn is willing and able to support her home theaters if the managers of them were willing as are able, to produce something that was worth going to see or hear.

What is Classical Music?

Education in music means education in the *art* of music. To be instructed in it, the pupil seeks the master, not the popular writer, who is himself but a gifted child of nature, and rarely ever an artist of merit, and can afford him no help. Approaching the master, the pupil enters the sacred circle of classical music. We are fully aware that a great many people consider classical music a bore. They have probably frequently assisted its assassination, and may never have heard it rendered beautifully. Under the hands of a great artist, classical music rarely fails to awaken genuine enthusiasm. Then again the word "classical" is much abused. It suffices that a piece should be the composition of an old author of celebrity, to have it forthwith ranked under the head of classic music. Many masters, of

immortal fame, have written music which can no longer be called classical. To deserve and conserve this honorable name, it must be beautiful, well proportioned in form, well-executed in detail, and free from antiquated fashion. It must be pure and elevated in style, and have an originality of its own. It may be of the simplest description; may be playful, good-humored, fascinating; in short, be possessed of all the qualities that charm; but it must not be frivolous, common-place, sensational and empty. *Classical music*, in other words, means *good music*. Of this, the world is so fortunate as to possess a grand and magnificent library. It is stored with masterly productions of every style, secular or sacred, feelingly or thoughtfully calm or passionate, merry or sad. There are countless numbers of pieces, from the very easiest and lightest, to the most difficult and profound. There let the pupil seek knowledge, skill and inspiration. There let him learn to be faithful, strong and true. Instructed by the works of the great masters, he, too, will attain distinction, perhaps become a great master himself.

And so let us hope that with the rapidly advancing tide of sound, musical education and progress, the weed may be uprooted and the chaff destroyed. —*Musical Independent*.

Mozart's Idomeno.

In the fall of 1780 he received his first call to write a grand opera. The libretto was written by an old friend of his father's, and a fellow townsman. The story is founded upon an old Greek fable. Idomeno, a king of Crete, was at one time caught in a terrible storm at sea. In his danger he calls upon Neptune, the god of the sea, to rescue him, and vows to make a sacrifice of the first he meets on landing. It proves to be his own son, Idamante. The father is, of course, deeply afflicted by the mischance, but still sternly resolves to fulfill his vow. His son tries in vain to fly from his fate, but can not. Marvelous portents and wonders appear and drive him to the sacrifice. His mistress, Ilia, endeavors to save him by offering herself instead. As they approach the Temple of Neptune they quarrel between themselves as to which shall die for the other. Suddenly the mystic oracle speaks and straightens everything out, by calling on Idomeno to forego his vow, and instead resign his throne to Idamante and Ilia.

Now just imagine such a wild and thrilling story set to music. Imagine the stormy billows and raging wind, all wrought up into the orchestra; the voice of the unearthly oracle crying from the ground; the despair of the lovers and the aged father; and imagine all his confusion and passion described by tones. Not words merely, but each event and sentiment set to appropriate music, and accompanied by an orchestra, that expressed with startling power every changing sentiment.—*Tone Masters*.

Changes.

The billows run along in gold
Over the yielding main,
And when upon the shore unroll'd,
They gather up again;
They get themselves a different form,
These children of the wind,
And, or in sunlight, or in storm,
Leave the green land behind.

Life's billows on life's changing sea
Come always to Death's shore,
Some with a calm content and free,
Some with a hollow roar;
They break and are no longer seen,
Yet still defying time,
Divided, and of different mien,
They roll from clime to clime.

All water-courses find the main;
The main sinks back to earth;
Life settles in the grave—again
The grave hath life and birth;
Flowers bloom above the sleeping dust,
Grass grows from yesterday's clay;
And thus from death the spirit must
To life find back its way.

Life hath its range eternally,
Like water changing forms;
The mists go upward from the sea,
And gather into storms;
The dew and rain come down again,
To fresh the drooping land;
So doth this life exalt and wane,
And alter, and expand.

The Song Journal.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, FEBRUARY, 1873.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,
 stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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Truth no Fiction in the Musical Art.

It has seemed to us for a long time past, that those who ostensibly control the musical art, like those exerting the controlling influences in the moral, political and religious world were liars;—wed to ideas false in principle and baneful in practice. We know that this is a grave and serious charge; but it is made deliberately and in the full belief of truth as fixed as Holy-writ. In criticisms on art and artists, we wish to be truthful, believing every word is a drop of influence somewhere exerted, never to be effaced. Judgment and candor, which should ever be guided to truthful criticism, seldom speaks loud;—or, if spoken, is generally clothed in speech equivocal; which, when analyzed, will be found to mean little less than a wholesome puff, and hence has no weight in fixing the character of either performer or performance. In theatrical performances, in concerts, a part of the audience only are judges of the merits of what they see or hear; the rest are drawn there by motives in which neither taste nor judgment have any share.

We make no profound assertions which the ethics of moral and mental science will be called upon to settle, when we say, that when the mind is engrossed with pursuits, led away by trifles or over-taxed in any direction, the magnificent picture of the material world is only a blank, meaningless and uninteresting. Every beauty in nature and art pass unobserved and the heart remains untouched by the resplendent beauty passing before it.

So with regard to music, the greater portion of mankind are destitute, though not of hearing, yet of that sense which superadded to the hearing, renders us susceptible to the fascinations of musical sounds. Hence the truthfulness of the trite old saying of the immortal bard so frequently quoted, "he who has no music in his soul etc.," accounts unmistakably for that want of taste for music so often found. We would rather seek for the reasons or causes of the lamentable deficiency of taste in this science, than gratify our spleen by pronouncing unfit for the society of human beings, all those who happen to experience no pleasure in the "concord of sweet sounds."

To account for the ignorance of music or insensibility to its power, is not an easy task. The commonly received opinion that all who do not evince some taste for music at an early age, "have no ear" for it, enters largely into the explanation in the minds of many. Now to ascribe to the defect of the organ of hearing all the apathy and distaste we find evinced to music, is, to say the least, doing great injustice to our fellow men. If the theory be true, that all who cannot sing and feel a pleasure in music, are defective in the ear, how few are there who hear aright! We are very much disposed to believe that the authors and supporters of the above opinion, only resorted to it for the purpose of placing

in a more conspicuous light, by an invidious comparison, their own perfections. A wider range, we conceive ought to be allowed, to bring this subject to its proper bearing. Taking for granted, that there is no malconformation in the ear, we predicate our arguments upon the established truth—that habit has a tendency to familiarize.

The habit of seeing, feeling and hearing, has the effect of making us familiar with the objects which present themselves to the senses. Being familiar with a thing, we are consequently no more ignorant of it, but have arrived at that point when the mind will immediately recognize the objects of its perceptions. It is upon these principles that we acquire a knowledge of language in infancy. We never hear of a nation being ignorant of its own language, because it is perpetuated by these means. The children learn to speak it, because they are constantly in the habit of hearing it. Let music be inculcated upon the mind in the same way, would not the results be the same? Is it not obvious then, that if the sense of hearing is not familiar with music, that it must remain ignorant of it? Without going further into our subject at present, we think there is sufficient proof to hazard the position, that music advances most where it is most cultivated, and its benign and happy influence is most signal where best understood.

Utility of Music.

There is no phase in nature's audible works, which may not be directly or indirectly presented through the influence and by the aid of music. This truth arrived at, after mature and careful reflection, we ask our readers who differ from us, to give a fair and candid investigation. If our opinions are well founded, they certainly *ought* to be well received; if not truthful, we assuredly are willing that their absurdity should be exposed. Those who duly appreciate the motives of our declaration, will not reject our conclusions without examining the premises that lead to them.

The *dictum* of music is instruction in sound, derived from laws fixed and unalterable in their tonical relation, proceeding from animate or inanimate nature. These laws are *didactic* and *imitative*; the former a guide, the latter, used in a general sense to present to our imaginations some of the operations of nature or art. Hence all is God's work, and so harmony. Mingle, divide and strengthen the passages of this great anthem, and it is still music.

By *didactic*, we mean the instructions derived from the study of those sounds that greet the ear on every hand, through the material laws which control them in animate or inanimate nature that surround us. The agitation of the sea, or the mountain torrent, the roaring of beasts, singing of birds, or harmony of insects. All these furnish lessons to the musical student, interesting and profitable to ponder over.

The *imitative* in music has been beautifully set forth and illustrated by Rousseau. After representing the principle as common to the arts, citing poetry and painting, the one, the imaginative powers, the other a sense of judgment submitted to the eye, he says: "Music should seem to have the same bounds with respect to the ear; however, she can represent everything, even objects that are only visible. By an illusion almost inconceivable, she seems to put the eye into the ear; and the greatest miracle of an art which totally depends on movement is, that it can excite an idea of repose. Let all nature sleep, the person who contemplates her at such times is not asleep. And the musician's art consists in substituting to the insensible object, that of movement which its presence excites in the heart of the beholder. It will not represent these things directly; but it will awaken in the mind the same sensations which we feel in seeing them."

To ascertain with precision how far the imitative

may be successfully employed in the several different species of composition, would require a more intimate knowledge of the minute and subtle operations of association, than we can pretend to. The power of music is, in this respect, parallel to the power of eloquence; if it works at all, it must work in a secret and unsuspected manner. Hence one of the best rules, perhaps, that can be given for musical expression, is that which gives rise to the pathetic in every other art—an *unaffected strain of nature and simplicity*.

Mr. A. J. Vandermeer.

More than two decades have passed since he whose name is placed above—a poor boy—entered the city of Detroit. Scarcely out of his teens, he found employment in a music store, congenial to his desires, and commenced the duties devolving on him in the capacity therein placed, which he discharged with truthful fidelity and in a way commanding the respect of his employers and all with whom thrown in contact.

From the time he entered the store, a taste for music and its culture seemed to develop, and although adverse circumstances seemed to hedge his progress, still he pushed forward, till arriving at the position he now occupies, which, though apparently subservient, is enviable. He is an *organist*, a *teacher*, a *composer* and a *tuner*—the latter of which he makes his legitimate business. No better can be found. There is scarcely a town in the State in which he is not known in his chosen profession, or some one or more of the capacities above alluded to. We would like to go into the minutæ of the faithful discharge of his duties as organist of the churches of our city with which connected, the prompt discharge of duties fulfilled in the sphere in which he moved—but it is enough to say he makes conscience of doing his duty in all positions, and hence, wherever duty calls he is there.

We have said Mr. Vandermeer's profession is that of a *tuner*, that he is employed by C. J. Whitney & Co., and, therefore, we speak by the letter when we say, depend upon the *right* in whatever his hand touches or his tongue utters. Though an erring, sinful man, he aims to do just right, no more, no less.

Our Chicago Letter.

We wish our readers to analyze the contents of our Chicago letter. Truthful, original, and to the point, "representing things connected with the art as it really exists—unvarnished, untarnished by outside realities existing, and developing a truth in the dim distance of many minds who look on foreign artists as wonderful, calling for a worship and an abeyance deserving of all lovers of the art. We are prepared, respectfully, to bow the knee to *art* wherever found, foreign or domestic; but we say, as we have always said, we have talent, we have brains that are as active, as potent, and scrutinizing in all respects, as any country on the globe. In our Chicago letter we have a truthful delineation, musical and dramatic, to which we call special attention, and commend to a due consideration.

To Subscribers.

Now is the time to renew subscriptions for the SONG JOURNAL. By reference to our January issue, it will be seen we appear in a new dress,—and we have made some important changes in other respects. We have other plans yet, which we deem desirable to make during the coming year, which will be consummated as soon as circumstances will enable. We send, as we shall continue to do, the JOURNAL to our old subscribers, whether in arrears of payment or otherwise, as the law is explicit. We respectfully ask for prompt payment, and renewal of subscription for 1873, and your influence for an increased circulation for the only musical paper in the State of Michigan.

To Correspondents.

We have received several communications too late for our present issue. We therefore would respectfully announce that all communications for the *SONG JOURNAL*, save our regular correspondents, must be in hand by the 15th of each month; as also all advertisements. Our regular contributors are limited to the 20th.

The above should be duly noted by our friends who wish to communicate with us. We design to go to press by the 25th, thereby furnishing the *Journal* promptly on the 1st of the month, to all our patrons.

Good Words for the Song Journal.

THE *SONG JOURNAL*, published by C. J. Whitney & Co., 19 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, is a model of perfection. The January number has been improved to such an extent that we did not recognize the *Song Journal* of old. A liberal premium list is offered to agents. Send ten cents for a specimen copy and premium list, or \$1.00 to the publishers and get it a year. It is an excellent work, full of choice reading and new music.—*Tuscola Advertiser*.

THE *SONG JOURNAL*, by C. J. Whitney & Co., of Detroit, for January, has just been received by us, and its contents noted. The above is one of the very best musical periodicals published. Its music is always first class, and the reading matter it always contains is of such a nature, that every lover of such a work should give the *Song Journal* a place in his music library. The January No. is indeed a gem. Subscribe for it, for the small sum of one dollar a year.—*Hastings Republican Banner*.

THE *SONG JOURNAL* is upon our table; it is a publication that all lovers of music should have. Besides the music it is filled with the choicest reading, all pertaining to the elevation of the science of music. It is published by C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, who are large dealers in music and musical instruments, and we know our readers can rely on getting what they want by addressing them. The *Journal* is only \$1.00 per annum, single copy ten cents. Send for sample by all means.—*Weekly Circular*.

THE *SONG JOURNAL* is received, and contains, as its predecessors always, have, a well selected assortment of reading matter, besides a splendid quartette, entitled "Bear ye Breezes," and a waltz called "Oak Leaves Waltz." Whitney & Co., Detroit, \$1.00 a year.—*Milford Weekly Examiner*.

THE *SONG JOURNAL*, published at Detroit by C. J. Whitney & Co., is the only journal published in Michigan devoted solely to music matters. The music of any one number is worth the subscription price, while the reading matter is varied and instructive. Monthly; \$1.00 a year.—*Albion Recorder*.

THE *SONG JOURNAL* is an unusually interesting number. It contains a quartette, entitled "Bear ye Breezes," by Prof. Pease, of our city, besides a large amount of entertaining reading matter. Published by J. C. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, at \$1.00 per year.—*Ypsilanti Commercial*.

THE *SONG JOURNAL* for January appears in a new dress and enlarged form. It enters upon its third volume with every prospect of a bright future. Each number contains a choice collection of music, both secular and sacred, vocal and instrumental, drawn from the best sources, besides a large amount of interesting reading matter. Every lover of music should have it. Subscription price, one dollar per year. Send ten cents for specimen copy and premium list to C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit.—*Ypsilanti Commercial*.

THE *SONG JOURNAL* published at Detroit, Mich., by C. J. Whitney & Co., has been enlarged and improved. It contains valuable and interesting con-

tributions upon topics of interest to the musical profession, besides a choice selection of vocal and instrumental music in each issue. The *Journal* is published monthly at the low price of \$1.00 per year for single subscription, and very liberal terms to clubs. A specimen copy and premium list can be obtained by sending ten cents to C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.—*Ovid Register*.

ONE DOLLAR sent to C. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit, Mich., will pay a year's subscription to their musical monthly, full of new songs, instrumental pieces and instructive reading.—*Springfield Daily Republican*.

The musical and literary periodical published in this city by C. J. Whitney & Co., entitled *The Song Journal*, enters upon its third year with the current number. It commences its new volume with an enlarged and improved form, a new dress, a handsome cover, and a valuable table of contents.—*Detroit Commercial Advertiser*.

THE *SONG JOURNAL*, published by C. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit, enters upon its third year greatly improved in typographical appearance, and enlarged by the addition of four pages. It is a well conducted musical journal, containing good music and reading matter interesting to all lovers of music.—*Oscoda Weekly Press*.

"WHITNEY'S SONG JOURNAL."—This lively musical publication for January is on our table. Messrs. Whitney & Co. display commendable enterprise in the manner which they produce this valuable monthly. The present number, the first of the year, appears in a new dress, and considerably enlarged in size. Price only \$1.00 per year; single copies ten cents. Address C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit.—*Detroit Journal of Commerce*.

THE *SONG JOURNAL* FOR 1873.—We call especial attention to the enlarged form of THE *SONG JOURNAL* of Detroit, in its new dress, and recommend it to all as the best musical paper published. Music Teachers, Chorists, Ministers of the Gospel, in fine all lovers of music should take it. Subscription price only \$1 per year. Send ten cents for specimen copy and premium list to C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit.

THE *SONG JOURNAL*.—A very handsomely printed monthly, containing twenty large pages, devoted to musical intelligence and general literature, any one of which is worth the price for a year.

Thanks to our old friend Professor W. C. Webster for the copies of the *SONG JOURNAL*, of which he is the editor. The journal is interesting from beginning to end.

The last number of the *SONG JOURNAL*, the only musical journal published in the State, comes to us full of musical intelligence, and contains two beautiful pieces of music, alone worth the subscription price for a year.

The *SONG JOURNAL* lies on our table. Besides a large amount of reading matter, it contains two pieces of music worth the year's subscription. Every lover of music in the State should subscribe for it.

The *SONG JOURNAL*, published at Detroit by C. J. Whitney & Co., is the only journal in Michigan devoted solely to music matters. The music of any one number is worth the subscription price, while the reading matter is varied and instructive.

Veritable Sayings.

SOME put out their tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard.

POLITICAL friendships are often founded on a common hatred.

GIRLS don't give the mitten now, because—they don't know how to knit.

YOUNG men are often so improvident that they can keep nothing but late hours.

BEECHER never danced but once; his father made the music and Henry the steps—lively.

EDUCATION pays an annual income for life, without expense for insurance, repairs, or taxes.

A WISE man may be at a loss when to begin conversation, but a fool never knows when to stop.

The country greenhorn would like to know everything, and the city greenhorn thinks he can tell him.

SOME people live without purpose, and pass through the world like straws on a river—mere passengers.

SOME people cannot see the difference between sounding the gospel trumpet and blowing their own horn.

THE first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next good sense; the third good humor; and the fourth, wit.

COOLNESS, easy deportment, and absence of haste, indicate fine qualities. A gentleman is quiet; a lady is serene.

THE winning point of the race of life is of white marble, with name and date, springing from the turf where there is no jockeying.

MEN'S lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening; like the summer, aglow with promise; and like the autumn, rich with the golden sheaves, where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

Joger Lines.

CAMILLA URSO, the gifted artist, is to return to Boston. JOSEPHINE MANSFIELD talks of returning to the stage.

LUCCA has had a mud-dredge in New York harbor named for her. Such is fame.

SOME Boston artists have been giving concerts in Canada very successfully.

PROF. BLACK, of Indianapolis, has a new baton presented by his friends. Long may it wave.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF is giving a series of matinees in Boston, consisting of modern classical music.

THE Toledo Mendelssohn Union will bring out a new opera to the Toledo public, early in February.

DAN GODFREY has written a letter to a friend in Boston saying he will surely come here again in spring.

THE Tremont Musical Association are practicing on Dr. Deem's new oratorio, entitled "Nebuchadnezzar."

BRIGNOLIA is singing in Italy, while visiting his relatives. His voice is much better, it is said, than while in America.

A CANTATA by Rubinstein, founded on Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," has just been published in Leipzig.

DR. TOURNEE, of the Conservatory of Music, is moving for the erection of a tabernacle in the vicinity of the Back Bay, Boston.

A MUSIC dealer in Glasgow announces in his window a new sensation song. "Thou hast loved and left me for eighteen pence."

BALFE's opera, "The Knights of the Leopard," said to be his best, it is probable will be presented in New York during the coming season.

MISS SARAH W. BARTON, an American girl, now studying music in Florence, is to be prima donna of opera in Warsaw, Poland, the coming winter.

MARETZKE's Italian Opera Company, which includes the lyric artists Pauline Lucca and Louise Kellogg, have been giving eight operas in Boston during the last month.

WAGNERISM, in Bologna, prevails so that the dominant advertisements in the papers read "Tannhäuser Overcoats," "Lohengrin mixed biscuits," "Rheingold patent shaving soap," etc.

GRIST and Mario, the singers, cleared annually, it is said, as profits, for twenty-five years, one hundred thousand dollars, and now Mario is poor. Well versed, one would think, "in profit and loss" he must be.

NILSSON is going to do lots of things in lots of places. According to paragraphs floating around, he is at the same time to sing in St. Petersburg, Madrid, going to New York city to live in winter, and to build a summer house in Illinois.

The celebrated cathedral at Strasburg is to be repaired. The work has already begun, and it will require two years, and \$200,000 to make it look as "good as new." In the organ there is known to be an unexploded shell, and it is something of a problem to know how to get it out without risk.

PROBABLY the oldest living organist in the country, if not in the world, is Mr. S. P. Taylor, residing at 469 Carlton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. This venerable musician was born in England in 1778, and is therefore 94 years of age. He played an organ in church when only 14 years of age—85 years ago. He came to this country when a young man, and some sixty years ago was appointed organist at St. Paul's Chapel, New York.

THE SONG JOURNAL FREE!

He must think that this is awful. He says our orthography is lawless and fantastic, anyway, but he must regard our handling of "ough" as the essence of lawlessness and caprice. He insists that he can't recommend his almond-eyed countrymen to learn any such language as this, badly as they need a new tongue. We don't insist on his doing so.

THE CRYSTAL GLEE BOOK..... By Pease.

DETROIT, MICH.

OUR OLD CLOCK.

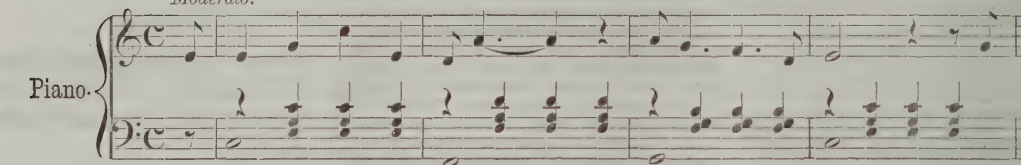
(SONG AND CHORUS.)

Words and Melody by
Maj. J. BARTON.

Arranged by
M. H. McCHESNEY.

Moderato.

Piano.



1. The	old clock stands on the	man - tel,	Swing-ing to and fro,	Its
2. Its	black ened hands still	creep-ing,	Creep-ing as they go,	Un -
3. Our	lit - tle band is	scat-tered,	The dear ones they are gone,	Our



bus - y wheels still rat - tle As they did long years a - go, Its
mind-ful of life's pass - ing scenes Of sor - row, sin and woe, Of
house-hold i - dols shattered, Have van - ished one by one, But

time - worn face so yel - low, Now peeps thro' the brok - en pane; Its
hearts once light, now wea - ry, Of joys for ev - er fled, Of
there up - on the man - tel, In the ver - y self - same spot, With its

tones so sweet and mel - low, Ring out on the air a - gain,
homes now sad and drear - y, Of lov'd ones long since dead,
cease - less, noi - sy rat - tle, Stands our dear old wood - en clock. . . .

SOPRANO.

Tick, tick, tick-ing a-way, Year af-ter year, as time rolls on, Just as it did in

ALTO.

Tick, tick, tick a-way, Year af-ter year, as time rolls on, Just as it did in

TENOR.

Tick, tick, tick, tick a-way, Year af-ter year, as time rolls on . . . Just as it did in

BASS.

child-hood's days, Singing the same old song, Just as it did in childhood's days,

child-hood's days, Singing the same old song, Just as it did in childhood's days,

child-hood's days, Singing the same old song, Just as it did in childhood's days,

OUR OLD CLOCK.

Sing - ing the same old song, Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick - ing a -

Sing - ing the same old song, Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick - ing a -

Sing - ing the same old song, Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick - ing a -

way, Tick - ing a - way, tick - ing a - way.

way, Tick - ing a - way, tick - ing a - way.

way, Tick - ing a - way, tick - ing a - way.

In Remembrance.

(MAZURKA ELEGANTE.)

H. W. FAIRBANK,

Moderato,

Piano.

mp

p

First system of musical notation, featuring piano and bass staves with dynamic markings *f*, *p*, and *pp*. The system includes first and second endings, marked "L. II." and "L. II." respectively.

Tempo di Mazurka,

mf

p

leggerio.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece with piano and bass staves. It includes dynamic markings *mf*, *p*, and *leggerio.* and features a section marked "Sca.....".

Third system of musical notation, concluding the piece with piano and bass staves. It includes dynamic markings *leggerio.*, *mf*, and *p*, and features a section marked "Sca.....".

This page of musical notation consists of six systems, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

System 1: Treble staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The piece starts with a series of chords and moving lines in both hands.

System 2: Continues the musical development with similar chordal textures.

System 3: Features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic in the treble staff and a piano (*p*) dynamic in the bass staff. A section of the treble staff is marked *leggerio.* (lighter).

System 4: Includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic in the treble staff and a piano (*p*) dynamic in the bass staff. The notation shows a transition in the melodic lines.

System 5: Marked *dolce.* (sweetly) and *pp* (pianissimo) in the treble staff. The music becomes more delicate. A forte (*sfz*) dynamic appears in the bass staff towards the end of the system.

System 6: Continues the *dolce.* and *pp* markings in the treble staff. The bass staff also features a forte (*sfz*) dynamic. The system concludes with a final chord.

At the bottom right of the page, the text "IN REMEMBRANCE." is printed.



First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff begins with a melodic line marked *mp*. Bass staff provides harmonic support. The system concludes with a *sfz* (sforzando) dynamic marking.



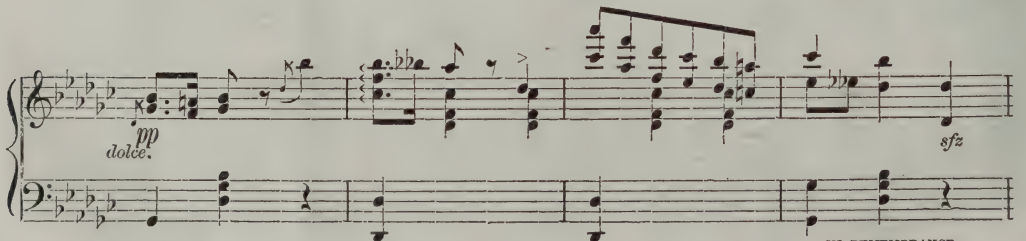
Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff features a melodic line marked *pp*. Bass staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The system ends with a *sfz* marking and a trill ornament indicated by a dotted line and the word *Sva*.



Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line marked *Con espress.* and *p*. Bass staff features a series of chords. The system concludes with a trill ornament marked *tr.....*.



Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff features a series of chords. The system concludes with a fortissimo *ff* dynamic marking.



Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff begins with a melodic line marked *pp* and *dolce*. Bass staff provides harmonic support. The system concludes with a *sfz* (sforzando) dynamic marking.

pp *Sva.....* *sfz*

mf *p* *leggerio.*

mf *p* *Sva.....*

brillante. *Sva.....*

Sva.....loco *f* *Sva*

BRAINARD'S OPERA MELODIES,

From the works of

BELLINI, AUBER, DONIZETTI, MOZART, ROSSINI, &C.,

ARRANGED AS

SOLOS, DUETS AND TRIOS

FOR THE

FLUTE OR VIOLIN.

Contents of Brainard's Opera Melodies.

Adagio by Spohr.
Adeleide's Cotillon.
Adeleide's Dream.
Air by Mozart.
Air from La Fille du Regiment.
Air from Lucia di Lammermoor.
Air from Norma.
Air from Oello.
Air from "L' Ambassadeur."
Air from "Sonnambula."
Air from "Beatrice."
Air from "Underella."
Air from "Swiss Family."
Air from "Romeo and Juliet."
Amazon March.
Andantino by Berbiguer.
Andante by Haydn.
Andante from Tancréd.
Bandit's Bride Quickstep.
Beatrice di Tenda.
Beautiful melody with variations.
Beethoven's First Horn Waltz.
Berlin Galopade.
Bird Minuet, for four flutes.
Bohemian Girl's Dream.
Bohemian Waltz.
Bronze Horse Galopade.
Bronze Horse Quickstep.
Barber of Seville.
Bacchante from "Massaniello."
Cavatina from La Sonnambula.
Cavatina from Lucia di Lammermoor.
Cavatina from the Bronze Horse.
Coldstream Guard's March.
Cotillon from La Bayeriere.
Count Gallenberg's March.
Cymbeline Waltz.
Cotillon by Strauss.
Costs Duty.
Dance Cheval de Bronze.
Dance de Boatman.
Debut's Polka.
Di Tanti Palpi.
Duet from Bellisario.
Duet from Bellini.
Duet from Jessoendo.
Duet premiere.
Duke of Reichstadt's Waltz.
Duo from Tancréd.
Easy Rondos for Amateurs.
Emperor's March.
Empire Quickstep.
Evening Star Waltz.
Fairy Dance.
Fare thee Well.
Fantasia "Life let us cherish."
Favorite cavatina from Auber.
Favorite Cotillon.
Favorite German Waltz.
Favorite Romance.
Favorite Swiss Melody.
Finale in Lucia di Lammermoor.
Fiorella's Air.
French Romance.
Favorite Air from "Norma."
Galop from the Brewer of Preston.
Geneva Waltz.
German Duet.
German Parade March.
Gibraltar Grand March.
Grand Duet from the Bronze Horse.
Grand March.
Grand March by Bellini.
Grand March by Kullner.
Grand March in Oello.
Hero's Daughter.
Hope Disappearing.
Hudson Waltz.
Hungarian Air.
Italian Air.

Italian Duet.
I'll pray for thee.
Jager chorus from Der Freischutz.
Katy Darling.
Kendall's Hornpipe.
King of Russia's March.
Labitzky's Aurora Waltz.
La chaise Ronde.
Ladies' Reception March.
Lady Rosalie's Waltz.
Larghetto by Beethoven.
Last Rose of Summer.
Laurenza's favorite Cotillon.
Lawrence Waltz.
Le Dieu et La Bayeriere.
Lennox Waltz.
Linden Waltz.
Lord Gordon's Grand March.
Martini's Air.
March from Lucia.
Melody for violin by Mayseder.
Melody from Preciosa.
Minuet's Duet.
Miss Dennet's Waltz.
Morrell's Lesson.
Mount Ida Quickstep.
Muller's Trumpet Waltz.
My Lodging is on the cold ground.
Military Serenade.
Melody from "Norma."
Marseilles Hymn.
New Grand March.
Nightingale Waltz.
Ocean Grand March.
O' dolce concerto, with variations.
Ondine's Dance.
Osselli's Hornpipe.
Pleyel's Minuet.
Polacca capriccioso coretta.
Polacca from I Puritani.
Proudly and Wide my standard flies.
Romance by Marlina.
Romance from I Puritani.
Roman Grand March.
Romanza from Fra Diavolo.
Romanza Italiana.
Romella Waltz.
Rondo by Nebauer.
Rose on the Mountain.
Romance of Stomme Portiel.
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Finding Song to the Virgin. 6. A.	Wyman. 75
Fleur de the. (Transcription.) 7. D.	Staab. 50
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Falling Leaves Mazurka. 6. C.	Schiller. 50
Fantaisie Militaire. 7. B. Minor.	André. 100
Faust. (Fantaisie de Concert.) 7. E. and A.	Staab. 100
*Fiert (The) Polka Caractéristique. 6.	Kunkel 50
Folies (Les) du Carnaval. (Valse.) 6. D.	Barz. 60
Fontaine (La.) (Morcean.) 6. A.	Schirner. 45
Fragrant Violeta Polka de Salon. 6.	Frey. 40
Galop de Concert. 6. D.	Staab. 50
Golden Shell. (Capriccio.) 6. E.	Victor. 60
Grand Galop de Concert. 7. A.	Katzer. 75
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Little Giant Polka. 6. B.	Machen. 60
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Lorena. (Variations.) 6. E.	Wyman. 75
Lorena. (Fantaisie.) 7. D.	Staab. 75
Marschelle & Bonnie Blue Flag. 7. D.	Brown. 125
Martha. (Fantaisie.) 7. D.	Staab. 80
Martha. (Illustration.) 7. A.	Ascher. 75
May-day; or, New Picnic Polka. 6. E.	La Hache. 50
Marcelous Works. (Variations.) 6. C.	Wyman. 50
Misere de l'Opera Trovatore. 7. A.	Prudent. 75
Mon Ame a Dieu, mon Cœur a toi. 7. G.	La Hache. 100
Morning (A) in the Woods. 6. A.	Kunkel. 100
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My Heart is on the Rhine. 6. A.	Kappes. 40
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Will you love me then, Dear Wily? 6. A.	Whitmore. 50
Write me a Letter from Home. 6. C.	Hoffman. 70

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VOLUME III.

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NUMBER III.

Life is Waning.

BY WM. WEBSTER.

Another fleeting day has passed,
'Tis gone beyond recall;
The evening drops its mantle down—
A dark and gloomy pall.

But through the gathering mists I see
Bright stars above me shine,
Like hopes that o'er our future years
Doth bless as days decline.

Our life is short—a meteor flash,
That spreads on Heaven's face
A shining track, a moment seen,
But leaves behind no trace.

'Tis like a flower, whose transient hues
Are brilliant for a day;
Its evanescent glories fade,
Forever pass away.

A tiny stream, that rapid flows
To meet the mighty river,
And sinks beneath the swelling tide,
That rolls away forever.

And is it thus—the shroud; the grave?
Ah, no! there's something more:
Peace, Heaven and God, eternity
Upon a brighter shore.

Then let us strive to win the crown
By living nobly here,
A life of usefulness will bear
Us to a happier sphere.

How Rossini Wrote the Opera of Othello.

From the French of Alexander Dumas, by L. C. Ballard.

Rossini had come to Naples, preceded by his great reputation. The first person who met him, as he alighted from his carriage, was the famous impresario of San Carlo, Dominico Barbaia.

Without giving the great composer time to take a step, or to speak a word, Barbaia addressed him:

"I have three proposals to make to you, and I hope you won't refuse either of them."

"Let me hear them," said Rossini, with that arch smile so characteristic of him.

"I propose that you make my house your home during your stay in Naples."

"I accept."

"I propose to entertain you and your friends at my own table daily."

"I accept."

"I propose that you should write a new opera for me and for my theatre."

"I shall not accept the third proposal."

"What! You refuse to work for me?"

"I will not work for you, or any one else! I am not going to compose any more music."

"You are crazy, my dear fellow."

"That may be—but I have told you the exact truth."

"What are you going to do, then, at Naples?"

"I am going to eat macaroni and ices. I have a perfect passion for both."

"I will have ices made for you by my confectioner, who is the most renowned in the city, and I will myself prepare macaroni for you, which will give you satisfaction, I'll warrant you."

"This begins to look interesting."

"But you must give me an opera in exchange."

"We will see."

"Take one month, two months, six months—"

"Agreed; six months let it be."

"Come, then, to supper."

From that very evening the palace of Barbaia was put at Rossini's disposal. The proprietor withdrew from all interference, and the celebrated composer made himself at home, in the strictest acceptance of the term. All the friends or even the merest acquaintances whom he met in his promenades, he invited to Barbaia's table without hesitation; he did the honors as host to these guests, with perfect ease and grace. Sometimes he complained that he could not find friends enough to make the banquets gay—with all the efforts he could make, he could not always get more than twelve or fifteen to join him at the table—those were unlucky days.

As to Barbaia, faithful to the role of cook which he had imposed upon himself, he invented new dishes every day, brought out the oldest and best wines from his cellar, and was as gracious to all the unknown people whom Rossini invited to his table, as if they had been his oldest friends. Only at the end of the repast, with infinite address and smiling lips, he would slip in between the fruit and the cheese, a few words about the promised opera, and the great success it was sure to have.

But in spite of the graceful way in which the impresario ventured to allude to the debt which the composer had contracted, these remarks produced no effect on Rossini, as the three terrible words did upon Belshazzar at his famous feast. Therefore, Barbaia, whose presence had been tolerated for a time at dessert, was politely requested by his guest not to present himself in future.

Months slipped by. The libretto was completed, but the composer showed no signs of putting himself at work. Dinners, drives, picnics, followed each other in rapid succession. Hunting, fishing, horseback exercise, divided the time of the noble musician, but there was not a hint of so much as a single note of music among his many occupations. Twenty times a day Barbaia found himself a prey to fits of anger, to nervous and almost irresistible desires to make an expostulation against such indolence. But he controlled himself, for no one had greater faith than he in the genius of Rossini.

Barbaia, therefore, kept silence for five months with the most exemplary resignation. But the morning of the first day of the sixth month, feeling that there was no time to be lost, he drew the artist aside and addressed him as follows:

"My dear fellow, do you know, that there are only twenty-nine days before the appointed time?"

"What do you mean?" asked Rossini, with the air of amazement of a man who had been taken for somebody else, and to whom one has made an incomprehensible remark.

"The 30th of May," rejoined Barbaia

"The 30th of May?" repeated Rossini, with a bewildered look.

"Did you not promise me a new opera to be played on that precise day?"

"I—promise—"

"This is no time to pretend astonishment," cried the manager, out of all patience. "I have waited as long as possible, counting on your genius, and the extraordinary rapidity and facility for work which God has bestowed upon you. But now I can wait no longer. I must have my opera."

"Can't you arrange some old opera, and change the title of it, so that it will do as well?"

"What an idea! What should I do with the artistes who are engaged to play in a new opera?"

"Let them grumble."

"And the public?"

"Close the theatre."

"And the King?"

"Send in your resignation."

"Enough of such nonsense. If neither the artistes nor the public, nor the King, can force me to keep my promise, I have given my word, and Dominico Barbaia never yet failed when he had pledged himself to do a thing."

"Ah! that is another question."

"You promise me then, to begin to-morrow?"

"To-morrow! Impossible! I am engaged to go fishing at Fusaro, with some friends."

"Very well," retorted Barbaia, thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets. "Let us talk no more about it. I will see what is best to be done." And he went away without another word.

That evening Rossini supped with a good appetite, doing honor to the viands of the manager, as if he had entirely forgotten the morning's discussion. When he retired he bade his servant wake him early and have a boat ready for Fusaro. After which he slept the sleep of the just.

The next day, twelve o'clock resounded from the five hundred clocks, of which the fortunate city of Naples is the possessor, and Rossini's servant had not yet made his appearance. The sun darted his beams through the blinds—Rossini woke suddenly, started up, rubbed his eyes, and pulled the bell. The bell rope felt broken at the first pull. He opened the window and called out into the court-yard. All was silent as a Turkish seraglio. He shook the door of his room. It was locked on the outside.

Then Rossini returning to the window, shouted for help, crying out against the treason of which he was a victim. But not even an echo responded to his invectives. One resource alone was left him, to leap out of the fourth story window, as his apartment was in this story—but it must be admitted, to the credit of Rossini, that this idea did not even enter his head.

At the end of an hour Barbaia showed his head popping out of a window in the story below. Rossini, who had not quitted his place, saw him, and would gladly have thrown a brick at him, but not having one, he was obliged to content himself by showering curses upon him.

"Do you want anything?" mildly inquired Barbaia.

"I want to be let out instantly," roared Rossini, "You shall come out when your opera is finished."

"But this is a detestable and arbitrary imprisonment."

"Detestable and arbitrary, if you please, but I want my opera."

"I will complain to all the artists."

"Let them grumble."

"I will inform the public."

"I will close the theatre."

"I will appeal to the King."

"I will send in my resignation."

Rossini perceived that he was caught in his own toils—so like a man of brains he changed his tone and manner, and said in a calm tone:

"I accept the pleasantry, and am not angry—but may I know when I am to have my liberty?"

"When the last scene of the opera is sent to me," said Barbaia.

"Very well—send this evening for the overture." That evening Barbaia received a large pile of music, on which was written in large letters, "Overture to Othello."

The saloon of Barbaia was full of musical celebrities when the first installment was sent him by his prisoner. One of these artists seated himself at the piano and began to play the composition, and all declared that Rossini was not a man, but like a god, since he created without labor, without work, but by the mere effort of will.

Barbaia, almost beside himself with joy, snatched the music from its admirers, and sent it to the copyist. The next day he received a new package, on which was written, "First act of Othello." This he forwarded at once to the copyists, who acquitted themselves of their duty with the mute and passive obedience to which Barbaia had accustomed them. At the end of three days the music of Othello had been delivered and copied.

The impresario was beside himself with joy. He pressed Rossini to his heart, and made the most humble and sincere excuses for the straggle which he had been forced to employ, and begged the author to finish the work by assisting at the rehearsals.

"I will see the artists myself," said Rossini, "and I will hear each repeat his role. As to the gentlemen of the orchestra, I will hear them rehearse in my apartment."

"Very well my dear fellow; arrange it all as you please. My presence is not necessary, and I will wait to hear your master-piece till the general rehearsal. Once more, I beg you to forgive the manner in which I have treated you."

"Not a word more on that subject, or I shall be offended with you."

"Good-by till the general rehearsal."

The day for this grand rehearsal came at last. It was the evening before the famous 30th of May, which had cost Barbaia so much anxiety. The singers were in their places, the musicians in the orchestra, and Rossini seated himself at the piano—a few elegant ladies and a few privileged gentlemen occupied the boxes. Barbaia, radiant and triumphant, rubbed his hands together, and walked up and down on the stage.

The overture was played. Frenzied applause nearly shook the arched roof of the San Carlo. Rossini rose and bowed in acknowledgment.

"Bravo," cried Barbaia, "now for the songs of the tenor."

Rossini seated himself again at the piano—everybody was silent, the first violin raised his bow, and they began again to play the overture. The same applause, if possible more enthusiastic than before, burst forth at the end of this morceau.

"Bravo, bravo!" repeated Barbaia, "but now pass on to the cavatina of the tenor."

The orchestra began to play the overture for the third time.

"Hold there," cried Barbaia, "that is charming, but we have not time to hear it again. Proceed with cavatina."

But in spite of the commands of the manager, the orchestra continued the same overture. Barbaia rushed upon the first violin, seized him by the collar, and shouted in his ear, "What the devil do you mean by playing the same piece for an hour?"

"Dame," said the violinist, with true German coolness, "I am playing what has been given us."

"But turn the leaves you fools."

"It is useless to turn them. We have nothing but this overture."

"What!" cried Barbaia, "nothing but the overture? It is, then, an atrocious cheat and mystification!"

Rossini rose and bowed.

But Barbaia fell back on the sofa, motionless. The prima donna, the tenor, everybody rushed up to him. For a moment all thought he was struck with apoplexy.

Rossini, startled by the effect of his practical joke, approached him with real anxiety. But at the

sight of him, Barbaia recovered himself, and found his voice once more.

"Begone, traitor," he cried, "or I shall do you some injury."

"Be calm, be calm," returned Rossini. "Let us see if there is not something to be done."

"Something to be done, you butcher—and tomorrow is advertised as the first representation of the new opera."

"Supposing the prima donna should be taken suddenly ill," whispered Rossini in the manager's ear.

"Impossible," was the reply in the same tone, "she would not risk drawing upon herself the vengeance and the orange-peel of the populace after such a disappointment."

"If you will coax her a little."

"It would be useless. You do not know Colbron."

"I thought you were on the best of terms with her."

"So much the worse."

"Will you permit me to try and see what I can do?"

"Do all you can—but I warn you it is lost time."

"We shall see."

The following day, bills everywhere announced that the first representation of Othello was postponed on account of the severe illness of the prima donna.

Eight days after that Othello was performed. That famous and celebrated opera is now familiar to the whole civilized world. Eight days had been sufficient for Rossini to produce that masterpiece.

After the fall of the curtain, Barbaia, overcome with the triumph, went in search of Rossini to shower congratulations upon him. But Rossini was nowhere to be found.

The next day, Barbaia rung for his prompter, who was also his valet—for he was anxious to present to his guest his compliments on the success of the previous evening.

The prompter entered.

"Go and ask Rossini to come here," said Barbaia.

"Rossini has left town," was the reply.

"Left town!" cried Barbaia in amazement.

"Yes, he started for Bologna at day-break."

"Gone, without one word for me?"

"Oh no, he left his address."

"Then go, and ask Colbron to come here."

"Colbron?"

"Yes, Colbron, you idiot. Are you deaf this morning?"

"I beg pardon," replied the prompter, "but Mlle. Colbron is gone, too."

"Impossible!"

"The wretch—she has left me to become the mistress of Rossini, then?"

"Pardon, sir—but as I understand it, she is his wife."

"I am revenged," cried Barbaia.—*The Aldine.*

Church Music.

With every day of musical advancement in this country, we are approaching closer to the grand old school, which devoted their best and their noblest efforts to the music of the Church. Music in the grand cathedral piles, which adorn the metropolis, is not what it was when the sturdy Puritans landed on Plymouth Rock, and rent the cold atmosphere of New England with the homely chants of a religious liberty, fought for and won. History repeats itself. Those who came over in the Mayflower brought with them a new Hymnology, but their followers and successors have gone back to an earlier history of the church, and remembered that, in days long gone by, the works of the greatest masters of music were devoted to the praise and glorifying of the Almighty. There is no reason, as good Martin Luther said, why the Devil should have all the good music, and so our organists of to-day draw upon the great composers for their psalms, their hymnals, and their voluntaries. Carl Maria von Weber, in "Der Freischütz," has given to the Christian church one of its most extensively sung hymns, and in the whole range of operatic music, many similar examples might be cited. Truth is, we of the New World are musically emerging from a very black cloud of Puritanism which has too long overshadowed us.

People who would go to Barnum's Museum and listen to trash in the theatre attached thereto, because it was called a "Lecture Room," would shrink in holy horror from entering the doorway of an opera house and listening to good music, because it was sung in a "Theatre." But, as *Le Grand Monarque* said, "*Nous avons change tout cela*," and now these same good people will not only go to the opera, but will tolerate operatic music in the organ lofts of their places of worship. The indication is not a bad one. There is no earthly reason why good music should be confined to the opera house or the concert room.

Composers of a lower calibre, have "cribbed" most unmercifully, for years past, from the composers who have been heard in them alone, and it is certainly a healthy sign to note that our organists of to-day go straight to the fountain head for the musical pabulum which they offer from Sunday to Sunday. We would not have it for a moment understood that we countenance the light and frivolous use of operatic music, which is too frequently made by irreverent organists, but we would enunciate clearly the belief that one-half the organ music, which is at present played, should, in common decency, be accredited to its real composer, and not to those who, occupying an organ stool, foist upon an innocent public, as compositions of theirs, works whose materials are drawn from masters, whose shoes they are unworthy to unloose. In church music, above all things, we should have no show, no pretension, no false assertions, and yet this is just what we are meeting with every day. As, however, we are learning more in the knowledge of music, and making better acquaintance with the works of its grandest composers, we are overcoming this blatant arrogance, which has so long superciliously overridden us, and are thinking and hearing for ourselves. Since we have done so, we have brought to the worship of God a nobler and a grander Psalmody, than those stalwart men of Plymouth Rock brought over with them in all their bitterness and vain-gloriousness, from the Old World. Their wrongs had been deep and bitter, and they were hardened against all that was tender or sympathetic in man or art. They came to face a stern and bitter task, and their hearts were stern and bitter. It was not from them that we could look for hymns of joyful praise melodiously expressed. Their fight has been fought, their victory won, and now the church returns to the glorious times when Palestrina, Lassus, Carissini, and later Handel, Beethoven, Bach, and Mozart, gave their grandest and noblest work to the music of the church. No doubt had the Mayflower party known the grand fugues of Bach, and the infinite depth of feeling, sentiment and poetry of Beethoven, they would have scoffed at them; but, thank heaven, liberalism and culture are the foes of ecclesiastical conservatism. We have taught us to beware of bigotry as an accursed thorn in the side of which will eat away the body politic. In everything pertaining to the art, of all things, liberalism is to be prayed for. The world endures Wagner and Liszt, because, with all their vagaries, there is, underneath the eccentric, the germ of true genius, and so it is that, in the music of the church, we, at times, will endure what may, at the moment, appear vain and superficial, in a worldly sense, because it covers a vast deal underneath that is good, elevating, and true. This feeling cannot be too extensively encouraged. All and every means should be used to inculcate a love of the beautiful in musical art, and certainly, man can no more truly be imbued with this, than in the consecration of the highest musical aspiration to the worship of his Creator.—*Musical Bulletin.*

Musical Sound.

The only condition necessary to the production of a musical sound is, that the air pulses should succeed each other in the same interval of time. No matter what its origin may be, if this condition be fulfilled, the sound becomes musical. If a watch, for example, could be caught to tick with sufficient rapidity—say one hundred times a second—the ticks would lose their individuality, and blend to a musical tone. And if the strokes of a pigeon's wings could be accomplished at the same rate, the progress of the bird through the air would be accompanied by music. In the humming-bird the necessary rapidity is attained; and, when we pass on from birds to insects, where the vibrations are more rapid, we have a musical note as the ordinary accompaniment of the insect's flight. The puffs of a locomotive at starting follow each other, slowly at first, but they soon increase so rapidly as to be almost capable of being counted. If this increase could continue until the puffs numbered fifty or sixty a second, the approach of the engine would be heralded by an organ peal of tremendous power.—*Tyndall on Sound.*

I PURITANS.—Choral music was rescued from utter extinction in this country, by an edict issued by Queen Elizabeth, in his behalf, in 1559, for the outcry and violence of the Puritans against "playing upon organs, curious singing, and tossing about the psalms from side to side (meaning the antiphonal or alternate singing in cathedrals), were at this time so great, that they could only be restrained by an exertion of all the power and firmness of that princess.—*Burgh's Anecdotes of Music.*

Correspondence.

Letter from Boston.

SYMPHONY AND ORATORIO—BOSTON AND NEW YORK TO JOIN HANDS MUSICALLY—GRAND ARTISTIC COMBINATIONS—RECENT CONCERTS—PROSPECTS FOR THE FUTURE—SUCCESS OF BOSTONIANS ABROAD—DRAMATIC, ETC.

Boston, February 17, 1873.

There is little novelty to report in connection with musical movements in this city the present month. There has been about the usual number of concerts, and most of them have been very well attended. The Harvard Musical Association gave the sixth concert of its series on the 6th inst., the orchestra performing on the occasion Weber's overture to "Preciosa," Mendelssohn's overture, "The Fair Melusina," and Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony." It was originally intended to give only a single movement of Rubinstein's Symphony, but as time progressed it was wisely determined to perform the whole work. The composition made a very pleasing impression, and I should add that Mr. Zerrahn's orchestra played unusually well on the occasion. Mr. B. J. Lang played two piano-forte solos with orchestra. Beethoven's concerto No. 2, in B flat Op. 19, and Schumann's *Concerts Aneek* in G Op. 92. The seventh, and last concert but three of the series, takes place on the 27th inst. Mr. Hugo Leonhard, the pianist, and Mrs. Flora E. Barry, the contralto, will assist, and the orchestral numbers will include Schumann's fourth Symphony in D minor, Mendelssohn's overture, "The Hebrides," and Mozart's overture to "Le Nozze di Figaro."

The Handel and Haydn Society, aided by Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Alice Fairman, Miss Carrie Brackett, Mr. Nelson Varley and Mr. M. W. Whitney, performed Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Handel's "Judas Macabæus" on the evenings of Saturday and Sunday the 8th and 9th. So far as the chorus went, these works have rarely been given with better effect, and the soloists are also to be praised individually. Mr. Varley, who sang in oratorio for the first time in America on this occasion, raised a high degree of enthusiasm, especially in Handel's work, where his rendering of the great air "Sound an Alarm," was inexpressibly fine. He is unquestionably the finest oratorio tenor ever heard in this country. Mr. Whitney was not in his best voice, but nevertheless sang well. Miss Fairman was well received, and in several airs won much applause. Miss Brackett is a young Boston artist, who on these occasions made her first appearances in oratorio. She has a pure fresh voice, and made a good impression. Madame Rudersdorff is an artist—that fact no one can deny—but as a singer she is *praise*. Her vocalism at times gives pleasure, but more often pain, for her voice is no longer smooth and of an even quality, but harsh and positively discordant. It was originally intended by Madame R. and the Handel and Haydn Society to give two more oratorio concerts the coming month, but the project has been abandoned.

Mr. Theodore Thomas has displayed no small degree of enterprise in engaging the Handel and Haydn Society to visit New York in the latter part of April. Beside taking part in Mendelssohn's Ninth Symphony, which is to fittingly close his series of Symphony Concerts at Steinway Hall, they will sing in "Elijah" and "The Messiah." If practicable, portions of Bach's St. Matthew Passion Music will also be given. The names of the soloists are not yet announced. The society will leave Boston Monday, April 21, and return the following Monday, and the cost to Mr. Thomas for the passage and entertainment of the singers will be over twelve thousand dollars. Some years ago the Handel and Haydn Society were swindled into making a trip to New York for the purpose of taking part in a "grand

Beethoven celebration," at the Third Avenue Rink, an affair which fell into the hands of the sheriff's officers before it was three days old. The coming visit will be made under very different auspices.

Another prominent musical event in the month of April will be the joint appearance in Boston of Rubinstein, Wieniawski and the Theodore Thomas Troupe. This will be an artistic combination, no less important than the other. Four concerts are to be given, the first of which, fixed for Wednesday evening, April 9, will be for the benefit of Mr. A. P. Peck, the popular superintendent and business manager of Music Hall. Mr. Peck has the faculty of making his annual benefit concerts the great musical events of the year. This season he will quite outdo himself.

The several musical conservatories have begun their Spring terms within a few days past. The New England Conservatory of Music, which still enjoys the proud distinction of being the largest music school in the whole world, gave a very interesting exhibition on the 1st inst., at Music Hall, which was densely packed on the occasion. Some of the pupils displayed very marked ability. This institution has recently added a large pipe organ to its other means of instruction. Regular organ concerts are given by some of the best players in America, with the aid of this instrument.

Madame Rudersdorff gave the third and last of her series of Tuesday matinees, at Mechanics' Hall, on the 4th. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club assisted on the occasion.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club has begun a series of evening concerts at the Meinaon, the first of which came off last Saturday evening with good success. Mr. Nelson Varley, the tenor, and Mr. Ernst Perabo, the pianist, assisted on the occasion; the former singing a sacred air by Molique, and the latter taking part with Messrs. Hamm and Hennig of the Quintette Club, in a trio for piano, violin and violoncello, by Bargiel. Mr. Hennig played an elegie for violoncello, by Bazzini, and the programme also contained two string quartettes, one by Max Bruch and the other by Schubert. At the second concert, to be given on the 23d, Miss Alice Fairman will assist, and the remaining concerts will take place March 1 and 8.

A concert was given at Music Hall February 10, in aid of the Young Men's Christian Association, Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Fairman, Miss Therese Liebe, Mr. Varley, Mr. B. J. Lang, Mr. W. F. Apthorp, Mr. S. B. Whitney, and the choir of the church of the Advent, appeared on the occasion.

Miss Abbie Noyes, who occupies the position of cashier and book-keeper in Ditson & Co.'s music store, had her annual benefit concert at Tremont Temple, February 12. The members of the musical profession, who are continually under obligations to the lady in question, volunteered almost *en masse*, and the result was a crowded house.

The Boston Catholic Choral Society gave a concert at Music Hall last evening, under the direction of their excellent conductor, Mr. George E. Whiting, and performed, with the aid of Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mr. W. H. Fessenden, Mr. B. J. Lang, the Temple Quartette (vocalists), and the Beethoven Quintette (instrumental), Gounod's choral music, together with other selections.

Mr. B. J. Lang is to give a series of Thursday afternoon concerts, March 6 and 20, and April 3 and 17.

A new edition of "The Tribute of Praise," the plates of which were destroyed in the great fire, has just made its appearance through the Congregational publishing house. It is a better book than ever, and will have another large sale. Dr. Tourjee has some hints to choirs and congregations in the introduction.

Dr. Tourjee, at the earnest solicitation of some of the friends of music in the west, has arranged to give a course of lectures on choir and congregational singing, commencing at Rochester, N. Y., March 16,

and continuing at Painesville, Akron, Norwalk, Oberlin and Mansfield, Ohio; Chicago, Evanston, Ill.; Fort Wayne and Indianapolis, Ind.; and Cincinnati. He is also to lecture in Philadelphia and Wilmington, Del., before returning to Boston.

A new vocal quartette has been formed in this city called the "Ingleside." It is composed of Mrs. J. M. Osgood, soprano; Mrs. Flora E. Barry, contralto; Mr. Charles H. Clarke, tenor; and Mr. H. J. White, Jr., baritone; with Mr. J. A. Howard as accompanist.

Another concert combination comprising Miss Adelaide Philipps, Mme. Camilla Urso and other talent will shortly leave Boston on a Western tour.

Mrs. Julia Houston-West has been engaged by the Handel and Haydn Society of Philadelphia, to sustain the soprano solos in an approaching performance of "The Creation."

Something like a dozen Boston girls are studying music in Italy. Several have already appeared on the stage with high honors. The latest *debut* was that of Miss Annie Bernard, of whose success some of the Italian papers give the most flattering descriptions.

At the theaters in this city, business is by no means of the best, although the museum has found a very successful combination in the drama of "Rachel the Reaper," and the burlesque of "Ye Gentle Savage," which enter to-night upon their fourth week. Miss Neilson has been playing at the Boston Theater and Miss Agnes Ethel at the Globe. Both are dramatically disappointments. The one has a great wealth of beauty, and the other a great wealth of good clothes.

On the 7th inst., a benefit was given at the Boston Theater, to Mr. Thomas Barry, the veteran actor and manager, who has for some time past been unable to pursue his profession. Everybody volunteered, and the handsome sum of \$3,146 was realized from the entertainment.

On the 29th of next month, a concert is to be given at Music Hall, for the benefit of Mr. August Kreissmann, the well known vocalist and teacher of music. He is at the present time quite ill.

RANGER.

The following communication was received too late for our last issue, and hence requires a word of explanation. Our correspondent evidently knows and understands just what he is talking about in regard to the performance proper; and, though his criticisms may fall heavily on some ears, yet we think he means to tell the truth, nothing more. As to the organ of my friend House, which he has set up in Ann Arbor, be it said plainly, if not what represented (which I am slow to believe), he will have a chorus of Wolverines salute his ears, which will leave the thunders of his great Cathedral organ in Buffalo so pianissimo in tone, their reverberations will never reach us in Michigan again.—ED. SONG JOURNAL.

To the Song Journal.

ANN ARBOR, MICH, January 24, 1873.

Your correspondent attended the grand vocal and instrumental concert, held in the Presbyterian Church in this city on the 13th inst.; the Society have just purchased a "new organ" of 27 registers, built by Mr. G. House, Buffalo, N. Y., and on this occasion the management (according to the bills), had secured (regardless of expense), the services of a Mr. Gale, of Cincinnati, Mlle Lami, and three Flutists, Messrs. Noble, Chaffee, and Morse, from Detroit, also, the Students' Quartette Club, from the "University." As the main attraction was the "New Organ," it was confidently expected that it would be thoroughly tested, and its power, capabilities, combination, and solo stops, would be displayed in a satisfactory manner. A numerous audience assembled. Ushers in swallow tails and white kids. So far everything was recherche as possible. The first number on the programme was an extempore per-

formance on the Organ by Mr. Gale (who claims to be late Organist at Tremont Temple, Boston); this proved to be "eight measures" of some commonplace melody repeated *ad infinitum, ad nauseum*, on the swell and then on the "Great Organ with a piano touch, and staccato at that;" this was the Grand Introduction (*extempore*!) The second organ piece was a selection from "*Handel*," played staccato, and the third, a pot pourri of opera airs, interminable as to length, and strung together in the most conglomerate sort of a way. This was entirely chopped up and always Staccato. The fourth and last piece was, "Schubert's Serenade" in triple and quadruple measure, which was encored, and to which the organist cheerfully responded by playing "Nearer my God to Thee," and something understood by some present to be "Sweet Home." During the gentleman's efforts there seemed to be a continued striving between the pedals and stops as to which could make the most racket, the stops finally gaining the victory. Add to this that the tremolo was freely used in all the piano and forte passages, and you have an idea of the effect rendered; the instrument itself is a very fair one, and probably the best representative the builder has in the State; the singing of Mlle Lami, and the flute trios were well received by the audience, also the quartettes, which were meritorious in the rendering, from the fact that they were sung in time.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

Foreign Correspondence—Song Journal.

Conservatory for Music in Stuttgart, Germany.

STUTTGART, the capital of the Kingdom of Wurttemberg, has from ninety to ninety-five thousand inhabitants. There are, indeed, many larger cities, but we believe, very few, where nature and art combined, have produced a more beautiful whole, as is certainly the case with the city of Stuttgart. And to all this, a truly refined, a highly pleasing tone in society, far from stiffness on the one hand, and from vulgarity on the other, and you will find Stuttgart a place where anybody may well like to stay.

In the last ten years, this city has increased in size, wealth, population, elegance, etc., as to justify fully the belief, that it will be, before long, one of the finest, if not the finest city in South Germany.

It is however, not the object of this sketch, to describe the elegance of architecture, or the very many treasures of art it contains, or its great number of institutions for science, literature and art, nor its charming surroundings. We single out from all this, for a brief description, its celebrated *Conservatory for Music*.

Before proceeding with our subject, permit us to mention one beauty of Stuttgart, which indeed characterizes all larger German cities, and which is a beauty indeed;—it is the fact, that you can go out anywhere alone, whether you are a lady or a gentleman, at any hour at day or night, and you are perfectly safe, provided always, you behave like a lady or a gentleman.

The Conservatory for Music in Stuttgart was established in April of the year 1857. The first step towards its establishment was made by an artist, who is as yet active in it, as a highly esteemed teacher. His name is *Professor Siegmund Lebert*—well known as the joint author of one of the best, if not the very best and most complete piano school extant. It is entitled "Great Theoretical and Practical Piano School," for the systematic instruction in all branches of piano playing, from the elemental to the highest degree of perfection, by Siegmund Lebert and Ludwig Stark, Professors in the Conservatory for Music in Stuttgart, Germany. This work consists of four large volumes, and is by the highest musical authorities, such as Dr. Franz Liszt, Hans Von Bulow, etc., acknowledged to be a work of

incomparable merit. It is of course used in the Conservatory. In this country it is to be had by Mr. Ernst Reinking, 119 Fourth avenue, N. Y.

The aim this institution intends to reach, is expressed in its statutes in the following terms: "It shall not only offer an opportunity to the professional musician, to become an artist in his respective branch, but it shall also lay a solid foundation to a more refined musical taste and understanding, and to open the way to the elevation of the art of music in all its branches." This aim is to be reached:

First, By thorough methodical instruction in vocal, as well as instrumental music.

Second, By systematic training of choruses and solo singers for the church and for singing societies.

Third, By scientific lectures on theoretical branches.

Fourth, By giving advanced pupils an opportunity in playing with an accompaniment of other instruments, such as Violin and Violoncello, Orchestra. (Chamber and concert music.)

Fifth, By imparting rational methods of teaching the various branches of music, i. e., by teaching the pupils "How to teach music."

Sixth, By giving the pupils a free opportunity to hear really good music well performed.

The following branches are taught:

1. *Vocal music*.—a. Elementary singing. b. Chorus singing. c. Solo singing (including dramatic singing.)

2. *The Piano*.

3. *The Organ*. (A course is also given, to all pupils of the organ, on the construction and treatment of the instrument, demonstrated on different organs.)

4. *The Violin*.

5. *The Violoncello*. (Opportunity is offered to No. 4 and 5 to play with orchestra.)

6. *Composition*. (A four years' course.)

7. *History of music*, with an introduction on the Aesthetic of music.

8. *Elocution*.

9. *The Italian Language*.

According to the above mentioned aim, the Conservatory is divided into two divisions:

First, *A School for Artists*, and

Second, *A School for Amateurs*, whose only object it is to acquire a correct mode of playing, and a fair knowledge of music.

These two divisions, however, do not differ so much in the mode of instruction, as in outward regulations. They are not separated from each other in principle, the latter may be said to be preparatory for the former. The institution is open for ladies as well as gentlemen. Admission, however, takes place only at the beginning of a term, i. e. towards the middle of the months of April and October. During term time admission is only granted in exceptional cases, and only under the condition that it is possible to group such a pupil in classes already formed, without injury to the pupil or the rest of the class. Such pupils as enter during the term, pay for the whole quarter.

The intention to become a member of the school, must be announced to the Director or Secretary some time before the beginning of a term, either in person or by letter. Admission to the *Artist School* is subject to the following conditions:

1. Sufficient musical talent, and a certain degree of cultivation in singing or on an instrument. (In the absence of the latter part of this condition, the pupil can enter the *Amateur School* at first.)

2. Enough of general education, so as to be capable of participating with advantage in the instruction, particularly in composition.

3. For such as wish to become solo singers, a proper voice.

4. For pupils on the organ a sufficient knowledge of the piano.

5. For the lessons in history of music a general musical knowledge.

6. If demanded by the Director, satisfactory evidence as to former conduct and application, and as to the means of liquidating pecuniary obligations towards the institution.

Pupils can leave the school only at the end of a term. The intention to do so must be announced six weeks before, to the Director or Secretary. If leaving the institution is caused by ill health, such fact must be verified by a medical certificate. If any pupil wishes to attend other institutions of learning, his lessons in the Conservatory will be arranged accordingly, if possible.

The expenses for a year's instruction are, considering the excellent quality of instruction, so surprisingly low, that a pupil in this country could not expect to receive only a three months' tuition, by a first class teacher in Boston or New York, or anywhere else, for the same amount, which he has to pay in this school for a whole year's instruction. From fifty dollars to sixty dollars gold a year, pays for six hours' instruction a week on the piano, for four hours a week in singing, for one and a half hours a week in composition, and for almost two hours a week in the history of music and aesthetics. Besides, pupils have many free opportunities of attending good concerts and public performances, for the cultivation of a refined musical taste.

Board is at present, in consequence of the late war, rather high. Meat, for instance is much higher than in this country. Nevertheless, the whole amount of expenses there, need not to exceed from \$350 to \$400 in gold, annually. This sum would include good board, room, light, bed, wood, service, all instruction, and the necessary music books, etc.

The administration and direction of the Conservatory is conducted by a Musical Director, a Business Director in conjunction of a number of the head teachers, assisted by a Secretary and a Treasurer.—The present Musical Director is Professor Dr. I. Faisst, a man most eminently fit for the position. He is not only known throughout Germany as a celebrated composer, director and organist, but also in the musical circles in this country.

The following extract of a report of that institution shows its great popularity. This report is dated December 30, 1871:

"The whole number of pupils is 453. Among them are 90 ladies, and 58 gentlemen, who devote themselves professionally to music. In general are 313 from Germany, 40 from the United States of America, 28 from Switzerland, 36 from Great Britain, 8 from Russia, 5 from Austria, 5 from France, 4 from Turkey, 2 from South America, 1 from Italy, and 1 from the Netherlands.

The instruction is given by 24 head teachers, 2 assistant teachers, and 1 female teacher. It is but justice to state, that these teachers have gained their deservedly great popularity, not by an undignified cajoling of the pupils, but by the exercise of the strictest justice in their discipline, and by an earnest systematical and methodical work in their class rooms. "Pleasing or displeasing, whatsoever is a necessary requisite of the art of music must be mastered" is their motto. And their earnest work is indeed crowned with the best success. Already a great number of their pupils are scattered in all parts of the world, enjoying great reputation, as well as fair compensations, as directors of music, solo singers, virtuosos, concert players, composers, teachers, etc. Among so many, we mention here only Miss Anna Mehlig, one of the greatest pianists living. She is favorably known in this country by her excellent concerts. In the programmes of public concerts, given at the end of terms, we find also several names of pupils from the United States.

For the benefit of the professional musician we add here the complete programme of an organ examination concert of October 23, 1872, held at the Church of St. Leonhard (Protestant) in Stuttgart.

No. 1. Fantasie for the organ in B minor, by Fr. Kiel.

No. 2. Church Song, by Beethoven and an Air from "Stabat Mater," by Astorga.

No. 3. Organ Sonata Andante—Fuga Adagio—Intermezzo and Allegro assai, by A. Glauis.

No. 4. Paghiera with Violincello, by Stradella.

No. 5. Halleluja, with orchestra and string instruments, by Cajar.

No. 6. Organ Sonata (G minor), Maestoso—Adagio Finale, by G. Merkel.

No. 7. Air and Quartette from the 143d Psalm, by I. Sittard.

No. 8. Fantasia and Fuge (G minor), by Seb. Barh.

No. 9. Three Church Songs: a. "Consolation," b.

"Peace be with you," c. God's love is everywhere.

No. 10. Fantasia and Fuge (G major), by I. L. Kelbs.

Such a programme speaks for itself.

J. BENGEL.

Studies in Astronomy.

BY PROF. BLINKUM.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

If the sun be 95,000,000 miles from the earth, how many pigs' tails from a flock of sheep will it take to make a whistle?

Supposing the moon to be 2,162 miles in diameter, by actual measurement, how many skips of a louse would provoke Dean Swift to write a second edition of Gulliver's Travels from his present experience?

If Canis Major should sneeze Sinus, beyond the bounds of space, how many fathoms deep would a mermaid swim to enable her to sing the song of the dying swan?

Supposing the axis of the earth should suddenly become loosened from its socket, the momentum causing it to shoot Ursa Minor through the heart, would that prove there was no rascality committed by Boss Tweed & Co.?

When the moon is passing through the earth's shadow, how many jerks of a lamb's tail will it take to carry timid lovers away from this subliminary sphere.

Supposing the sun is 852,900 miles in diameter, is that any reason why functionaries holding high offices should countenance, aid and abet LOTTERIES, while men of lesser note must suffer the full penalty of the law.

Nilsson Against Patti.

It was anticipated in the *Athenaeum* that the antagonism of the Italian and Swedish *Prima Donne*, would cause much excitement among the Russian amateurs in Moscow and St. Petersburg. The war of partisanship has commenced. Madame Nilsson opened fire herself, in a telegram to Paris from St. Petersburg addressed to her teacher, M. Wotell, informing him that she had achieved, as Ophelia, a grand triumph, and expressing her gratitude for his singing lessons. Her agent, or her husband, supplemented this news, by telegraphing that the fair Swede had been recalled thirty times. These dispatches roused the Parisian agents of Adelina Patti, and they at once published counter-telegrams, stating that Madame La Marquise de Caux had been recalled thirty-six times in Verdi's and Dumas' naughty "*Traviata*," but the six recalls in excess of those vouchsafed to Madame Nilsson, did not suffice; and therefore, to overwhelm the Scandinavian songstress, a further telegram came, to the effect that the Princess Douglowski threw a bouquet on the stage, of rare flowers, value £100, which it required two men to carry across the stage. How muscular the princess must be, who could convey this bouquet into her box, and then fling it at the feet of Madame Patti, and what a dispensation of Providence it was it did not fall on the *prima donna's* head!—*Athenaeum*.

WILLIAM BILLINGS, a noted singing master and composer, who flourished in Boston nearly a hundred years ago, not only adapted music to words, but words to music. Among his happier efforts was the following couplet:

"Pharaoh was a rascal,
Because he would not let the children of Israel go three
days' journey in the wilderness to keep the Paschal."

The Song Journal.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, MARCH, 1873.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."

"The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,
stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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A Look into the Musical World.

It is astonishing what a wonderful regard for the new, marvelous and strange is had by the mass of mankind. While the ordinary sublime and beautiful processes of nature are suffered daily to pass without notice merely because they are commonplace, and the common incidents of life, otherwise unnoticed, are, by association with this principle, invested with importance, and come from the hands of the narrator clothed with supernatural interest.

It would scarcely excite any attention to be told that a fisherman had caught a huge fish in the Detroit River, which nearly broke through the meshes of his net, but if a child were to read in a book that a geni had arisen from the bottom of the same river, and some how or other got it there, it would rivet the attention, and he could scarcely be torn from the story until it was through. A horse carrying his rider through the streets, though the animal be a wonderful piece of mechanism, scarcely causes any one to turn his head; but invest the same horse with five legs, or place his head where his tail ought to be, and every school-boy would be stretching his neck out to see the sight.

We live in an age when analysis is applied to the explanation of everything, and every phenomenon of intellectual life suggests the question, "What is its share in the general development of the human mind?" In the solution of this problem, it appears to us it will be found in the *almighty dollar*, and, if elsewhere, exceptions are so rare as not in the least to derogate the truth of the declaration. Far be it from us to detract from musical talent wherever found, foreign or native. But what we do object to, is the extreme ease with which musical and theatrical performances are brought at the present time, so easy of attainment as to be within the reach of any tyro, even from the highest to the lowest. To explain ourselves briefly, it is reduced to the simple formula: Take a sheet of paper, it matters very little whether before or after the performance, whether heard or not. The mind is made up, and a firm resolve to praise a singer, manager or establishment, or condemn, is firmly settled upon. Then take up any modern popular print, extract therefrom all the strongest epithets which float upon the surface of the column devoted to any given *prima donna* or theatrical aspirant of interest. If these are too evanescent to stay upon the paper while it finds its way to the printer, then have recourse to a file of old newspapers, and see if, by throwing into your ink a resinous drug called *ticking gum*, you cannot make your characters permanent. Then look into the works of Churchill. Afterwards, introduce some choice old magazine scraps, which may answer your purpose, translated verbatim. And sometimes you may, if you have time, copy out pas-

sages from contemporaries, if you are an adept in disguising what you borrow, never forgetting those honeyed phrases, the jessamine and woodbine turns of compliment, of which lady performers are so fond, and which almost call up tears of joy into those bright orbs which do so much mischief from the footlights. To all this add something of your own, at least enough to swear by, but be sure to make your plasters stick—in homely phrase, lay it on thick; cause the dew of Hermon to descend, and the flakes of manna to fall.

On the contra column, and where a slashing operation is to be performed, if you find out a sore place, bare it to the bone, establish a raw "spare not," your victim will only writhe a little. Solace your conscience by the reflection that if the party did not deserve it that time, meaning the performance criticised, he would probably at some other. In a word, work up your commodity so elaborately that it shall serve the purpose of *aqua fortis* in one case, and a healing balm in the other. Candor, equity, fairness are only words—words, and mean interest. If Johnson would send a man to a lunatic asylum for returning a borrowed umbrella, how much sooner should one be sent thither for writing a fair critique? And for this simple reason he would please nobody. Who that has a heart is impervious to the frowns of managers, the scowl and the omitted recognition? Who has nerve enough to encounter the offended dignity of the musical emperors, kings, queens, princes and senators, and divers other elevated personages, whose levees he nightly attends?

The Italian Opera in Detroit.

We flatter ourselves we have some small degree of respect for the musical art and for artists who worthily maintain the title; and, though we make no large pretensions to the full understanding of all the works of art, secular or sacred, now almost daily coming to light, in our own and foreign countries, in public representation, still there are certain principles pertaining to them of which we have our opinions, and are prepared to express them.

The historic painter may furnish his canvas with well formed and well dressed personages, but if he wishes to rise above the merit of an ordinary landscape painter, he must give to these personages an appropriate distinctness and diversity of character. Their countenances must be true to nature, which may be studied and dwelt upon with pleasure. Their passions, peculiar traits of character, capacities, genius, habits of mind, all should be faithfully portrayed and delineated. It is these that give interest to the personages, and endow them with the appearance of real life; these which constitute the chief, the true excellence of the artist.

We have had, during the past month, the world renowned Lucca and the popular, justly popular, Kellogg, in the distinguished roles of operas, chosen by them for truthful delineation. That they are artists of first-class, that they do just what they propose to do, is true to the letter; but that Lucca in Detroit, or Kellogg in the same characters here, are the same as in New York or Boston, is as false as a due appreciation of the beautiful in life and the dead and inanimate portrait in the picture. We speak in general terms, and mean to be truthful, but could not divest the mind in their representations, that anything could answer for the West. If wrong in our opinion of the leading characters of these artists in their performance of "Faust" and "Il Trovatore," we hope to be forgiven. But we are of opinion it can avail little to endeavor to gratify with the mere abstract charms of music, when exertions towards effects have furnished simply occasion for singing, whether it be the influence of the "almighty dollar" or popular applause.

There is something in the charm of musical sounds that induces us at times to overlook much vanity, affectation, and coming down to the pocket,

much pecuniary sacrifice, to listen to celebrated performers, especially where there is to be an exhibition of distinguished talent. But whenever these influences become controlling, they almost always lead to disappointment and disgust. We are far from saying that the exercise of uncommon talent is undesirable. We hazard nothing, therefore, in saying that in proportion as the display is felt to be prominent, will be the detraction from the particular nature or importance of the subject. That the visitations of such gifted individuals as Rubenstein, Lucca and Kellogg, and others who have visited us recently, are of rare occurrence is true, and that their performance has a tendency to raise the standard of excellence we firmly believe, for through them we find exhibited a skill, dignity, strength, power, sweetness and pathos, combined with a chaste simplicity, tending in a preëminent degree to the elevation of the art.

Rubenstein's views about Art, Musical Taste and Culture in America.

We live in an age when analysis is applied to the explanation of everything; and every phenomenon of intellectual life suggests the question, What is its share in the general development of the human mind? Before examining the result of the investigations to which music may be submitted, it must be premised that this art is divided into two parts, each entirely distinct from the other, viz: *composition*, which may be called the poetry of sound and *execution*, or the organ, more or less intelligent, of this poetry.

To speak on the present state of musical art, we must revert to the classical epoch, and the men of genius who prepared the way for that state, when three bright, leading stars appear, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. By them the German soul and thoughts have been expressed in music with an energy, a freedom, and a power hitherto entirely unknown. Their works exhibit a grand and well supported development, and a marked tendency to make music independent by the perfection of its elements.

With Haydn, and especially in his *first* works, *form* seems to govern science. It may be said to be a sportiveness of form, but it is the sport of an innocent and calm spirit that yields to its impulses, which are grace and serenity. For the rest, magnificence and dignity characterize the genius of Haydn. In his compositions, the plaintive is unaffected, the melancholy mild, and neither one nor the other is manifested with violence. Mozart combined *form* and *science*. The structure of his compositions is generally symmetrical; his means are *contrasts* and *repetition*; but melody, harmony and rhythm form in them a sublime whole. His music expresses the deepest melancholy, as well as the most exalted joy; and we may say of him, as Laertes said to Ophelia:

"Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favor and to prettiness."

In Beethoven, *science* gains the ascendancy over *form*. His thoughts reach the last limits of the power of sounds. From the height upon which he placed himself, he contemplated nature in its charms, in its struggles, in its horrors. Freeing himself from all the shackles of symmetry, he followed, without hesitation, the new road which he had traced. Combining the sprightliness and the naivete of Haydn with the profound melancholy and the richness of harmony of Mozart, Beethoven seized the spirit of all instruments, and the result of his efforts is *artistic independence*, the true sovereignty of instrumental music. Around these three geniuses arose other masters, who, animated and instructed by their example, carried instrumental music still nearer to perfection.

We have said thus much in relation to the great masters above cited, as introductory to the following account of the great Rubenstein's views upon the

condition of music in our country, elicited by an interview with a reporter of the *St. Louis Times*, which we extract from that paper. We wish we could transcribe it entire, but our limited space forbids, therefore we content ourselves by giving the main points, which will be read with interest and profit, by every well wisher of the cause of music.

R.—I desire to obtain for the information and instruction of those who are interested in the music, taste and culture of our people, the present condition of the art in America, and how it compares with the status in Europe. I have no objection to your arriving at your own conclusions, have, necessarily, been limited. I am inclined to think, however, that music, as an art, is quite unknown to the American public, you will understand, of course, that the great mass of the music here, never moves, never must be—instances of elevated musical taste and sentiment—but generally speaking, I should say art has not yet found a home among you.

R.—Can you not account for this imperfect artistic development upon other grounds, which, if clearly pointed out, may suggest the means of applying a remedy?

RUBENSTEIN.—Yes. In the first place the critics are greatly to blame. It has happened more than once during my present tour, through the medium of the *Times*, that attention has been called to articles in different papers, advising, if not demanding, that "popular music" should be introduced into my programmes. The public naturally look to you gentlemen, to lead them in the right way, in art, but with you music appears not to be an art, but simply an amusement. The "Rubenstein concerts" are nearly always discussed under the denomination of "amusements," in large and attractive letters. Now *art* is not amusement. It is, rightly appreciated and understood, instruction. It is always more or less of the nature of a study, it is the cause and anxieties of our grosser and purely material life, and it is profanation so to regard it. The struggle for wealth is not an elevated phase of the struggle for food, and the food is the highest object of man's aspirations, he is but little higher than the brute.

R.—You have doubtless heard, that, excepting in our larger cities, as New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, the position of "critic" is rarely filled by educated musicians, and the conscious want of knowledge renders them incapable of attending to the real elements of the science, the primary elements of which they have yet to learn. Would not this explain, to some extent at least, the neglect of duty which you wish to explain, but it can hardly be accepted as a sufficient excuse. Any one capable of filling such a position, should at least have an approximately just appreciation of the dignity of art, and may yet not know a single note of music.

R.—The critics are accountable in the first place. What is the cause?

RUBENSTEIN.—The want of opportunities for thorough musical instruction. You have "conservatories" of music—in name, at least—in most of the cities, but in reality, in name, or heard of, is music treated as a science, demanding long, laborious and constant study and application. There is, judging from my observation and information, a fatal lack of the vigorous and thorough instruction necessary to the master of any science, and by which the pupil is led gradually, step by step, stage by stage, to a proper comprehension of the nature of the study, the beauty, the Divinity of art. Your institutions for musical instruction, naturally, if not necessarily, conform to the wishes and taste of those by whom they are supported, and hence, regard music solely as an accomplishment, a superficial knowledge of which is necessary to enable son or daughter to make a creditable appearance in society, naturally, and not necessarily, to be able to play. The superficial "accomplishment" shall be acquired speedily as possible. The consequence is that the patrons of these institutions—for they are not educators—are rarely, if ever, sufficiently grounded in music, but are hurried on to that stage where art is ignored and a fashionable accomplishment is secured. For the most part, you have a multitude of "players," and but few musicians.

R.—The school system, then, you conceive to be equally at fault with the critics?

RUBENSTEIN.—Ah! The schools. That is a question so vast and to-art—so important that I did not care to enter upon it in this conversation. I did not refer to your "schools" by which, as I apprehend, is meant establishments where the rudiments, the primary elements and principles are taught. I referred to institutions, which, from their titles derived, should be prepared to give a complete and thorough instruction obtained in the schools.

R.—Is it, then, in these so called "conservatories" of music only that the completion, the "finish" of a musical education should be sought?

RUBENSTEIN.—Far from it. So far as musical taste and culture is concerned, they are—even when most efficiently conducted—quite unprepared to do more than to prepare one to enter upon the study, and the other fits one for the proper and loftier appreciation and enjoyment of art. R.—What other auxiliary means do you regard as necessary in artistic development, and which our people do not possess?

RUBENSTEIN.—Choral societies, symphony associations, and other kindred organizations, the members of which would naturally become trained, drilled in the interpretation of the particular class of music to which they were devoted, and which would not fail to exercise a beneficial influence upon the taste of the community in which they existed. Another and most important aid in creating, maintaining and developing a pure and elevated musical taste in a community, is the Opera, which, as a permanent local institution, has no existence in America, even in your largest city, New York. All your large cities, in fact, have no opera, but they are supplied with traveling troupes, appearing at irregular and uncertain intervals. The immense benefit of regular and continuous operatic performances is therefore unknown to the American public.

R.—Do you think there is any other cause to which our want of artistic taste or development may be attributed? RUBENSTEIN.—Yes, another, which, if it would, perhaps, have been proper to have mentioned first, as the others I have alluded to would doubtless be speedily modified, if not entirely overcome, by its influence. You are too "earthly" as a people. Large pecuniary rewards follow every kind of exertion so rapidly and so certainly that the long, toilsome and painful apprenticeship which an inexperienced student of her vocation is looked upon with disfavor, and naturally passed by for some profession or vocation less exacting and promising speedier results. Were your wealth less diffused than it is, a much greater number of

people would, in all probability, select music as a profession to be pursued with the same ardor and devotion which now characterizes your students of law, medicine or theology. For the "profession" of music promises at least food and shelter, and the opportunity to have one's name put in the "who's who" of the city. I imagine, that most of the musical talent among you is not native but imported. Other countries, which, in the exclusively material point of view are justly regarded as less favored than America, are yet far more favorable to art growth and development. The necessity for patient and continuous toil and application cannot certainly be waived by the whims of fashion, and, if Americans to apply themselves to art, be more directly attributable to the more practical genius of our people.

RUBENSTEIN.—Possibly. And yet, I think music is a most practical people, and it is in many things music as an art is most generally understood and most devoutly worshipped.

R.—Are there still other causes?

RUBENSTEIN.—There doubtless are, though those we have already considered probably embrace them all, either directly or indirectly. I may add, however, that, usually, to digress into musical politics, the very nature of your institutions and system of government may be unfavorable to art. You are democratic, and in art, the democratic principle is usually as every other form of government, not only Monarchy, it is Despotism.

R.—These being the causes to which you attribute the want of art elevation, you have noticed in America, what do think would be the most direct and effectual remedy or remedies?

RUBENSTEIN.—The enumeration of the causes would, I should think, naturally suggest the remedies. "There are, first," (counting them off on his fingers), "the Press, incapable or negligent of its duty; secondly, the defective mode and available means of musical instruction; and, third, the too general diffusion of wealth among your people. The remedy for the first must be more apparent to you than to me, that for the second, I will venture to suggest, but the third can only be overcome by increasing age and a denser population. To supply the means for musical instruction, I would think that, in our larger cities, like New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston or Chicago, should have a fixed, local and permanent Opera where German, Italian and French Operas should be continually performed. Not in the German, French or Italian language, but in English. Render your people familiar with all these distinctive schools of music, but let them be judged of their own native taste, and let them appreciate the relation of the music to the sentiment, and the precision of the accuracy with which the latter is interpreted. Organize throughout the country, in order to give the people, quartettes, amateur orchestras, symphony associations, or any other combinations or associations by which individual musical taste, talent or capacity may be fostered or united with whatever of talent and culture it may be surrounded, and the aggregate power thus concentrated, cannot fail of a favorable effect upon the artistic instincts and aspirations of the community. Educate your people up to a love of Art for its own sake—if it is not already latent among them; teach them to discern and appreciate the difference between the good and the bad, the mere display of technical skill, and gratification and amusement, and the lofty compositions in which the souls of the great masters of harmony have found expression. This is the last, but not the least, and the true principle of the active and restless vigor so strikingly characteristic of the American people, but even partial or limited success would be a rich reward, were the effort even more protracted than it is likely to be in America.

R.—There was another point upon which I desired to obtain your opinion, though what you have already said may have anticipated it. I wished to know how does the condition in which you find musical art in America compare with its status in Europe.

RUBENSTEIN.—I should think there is no country in Europe, not even England, where music, as an art, is less generally understood and appreciated than anywhere on the Continent, that does not surpass you in this respect. Italy, France, Germany, Austria, Prussia, and the "school" of music, known and recognized throughout the world. All these countries are abundantly provided with all those aids to art, for cultivation and the musical taste of the people, in which you are so signally deficient. You not only have no distinctive "school," but if you have any composers, excepting of ballads and "negro melodies," I am ignorant of their productions. And even your "negro melodies" though they offer a splendid opportunity for the exhibition of your native talent, are woefully defective as regards sentiment. There is no homogeneity, no identity of sentiment and treatment as indicative of the feelings and passions of a peculiar and distinct race. Nor is this their only defect. In other and less important respects, they are defaced by a lamentable want of careful and artistic treatment. The speaker here handed his visitor a book, "Slave Songs of the United States," and said, "You are too 'earthly.' Here, you see, there are no marks whatever as to 'time,' or to indicate whether the music is emotional, dramatic, or heroic. From the artistic point of view, they are so much want of accurate treatment, is culpable if not criminal.

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VOLUME III.

DETROIT, APRIL, 1873.

NUMBER IV.

The Homestead 'Neath the Hill.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

"I remember, I remember
The house where I was born"

It stands before me now,
That Homestead 'neath the hill—
With its old stoop, long and low,
And smoothly-worn door-sill;
With its ancient, sloping roof,
Bleach'd by the summer rains;
The gray moss hanging off—
And the small-cut window-panes—
With its quaintly-fashioned rooms,
Its chimneys deep and wide,
Where the cricket made its home
And the swallow came to hide.

It stands before me now,
So pleasant and serene,
With its leafy poplar bough,
And woodbine waving green;
With the broad, blue stepping stone
Before the open door,
And the morning-glory thrown
In purple beauty o'er—
With the gravel-walk that led
To the neat white garden-gate,
Where the rose and lilac shed
A world of perfume sweet.

It stands before me now,
With its group of children fair;
Father, and mother too,
We, one and all, are there.
Alas! a change has passed
Over that happy hearth,
Our lots are separate cast,
Far from our place of birth!
That Homestead 'neath the hill,
The stranger owns it still,
And it stands before me now,
Only in MEMORY'S glow.

The Choir and the Congregation.

THE arguments in favor of congregational singing are sometimes so presented as to imply an antagonism to the service of a trained choir. Indiscreet allusions are made to "hired singers," "worship by proxy," "operatic performances," and the like, as if the praises of the congregation were simply impossible without the abolition of the choir. Over-zealous advocates inflict serious damage on the song service when they thus assume a conflict of interests between parties who are essential to each other.

A fallacy of these disputants lies in the assumption that a choir must necessarily monopolize the music of the sanctuary, and reduce the congregation to a mass of inactive, perhaps protesting, listeners. A more obvious fallacy consists in taking it for granted that every choir is a band of "hired singers," whose sole business is to "worship by proxy," and contribute to æsthetic gratification by their "operatic performances."

It is much to be regretted that the question of public praise should be thrown into confusion by the injudicious form in which, sometimes, the discussion has been conducted. A practical and dispassionate view of the case would prevent much of the thoughtless error and cheap vitacism with which the subject has too often been treated.

The relation of the choir to the congregation is one of mutual dependence and reciprocity. The two parties are engaged in a common work, each in its own sphere being complementary to the other. Neither of them can befittingly trench on the duty of the other, or take upon itself the service of both. To determine the limits within which each is supreme is to set at rest a gratuitous and mischievous controversy.

Congregational singing is made up by each individual expressing himself in song. The highest type of worship for the individual is the act of the individual himself. No one can perform that act for him. What he does himself affects him as he cannot be affected by a similar act done by another. He may silently assent to a religious truth formulated independently of his own participation; but when he utters it with his own lips, he confirms himself in the possession of that truth. No choir can rightfully deprive the worshiper of this high and profitable privilege.

Congregational singing is the expression of praise in its greatest volume. There is a power in a multitude of voices which is at once peculiar and impressive. There are waterfalls more beautiful than Niagara, but none so overwhelming. The indescribable effect produced by a thousand voices engaged in consonant song can not be secured by any ordinary choir. All dissonances are swallowed up in the tremendous torrent of harmony. Even the cultivated ear gives up for the time its demand for exquisite execution for the sake of that inspiring combination of sound which disarms criticism, and carries the unresisting soul on the tide of congregational praise. No performance of a skilled choir, however faultlessly rendered, can serve as a substitute for the mighty volume of song which is poured forth from a large body of devout worshipers.

On the other hand, the praises of a congregation are most effectively rendered when they are directed by a disciplined choir. All experience goes to show that the singing of a religious assembly is best conducted under the leadership of a few trained voices. An organist alone finds himself in helpless subjection to the multitude whom he is attempting to lead. A precentor can do little more than strike a phrase or two in the beginning, and then suffer himself to be ingulfed in the billows that overpower him. Little knots of singers, catching their time from the strongest voice in their locality, will follow their respective leaders, while Asaph bellows and gesticulates in vain to bring these different groups into anything like concerted utterance. A good, strong choir, sufficiently commanding to hold these asteroid sections in the prescribed orbit, is a necessity, in order to secure the highest and best effect of congregational singing.

Then, a choir is needed for forms of musical service beyond the ability of any congregation. There are times when the greatest benefit that can be con-

ferred on a man is to make him passive, while some one else enters into his consciousness and interprets his wants as he himself would find it impossible to do. Thus it is that the minister, gathering up the experience of his congregation, gives vocal form to that experience when he leads the congregation in public prayer. As the heart of the silent worshiper is moved by the faithful reflection of his inner life in the petitions of the pulpit, so he is affected by a reverent listening to the voice of sacred song in the choir. In both cases, the conscious need of his own soul is set before him more effectively than would be possible if he were to attempt to express it himself. This is one of the solemn offices of a choir—to give musical utterance to the faith and experience of the congregation, and do it in such form and manner as that, if not so done, it must necessarily remain unperformed.

There is no contrariety of interests, therefore, between the choir and the congregation. Let the choir faithfully fulfill its function of leading the praises of the congregation in their richest and freest volume, and let the congregation gratefully acknowledge the service of the choir in those more complete forms of musical expression which no congregation can ever construct for itself.—*N. Y. Musical Gazette.*

Musical Criticism.

If there is any one thing in which Western papers excel it is musical criticism. The *Lexington (Mo.) Quincian* has a critic who thoroughly understands how to treat the most finished writings of the composers. This is the way in which he lays them out: "Knowest thou the fair land," which, whether thou dost or not, is an exquisite soprano solo from the opera of 'Mignon.' Our 'Little Darling,' a snub-nosed, paregoric cherub, a red-faced and bald-headed castip angel, done up in song and chorus. 'The Last Words,' a gizzard-squashingly sentimental ballad, guaranteed to draw tears from the eyes of a potato. 'No Letter for Me,' which, when every epistle is a hushery or washery bill in disguise, is a decidedly agreeable situation, bemoaned in a solo and duet. 'Good-by Eva Darling,' a prolonged grunt, set to slow and tender music, in the form of a solitary and gregarious wail."

AN OSWEGO BOY'S ESTIMATION OF RUDERSDORFF.

—This is the way in which Rudersdorff struck an Oswego youth: "To tell you how she sung would be impossible, but if one may compare an object of sight to one of sound, would say that her voice is like a rocket, which, from the first bursts upon the sight with a magnificence that claims undivided attention, and in an instant carries your attention from earth to heaven, where it bursts into 10,000 orbs of glory that scintillate, each a gem upon the blue empyrean, but burn each with a varied hue of beauty that at once distracts and commands attention, until they burst into a fleecy trail of stars that float down the vaulted sky, softly and slowly, until the earth seems overarched by a lacework of fire, that droops earthward as it falls, growing thinner, finer, until the last expiring breath or sigh is lost in the evening air."

"Oratory and Music."

This science (for this matter is reduced to a science—science being an art acquired by precepts), is a very interesting and important one and much neglected. Half of us think we have "no music in our souls," and are as bad readers as the amiable bride in the "Day after the Wedding." And as for oratory, there is scarcely one in fifty thousand who can speak an address with rhetorical accuracy; and there is not one in ten of our habitual public speakers who delivers himself tolerably, or even sensibly. Many devout persons of a Christian congregation are oftentimes led into an entire misconception of the meaning of scripture by the preacher's bad reading; and we have heard the most beautiful passages of an author innocently transformed into a ridiculous caricature by persons, who, although they may have studied Murray's Grammar and Blair's Rhetoric, seem never to have once remembered practically that there was such an *art* as speaking correctly in existence. Now, the principles by which correct elocution and even music may be acquired, form a science as definite and certain as geometry. Some persons who like to hear music, suppose they have no natural talent to make musicians, and therefore forego all trial. Now this is a mistake. Every body may learn to sing, whose natural vocal machinery is not defective. To make an Arabian, a Wood, or even a Horn, or a Russell, will require, we must admit, beyond an acquisition of the scientific principles, considerable genius, or what the Yankees call "knack." This inspiration all cannot feel in an equal degree, nor can all participate equally in the partialities of nature. The science, nevertheless, can be acquired, by steps as clear and well defined as the grades of a stair-case, though not so easy of ascent. And when one arrives at the top, if he shall not possess the intense enthusiasm of a Paganini, yet he will be able to make as much music as is necessary for ordinary purposes, although he may not be able to pull up the trees by the roots as Orpheus did, or make fish follow him as did Arion, or make floating islands dance as Agrippa says they did in Lydia. Nevertheless, she will be able to make enough of it to feel that *musica est mentis medicina mœsta*, and that, says an ancient author, is "the excellent power music hath."

Mario.

How many great singers of the other sex have been rivals and successors, and challenged together or in turn the admiration of the world of London, while Mario ruled, not merely supreme, but almost alone? Giulia Grisi, with the beauty and the symmetry of an unique statue, with her sweet voice and the unsurpassed splendor of her dramatic genius; Jenny Lind, the most popular and successful, if not the greatest singer to whom the world ever listened, and who quitted the field magnanimously and wisely while yet in her prime; Viardot, with thrilling power and passion; Bosio, that bright light of the dramatic scene, who so suddenly and suddenly extinguished; the bold brilliancy of Crivelli; the vivid force of Piccolomini; Patti's exquisite purity and sweetness; Lucca's energy of dramatic expression; the noble, classic dignity and grandeur of Tietjens; the sympathetic tenderness of Nilsson—these are only some of the names and gifts which will spring at once to every recollection, as we think over the years of Mario's career. But during all that time how many great tenors have crossed the stage whereon he appeared! On a small scrap of paper one might write down all the names; and it is not too much to say that not one could claim to be in the union of the lyrical and the dramatic qualities, the rival of Mario.—*Watson's Art Journal*.

Musical Sensibility of Poets.

•Poets who have been masters of the melody of words have often been destitute, or nearly destitute, of musical sensibility. Chaucer says right out that he had, at any rate, no skill in music, and he leaves us to infer, that he did not care for it. Goethe was, we believe, "no great shakes" at it. Wordsworth and Scott belong to a similar, or even a lower category, and strong living instances might be given. Now, some of Scott's songs are exquisitely musical (e. g., "Proud Maisie" and "County Guy;") and Wordsworth, though often a lumbering fellow, can be finely musical, too. On the other hand, there is Shakespeare, and then again Milton, and later on Shelley and Leigh Hunt. Lander writes of "Paradise Lost" that it contains more music than has ever been heard on earth since the angels sang over it at the creation. Of all critics, Leigh Hunt has shown the most acute sense of the music of verse. And then it is curious that Shelley, intensely musical as his

verse often is, very rarely writes singable lines. At the first glance, the facts just thrown together in a heap make an odd jumble, and we cannot now try to assort them. But we might go on picking up odd things forever. There is, for example, a species of musical sensibility (we have intimate personal knowledge of such cases) which constitute the possessor of a good judge of music, and that, strange to say, in proportion to its fullness of harmony, and which makes the possessor susceptible of musical emotions; and yet it is a sensibility that carries with it no attitude for recognizing melodies; or even "learning" music.—*St. Paul's Magazine*.

In Behalf of Song-Writers.

There is no word in our language that describes one of the most common offenses of our day. We allude to the wrong done to the writers of song, and especially to hymnologists, in the mutilation of the text of their compositions. The departed who left us such a grand legacy of sacred poetry, will be almost wholly unknown to the next generation, so much have the gems they wrought for us been changed and retouched by modern compilers. We hold that no man has the right to take the work of another and remodeling it after his own fashion, to publish it to the world with no hint of the change it has met at his hand. Even if he could improve it, he ought not thus to tamper with finished work. If he does not like it, let him make one that suits him, but leave the product of another's genius as it was given by him to the world.

To such an extent has this alteration of sacred poetry been carried, that only a careful reader will enable any one now living to quote correctly the originals of Watts, Cowper, Wesley, or the other great contributors to the volume of sacred song. The "Church Psalmody" compiled many years ago, by a committee of New-England Congregationalists, made the most slashing work in this direction, but many more modern compilers are almost as culpable. A day or two since we took up a little volume of "Song Life," published by a leading New York house, and opening it at random in two places, found at each a specimen of this vandalism. One was a beautiful hymn by the late Dr. Bethune, adapted to a piece of music it did not fit, and eked out with a chorus of limping verse. The other was a May-Day song, written twenty-five years ago for a floral celebration in Philadelphia, and sung by twenty-five thousand Sunday-school children in the largest public square. Each child had a basket of flowers, and they sang:

"We gather, we gather, dear Jesus, to bring
The breathings of love, 'mid the blossoms of spring."

This too was altered, and finished with a hallelujah chorus. We laid down the book in disgust, and only wished that the compiler had not such reputable company in this disgraceful work, and could be made to stand in the public pillory until his cheeks crimson with shame. These are but specimens of a practice that is becoming more general every year. It is time that this was stopped by a process at once summary and effectual, and we beg of all who have the true spirit of literary fellowship, to lend to the reformation their strongest aid.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce*.

The Eloquence of Motion.

Every one has read of action, action, action, of Demosthenes, and of what a variety of emotions and passions Rhetoric could express by mere gestures; let it not be supposed, however, that such perfect performances of art belonged to the ancients only. The following anecdote of Wm. C. Preston is illustrative of our remarks:

Some years ago, among a thousand of others, we were listening to one of his splendid harangues from the stump. Beside us was one, as deaf as a post, in breathless attention, catching, apparently, every word that fell from the orator's lips. Now the tears of delight would roll down his cheeks, and now in an unexpressed ecstasy he would shout out applause, which have been mistaken for the noise of a small thunder storm. At length Preston launched out one of those passages of massive declamation, which those who have heard him know him to be so capable of uttering. In magnificent splendor it was what Byron has described the mountain-storms of Jura. Its effects on the multitude was like a whirlwind. Our deaf friend could contain himself no longer; but bawling into our ear, as if he would blow it open with a tempest.

"Who's that speaking?" cried he.

"Wm. C. Preston!" replied we, as loud as our lungs would let us.

"Who?" enquired he, still louder than before.

"Wm. C. Preston, of South Carolina," replied we, almost splitting our throat in the effort.

"Well! well!" returned he, "I can't hear a darn word he or you are saying, but great Jericho, don't he do the motions splendid!"

Moral Courage in Every-Day Life.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind, when it is necessary that you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to own you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to "cut" the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced that he lacks principle. A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his *vices*.

Have the courage to show your respect, for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to wear thick boots in winter, and insist upon your wife and daughters doing the same.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion, in all things.

Germany not the Paradise of Musicians.

Germany, though a musical land, is far from being, as is commonly supposed, the paradise of musicians. Mozart struggled all his life with difficulties, and was obliged to toil incessantly, not for fame, but for his daily bread. His widow was saved from destitution by her second marriage with a respectable man, who became, too, a father to her dead husband's children. His sister, the celebrated girl who shared the triumphs of his childhood, and whose name is forever associated with his memory, died a few years ago, in old age, and in such extreme penury that she was actually supported by charity. Beethoven lived unpatronized by the great and neglected by the public, barely able to subsist by a life of labor and parsimony, unknown and unheeded among his countrymen, even while his name was resounding through Europe; and all because his transcendent genius was unaccompanied by the suppleness of the courtier and the arts of the man of the world. Let our musicians think a little on these things before they join the common cry against their own country, and repine that "their lot was not cast in the pleasant places" of Germany.

Psalms Singing During the Siege of York, in 1644.

The following quaint account of congregational psalm singing at York, during the rebellion in 1644, is given by Master Mace in his Music's Monument:

"Most certain am I, that to myself, it was the most harmonical music that ever I heard, and infinitely beyond all verbal expression, or conceiving. Abundance of people of the best rank and quality being shut up in the city, also soldiers and citizens, most of whom attended at church every Sunday; the number was so exceeding great, that the church was, as I may say, even *cramming* and *squeezing* full. Now, here you must take notice, that they had then a custom in that church (which I hear not of in any other cathedral, which was) that always before the sermon, the whole congregation sang a psalm together, with the quire and the organ, and you must also know, that there was then a most excellent, large, plump, lusty, full speaking organ, which cost a thousand pounds. This organ, I say, being let out into all the fullness of its stops, together with the quire, began the psalm. But when the vast conchording unity of the whole congregational chorus came, as I may say, *thundering* in, even so, as it made the very ground shake under us; O! the unutterable ravishing soul's delight, in which I was so transported and wrapt up into high contemplation, that there was no room left in my whole man, viz.—body and spirit, for anything below divine and heavenly raptures."

Correspondence.

Letter from Boston.

MUSIC, PAST, PRESENT AND TO COME—CHAMBER CONCERTS BY THE WHOLESALE—THE COLLEGE OF MUSIC—MR. PECK'S ANNUAL CONCERT—THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY'S PILGRIMAGE—THEATRICAL MATTERS—MAGGIE MITCHELL—JANAUSCHECK, ETC.

Boston, March 20, 1873.

A complete record of the musical doings of the past month would show a considerable amount of activity in a small way, for aside from one or two benefit entertainments and the regular Harvard series, there has been little except chamber concerts, and these have been plenty enough. As for the Harvard Concerts, they seem to get drier and mustier every year, and the cutting down of the orchestra has also had a depressing effect. For a time after Theodore Thomas began his regular visits to our city, the Harvard management seemed to be actuated by some degree of enterprise, but matters have dropped into their old groove again. The eighth and last concert but two of the Harvard course came off on the 13th.

The College of Music, founded by the Boston University has begun operations under promising auspices, and the friends of the art have reason to expect the best of results. The institution is not a college in name merely, but one in fact, where an university course of study is imposed under competent professors. The list of students is not yet numerous, but an excellent beginning has been made and the institution is sure to increase its sphere of usefulness.

The new musical organization known as the Boylston Club gave another public rehearsal on the 7th under the direction of Mr. Joseph B. Sharland. A large and fashionable audience was gathered on the occasion, and the singing won great admiration.

The Boston chorus had a public rehearsal under Mr. Carl Zerrahn, on the 12th. The singing was excellent.

Mrs. L. B. Meston, formerly a singer of considerable local reputation, was the recipient of a benefit concert at Music Hall on the 1st inst., and a concert was given on the 12th, at the Tremont Temple, in aid of injured firemen, and the families of deceased firemen. Both entertainments were well attended.

The New England Conservatory of Music has given, as usual, a succession of choice concerts, including organ recitals, at Conservatory Hall, and classical matinees at Wesleyan Hall. At a concert on the 18th, Mrs. J. F. West, Mr. W. J. Winch, Mr. B. D. Allen and other artists appeared.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club brought their series of Saturday evening concerts to a close on the 8th, when Mrs. Anna Granger Dow, Mr. G. W. Sumner and Mr. Alexander Heindl, aided the club in the presentation of an excellent programme. Mr. B. J. Lang and Mr. Charles R. Hayden, assisted on the 1st.

A series of concerts was opened at the new and elegant Odd Fellows' Hall, on the evening of the 10th. Several New York vocalists and instrumentalists appearing on the occasion, and Mr. Sidney Marlowe read extended extracts from "Richelieu." But for the creditable singing of Madame de Ryther, the whole affair would have been a fizzle.

Mr. B. J. Lang is giving a series of Thursday afternoon concerts at Mechanics' Hall. The first of the series took place on the 6th, and the second followed to-day, when, in despite of a driving snow storm, there was a splendid house. Mr. Lang was assisted by Otto Dresel, Mr. R. Hennig and members of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. At the third concert, April 3, Miss Therese Liebe, the violinist, and Mr. Hugo Leonhard will appear. A sonata for piano and violin by Schumann, a piano

forte concerto, by Mozart; a rondo for two piano fortes, by Chopin; and piano-forte solos, by Beethoven, will constitute the programme.

Miss Anna Mehlig is giving a course of three matinees at Mechanics' Hall, aided by Mr. Nelson Varley and Miss Anna Starbird. The latter is a young lady of Portland, who has recently returned from her musical studies in Italy. She makes her first appearance in Boston since her return at to-morrow's concert. Miss Mehlig is a great favorite in Boston, and her present series of concerts is attracting great attention.

Mr. Carlyle Petersilea gave a piano-forte recital at the Meisano on the 6th, performing selections from Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Thalberg.

The colored "Jubilee Singers," from Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., have given some half a dozen, or more, concerts here lately, with great success, and they are to receive a testimonial benefit on the 26th, from leading citizens. They will make their last appearance, on this occasion, previous to their departure for Europe.

The Orpheus Musical Society have tendered a complimentary benefit concert to their old director, Mr. August Kreissman, who for some time past has been suffering from severe illness. The entertainment will take place at Music Hall on the 29th inst., and the Harvard Symphony Orchestra, the Orpheus Musical Society, the Boylston Club, Mr. Nelson Varley and other prominent artists have volunteered their services.

The annual benefit concert of Mr. A. P. Peck, who is well known to the musical public through his long connection with the business management of Music Hall, and as an enterprising concert manager, comes off on the 9th of April. It will be one of the greatest musical events of the season. Theodore Thomas's full Orchestra, Rubenstein, Wieniawski, Miss Annie Louise Cary and Mr. Nelson Varley are to appear upon the same evening.

Mr. Ernst Perabo is to give two matinees at Wesleyan Hall March 28th and April 11th. Messrs. R. Hennig and Wulf Fries are to assist Mr. Hennig at the first, and Mr. Fries at the second concert.

The Beethoven Quintette Club are to give a series of Chamber concerts in April and May, assisted by Mr. Perabo, Mr. Parker, Mrs. Dow and other artists.

Mlle. Aimee, and her Opera Bouffe Company, are to commence a two week's engagement at the Globe Theater on the 31st inst.

The Handel and Haydn Society are busily engaged in preparing for their forthcoming visit to New York. They are to assist in a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, and will also sing "Elijah," "Judas Maccabæus," and a portion of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* Music.

Dr. Tourjee left Boston on the 13th, on a lecturing tour through the West. He will return in about a month, after giving some of our western friends his ideas upon music as an element of worship.

The Orpheus Musical Society have secured new and enlarged quarters at Lawrence Hall, in the old Odd Fellows' Building, Washington street.

The theaters are doing a splendid business. Miss Maggie Mitchell, who is an immense favorite in Boston, has been playing "Jane Eyre" and "Fanchon" to overflowing houses at the Boston Theater, and Madame Janauscheck is playing a very successful engagement at the Globe Theater.

RANGER.

Our letter from Wooster, O., came to hand too late for our present issue. We must have our correspondence on or before the 20th, else they will fail of insertion when intended. We frankly express our regret, for it would have afforded us pleasure to have favored our correspondent with the insertion of his interesting letter.—Ed. Song Journal.

Our Letter from New York.

NEW YORK, March 15, 1873.

To the Editor of the Song Journal:

"Humpty Dumpty" continues at the Olympic to fair houses. It is now going through its thousandth-and-something performance. It and its author, Geo. L. Fox, seem destined to meet with perennial favor. Everybody, on entering the theater, assumes a broad grin, nor leaves it off until he leaves the theater. Fox is clever, a good mimic, and a perfect "face" contortionist. He is well supported. There are several popular variety features introduced into it, as into most all pantomimes and "show pieces" now-a-days, which, for the sake of pure art and the true drama, I should like to see suppressed. If pantomime is worth anything at all, it ought to stand on its own merits.

The critics have handled Mr. Florence's "Obenreizer," in "No Thoroughfare," at Booth's, very severely, but, as usual, have divided and taken opposite sides. Some say he is a splendid portrayal of character, and others say that this is precisely where he is lacking. I will leave them to fight it out on that line, and merely add *en passant*, that Boucicault's new play, "Daddy O'Dowd," of which there are great expectations, and which (it is said) is going to regenerate the drama, will be brought out at Booth's on Monday night. Mr. Boucicault has two other plays on hand. He is indefatigable as an actor and as a dramatist. He also contemplates entering on a managerial career, in addition to his other labors and duties, and is casting about for a favorable site. It is said that he will try to take the Lyceum off Mr. Fechter's hands.

Owing to some misunderstanding between Mr. Fechter and Mr. Duncan, the banker, the Lyceum, which has been announced regularly for the past three months to "open in a few days," is not yet open, and the public look on indifferently. Poor Fechter, I'm afraid he won't succeed as a manager. He has not succeeded as an actor here, in anything except melodrama, in which he unquestionably has no superior on this side of the water, because of his defective pronunciation of English, which makes many of his passages unintelligible. He is getting too stout for love parts, and is losing caste with the ladies, who used to dote on him. I wish him God-speed, though, for the efforts of such men to establish a first-class theater, where nothing but the purest plays, chiefly melodramas, will be produced, and will be interpreted by excellent actors, tend ultimately, even though the efforts and ventures may be attended with direct pecuniary loss to the parties concerned, to elevate and refine the drama, and you may judge how much the drama in New York, and it is the same in other large cities, needs reforming and refining, when you read on and see how much trash there is produced nightly in this city.

"Alxlie" is a success at the Fifth Avenue—Daly makes everything pay, by the by—and so is Miss Clara Morris, though neither deserve to be, in about the same proportion. Lewis, who takes the part of a French marquis, supposed to be a gentleman, acts like a clown, or the English tourist of the modern drama. Most impossible scenes occur in the drawing room, things which couldn't happen that way in real life, and everything is very much mixed up. To crown all Alxlie is brought in a corpse. Very different opinions are entertained by persons who have witnessed the play, as to why she commits suicide, the reason for which act on her part the author does not make clear. Other persons blame her, too, for having such a melancholy end, and others for stepping in, as it must seem to the audience, in the middle of the plot, and nipping events in the bud, leaving persons in a very unsatisfactory frame of mind as to what would happen if the play were to continue.

E. T. Stetson is playing in "Neck and Neck," at Wood's Museum, in the evening, and Bartley, in "The Devil's Craig," advertised as a "quiet family

piece," in the afternoon. This theater has become the haven and the rendezvous of broken down or "young and promising" actors, who come there to get up a metropolitan reputation for the country. It is the only place in the city where actors of doubtful reputation, or unknown to fame, can always find a stage whereon to exercise their "histrionic powers," and they can do so even after they have been refused at other theaters. The museum department of this theater is a "snare and a delusion." Wood's Museum is also a great place for melodrama and sensation, a good many of which it fathers. It has a literary hack to do the literary part of it.

"The Canteleine," after a long and successful run, has given place, at the Union Square theater, to "A Business Woman," by Olive Logan. It is a very poor attempt at combining farce, comedy and melodrama. It is devoid of all interest, the characters stalk in and out, without any obvious purpose. It may be safely said that on the whole the production is too weak to run.

"David Garrick" is in the height of a prosperous career at Wallack's. Sothorn, no doubt, has immense versatility, and can act in both tragedy and comedy well. But his forte is comedy, and his only character is "Lord Dunderbary." That sticks to him in whatever he does; he can't disguise his voice. This is painfully apparent in his "Brother Sam," which in mannerism, articulation, and other essential particulars, is but a repetition of Lord Dunderbary. This is perceptible even in David Garrick, where in certain passages he lapses into comedy, though in the other portions it is lost sight of. Mr. Sothorn is ably supported by John Gilbert, D. J. B. Polk, and by Mrs. Rogers, whose part of the daughter of old "Ingot," the heroine of the piece, with whom Garrick falls in love, is excellently rendered, with great feeling and good judgment.

"Leo and Lotus," with the addition of a few variety features, of no particular interest or attraction, is keeping the boards at Niblo's. The additions are "The Rocky Mountain Wonders," athletes, "Signor Sparate, the Man Ape," and the "Siegrist Family." Some new music has also been injected into it, which enlivens it somewhat more.

On Tuesday evening, March 18, Marshall's "False Shame," a brilliant London comedy, first brought out last season, was produced at the New Fifth Avenue Theater, and will alternate with "Alixé." "Divorce" will soon be produced. After that we will have one of Mr. Daly's own "fearfully and wonderfully made" plays.

At the Grand Opera House, "Roughing It," dished up by Mr. Daly from a mass of contemporary events and incorporating some of Mark Twain's Rocky Mountain experience, in order, I presume, to make the *amende honorable*, for taking its name from Twain's book, Roughing It. Though the play seems to run very well, yet it cannot be called successful. Its plot is too incongruous, the acting is not good, and it may be said to consist merely of a series of tableaux, not very interesting at that. A great novelty has been for some time in preparation, and will be brought out on Monday next. This is Sardon's "Uncle Sam," the play the production of which was interdicted at Paris, because it contained allusions and representations severely reflecting on the American nation, and violating the principles of international courtesy. It is to be hoped that Mr. Daly will not tone down the objectionable passages, so that we may have the text in all its original purity, or impurity. Everybody is on the *qui vive* for it.

The Lenten season of the Italian Opera has so far been "stale, flat and unprofitable," at least artistically. Pecuniarily, Italian operas always pay here, even if unworthy of patronage. Madame Lucca and Miss Kellogg have sustained the burden of the work, and have carried off all the honors. The tenors do not seem to meet with favor, and the chorus is not as good as it might be. This week "Mignon" and the "Nozze de Figaro" were produced. Madame Lucca

in "Mignon" does not equal Nilsson, though of course she acts the part acceptably. She left out one of the prettiest "arias" out of caprice, and she did the same in "L'Africaine." She is full of caprices, like all great prima donnas. Miss Kellogg sings well, but her acting is stiff and constrained. Her best part is "Susannah."

We have had a spell of reading. Chas. Roberts, Jr., led off with selections from the poets, at Steinway Hall, last Saturday night, and he will be followed on Monday night by Miss Charlotte Cushman, the eminent tragedienne. This will be a treat to all lovers of good reading and good literature, for the selections are always carefully made.

The colored students from Hampton, Va., following in the path of the Jubilee Singers from Nashville, Tenn., who sang recently in Beecher's Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, gave a concert the other evening at Steinway Hall, besides the one they gave in Dr. Adams' church recently. Their melody is sweet, sad, very peculiar, and very guttural. There are seventeen singers in all, seven females and ten males. The proceeds of the concerts are to be used in completing the construction of a school house at Hampton, Va. Their plantation melodies are the best in their repertoire, because rendered so naturally and being so fresh and novel.

At the Bowery Theater the "Waifs of New York" is running, preceded by the comedy of "A Creature of Impulse."

Tony Pastor's Variety Theater offers nothing new or attractive.

On Thursday and Friday evenings, March 18 and 14, "Kerry" and "Arrah Na Pogue," and on Saturday evening, March 15, "Kerry" and the "Colleen Bawn" were produced at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, with Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault in the leading characters. Next Monday Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault act in Daddy O'Dowd, at Booth's theatre.

The Theatre Comique has taken a stand now as a variety theater of the better class, and gives a very varied, and, in some respects, interesting olio.

The Minstrels offer nothing new.

There is a proposition on foot to build a theater, for Parepa-Rosa, and have English Opera permanently located here. But I think the scheme must fall through. We are not ready for English opera yet.

Our Chicago Letter.

CHICAGO, March 20, 1873.

You have seen and heard Lucca and Kellogg. So have we. You think that you were not permitted to witness Italian opera, nevertheless, as presented in Boston and New York. I judge that the *ensemble* in Detroit was poor, despite the expansive Opera House stage, and the pleasant acoustics of that handsome edifice. Here the two weeks season was performed in McVicker's theatre, the best academy of music we can boast, and one of the most difficult public halls in the country to sing in. Lucca inquired how Wachtel had sung in Wood's Museum, a little west-side barn. "Abominably," was the reply, "he sang all the time too loud." "Vell," rejoined Pauline, "I tell you. If he had sung in Mr. McVicker's zeater you would not say zat. Vor dere," with a melancholy shake of the head, "he could not zing zo you vood hear him."

There were several inside chapters of opera management in this city which will scandalize the public, accustomed as they are to nothing but charming prima donnas, applause and stage management with the curtain up. I must write them, however, as a faithful correspondent, and before beginning to do so, am bound to remark that neither Lucca nor Kellogg is in the slightest degree responsible for either.

And yet the relations between these two ladies constitute chapter the first. When I say that Lucca is prudent, generous and conscientious, I have sum-

med her whole character. She is the antipodes of Nilsson. The latter lives in a world of excitement and admiration, of which she is the dazzling sun. I do not believe that any man ever stood in the presence of Christine Nilsson without being blinded and fascinated by her. She will never abandon the stage while her voice remains, and its texture and her careful habits of vocalization are certain to preserve it for many years. She is fond of money, less because it is money than because it is the monument of her success. Nilsson is aerial, never happy except when in clouds of excitement, even when off the stage, herself as engrossed with recreation and flattery as they who furnish the one and shower the other; a diplomat of the first rank, an irresistible coquette; a woman less beautiful than magnetic, less intellectual than inspiring; a purely phenomenal character; a rocket that will never go to the earth while a spark of life remains to keep it in the heavens.

Of all this Pauline Lucca is precisely the reverse. She would rather have a kiss from her little daughter, two years old, and now in New York, with its grand-parents, than the huzzas of the most brilliant audience ever assembled. She would rather sit in her pretty house, with her father, mother and husband, chatting before the crackling logs on the hearthstone, than step before a curtain to receive a diamond necklace from an emperor. Nilsson is an artiste by nature, so is Lucca; but Nilsson is never anything but an artiste, and Lucca is the artiste only when she cannot be the simple woman. Nilsson is in love with the stage and with public life. Lucca hates both, with all the bitterness of a gentle soul, and affirms her positive intention to retire from it in another year, having, by that time, made money enough for the whole future. "I do not want much money," said she, "only vat is necessary."

But with her, as with Nilsson, "necessary" includes something beyond puritanic comfort. She is thoroughly domestic, and her love of home is to be accounted for easily enough. She is German and Catholic. That absurd story about her going to early mass every week morning, in New York, must have been written by some one who does not know either that an "early mass" takes place at five, six or seven a. m., when prima donnas are in lands without audiences, or that Lucca does not raise the curtains of her liquid gray eyes, brimming over with *esprit*, before ten o'clock. She goes to a low mass on Sunday; never, under any circumstances, to a high mass. The reason can be found by enquiring at the organ loft. On her visit to the convent of the Sacred Heart, in this city, she asked to be taken to the chapel, and placed in the stall where Nilsson sat during her stay here, two years ago. On reaching it she knelt, blessed herself in simple Catholic fashion, and prayed for a few minutes in unusual abstraction. Her admiration of Nilsson's genius and regard for her as a woman is very great, and she expresses both with a freedom that must be pronounced extraordinary, for if there be any class of people on earth incapable of generosity toward each other, it is musicians. This trait in Lucca's character was aptly illustrated by an autograph book. She looked over successive pages until she came to the one on which Nilsson had inscribed with her name the first strain of Gounod's *Ave Maria*. Lucca seized the pen, saying with unaffected pleasure, "Oh, I will write here, just below Nilsson," and she wrote, "My home is my heaven. Pauline Lucca." Such an instance of professional generosity, and of elevated womanly friendship on the part of one of three greatest living singers to another of the three, steals upon us like a refreshing shower in August. It is probably well, as Shakespeare wrote "that two stars cannot have their motion in one sphere." And it is a managerial fact that Lucca and Nilsson cannot sing on the same continent, on account of the mercurial public and the managers' pockets; but it is a fact far more important, that

one great artist is able to lose personality in nobility, and to forget herself in her admiration for genius no less great than her own. I thought Lucca's *Marguerite* an impersonation great from first to last, at intervals little less than sublime, but the placing of her name below that of Nilsson was a greatness of humility far exceeding the most splendid display of talent, the most luxurious outpouring of a divine voice. Adelina Patti, she thinks, the greatest singer, her organ being purely phenomenal; but her manner is cold, and Nilsson is the greater actress.

All of which is not the first chapter of revelations to which I alluded. Kellogg has the misfortune to be a *petite* Nilsson. It is a great misfortune. For to be a Nilsson in ambition, and in self delight, requires no less than a Nilsson voice, Nilsson temperament and a French education. Kellogg has these not. She appreciates one of them, however, if it be true, as told, that she once said in a fit of petulance, to an amiable artist, "It is my crime to have been born well, and in America. Had I only been born in an Italian pig sty I would be a great singer." Although this remark was made to a *prima donna* whose father was an Italian, it was listened to without impatience. But the reply had a dart in it. Said she, "May be, Miss Kellogg, the sky, the climate, the habits of Italy *might* have made you a great singer." And Kellogg is really a very good singer, a pure, facile utterer of musical tones, that fall from her throat with fine mechanical polish, and, if thin in quantity, are very sweet and very pretty. It is not voice that an American *prima donna* lacks, it is soul. It is this which caused somebody to say that she sang "Home sweet Home," as if she lived in a hotel. But she sings with exceeding purity and unvarying sweetness. And I do not believe the New York critic, whose review of "Mignon" at the New York Academy of Music the other night I have just read, who says that as *Filina*, Kellogg sang a trill a half tone false. But an American *prima donna* seems incapable of realizing that when on the operatic stage she is not to be Clara Louise Kellogg. She seems to imagine that the leading role of each opera which she sings is "Clara Louise," instead of *Leonora*, or *Linda*, or *Suzanna*, or *Filina*. In a word, she never forgets herself and becomes the part she plays. This is why she fails upon the opera stage. It is very unpleasant to write thus of a home production, but I am not a protectionist in art any more than in tariff, and know of no reason why I should imagine myself the American Eagle and go to flopping my wings and crowing over something that is not first-class, just because it is Yankee.

It happened that on all the Lucia nights of the first week that the houses were immense, and on all the Kellogg nights of the first week, the houses were wretched. There were two reasons for this. First, the prices. Common mortals less rich than Tweed or the Khedive, and owning no *Credit Mobilier* stock, could not go more than once. Secondly, being able to go just once, they naturally went on a Lucia night. So *vanitas femina* became feverish. Because one of the newspapers presumed to ask Miss Kellogg to play her role instead of being simply herself, a "friend" of hers proceeded to inform the editor that his critic was unjust, malicious, etc., and when Jarrett and Maretzek had their quarrel—chapter two of the lamentations of Jeremiah. Maretzek told Lucca that Jarrett had "arranged with" the same critic to "write down" Kellogg. As if it were necessary to write down what has never been up, but if Mr. Jarrett had attempted to "arrange" anything of the sort, the only reason why an indensation might not be found upon the adiposity of Mr. Jarrett, impressed by the toe of the writer's boot is because—because—the writer in question cannot kick.

Yet, Gail Hamilton has considerable faith in the kick if properly administered, like American citizenship, without regard to race, sex, or previous condition of servitude.

But Jarrett never offered any consideration for the writing down of Kellogg. If he exerted any influence at all, it would be to the writing up of Kellogg; because Jarrett has an interest in the receipts, and the better the Kellogg nights, the better off Jarrett.

But, unhappily, the lack of audiences on the Kellogg nights, made a Kellogg clique, and while nothing was put in print derogatory to Lucca, for there is not a paper in Chicago which would tolerate such nonsense, the fashionable beaux and mesdames (not the belles), got up corners on applause, and baskets of flowers for Kellogg, the nights she and Lucca sang together. But everything failed, and although Kellogg is a sweet and correct singer, and capable of imparting genuine tone pleasure, the receipts on her nights fell down to \$900. The best Lucia night they were above \$6,000. She will not be in the troupe next season, Ilma de Murska taking her place. I believe, nevertheless, that if she would devote herself honestly to the study of natural abandonment to art, to self-forgetting in the realization of a role, there is yet a bright future for her on the opera stage.

This brings me to the second chapter, and time warns me to be brief. Jarrett is Lucca's private manager, Maretzek is the musical director of the troupe. The proprietor thereof, who guarantees the salaries, etc., is a German merchant of New York, named Cohn. Maretzek aggravated Lucca sorely in Philadelphia, by various acts of bad management. In fact, so severely that he had reason to suspect that she would suggest to Mr. Cohn the propriety of engaging a new director. In Chicago everything went well on the nights when Max presided over the orchestra. One night in the second week he did not, but deputed the task to the person who conducted on the Kellogg nights. The result was a message from Lucca to Maretzek the following morning whose contents set that fiery gentleman ablaze. He attacked Jarrett in the hotel with wordy violence, and if Jarrett were not a cool Saxon there might have been a personal encounter. The next night Max poured all his woe into the ears of the *Tribune* musical editor, who spread it all out very palatably the next morning. The *Post* had already in type an extended interview with Jarrett on the cost of opera; but it did not hesitate to make him, just for the sake of fairness, give "the other side" of all that Max had caused to be printed in the *Tribune*. The result was that both gentlemen flew on the wings of the first through locomotive to New York, before the last matinee of the season was over to complete their joust at the Cohn tribunal. Maretzek to complain of Jarrett's "meddling," Jarrett to have a talk about a new musical director. The New York press took up the *Post* articles and the firing on both sides was continued for some time. The company sang in Milwaukee and Detroit without either gentlemen.

Probably no change will be made in the troupe before the beginning of the autumn season. They will be back in Chicago in May.

Musical Convention at Paw Paw.

PAW PAW, March 3, 1873.

A ten days' session, under the direction of Professor S. W. Straub, of Chicago, terminated successfully on Saturday evening last.

Two concerts were given and were well attended, giving us abundant proof of Prof. Straub's ability in the execution of music, and also as a conductor of musical conventions.

A truly happy and profitable time was had in the convention above alluded to—we know from those who attended—and also from those who enjoyed the public rehearsals and concerts given at the close.—Ed. *Song Journal*.

NEW YORK, March 10, 1873.

Editor Song Journal:

DEAR SIR—Since my letter of last fall, I have conducted musical conventions as follows: at Waterloo, Ind., Buchanan, Mich., South Whitley, Ind., Benton Harbor, Mich., Hillsdale, Mich., Elyria, Ohio, Nashville, Ohio, Union City, Mich. (the second convention of their association). In February, at Cassopolis, Mich., Three Oaks, Mich., and Lanville, Ind. March 17th to 21st, the Hillsdale County Association meets in convention at North Adams, of which the secretary will send you a report.

The opera season is in full blast, but with little enthusiasm. The reason of the lack of enthusiasm is given in a just criticism from the *Herald*, which I quote. "The weakness of the company has been the cause of the chronic dissatisfaction. (Poor orchestra, poor chorus and poor supporters to the principal artists—Lucca, Kellogg and Jamet.) And added to it was a badly chosen repertoire. A favorite artist in "Mignon" as Nilsson was, and especially when Mr. Ambrose Thomas's music was an unknown quantity on this side of the Atlantic, was something which might please us for the moment, but because Nilsson pleased in this, and Lucca had pleased as "Zerlina," in *Fra Diavolo*, it was unfair to assume that the latter (Madame Lucca) could more than fill the place of the former (Miss Nilsson). We make no comparison between the two artists, for comparison is not criticism, but we point only to a fact."

The arrangements for our Normal Musical Institute for the coming summer, will soon be completed, when the time, place and teachers will be given through the columns of the *SONG JOURNAL*. I have pitched my tent in the metropolis, and can be found at 706 Broadway, except when out in conventions.

Yours truly,

J. WILLIAM SUFFERN.

Don't be Afraid to Sing.

The following advice of Dr. Hall's in relation to singing, we trust will be read and duly considered. It is good, and if practiced upon would tend in a pre-eminent degree to usefulness and happiness. So try it, and don't be afraid to sing:

"Have a rocking chair in some large room at the top of the house, all cozy, quiet and clean, and in some of the old familiar tunes of the village church of our childhood, sing by the hour, with open mouth and a loud voice—not on the penny-whistle pitch—the psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, Watts and Wesley, of David and Moses, and the 'Disciples all of them.' Sing away, and rock away, and don't be afraid if your neighbors do think you are a member of the church of Christ; for if you are a live one, the angels won't be ashamed of you; but while you are singing think what the words mean, and let your heart go out in that meaning. Think, too, of the many who used to sing these same songs with you, side by side in the same pew, but who can sing them no more now, for their lips are still in death, and their sweet voices are hushed in the churchyard grave, to be heard no more until you join together in singing the hallelujahs of the skies."

ABOUT SINGING.—Rev. Dr. John Hall thinks that in church it is hard to escape the appearance of unreality if there is no congregational singing. The minister reads Wesley's hymn:

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!"

And there are a thousand tongues just there in the pews, but not one of them sings. Four persons elsewhere take up the words and divide them according to musical etiquette. Or he calls with good Dr. Watts, for a "shout of sacred joy," but there is no "shout" and no song of joy.

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew the Lord:"

Reads the minister; and "all below" do refuse, while those "above" who sing do not by look, manner or bearing, appear to be specially described in the words. Surely all this must strike one not used to it as unreal, the opposite of worship which, if anything, is real.—*Pittsburgh Prompter*.

It is said that Clara Louise Kellogg intends to write her autobiography, designing to give "the inside history of professional life, without any of the outside varnish."

The Song Journal.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, APRIL, 1873.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."
"The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,
stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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The Uses of Music.

How often do we hear men ask what is the use of music? 'Tis true it is becoming an obsolete question, but still it is asked, and that, too, by those making pretensions to being thoroughly posted. What does it *prove*? What does it do? Does it buy our bread arse? Does it aid in the attainments of our trade or profession? Does it meet our pecuniary demands? What does it do? We answer, much, in every way, directly and indirectly. It adds not only to the happiness, but to the virtue of mankind. In the shape of war-songs, it sometimes rouses an oppressed nation to vengeance and freedom. It furnishes the lover of it with correct and beautiful language in which to express his thoughts and feelings. It gives to pure and noble sentiments a garb worthy of their divine nature, and *locks them up*, as it were, in phrases which preserve them, unchanged, for the repetition and admiration of thousands. The composer of music is, in some degree, a philosopher, penetrating into the hidden resources of the emotions of the soul, selecting therefrom feelings and thoughts not only most strikingly, definitely and correctly, but also most briefly, most attractively, and most eloquently. A single phrase of a skillful musician sometimes expresses all that is conveyed in a sentence of another less taught in the mysteries of his profession. In music, this is peculiarly the case. A good musician must, in two points, possess a superiority over common men. In the first place, he must be gifted with noble thoughts, and in the second he must know how to clothe them in the most attractive garb. When once so clothed, a sentiment becomes *embalmed*. It has received substance, definite form, and a name. It is a visible, tangible, portable treasure, which infinitely survives the mortal state of its author, and goes about the world, wafted on the wind of heaven, convincing and delighting all who meet it. In this way a single phrase becomes immortal, and thus some writers build their immortality upon writings which have expressed certain ideas in a way so ingeniously and lucidly that no subsequent person can improve upon it, even with aids of past experience thrown about him.

But the most benign influence of music is exercised upon the feelings and affections. It opposes selfishness, avarice, hypocrisy, and all the lower and more groveling tendencies of our nature. It cherishes courage, disinterestedness, love, friendship, fidelity and truth. The simpler and unobtrusive virtues are dignified by it; and music is noble in proportion as it approaches these objects. It is a voice melodious and melting, and should utter no sentiments but those of pure truth and god-like virtue. When it panders to the sensual passion of our nature, when it turns parasite and spends its idolatry upon unworthy idols, it resembles the banner of some free nation hoisted over the deck of a pirate-

ship. In the hands of the good it is a beacon-light, to guide the mariner through a night of storm to a haven of eternal rest.

The Sacred Seven.

SEVEN primitive colors are placed at the disposal of the painter by nature; and by a judicious blending of them, he breathes into the inanimate canvas the images of his fancy, or those which nature furnishes him; quickening, as it were, into life, realizations of fancy and thought, ever being presented to the student of nature's mysterious, marvellous works.

In like manner nature furnishes *seven* tones to the musician; which, being combined, interwoven and adopted to one another, cause new and unlooked for bounties to sparkle into light. The feelings are moved when the painter touches the canvas by means of the eye; the works of the musician act upon the ear in melody and harmony through the agency of the ear.

As from the beginning, *seven* was the number of days in the week, so it often has in Scripture a sort of emphasis attached to it, and is very generally used as a round or perfect number. Clean beasts were taken into the ark by sevens; the years of plenty and famine in Egypt of old were marked by sevens; and, with the Jews, not only was there a seventh day Sabbath, but every seventh year was a Sabbath, and after every seven times seven years came a jubilee. Their great feasts of unleavened bread and of Tabernacles were observed for seven days, and the number of animals slain and used in their sacrifices was limited to seven. The golden candlesticks had seven branches; seven priests with seven trumpets went around the walls of Jericho seven days, and seven times seven on the seventh day. In the Apocalypse we find seven churches mentioned, seven candlesticks, seven spirits, seven stars, seven seals, seven trumpets, seven thunders, seven vials, seven plagues, and seven angels to pour them out.

Well, there! we have "made a clean breast of sevens;"—seven kind of notes, seven rests, seven letters in the musical alphabet, seven sounds in the diction scale, seven syllables applied to those sounds, seven sharp keys, and seven flat keys in transposition, both major and minor. But for pity's sake, don't pity the *sevens*, for they were born ere the "morning stars sang together," or human lips uttered the first sound in the "fearful hollow" of the human ear. This emblem seven, seems never to have been born, a sort of man-at-arms to Minerva, who made his *debut* into the world in boots, and beard, and teeth.

Now to infidels in music this emblem, *seven*, is presented as a truthful symbol, and held up high as the brazen serpent in the wilderness of old, and we ask you to *look and live*; for the beautiful in music will heal the melodies incident to life's pilgrimage, and render its pathway smooth, pleasant and happy.

Cincinnati Musical Festival.

Scarcely had the gas and smoke of the great "Gilmore Jubilee," given in Boston last summer, risen to its truthful altitude in the musical firmament, ere another storm was declared in the musical world, and, unlike the first, though but a "small shower," looks to the outsider quite portentous; though, in truth, we are inclined to think the Ark is safe in the Ararat harbor, where its moorings are found in the great West. We have watched with care, and not a little solicitude, the movements of this western festival, and from the stand-point we occupy, hail them as ominous of a glorious success. The zeal and energy manifested on the part of those directly and indirectly interested in its inauguration, the lessons of wisdom derived from its predecessors of like character, all point to a consummation truly cheering and hopeful, indicative of results to the cause of music telling largely on its prosperity, especially in the West.

We have been censured and taken to task, repeatedly, for talking about the "almighty dollar" in the control of everything pertaining to the art of music. We may as well look this subject fair and square in the face, first as last; for the tendencies in this direction point with unerring certainty to the hinge upon which every enterprise musical turns at the present time. Talk of the glorious choros, vocal or instrumental, till doomsday; of the beautiful effects and influence of art and artists till the tongue is worn and paralyzed by labor, and when ciphered down to the root, on simple elements of progression in fundamental principles, algebraic or geometrical, will be found, either in the glory arising from the inauguration, or in fruitage derived therefrom. A desire for profit, for accumulation, for notoriety, for glory, comforts, pleasure and enlargement, is the creator and dominant key, sharp or flat, controlling and influencing every undertaking. This in itself is right and legitimate, but when used for illegitimate purposes, and pushed beyond suitable limits, will ever be found to modulate into minor phases, and tends only to disappointment and ruin. It may, therefore, be set down as an axiom, no man or body of men, can be successful in any undertaking unless the object confers some good upon the community, however lofty the enterprise may appear in the eyes of the world.

We have received a portion of the music in preparation for this festival, and from the simple announcement of the pieces will be inferred the character of the entertainment—entering largely into that of a classical style by the masters. Among these will be found the Dettingen Te Deum, by the immortal Handel, March and Chorus from the second act of Wagner's "Tannhauser," "The Lord is my Shepherd," by Schubert, chorus, "Gypsy Life," by Schumann, and "Ave Verum," by Mozart. The first of the above named pieces is to be performed for the first time in our country, though the music is now one hundred and thirty years old, written in commemoration of a battle fought and victory won by King George the Second, at the village of Dettingen, in Bavaria, Germany. This is doubtless one of the most spirited and elaborate compositions of its kind extant, and it, of itself, under the able conduct of the master hand of Mr. Thomas, would, doubtless, remunerate largely for a long journey, time and money, to witness and listen to its soul-inspiring performance.

Music at Home.

There should be music in every house. The air may be balmy, the fields green, and the flowers beautiful and fragrant, but without birds (children) welcoming the first rays of dawn with their joyful notes, and singing welcome to the first rays of morning's dawn, the happiness of the family and home are incomplete. Talk, philosophize, strengthen by attractions which wealth can lavish in the home of childhood and youth, there still is wanting the pleasant, lovely songs of childhood's voice, in the native unartistic simplicity, gushing forth from son or daughter. The plants springing and growing in and around the loved spot—HOME.

Mother's Love.—Mother's Song.

Heaven is a glorious place, and beautiful to contemplate as the dearest thing in life, except the precious memories of that glory-spot in childhood days—*mother and her songs*. It may be a weakness, it may be an illusive enthusiasm, but the memories that cluster around the mother's love of childhood, the sweet pathetic songs welling up in memory's ear, shine on life's pathway like a guiding star to the Bethlehem of rest attained by her, and making the pathway of her loved radiant, clear and bright, till united in love purer and holier, and songs sweeter than those permitted to raise here. How precious in after years, the memories of the love and the songs of the dear mother, whose voice, though unartistic and

unaided by the conventional rules of modern skill, yet developing a soul filled with true expression, gave utterance in tones which live when voice is mute, and exert an influence waving on to the remotest shore of time, and blending harmoniously with those now sung by those long gone before. Precious, indeed, a mother's love. Yes, precious, also, a mother's song uttered in childhood's ear.

"If We Only had the Money, John!"

Yes, this is the single articulate, the desire welling up from many a heart, the all-absorbing idea dominant in the minds of thousands to-day—

Kate—"If we only had the money, John,
To spend as some folks do,
I'm sure we'd have our carriage, John,
And drive fast horses, too.

"If we only had the money, John,
To dress as some folks do,
My friends would greet me with a smile,
And men would flatter you."

John—"I think you're very foolish, Kate,
To find such fault with me;
We're happier in our little home,
Quite humble though it be.

The truthful verification of the sentiments above expressed will be found illustrated to the life, in every condition and phase of society at the present time. The most striking, perhaps, which has fallen under our notice, occurred recently with a good and faithful teacher, who, having introduced this pleasant song to his pupil, and while diligently engaged in imparting a knowledge required for its correct rendition, was suddenly interrupted in his effort by the mother of his pupil. "You teach my daughter such a song—such a sentiment! Get out of my house; I want no such songs taught in my house." The teacher did "get out," fully satisfied that John and Kate might "run their own boat," believing, however, that Kate managed the rudder of that household.

Anthony Philip Heinrich.

The name we write above, precious in memory's pages, was a truly eccentric man, and a genius in the musical art. His compositions of forty years ago were elaborate, scientific and truthful in artistic construction, and some of them illustrative of the most thrilling and striking events in our national history. Among his works of special interest, which are now fresh in mind, we recall the masterly production of his description of the "*Condor*," composed during his life in the wilds of Kentucky, while in his six years voluntary seclusion, as a resident of that State. The second, "*The Pilgrim Fathers*," we should like to hear produced again. The subject is divided in two parts. The different movements of the first part are descriptive of the following scenes. *First*. The arrival of the ship "May Flower," on the coast of New England. *Second*. The disembarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock. *Third*. Prayer of Gratitude. *Fourth*. The celebration of the Feast of Shells. *Fifth*. A prophetic vision of the future glory of the nation.

To each division suitable words are affixed, thus forming a grand national festive song. The vocal parts are by no means difficult, yet from the scientific nature of the composition, it being *a la Fuga*, the vocalists will find them sufficiently elaborate to excite their attention and keep it from flagging.

Book Table.

PLEASURES OF YOUTH.—A selection of airs, dances, marches and opera melodies, for the piano or cabinet organ. By R. C. Mayer.

This book contains sixty-four pieces, simply but correctly arranged, for beginners; and by reference to

its contents will be found the simple, flowing melodies of the old masters, together with the most popular melodies of the authors of to-day. It is a good book of the kind, and we cheerfully commend it to those who desire familiarity with the airs whistled and sung in shop, in street, and amid the various avocations of life's busy pilgrimage. Get it, and see if our description, not very minute, is not truthful and correct.

CONCORDIA.—A collection of the choicest four-part songs for male voices, with English and German words, revised by Leopold Engelke. Herein may be found, for study and practice, correctly and pleasingly arranged, and in variety as space allows, as good a collection as any which has fallen under our observation for many a day. We commend it to all desirous of possessing a good collection of music for men's voices.

THE PENN MONTHLY is on our table, rich and racy in contents as usual, embodying more than its wonted variety in literature, science, art and politics, and fully up to its standard of preceding numbers.

Special Notice.

A GOOD CHANCE FOR THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GO ABROAD TO STUDY MUSIC.

A teacher, who intends to go next summer with his family to South Germany, for the education of his children, would like to take charge of a very few pupils.

For particulars as to expense, address Professor N. N., to the care of the editor of the SONG JOURNAL, 197 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit.

Oddities and Fun.

SOME "blasted" foreigner says: "Give an American a newspaper and a pie, and he will make himself comfortable anywhere."

A BACHELOR.—"The life of a rich old bachelor is a splendid breakfast, a tolerably flat dinner, and a most miserable supper!"

AN applicant for a pair of boots was asked what number he wore, and replied as soon as he could recover from his surprise: "Why two of course!"

"It seems to me that Mrs. C.'s hair was nearly gray a year ago." "Yes, nearly." "But now it is perfectly black." "Ah, yes; you know she has lost her husband since then."

AFTER all the patriotic associations connected with the "Old South," is it not humiliating to think that we shall have to see Washington and Jackson "licked" there every day now?

PUNNING PRISONERS.—A petition from the inmates of an American prison was lately presented, praying that the Tree of Liberty might be planted within the yard, and each allowed to cut his stick.

"THE FOUR-PAWED KITTEN-dance, a NEW-Sized jest, *Purr-formed* with Y-C-LAW at the CAT-eaton-street assemblies, by Miss CAT-herine Grimalkin, and her TALON-ted sister, is DEDICATED to ALL NEW-Sized CAT-alogues."

Some questions very naturally suggest themselves to an enquiring mind. An amateur farmer wonders "why, on all this fair earth, the ground is bottom side up, so that it must be turned over with a plow before corn can be raised?"

"Do you think I am a fool?" a violent man asked the late Rev. Dr. Bethune. "Really," replied the Doctor, "I would not have ventured the assertion, but now that you ask my opinion I must say that I am not prepared to deny it."

A MALICIOUS libel is going the rounds that vegetation is so scarce at Cape Cod that two mullein stalks and a whortleberry bush is called a grove. The truth is that unless there are three whortleberry bushes they never think of saying grove."

"MRS. JENKS," said a little red-headed girl with a pug nose and bare feet, "mother says will you oblige her by lendin' her a stick of fire-wood—fill this cruet with vinegar—puttin' a little soft soap in this pan—and please not let your turkey-gobblers roost on our fence."

A YOUNG lady teacher in Lawrence, Mass., Sunday School caught a boy smiling last Sunday. Said she, "What are you smiling at, Johnny?" "Nothing mum," was the answer. "I know better," said the teacher severely; "now tell me what it was." Johnny looked frightened as he stammering said, "I—I—see yer n-newspapers sticking out, mum." The teacher sat down suddenly and arranged things.

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Dealers, Teachers, Chorists, etc., purchasing not less than \$10 worth of music or books during the year will be allowed the usual discount, and receive the Song Journal Free.

Our terms are low, our club inducements great, and our special premiums, as above, are such that every purchaser of music may secure the Song Journal free, without extra cost to themselves. See premium list.

Subscriptions for the Song Journal are payable in advance, and at the expiration of the time paid for we shall discontinue the same. Will our friends please bear this fact in mind, and favor us with prompt renewals?

C. J. WHITNEY & Co.,

Jan-72

Detroit.

SONG JOURNAL

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Persons forming clubs will remit subscriptions as fast as obtained, and always mention that their remittances are to apply on Premium list.

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Will not some enterprising person in every town in the country, upon reading this list of splendid premiums, resolve to obtain one within three months, and thus promote the true interests of musical culture in his or her neighborhood, as well as secure a handsome prize.

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197 Jefferson Ave.,

DETROIT, MICH.

SWEETLY DREAM VILLETTA.

WORDS BY I. S. TOWNSEND.

MUSIC BY I. C. V. WHEAT.

Moderato.



O'er the trop-i - cal seas, on a
In the depths of the sky there's a

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The melody is in D major and 9/8 time, with lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

beau-ti-ful isle, Vil-let-ta is dream-ing 'neath the an-gel's soft smile, Where
beau-ti-ful home, There are flowers, Vil - let-ta, long the path where we roam, There

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more complex accompaniment in the right hand, with chords and moving lines, while the left hand remains steady with eighth notes.

hymns of the breeze with mur-mur-ing streams, All min-gled in one like the
truth, love and beau-ty im-mor-tal will be, Oh! say wilt thou dwell in that

sunlight's soft beams, There the song-birds at morn from their thick shadows start, Like
sweet home with me, There the rain-bows ne'er fade, and the dews are ne'er dry, And a

mu-si-cal thoughts from the po-et's full heart; There the seraphs at noon wait in
cir-clet of moons ev-er shine in the sky, There the songs of the blest and the

si-lence a-lone, And sing while she's sleeping—yet all is un-known.
songs of the spheres, Are un-ceas-ing-ly heard, thro' the in-fi-nite years.

CHORUS.

Tenor. While we watch o'er thy form, while dream - ing, Vil -

Alto. While we watch o'er thy form, while dream - ing, Vil -

Soprano. While we watch o'er thy form, while dream - ing, Vil -

Bass.

let - ta, 'Neath the shade of the lone cy - press tree, May bliss - ful re - pose be

let - ta, 'Neath the shade of the lone cy - press tree, May bliss - ful re - pose be

thine sweet-ly dreaming For the an-gels are watch-ing o'er thee.

thine sweet-ly dreaming For the an-gels are watch-ing o'er thee.

Slozo. *R...i...t...a...r...d....*

For the an-gels are watch-ing o'er thee.

Dim in-u-en-do.

For the an-gels are watch-ing o'er thee.

For the an-gels— The angels are watching o'er thee.

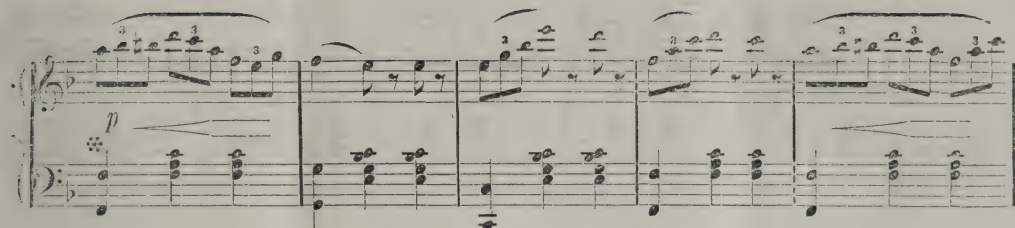
Dim in-u-en-do.

1st Time

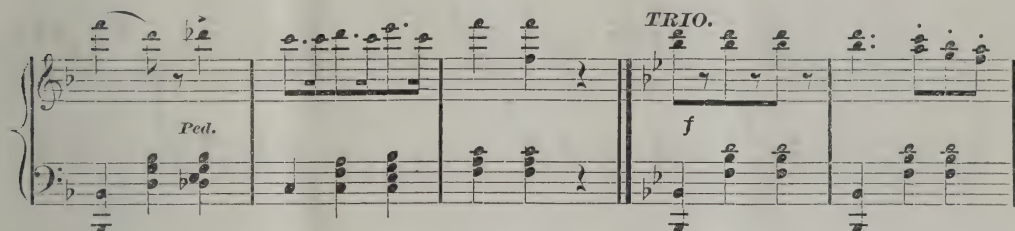
TWILIGHT MAZURKA.

By Prof. WILLIAM BENDIX.

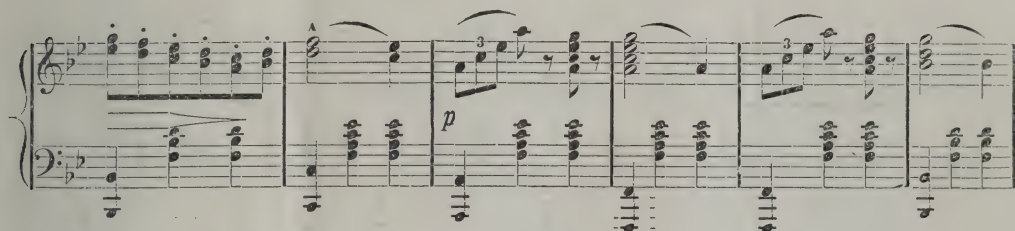
The musical score for "Twilight Mazurka" is written for piano and bass. It is in 3/4 time and the key of B-flat major. The score is divided into three systems. The first system begins with a forte (f) dynamic and a pedaling (Ped.) instruction. The second system includes a piano (p) dynamic. The third system includes a forte (f) dynamic and a pedaling (Ped.) instruction. The score features various musical notations including triplets, slurs, and repeat signs.



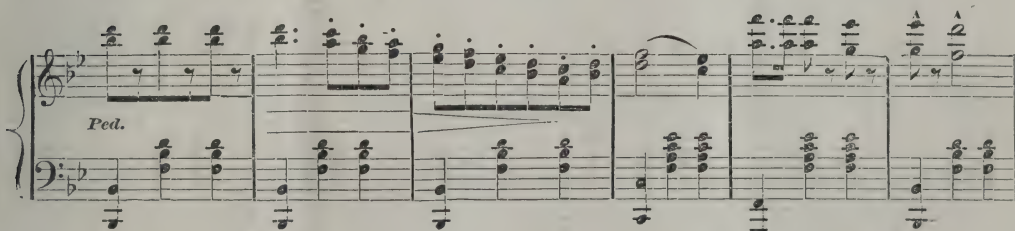
First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff features a melodic line with triplets and slurs. The bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present at the beginning of the system.



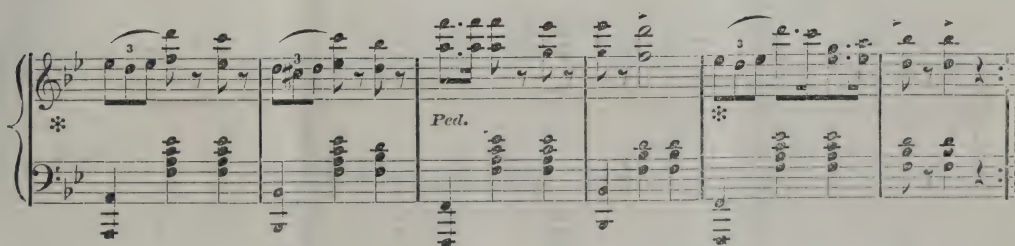
Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melodic line. The bass clef staff includes a *Ped.* (pedal) marking. A section labeled *TRIO.* begins in the middle of the system, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic.



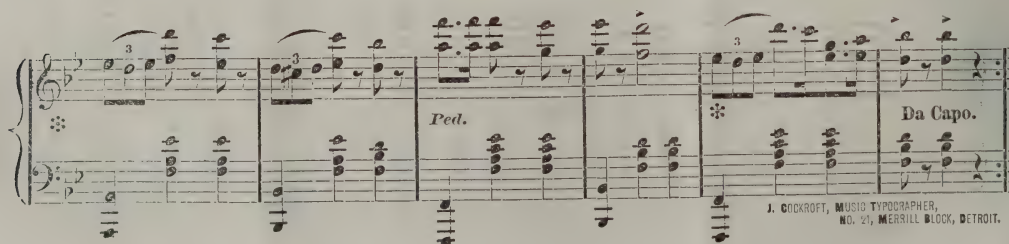
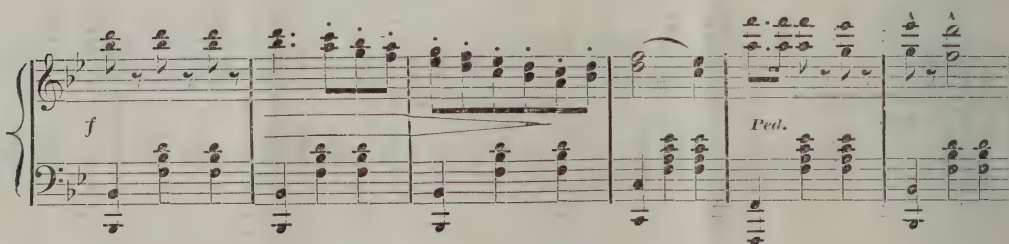
Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff shows a melodic line with slurs and triplets. The bass clef staff features a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a *Ped.* (pedal) marking.



Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melodic line. The bass clef staff includes a *Ped.* (pedal) marking and a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.



Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff features a melodic line with triplets and slurs. The bass clef staff includes a *Ped.* (pedal) marking and a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.



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Separation Waltz. B flat. 3.	Grobe. 30
Sewing Machine Galop. D. 3.	Smith. 35
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Seventh Regiment March. F. 3.	Leand. 35
Shells of Ocean. G. 3.	Baumbach. 30
Shining Star Polka. D. 3.	Kinkel. 30
Shabona Schottisch. C. 3.	Mittler. 30
Shake Hands Schottisch. G. 3.	Bellak. 30
Shinkspereana Grand March. C. 3.	Pratt. 60
Shamrock Quickstep. F. 2.	Merrill. 30
Sharpshooter's March. D. 3.	Wimmerstedt. 30
Shelby March. A flat. 3.	Bowman. 30
Sherman Grand Atlanta March. C. 3.	Wimmerstedt. 35
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Silver Cloud Schottisch. C. 3.	Lang. 20
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Silver Leaf Polka. G. 3.	Schaeffer. 30
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Silver Wreath Polka. D. 3.	Lyon. 20
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Silver Star Waltz. C. 3.	Wyman. 30
Silver Drop Waltz. G. 3.	Amblak. 30
Silver Arrow Waltz. F. 3.	Curran. 20
Silver Wave. (Barcarolle) A flat. 3.	Allen. 25
Silver Shower. C. 3.	Baumbach. 30
Silvery Fountain Polka. D. 3.	Kinkel. 30
Silvery Waves. A flat. 3.	Wyman. 30
Silvery Spring Waltz. A flat. 3.	Wyman. 30
Silvery Ripples Schottisch. G. 3.	Bentz. 30
Silvia Schottisch. C. 3.	Weiss. 30
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Somebody's Luggage Lancers. D. K. 3.	Coot. 60
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Sparkling Sea. Barcarolle. G. 1.	MacK. 25
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Starlight Waltz. G. 2.	Brainard. 30
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Thinking of Home. D. 3.	Speyer. 40
Thou art Gone from my Gaze. F. 3.	Baumbach. 30
Thou Reizest in this Bosom. G. 3.	Baumbach. 30
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Twilight Polka. F. 3.	Warren. 30
Twilight Schottisch. G. 3.	Glynn. 30
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Angel Maggie. Ad 2. Song and chorus. *Crandall.* 30
A beautiful, touching and sweet home song.
Little Maggie, blue-eyed Maggie,
Maggie with the silvery voice,
Laughed and lisped, and chirped so gladly,
That she made all hearts rejoice.

Anabel. G 3. Song and chorus. *Mattoon.* 35

A tender, delicate song, with chorus, neatly arranged.
Dear, sweet Anabel,
Fair, sweet Anabel,
Like wild flowers in the heather,
In thy sunny, sunny glade,
Thou didst droop and fade
With the stormy autumn weather.

Annie Laurie. Song, Scotch ballad. 30

An old song, but good—will never die.
Because Mac Wellton's banks are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew,
And 'twas there that again Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true.

Annie's Violets. Song and chorus. F 3. *Hintz.* 35

A very pretty composition, capable of pleasing effects with good accompaniment.
I walked to-day in the ancient wood,
With a brooklet flowing through,
And I thought that again sweet Annie stood
On the brook where the violets grew.

*** As Pants the Hart.** Soprano solo and quartette. 40

Suitable for an opening piece in church service, contains some fine harmonies in the chorus.

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

All Right. Solo and chorus. F 3. *Lockwood.* 30

A sprightly, patriotic little gem. The title truly indicates the merits of the piece.

They are coming from the wars,
They are bringing home their scars,
They are bringing back the old flag in glory,
They have battled long and well,
And let ages after tell
How they won the proudest name in song or story.

America. Solo and chorus. Bb 3. 30

The beautiful and familiar words "My Country, 'tis of Thee," could have nothing more suitable than "America" to bring out their soul-stirring and patriotic sentiments. The new arrangement here presented, with a valuable "Historical Notice" on the second page, descriptive of its well-known national and patriotic melodies and their origin, renders the piece doubly attractive, and should become a household necessity everywhere.

Annita Mia. Song. F 3. *Whiting* 30

A chaste and smooth melody, well adapted to the words.
Although we never met before,
Light in thy pathway shone,
In beauty wrapt thee o'er and o'er,
Calm was the soul that gleamed from 'neath
Each eye-brow's pencilled throne,
Soft smiles thy face in gladness wreath,
Annita Mia, Ora Belle.

Bertrand's Adieu. Song. O 4. *Mattoon.* 35

A fine song, suitable for a bass or baritone voice, in march movements with the accompaniment.
Must thou go, my glorious chief, severed from thy faithful few?
Who can tell thy warriors' grief, madd'ning o'er that long
Woman's love, and friendship's zeal, dear as both have been to me,
What are they to all I feel with a soldier's faith for thee?

Bonnie Nell. Song and chorus. C 3. *McChesney.* 35

As pure and bonnie a melody as one could wish to hear, within the ability of the most modest performer.

Bonnie and the fairies straying,
Romp all day long
Through her hair the summer wind is playing,
As she sings her happy song
Not a daisy in the meadow,
Not a floweret in the dale,
Blooms as fair to me as darling Nellie,
Bonnie Nellie Vale.

Dear Ye Breezes. Quartette. Eb 5. *Pease.* 50

The melody from "Sommersblut" accompanying the following words, has been exquisitely wrought up by Mr. Pease with his usual taste and skill. It is certainly one of the finest quartettes extant.

Dear ye breezes, gently breathing
Sounds of peace far o'er the land,
Now all our best affections wreathing
With a chaplet light and bland.
Jubilate, jubilate. Amen.

Be Kind to Each Other. Solo and Quartette. D 3. *Levering.* 35

A home song of merit, will find its way to many hearts.

Be kind to each other,
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother,
Perchance may be gone.
Then, midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned,
The best recollection
Of kindness returned,
When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch broken-hearted,
When all the lovers sleep.

Come, Ye Smiles. Song. Bb 3. *Clark.* 30

Our proud earth home, should not its gleams
Of beauty woo to happy dreams?
Its flowers, birds and mountains bright,
Earth's gorgeous robes, and blaze of light,
And tears and smiles, and loves that spring,
Adown life's path a radiance fling:
To-day these way-marks all along,
Lead kindly back in memory's throng.

Come Back to Me. Song and chorus. G 3. *Stewart.* 30

Pleasing melody, accompaniment not difficult.
Come back to me, darling, I'm weary without you,
Life has no pleasure while we are estranged.
Sunshine and gladness still cluster about you,
From loving you truly I never have changed.
Oh, come back to me, darling, deep in my sorrow,
No joy have I known since you doom'd to despair,
The heart that in vain tried a solace to borrow,
A balm for its wounds, relief from its care.

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Come Play Me that Simple Air Again. Ballad. F 3. *Clark.* 30

Come play me that simple air again
I used so to love in life's young day,
And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then
Were awakened by the sweet lay.

The tender glow of its strain
Shed o'er the heart and brow,
Grief's shadow, without its pain,
Say whither, where is it now?
But play me that well-known air again,
For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain,
Like dreams of some far, fairy shore
We never shall see again.

Cold Water Bright and Free. Song and chorus. G 3. *Mattoon.* 35

Pronounced a first-class temperance song.

Come, let us all in hallowed strains
A song of gladness raise,
And sing with voices loud and strong,
Cold water's boundless praise.

We'll drink the pure, cold water,
The limpid liquid bright,
That gushes from the mountain,
That sparkles in the light,
That gushes from the mountain,
And sparkles with the light.

Coquette. Song. A 4. *Coffinberry.* 35

A gay and careless little composition, attractive enough to be quite a favorite.
Let love weave his garlands for those that will wear them,
And sigh while they wither away;
Let love bind his fetters on those who will bear them,
Let others laugh at them that may.
I will laugh in love's face, I will ever be free
From the bonds that entangle the heart;
No lover's soft sighing, no cooing for me,
I've broken the point of his dart.

Cuckoo's Song. Song and chorus. D 4. *Pease.* 35

The composer's name is sufficient to insure a fine circulation. The chorus, especially, is very effective if nicely rendered, parts moving at variance. The treble, imitating the call of the bird, while the other parts move along together in repetition of the solo which precedes it.

Chill blows the autumn wind
Through leafless trees;
We go fresh fields to find,
Brighter than these,
Where, 'neath a cloudless sky,
Blue waters gleaming lie,
We shall repose,
Where the wind's perfumed sigh
Just waves the rose.

Come Back to Erin. C 3. *Claribel.* 35

Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Come back, Aron, to the land of thy birth;
Come with the sham rocks and the springtime, Mavourneen,
And thy Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
This is one of the best of Claribel's songs, and is immensely popular. We also have several other pieces by the same composer now in press, which will soon be ready.

Captain Jinks. Song and chorus. A 3. *MacLagan.* 30

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I often live beyond my means,
I sport young ladies and their tears,
I cut a swell in the army,
I teach young ladies how to dance,
For I'm their pet in the army.

Come Out in the Starlight. Sorenade with chorus. 40

Glee clubs and quartets will find this composition valuable. It is a beautiful serenade, and we predict for it a wide circulation.

Come out in the starlight, I'm waiting for thee,
The bright moon is shining above,
The whippoorwill sings in the old willow tree,
Near the nest of the soft cooing dove.
Let not sorrow or care have a place in thy heart,
But let hope blossom joyfully there,
And to drive away sadness and bid it depart,
Come out in the starlight so fair.

The Dreamer. Song. G 5. *Hubbard.* 35

For a baritone voice, this beautiful song is unrivaled. The sentiment of the poetry and the music are in perfect harmony.

Ah, beautiful sleeper, thou art fair,
Soft sleeping in the old arm-chair,
Are all thy visions "fancy free,"
Or dost thou dream of some of me?
Thy lip is wreathed with such a smile,
That shows a heart all free from guile,
Whate'er thy waking thoughts may be,
Dream on, dream on, but dream of me.

Don't Sell My Father Rum. Song and chorus. F 3. *Crandall.* 30

A song of like character with "Please, father, don't drink any more," an earnest appeal for the temperance cause.

Don't sell him another drink, please,
He's reeling already, you see;
I fear when he comes home to-night
He'll beat my poor mother and me.
She's waiting in darkness and cold,
And dreading to hear him come home,
He treats us so bad when he's drunk,
Please don't sell him any more rum.

Don't Leave the Farm. Bb 2. Music by I. D. Hart. Words by. *Clara F. Derby.* 30

Come, boys, I have something to tell you;
Come near, I woe me, I woe me,
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vines and sips!
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins.

Ellen Dear. Song and chorus. C 3. *McChesney.* 35

A delightful little Scotch song, as winsome and bonnie as any lover of song could wish to hear.

Ellen is my apple ripe,
Ellen is my honey,
Ellen is my heart's delight,
I love her a' the year.
Ellen is my bonnie lass,
Fairer than the May,
Ellen's cheek is like the rose,
I love her a' the day.

Far Away! My Home Is Far Away. Solo for alto voice. E 4. *Metz.* 30

This beautiful poem, from the pen of Mrs. Hemans, has been rendered infinitely more attractive by its adaptation to so pleasing a melody. Every alto singer should add this gem to his or her collection of songs.

Far away! my home is far away,
Where the blue sea laves a mountain shore,
In the woods I hear my brothers play,
Amidst the flowers my sister sings once more.
Far away! far away.

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Gentle Words Fall on the Heart. Song and Chorus. G. 2. Naylor. 30

A sweet, flowing melody, with chaste and easy accompaniment, wed to words of beauty and elegance of diction, and lovely sentiment, which cannot fail to become popular and meet an extensive sale. We transcribe a stanza as a specimen of the words.

Gentle words fall on the heart,

Like dew-drops on the flower;

They chase our care and gloom away,

And cheer the lonely hour.

Chorus—Each fond word in kindness spoken,

Mem'ry treasures up wit'joy,

Each kind look remains a token,

Nought on earth can e'er destroy.

Sunny South. Song and Chorus. McCheeny. 30

This is one of this popular author's best, and little more in its praise can or need be said. The theme has a witchery in it, and the words are so easily and warmly expressed in three words composing the triad—home, father, mother—the latter always the dominant in the heart's strings.

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The Dreamer. Song. Hubbard. G. 3. 35
A good song; moderately difficult; susceptible of beautiful effect when correctly rendered.

The Angels are Waiting for Me. Song 35

Chorus. Smith. F. 3. 35

This beautiful piece is designed as a companion to "Waiting for Angels to Come."

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and Chorus. McCheeny. G. 2. 30

Raking It In. Song and Chorus. McCheeny. 35

The last three named songs are all good, and the last two are full of truisms, riveted in mind by their connection with music appropriate and pleasing.

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A nice quartette for male voices; susceptible of fine effect.

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Swiss New. Eb 3. 35

The pieces above named form a part of a series of forty numbers, published under the head and title of "The Song Journal," and as a whole furnish one of the finest repositories of piano music extant. In it will be found the grave and jocund *in relief*; the music adapted to the taste and wants of the tyro, and the music

artist; in fine, every grade, in style and movement—adaptable for practice, very chaste and elevating character. Each piece is a theme of itself, and hence the whole combined forms a book blending in variety and interest, and equally fascinating to study.

Grand March. Bb 3. 35

A fine composition by this lamented author, and should be possessed by all as a memento of a good teacher and musician.

Ascendal Polka. Bendix. C. 3. 35

A very nice piece; good for practice in octaves and also in treble.

Gypsy Queen. Grand Polka. G. 4. Moelling. 50

A brilliant and fanciful composition; very attractive, and calculated to become a favorite with amateurs.

Cornet Waltz. Eb 3. Simonds. 30

A very desirable teaching piece; pleasing and lively.

Song of the River. Sonatina. Bb 3. Pease. 35

This talented composer has given us a very poem in this weird and diversified song of the river—sweet and complaining, then blending into a joyous, gushing succession of runs, then the more majestic strides of the stream as it seems nearing the broad ocean. Every lover of the beautiful in music should obtain a copy of this.

Times of the Roses. Waltz. F. 2. Bendix. 40

A most and sprightly waltz, in keeping with many other graceful compositions from this well-known author.

L'Amethyst. Valse Brillante. Eb 4. Palbank. 60

A very useful and pleasant piece for teaching, or ball-room purposes; in fact, calculated to inspire and delight all who hear and play it. It ranks high in the list of the most beautiful pieces of the very player should have a copy of L'Amethyst, one of the leading gems in his or her portfolio.

Pony Quickstep. G. 2. C. J. Whitney. Colored. 40

A lively, dashing little composition, with an elegantly illustrated title page.

Sparkling Gem Waltz. F. 3. Roberts. 35

Morocci March. F. 4. Mrs. F. A. Wells. 35

The two pieces above named form a part of a set called "Home Days," and are very useful and pleasant, and popular, being the one a delightful little waltz, refreshing in its melody and nicely arranged. The latter a good instrumental march; moderately difficult.

Victory Gallop. D. 2. Mattoon. 40

This showy production belongs to a set of six pieces, called most appropriately "Familiar Favorites." We predict wide sale for this, as well as the rest of the set; it combines the two good qualities, showy and of medium difficulty, to satisfy our amateurs.

Summer Winds. Mazurka Caprice. Eb 3. McCheeny. 35

An attractive drawing room piece, full of melody, nice and harmonious, and one of those who with relaxation from the more classical order of music; should find a place in every repertoire.

Silver Maple Waltz. Eb 2. Hewitt. 49

A very useful and pleasant piece for teaching, as well as interesting and profitable for study and practice to the pupil.

The Wedding Quickstep. G. 3. Trux. 35

This true we think little of the name of a song, however striking in beauty, but we do say there is something charming in the title "Wedding Quickstep," and that it must be confessed that the loveliness of this piece will be found hidden in euphonious music. Fairly fingers try it.

Lore's Choro. Rondo Brillante. D. 4. Pease. 30

Were there much in titles, to preserve the consecration of things, perhaps this should have been named before the title. However this may be, they will go well together, viewed in any light. Hence, we say put them together on your piano.

Artie Polka. Eb 4. Mattoon. 40

Lively, sparkling, showy piece, in the approved modern style.

Le Partie Social Gallop. Bb 2. Barnhardt. 40

Old, but good; like a certain instrument, improved by age.

"Wreath of Roses,"

A collection of popular gems, easily arranged for the piano.

No. 1. JOLLY BROTHERS GALLOP. 25

No. 2. MY BELOVED POLKA MAZURKA. 25

No. 3. BRUNETTE POLKA. 25

No. 4. POET AND FISHMAN WALTZ. 25

No. 5. FOREST ECHOES MARCH. 25

No. 6. QUI VIVE GALLOP. 25

It requires no great strength of the imagination to come to the conclusion that the above pieces are correctly named in their leading title, "Wreath of Roses," not only as symbols of simplicity, silence, union, bashfulness, beauty and elegance—all of which emblems were attributed to the rose by the ancients—but moderns who have made the happy acquaintance of the above bouquet of sweet music, are lavish in praise of the beautiful wreath of which it is composed.

Any one of the numbers, or all, will be mailed to any address on receipt of sum opposite each, by the publishers.

C. J. WHITNEY & CO.,
197 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Those marked with a star () are elegantly illustrated. The letters indicate the key, and the figures associated with the same its character as to degree of difficulty. No. 1, easy for beginners; No. 2, a little more difficult; and so on to No. 7, being very difficult.



"Music is an all pervading Science, which elevates and ennobles its votaries."

VOLUME III.

DETROIT, MAY, 1873.

NUMBER V.

Music.

MUSIC—what is it? Charm of thought,
The tide-wind of the soul;
A fairy dream with sweetness fraught,
A flower-gem in life's bowl!—

A silver chain, whose mellow links
Entwine the captured sense;
A holy voice from which guilt shrinks,
A thrilling sweet incense.

Where is the man who boasts a gem
From holy feeling's mine,
That wreathes it not in its diadem,
And kneels at Music's shrine?

Where is Music?—In the waves,
The bird-song and the breeze;
In the chime of brooks from mountain caves,
And the rustle of green trees.

It floats o'er the mountain's lofty crest,
Is heard in pity's voice,—
In the sigh of love from the swelling breast,
And in the word "rejoice."

From whence is Music?—from above,
A boon to angels given,
As a fitting sound for the voice of love;
Its birth-place was in Heaven!

Beautiful Forever.

How to be beautiful when old!
I can tell you, maiden fair;
Not by lotions, dyes and pigments;
Not by washes for the hair.
While you're young be pure and gentle,
Keep your passions well controlled;
Walk, work and do your duty,
You'll be handsome when you're old.

Snow white locks are fair as golden,
Gray, as lovely as the brown,
And the smiles of age more pleasant
Than the youthful beauty's frown.
'Tis the soul that shapes the features,
Fires the eye, attunes the voice;
Sweet sixteen, be those your maxims,
When you're sixty you'll rejoice.

A BOSTONIAN who asked his boy what he had learned at school one day, was told that his lesson had been: "Johnny, shut yer jaws and can't run." He went to the school the next day, heard the teacher tell the boys to repeat, "A comma is just a pause to count one," and "Johnny, shut yer jaws and can't run." Examinations followed, and that teacher is now striving to acquire more distinct enunciation.

THE most remarkable chime of bells in this country is on the chapel of the Notre Dame University, at South Bend, Ind. There are twenty-four bells, the largest weighing fourteen thousand pounds, ranging through two octaves. Its reverberations are heard full twenty miles away.—*Musical Echo.*

Music in Church.

LECTURE BEFORE THE YALE THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS
BY THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher gave his fifth lecture at New Haven before the theological students of Yale College yesterday, taking up the thread of his argument in behalf of music in the church, which he alluded to in closing his remarks on the previous day. He began in this way:

Music is one of the most important auxiliaries of the preacher. I don't hold those things to be auxiliaries alone which have an apparent and immediate bearing on the sermon as such, but as I have often-time explained to you, the sermon is only one element of the whole movement, and the preacher should develop the movement in a kind of unity, the sermon being a constituent part, perhaps the central and the grand element. Music comes, I think, in its capacity of doing good, next to preaching. Its power is as yet a thing undeveloped. Consider, for instance, what our impressions were as to the availability of music in the Sunday school twenty-five or thirty years ago, and compare the Sunday school of to-day with that of that period. What would our schools be if you would drop out of them bodily the music of the school. They would almost dissolve and vanish. It is the invisible chain which holds them together and animates them, and there is a power in music to reach, to direct, to comfort the feelings of the Christian's heart, which is, comparatively speaking, undreamed of yet. See how it stands in our churches, for the most part where liturgical forms prevail, it becomes necessary that the minister, as an administrator of the church service, should have some degree of consideration for music, without which it is almost impossible to render the liturgical service; but in those churches which disallow a service, making everything extemporaneous, how seldom do we find a man who is able in preaching, and at the same time considerate and earnest and zealous on the subject of music. The complaints which I hear from conductors of music are these: that there is no person in the congregation so indifferent to the cultivation of music as the minister. Now and then there is an exception. For the most part, however, he is glad to have a conductor who will take the responsibility off his shoulders, and then, so that there is quiet in the choir, and no disturbance in the congregation, he does not trouble himself any more about the matter.

AN ELEMENT OF WORSHIP.

Now, every minister not only, as I said yesterday, should be able to conduct upon occasions musical service, but he should make it a part of his care, his anxiety in the development of the religious life of his congregation, to have music not only good but increasingly good; and he should devote his time and energy to it just as he would to the development of any topic for discourse. The range is almost infinite, far beyond anything than can be illustrated by words, and he have no opportunity of illustrating it in any other way. Music is itself not so much an

agent in affecting the understanding as it is in affecting that part of man's nature which a sermon leaves comparatively barren. Now, it is true in the Roman service, and to a great extent in the Episcopal service, that it reaches the devout imagination; that it reaches toward, if not actually, to inspired veneration and awe; that it does feel for the chords whose response is worship. That is provided for in those churches. Nothing is more frequent than to see, therefore, persons who have been brought up in the Quaker faith, or the plain faith of our fathers, and their plainer worship, their barren faith almost, to go over to those churches, and explain if not on doctrinal grounds, nor ecclesiastical affinity, but simply because they feel the need of worshipping element, and it is provided for them there and not in ours. Indeed, if I were to say what was the marked, the characteristic fault of congregational churches, whether Baptist, or Presbyterian, or Congregational, I should say it was the almost entire non-provision for the element of worship. There is nothing in the economy that provides for it to any considerable extent. It depends upon good fortune whether you have a pastor whose nature has in it a genius for devotion. If you have not, there is no provision for it, nor is there any source from which it can be derived within our reach, aside from the mere emotion of the man who conducts the public worship.

There is no other instrumentality that I know of, except that of music. It is the function of worship to begin at the point at which the sermon ends.

A splendid criticism on the power of the organ followed, and the lecture concluded in these words.

THE TRICKS OF ORGANISTS.

Nowadays ministers care so little about music that organists do pretty much as they have a mind. Here and there admirable men preside at the organ, but the vast number immediately play without heart or soul. All they think of is that they have got to play so many times, and in such and such places; then the organ is in the hands of miserable miscreants. [Laughter.] Here also come in the musical monkeys, dancing on their organ, flitting up and down in a fashionable waltz, with a long leg stretched out here and there to make it sound like Sunday music. [Laughter.] This leads me to speak a word about the kind of music we should have. There need not be recourse had to any other than ecclesiastical music, because the treasure of organ music is very rich. There is no objection to the introduction of that music which is popularly called secular into the church, provided it be in its nature devotion-breathing. There is very little that Von Weber ever wrote that is not fit by nature for the church. Much of Mendelssohn is also spiritual. I think you could not find anything in Beethoven from beginning to end that would not fit the church if readapted. So of Mozart, Rossini and many others. There is music, however, that is not only gay, but frisky and frivolous, and much of it is introduced into the church just because it happens to be in vogue. There is the trick of beginning with a small musical beginning, then let people hear, dangling and trickling along down, some air from "Il Trovatore" to tickle the fancy, all the time covered up by the bass. Playing in the house of God the waltz that the young folks danced to the

night before, and the fashionable operatic music, is desecration and dishonor, and a minister ought to know enough to stop it. The minister should be the bishop of the organ and the organist too.

Mr. Beecher also spoke in relation to choir and congregational singing, expressing his preference for both, and avowing himself to be a fanatic on the subject of congregational singing. The whole church ought to sing, because it ought to worship, and there is no other worship provided in the church but this. People, said he, oftentimes wonder that folks come to our church so much. I tell you it is not the preaching, but the singing that brings them there. I have seen men come into that congregation when the whole church is singing. They come in out of curiosity perhaps, for it is the trick of the newspapers to represent it as a kind of theater, and they come in and look around and watch everything with eager eyes, and expect next to see me throw a somersault. [Laughter.] But when the great volume of sound rolled up from the organ and voices like many waters, away went the tears down their cheeks, and I have seen the people wipe their eyes repeatedly.—*Brocklyn Union.*

We do most sincerely wish we had the power to place the truths, above enunciated in Mr. Beecher's lecture, before the minds of every member of every church in our land, and also cause them to *feel* and *act* as becometh their duty. Would the points so suggestively alluded to were epitomized and placed in full-face capitals over the entrance of every church door and place of worship—[*ED. SONG JOURNAL.*]

A Word for the Critic.

The musical and theatrical critic has doubtless as many sins to answer for as the average citizen, and no more. He is human, and is moved by pretty much the same impulses that guide the rest of humanity. There is no one in a community who gains personally more abuse. His motives are impugned, and he is made answerable for a long list of sins of omission and commission. If he praises some one else, he is bought. But the worst enemy the critic has to contend with is the personal friend of the artist. He may himself be in friendly relations with the artist, and his well meant strictures may be well received by the sensible player; but not so on the part of the personal friend. The P. F. considers it his or her bounden duty to praise the object of his or her fresh affections at all times and in all places, in season and out of season. If the critic is not equally gushing he is a brute and a hireling. Before the artist appears, the P. F. has bored the long-suffering quill driver nearly to desperation; or, perhaps, the indefatigable person has sought higher channels and asked the editor or proprietor to cause his critic to gush. The P. F. is completely wrapped up in its object and knows of naught else. The object may be a second rate, third rate or even a fourth rate actor; it is all the same. Nothing short of a first-rate series of gushings will answer the purpose. The P. F. basks in the smiles of the great being, and listening to the small talk of its little circle, espouses all its petty quarrels and dislikes. If the newspaper man fails to look upon the matter in the same narrow-minded way and to champion the great being in all its fancied wrongs, he is a mendacious wretch in the eyes of the P. F., and very likely in the eyes of the P. F.'s personal friends: The "agent" is often a bore, but the P. F. can give him points and beat him. We are not aiming to be personal, at all, in our remarks, but only to treat upon a subject in connection with which every newspaper critic could relate a long series of sad experiences.

And then, again, the public has a very funny idea of the critic's privileges and enjoyments. It is so nice, everybody says, to be able to go to all the operas and concerts and to all the theaters. They forget that each performance calling for a criticism at his hands, entails an amount of mental and physical labor, more or less intensified according to the importance of the event and the dictates of his conscience in the matter of fulfilling his duty to his

employers and to the public. After the public at large has gone to its needed repose, the critic, if he chances to be attached to a morning paper, hies him to his office, and with tired hands and fevered brain attempts to convey into print intelligibly his impressions, and these impressions each individual reader expects will coincide exactly with his own. Too little consideration is had for these workers of the night, and altogether the critic is a much abused individual.—*The Orpheus.*

A Musical Criticism.

The following is a happy burlesque upon the hifalutin style of the musical critics on some of the big dailies:

Composition (Shoo Fly) is well known to the musical people as one of the most difficult, with crescendo and diminuendo movements that puzzles masters in the art. The expression necessary to give effect to the first strains, and bring them out with the due crispness is hardly ever rendered with sufficient force and artistic finish. For this reason was the performance last night so remarkable.

The solo in the first part, performed on a first horn with great clearness and purity of technique, rendered the inflection on the "bother me" wonderfully effective. Just then the voice rose with magic trills, and brought in the "shoo fly" of the succeeding line in a fugue arrangement. Taking up this the tin kettles chanted, "I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel, like a—" But at this point fell in the brasses and other harmonies, with a perfect radiance of sound, "that's what my mother said," and overwhelmingly grandly, beyond all description, rose the finale—"Upon this nigger's head." The excellent manner in which one kettle was managed, and all the resources of that wonderful instrument exhausted, bespoke an artist who had conquered all difficulties of execution. The whistles, also, keeping a fugal time, tore across the wealth of harmony with notes bursting upon the ear at times wholly unexpected. As for as the cow-bells, it carried one to scenes the most idyllic and Alpine to hear their twinkle, and clang, and the soft tremolo that accompanied their pinnissimo movements. They could not have sounded more natural on the neck of a town bull. It is owing to them that the tone of the musical picture was preserved. For they brought out the innocent and rural air which tints the composition of "Shoo Fly," and they were a perpetual musical reminiscence of the parable, "Gone to Grass."—*San Francisco Figaro.*

THE DEBUT OF AN OPERA.—On the 4th of October, 1819, Rossini's opera, "La Donna del Lago" was produced at Naples. The day was a gala day. The theatre was illuminated. The court was not there, and nothing could control the extreme gayety of the young officers who filled by right the first four benches of the pit, and who had been drinking the king's health with the most absolute discretion. A number of bards appeared on the stage, coming to animate the Scottish army about to march to the combat. Rossini had entertained the idea of competing with the three orchestras at the ball in "Don Giovanni." He had divided his army into two parts, namely, the chorus of the bards, and the military army, accompanied by trumpets, which, after having been heard separately, united. One of the officers in the pit, at the sound of the trumpets, set himself to imitate with a cane the sound of a horse in full gallop. The audience seized the idea, and in an instant 500 people in the pit were imitating, with all their force, and in exact time, the noise of horses in full gallop. The ears of the distracted composer could not endure such a hubbub, and Rossini faint. The same night, in order to keep an engagement which he had made some time before, Rossini got into a carriage, and posted to Milan. On the road he spread the news that the Donna del Lago had been landed to the skies. He believed that he had been guilty of telling a fib, but it was true, for the next night the enlightened audience of Naples, conscious of their injustice, applauded the operatic enthusiasm, and ever since it has kept its place as one of the grand lyric works of the illustrious composer.

THE Prince of Wales is devoting great attention to theatrical and musical matters this season, being a regular attendant on the "Fifth nights." It is said that he has contracted a great friendship for Sir Arthur Helps, author of "Friends in Council," and has him very often at the family parties at Marlborough House. The prince was seen at the first representation of "The Happy Land," at the Court Theater, where he was the target for every eye in consequence of the political quibs and burlesques in the play.

Paganini.

In 1808 he obtained from the Grand Duchess leave to travel. His fame had preceded him. Leghorn, where seven years before he had forfeited his famous Stradivarius and won a Guarnerius, received him with open arms, although his appearance was marked by an amusing *contrepoids*. He came on the stage limping, having run a nail in his heel. At all times odd looking, he no doubt looked all the more peculiar under these circumstances, and there was some titling among the audience. Just as he began the canons fell out of his desk—more laughter. He went on playing, the first string broke—more laughter. He played the rest of the concerto through on three strings, but the laughter now changed to vociferous applause at this feat. The beggarly elements seemed of little consequence to this magician. One or more strings—it was all the same to him. Indeed, it is recorded that he seldom paused to mend his strings when they broke, which they not unfrequently did. When from abstraction or carelessness he would allow them at times to grow quite ragged on the finger board, and his constant practice of plucking them, guitar like, with the left hand, as well as harp like with the fore-finger of the right hand, helped, no doubt, to wear them out rapidly. At Ferrara both he and his violin met with a different reception. A singer had failed him, and he had induced a danseuse, who had a pretty voice, to come to the rescue. Some graceless fellow in the audience hissed her singing, which caused Paganini to take a revenge little suited to the occasion. In his last solo he imitated the cries of various animals, and, suddenly advancing to the foot lights, caused his violin to bray like an ass, with the exclamation, "This is for him who hissed!" Instead of laughter, the pit rose in fury, and would have soon made short work of him and his violin had he not escaped by a back door. It appears that the country folks round Ferrara called the town's people, whom they hated, "asses," and were in the habit of singing out "he-haw!" whenever they had to allude to them; hence the angry reception of Paganini's musical repartee.—*Good Words.*

A Sermon on "Push."

When Cousin Will was home for vacation, the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazel nuts. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged looking man and a discouraged looking cart.

The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up hill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push, push," was the cry. The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as rheumatism would do it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man, "you just wait a minute," and he hurried into the house, while two or three pink aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys," said Cousin Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish we could all take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push' it is just the word for a grand, clear morning like this.

"If anybody is in trouble, and you see it, don't stand back; push!

"If there's anything good doing in any place where you happen to be, push!

"Whenever there's a kind thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in town, at church or at school, just help with all your might; push!"

At that moment the farmer came out with a dish of his wife's best doughnuts; and that was the end of the little sermon.

"THE DEVIL A MONK WAS HE."—OLD SONG.—They play practical jokes in Switzerland sometimes, though they are not popular there, it seems. Two ways found a "sapper" lying in a ditch very drunk, and thought it would be very nice to bewilder him as to his own identity upon becoming sober. So they shaved his head, and dressed him in a monk's dress, and hastened with him to the nearest convent, where they told the brothers how they had found him, and begged them to take him in, and thus avoid the scandal of having it known that a monk was found drunk by the wayside. The convent doors were willingly opened, and he was received. Upon coming to himself the joke played upon them was discovered by the monks, and they, with the chief victim, are after the jokers, armed with the law, who are likely to have an unpleasant time getting out of the scrape.

Correspondence.

Letter from Boston.

MUSICAL MATTERS AT THE HUB—THE COLLEGE OF MUSIC—MR. GILMORE AND HIS DESIGNS—FACTS AND FICTION—MR. PECK'S RECENT BENEFIT CONCERT—THE THOMAS ORCHESTRA—RUBINSTEIN AND WIENIAWSKI—THE HARVARD CONCERTS—CHANGES IN THE BOSTON CHOIRS—THE MUSICAL CONSERVATORIES—MISS STARBIRD—THE NEW YORK ENGLISH GLEE CLUB—THE OPERA BOUFFE—VISIT OF THE HANDEL AND HAYDEN SOCIETY TO NEW YORK, ETC., ETC.

BOSTON, April 17, 1873.

Boston has the only real college of music in America, that is to say, the only high institution of learning devoted wholly to the science of music, and instituted upon a university plan. There are numerous music schools and conservatories throughout the country which bear the name of "colleges," which are such in title merely. They differ in no sense from the music schools of less pretentious titles. The College of Music established by the Boston University is not one of these, but a branch of a large and growing institution of the higher order which has been liberally endowed. Students go through a regular college course of three years, and, if graduates of any college of arts, receive, upon passing a satisfactory examination, a diploma, with the degree of Bachelor of Music. If not graduates of any college of arts, they will be required to pass an examination in English composition, history and literature, a modern language (French, German or Italian), Latin, or instead of it a second modern language, and mathematics. The president of the university is ex-Governor Claflin. There have already been founded under its auspices a school of theology, a school of law, and a college of music, and a school of medicine, and a college of liberal arts is to be started next autumn. The faculty of the College of Music is composed as follows:—Eben Tourjee, Dean of the Faculty; John K. Paine, Professor of Composition, Musical History and Aesthetics; J. C. D. Parker, Professor of the Piano-forte; Dudley Buck, Professor of the Organ; J. O'Neill, Professor of English and Italian Singing, Aesthetics and Physiology of the Voice; Charles R. Cross, Professor of Orchestration; Charles N. Allen, Professor of the Violin; Wulf Fries, Professor of the Violoncello; A. C. Maggi, Professor of Italian; Carl Zerrahan, Oratorio and Orchestral Conductor. Other names will be added to meet the requirements of the institution.

The movements and supposed designs of Mr. Gilmore are furnishing the newspapers with a great number of paragraphs at the present time. About one in a dozen of the floating items has fact for a foundation. In some quarters the Boston jublator has been abused for forcing upon the consideration of the government a costly project for a national band, when the fact is, that he was called to Washington to consult with the heads of the war and navy departments in relation to the matter. The government authorities have become ashamed of its little marine band since the visit of the representative bands of England, France and Prussia to Mr. Gilmore's last jubilee, and are anxious to have a military band organization which will be creditable to the country. When urged to take charge of this enterprise Mr. Gilmore signified his willingness to undertake the task, provided it was to be carried out upon a suitable scale, and on condition, as a matter of course, that he should be remunerated in a fair way for giving up the remainder of his life to the work. A New York daily recently started the rumor that Mr. G. was soon to take steps towards organizing a mammoth musical festival in England. The first intimation Mr. Gilmore had of

this was from reading the paragraph alluded to. It is true, however, that prominent Englishmen have given him the assurance that such an affair might be carried out in London with success. He has no intention, however, of carrying any such scheme into effect, at least for the present. Neither is he moving in the matter of providing Boston with a permanent hall for mammoth musical festivals, fairs, and large gatherings of other kinds; although the plan has been a pet project with him for years. He is confident that the present time is not well calculated to start such an enterprise, although the fact that a hall of sufficient size to hold a chorus of 2,500, and an audience two or three times as large, would be very desirable, is admitted by almost every one, and it is generally believed that such a hall, with a portion of the building devoted to business purposes, would be made self-sustaining. Mr. Gilmore is, in fact, engaged in bringing his well-known band up to a high order of excellence, and upon other enterprise. The band will play at Leland's grand hotel, Saratoga, during the early part of the summer, and at Congress Hall, Cape May, in the latter part of the season. The band will have fifty pieces at Cape May. Mr. Gilmore will also furnish music for the season at the Profile House, White Mountains, during the season. Mr. Gilmore gives a concert at the Boston Theatre on the 27th, for the benefit of the Carvey Hospital.

Mr. A. P. Peck's benefit on the 9th ult. was a gigantic success, and so it should have been, with such an immense array of attractions—Theodore Thomas and his superb orchestra, Anton Rubinstein, Henri Wieniawski, Miss Annie Louise Cary and Mr. Nelson Varley. It was such a musical treat as will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be present. The Thomas orchestra played a popular programme, which included the overture to "William Tell," the "Tannhauser" overture, and Schumann's charming *Träumerei*. The other artists appeared in choice solo performances. Two other concerts were given on the 11th and 12th, in which the Thomas' orchestra, Rubinstein and Wieniawski appeared. They were among the most enjoyable musical entertainments ever given in Boston.

Mr. Peck is already making his arrangements for next season, and it is likely that he will then present some other grand musical combinations. He is one of the most enterprising concert managers in the country, and is held in high esteem by the Bostonians. The Harvard Musical Association gave its tenth and concluding symphony concert of the season, at Music Hall, on the 11th. It came in too close proximity to the Thomas concerts to meet with any great degree of success. The Boston orchestra is far behind Thomas' in point of discipline, unity and precision. The best thing of the day was some very fine singing by Miss Clara Doria, who, by-the-by, has recently become a resident of Boston, and a member of the Trinity Church choir.

And this leads us to speak of other choir changes. New York is robbing Boston of some of its best choir singers, although Miss Doria's engagement will, in a great measure, compensate for their loss. Mr. F. C. Packard has been engaged to sing at Christ's Church, Fifth Avenue, at a salary of \$2,500 a year. Mr. Nelson Varley, the English tenor, who has made Boston his abiding place since his arrival in the country, goes to the same church, and Mr. M. W. Whitney, the well-known basso, has been engaged there some months. Strenuous efforts are also being made to secure the services of Mrs. J. M. Osgood. It was rumored that Mr. F. H. Torrington was to leave the city, and consequently resign the direction of the choir at King's Chapel. We are glad to be able to announce that this is not true. Mr. Torrington received a handsome offer to remove to Toronto, but has decided to remain in Boston. Mr. Edward Prescott, tenor, is temporarily connected with Dr. Larimer's Church choir, but it is rumored that he, too, may soon go to New York.

The musical conservatories and music schools have

been giving their quarterly concerts of late. First in order of time and importance was that of the New England Conservatory of Music, which came off at Music Hall on the afternoon of the 5th inst. The exercises were of a very interesting character, and the proficiency displayed by the pupils was alike creditable to the pupils and teachers. Next in order was the first quarterly exhibition of the National College of Music (the music school established by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club). This came off at Tremont Temple last Tuesday, and was a very pleasing affair.

The pupils of Mrs. Fanny Frazer Foster were to give their annual exhibition concert last evening, and I presume they did so. The Boston Conservatory of Music gives its quarterly concert next Saturday afternoon at Tremont Temple, and Mr. Petersiles gives a concert at the same place this evening. There are one or two other exhibition concerts which have not yet been announced.

Mr. B. J. Lang will finish his series of Thursday matinees to-day. They have been very enjoyable affairs. At to-day's concert, which is the fourth of the series, Mr. Lang will have the assistance of Mr. Charles R. Hayden, Mr. Ernst Perabo, and Mr. G. W. Sumner.

Mr. Perabo gave the second and last of his matinees at Wesleyan Hall on the 11th. His programme was made up of Hummel's Sonata in E flat major, Adagio for piano, and 'Cello, by Bargiel, Barcarole, by Dupont, Gavotte, by Gluck, Nocturne, by Rubinstein, and Sonata in D major for piano, and 'Cello, by Beethoven. The 'Cello parts in the Bargiel, and Beethoven numbers were played by that finished artist, Mr. Wulf Fries.

The Beethoven Quintette Club, an organization made up of some of our very best musicians, gave the first of two classical matinees at Wesleyan Hall, on Tuesday last. Mr. H. E. Sawyer and Mr. Perabo assisted, the former in Hayden's beautiful "Spirit Song," and the latter in two charming little compositions of his own, a "Moment Musical," and a *Scherzo*. Mr. Perabo has also written, lately, a *Prelude*, which is meeting with favor. Mr. Charles Kappitz, a member of the club, with Mr. Perabo, played an introduction and variations for flute and piano, by Schubert, and the club also gave Beethoven's Quintette in E flat, and Rubinstein's Quartette, Op. 17, No. 3. The second concert comes off next Tuesday.

The Boston Catholic Choral Society, of which Mr. George E. Whitney is the conductor, gave a fine concert at Music Hall on the evening of Sunday, the 13th, assisted by Madame Rudersdorf, Mr. W. G. Winch, Mr. John F. Winch and the Beethoven Quintette.

Miss Anna Mehlig recently gave a series of piano recitals at Mechanics' Hall, at one of which Miss Anna Starbird assisted. Miss Starbird is a native of Portland, Maine, who has spent three years in studying music in Italy, where she also sang in opera with great success. On account of the death of her father, she was compelled to cancel a long list of existing engagements, and return home. She has a rich and powerful soprano voice, which has been highly cultivated, and she made on this occasion (her first public appearance in Boston) a splendid impression. She is at present organizing a concert troupe from among our very best artists, for an early summer tour through New England and the provinces. She is sure to become a favorite wherever she is heard.

The Boston Choral Union, of South Boston, are to give a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" this evening, under the direction of Mr. B. F. Lang.

An English glee quartette, consisting of Messrs. Bush, Rockwood, Beckett and Aiken, are to give a private concert in this city, at Mechanics' Hall, to-morrow evening.

M'lie. Aimee's Opera Bouffe Troupe have had a very successful season at the Globe Theatre, where they finished a series of twenty performances last evening. For the greater part of the time there were crowded houses. Although Boston could toler-

ate "La Belle Helene," "Barbe Bleue," and even "Genevieve de Brabant," "Les Cent Vierges" proved a little too strong for its ideas of decency and propriety; and after the first night it was sung before small and questionable audiences. On the 6th inst. the Opera Bouffe singers attempted to give a Sunday concert. It was funnier than Opera Bouffe itself. Aimee was too ill to appear, and the others only succeeded in showing their total unfitness for anything in the music line, except Opera Bouffe.

Both of our leading male singing clubs—the Apollo and the Orpheus—have recently secured large and commodious quarters, the former on Tremont street, a short distance above West street, and the latter in the old Odd Fellows' Hall, Washington street. The Orpheus Society recently gave a concert for the benefit of their old director, Mr. August Kreissmann, which netted some \$3,000.

The Handel and Haydn Society are to leave Boston next Monday morning for a week's visit to New York. The entire society, numbering between four and five hundred members, have been engaged by Mr. Theodore Thomas, to assist during his festival week in that city. They will sing in Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and "Hymn of Praise," portions of Handel's "Israel in Egypt," and in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, at Steinway Hall, and "Elijah" will be repeated at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Mr. Thomas pays the railroad fares and the board of the Boston singers, and the entire expense of the enterprise will reach \$10,000 or \$12,000. As the price of tickets has been placed at \$2, \$3 and \$4, Mr. Thomas will doubtless be remunerated for this outlay. Mrs. Julia Houston West, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Mr. Nelson Varley, Mr. F. Rudolphsen, and Mr. M. W. Whitney are to accompany the society as soloists.

Mrs. Smith, Miss Cary, Mr. Varley, Mr. Rudolphsen and Mr. Whitney are also engaged to sing at the Cincinnati festival next month.

RANGER.

Among the Hills.

To the Editor of the Song Journal:

AGREEABLE to my promise a few months since, to give at some convenient time, another echo from my nest "among the hills," I avail myself of this first leisure hour, to acquaint you with some of our modest efforts in this unpretending little village. Since the advent of the Estey organ, SONG JOURNAL, and (must I say it, that shouldn't) "new music teacher," you would probably experience some surprise at the rapid strides we have been taking in musical matters.

We have a Philharmonic Society, composed of the "very finest talent of the place" (save the mark!) Music forms a branch of education in our schools. Our choir has disbanded, and the congregation "no longer praise the Lord by proxy," in the language of a good deacon: "My class has largely increased;" and, last but by no means least in point of interest to myself, I have a co-laborer in this vineyard, in the person of a very able professor, hailing from an eastern town, a graduate of some institute of which I think I never learned the precise locality. However, the purport of this letter is not to discuss the merits or demerits of my fellow worker. Suffice it to say, my prospects for success and usefulness are not suffering on account of competition, but can truly say, I rather enjoy it.

I will not say, that the good of the people, alone, or the elevation of a higher musical taste, solely influenced your humble servant in her endeavors to raise a club for the SONG JOURNAL last fall. It may be the liberal premiums offered to persons obtaining subscribers, had some weight in the matter. Probably as much as disinterested benevolence. At all events, it came to pass, on one of our loveliest October mornings, in 1872, I emerged from my boarding place, fresh from a careful perusal of a specimen copy of the SONG JOURNAL, thoroughly acquainted with its mer-

its and attractions, its music tingling at my fingertips, just ready to drop off at a moment's warning; in short, armed and equipped for a successful encounter with anybody, and everybody I chanced to meet. Before starting, I furnished myself with a blank book, lead pencil, and capacious portmonnaie, the former, to be filled to overflowing with the names of those eager to avail themselves of this opportunity for improvement and culture, the latter, without doubt, to receive their ready subscription.

The air was clear and bracing, I well remember that morning. Sanguine and hopeful, I tripped lightly along, humming gaily a strain of the song contained in my specimen number. My first call was at the store of Mr. L., one of my patrons.

"Ah Miss S., good morning.—Good morning,—*ahem!*—glad to see you.—What can I do for you this fine day?—Are you wanting one of our new alpacas? Splendid stock this season, finest by far in the market, dirt cheap, only examine this piece now—just what you need."

Inwardly wondering at the man's knowledge of my needs, and hoping he would continue to feel as good natured as he then appeared, I hastened to make known the object of my early call.

"Subscribe for a musical paper? Let's see it,—Ah! very good indeed, undoubtedly—can't stop now to examine, but Jane does not really need it. Can't you teach her all she want's to know, without this additional expense? This is extra, you see—and we take our weekly paper."

"Yes, but Mr. L.," I replied, "there is music furnished in each number of the SONG JOURNAL, that would, if bought in sheet form, amount to little less than the subscription price for a year. Thus Jane could very soon have a nice collection of pleasing pieces at very little expense."

"Nonsense, Miss S., teach her some good Sunday school hymns and her exercises, that will be quite sufficient to satisfy me."

Mr. L. did not subscribe, any more than I bought her Sabbath school hymns and exercises.

Next, on my list came Widow P., who keeps a neat little notion store on our main street. Her son Fred, is a promising pupil of mine (I wish he promised to become a good player.) I thought the SONG JOURNAL would help him along.

"Dear Miss S., fresh as a June rose; bless your heart—I was just thinking how prettily you would become one of these pink bows—being as how you're a favorite of mine, and Fred, sets a store by you too. I'll let you have one at cost price. Shall I do it up?"

I replied in the negative, assuring the worthy widow that my call on her this morning was not for the purpose of gratifying my taste for things pretty and becoming, I produced my paper, and soon became eloquent over its desirable qualities. I told her what a help it would be to Fred—now that he was just beginning to take pieces, etc.

"Can't afford it, am doing more now than I'd ought in letting Fred idle away his time over that organ. He don't know *nothing* at all when he gits himself down with his musical book before his eyes, his feet and hands a pawin away for dear life, and making such a racket, I'm near a most distracted. Prof. B. thinks Fred. should have a gentleman for his teacher, when this term is out I'll let him take of the professor. He was in here a few days ago—he plays *lovely*—and says he knows he can teach Fred. more in one term than any lady can in three. Excuse me, there's a customer."

The first name that honored my book was that of our parson, who "felt it his duty to encourage art, inspire hope in the youthful mind, and a willing ear to the call of the needy" (that's me I thought), "and be first and foremost in every good word and work" would "hand me his dollar on the following Sabbath." Let me here mention that probably owing to the fact that our missionary collection came on the following Sabbath, or to some shortcoming in our

good pastor's purse, or memory, the *name* is all I have.

However, to prove "what's in a name" several of our good people emulated their revered pastor, by "lending a willing ear," and promised to think favorably of the matter. Somewhat encouraged by this harbinger of success, I ate a generous dinner that day, and immediately proceeded to my canvassing. Called first on our "leading soprano, hearing strains of music proceeding from the parlor, I paused long enough to allow the singer to finish up the anthem for the following Sabbath, then rang the bell. The young lady herself answered the summons. Was "delighted to see me, but so afraid I had heard her sing. Was just trying her voice."

Inwardly wishing she knew how trying her voice was to her listeners sometimes, I told her that I had brought her something which I knew she "being a musician would appreciate. Not only on account of the music the paper contained, but in view of the great amount of excellent advice and valuable information found in its columns," adding, that "we musical people must try to keep ourselves acquainted with matters of interest to the profession." My latter remark seemed to penetrate the most direct avenue to her ear and purse, as she honored my list with her name, and my purse with a dollar, and is now one of the most ardent of worshipers at the shrine of the SONG JOURNAL.

"A musical journal Miss S!—What in the name of a civilized community do I want of such a paper, why I can't get up a respectable whistle even, and couldn't tell "Old Dog Tray," from "Three Blind Mice," if I should see him." The speaker was the principal of our High School.

"Do you suppose," he continued, "I care to read the musical gossip that makes up a greater portion of the contents of these papers? to know how high Madame A. can screech when she is well paid for it, or the precise length of time Signor B. can sustain a note without severing connection of soul and body. I don't feel any happier to be told that some celebrity was the recipient of a huge bouquet at her last appearing, and acknowledged it with a most winning smile, and profound obeisance. Why I'm much more concerned as to the success of our demure little music teacher, in this lazy, antediluvian village, than I ever want to be in the doings of these famous stars." A roguish twinkle in his kind grey eye, and the peculiarly droll expression playing around his mouth, as he spoke, accompanied by a rapid thrust into his pocket after a very consumptive looking wallet, reassured me, and I departed with his name on my list, another dollar in my purse, and an encouraging word and hope of success from his kind heart, quickened my pace as I hastened over the way, where a swinging sign of blue and gilt announced to those interested, that a certain M. D. held himself in readiness to attend to the various ailments of their mortal bodies. Now this enterprising young physician and our leading tenor, are one and the same individual. The gentleman himself hastened to answer my knock, and to assure me with the blandest of smiles playing beneath his buff mustache, that he was at my service—he knew I needed a tonic, for I had seemed to be overtaxing my strength for a long time—he had a remedy which would "rejuvenate my whole system." Assuring him that I neither felt overtaxed or ancient, and that at the first approach of disease his professional skill should be tested, I made known my errand, observing very carelessly (?) that our soprano had subscribed, knowing the tender state of his feelings in that direction. I felt sure that he would "go and do likewise," and he did. Well my list was not of sufficient length to entitle me to a Haines Piano, or an Estey Organ, but the premium awarded to my number was promptly forwarded—and every month brings a budget of SONG JOURNALS to our P. O., and already I can perceive the good results arising therefrom. We are better, and wiser in our own estimation at all events, and it is a universal opinion among those who receive the paper, that they would be very loth to do without it.

The Song Journal.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, MAY, 1873.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,
 stratagems and spoils: no such man can be trusted."

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Musical Artists.

We have our Rubinstein's, our Listz's, our Paporea Rosas, our Kelloggs, Patis, Nilssons and swarms of wittlings, to whom all this disquisition will seem a sad waste of words; a mighty fuss about "Tweddle dum and tweddle dee;" though it were easy to find apologetics in authorities as weighty as these: but this would be a waste of words. Who prates of colors to the blind, euphony to the deaf, or sensibility to the block? If the majority of those who love music are grossly ignorant of its principles,—can we be surprised at the contempt of those who cannot discover the intellectual worth of our art in the conduct of its admirers? What mental light can be perceptible in the raptures excited by inarticulate sounds? Yet one would think that the voice of nature, universality of feeling, and the suffrages of ages, might justify the general partiality to the innocent and delightful resource that ever mitigated the sorrows, and enhanced the enjoyments of human life. Silence the lark, cuckoo, thrush, and nightingale, the natural teachers of music, and you cast a gloom over nature that reduces the light of day to a pale and sickly gleam, blackens the blue perspective, clothes the glassy lake in stygian darkness, and throws a browner horror on the woods.

If gratitude be due to the Giver of Light, it is no less so to the giver of melody and harmony, and to talk contemptuously of His gifts, is as revolting to good sense, as it is to piety. If these gifts be abused and made injurious or ridiculous by man, let us, to use a homely phrase, place the saddle on the right horse, and not foolishly judge of an art by its abuse. Intemperance may convert food to poison; the form and face of a man may be caricatured, and music be degraded to unmeaning jingle, but who appreciates corn by chaff, or the mental and corporeal powers by lunacy, disease, and deformity?

George F. Bristow's "Arcadian."

This new symphony was played with great success at a late concert of the "Brooklyn Philharmonic Society." That the music is good, that it is artistically arranged, that its sequences are all correct, that effects arising from judicious arrangement of theme are all right, picturesque, and elaborate, we know, and hence justly accord to its author; for, nothing else could be expected from him. But in its analysis, we could not divest ourselves of "ear marks," derived from Felician David's "Desert."—We know not from any positive knowledge, that Mr. Bristow ever saw the work above alluded to; or, that he has any knowledge, whatsoever of its existence. But we do know that authors of to-day, are copying from those of the past;—and, to say the masters of the past century, with those who grace the records of the present; the sunlight-genius of whom com-

mands the admiration of every lover of music; the key to the progress of which we boast of will be apparent. Talk of going beyond Haydn, Weber or Beethoven in instrumentation, of Mozart or Mendelssohn in vocal; and, we say, the utterances are jargon and nonsense, no more nor less.

DETROIT, April 16th, 1873.

To the Editor of SONG JOURNAL.

Much is said, and special attention is being paid in our churches to the subject of congregational singing in our city and elsewhere, at the present time. The object of this address is to ask if the leader of congregational singing should occupy any definite position in the church; in the rear of the congregation, in its centre, or in the front of the same? Should he have a tenor, baritone, or bass voice in the discharge of this duty? Should he sing the melody (or treble) or the part to which his voice is naturally adapted, tenor, bass, or baritone? These questions are propounded to you because you have, from first to last, in the SONG JOURNAL advocated congregational singing.

PAOLI

In reply to Paoli's interrogations, we say he has opened a subject never, to our knowledge, before touched upon, on this important subject; one which has for years past commanded the attention of the two prominent leaders and exponents of congregational singing, the late Drs. Lowell Mason and Thomas Hastings. But to come directly to our reply to Paoli's questions, we say:

1st. There can never be good congregational singing unless the congregation learn to sing, which we believe to be a duty as much as to learn to pray. The ability to praise God acceptably lies in the cultivation of those powers and faculties which He has given, and the more perfect this talent given us, be it one, two or five, the more acceptable to Him.

2d. There can never be good congregational music without a choir to control it, and an instrument to buoy up the voices. No voice, tenor, baritone or bass can sing treble, unless he be a eunuch; hence, to attempt to sing treble in its truthful position cannot be done. It may be sung truthfully and melodiously in the natural tone of voice by any above alluded to, but in conjunction with female voices, never, unless its register be changed. We say, then, the voice should ever be controlled in singing within the registers nature has given in which ever part adapted. "Let all the people praise Thee," is the divine command, and if a congregation be led by a single voice, assisted by an instrument (as it ever should be), the most eligible position for him to occupy is in front, where he may be seen by all. Moreover, the congregation should always rise in this part of their worship.

Memorial Song—"Strew the Flowers."

This new and beautiful song and chorus by S. W. Straub, contained in our present issue of the SONG JOURNAL, we commend to our readers, as seasonable; and the sentiments of which will find a hearty response, not alone to those whose homes are left desolate in the removal of loved-ones therefrom, but also to those who cherish the memories of the fallen brave. We say, then, in the language of the song:—

"Here upon this hallowed ground,
 We bring our offering, rare,
 While holy incense breath of flow'rs
 Is borne upon the air.

Here we come in memory of the honor'd and the brave,
 Who fought, our dear and lovely land from tyranny to save.

CHORUS—Bring the choicest flowers of spring,
 Strew them o'er the graves—
 Where they rest in calm repose,
 Chant your sweetest lays.

It is right to say the bouquet brought is not from Achilla Millefolia, nor African Margold, intertwined with the Bilbery, the Black-thorn or Ebony; but the true Elder of the American Elm,—without a particle

of Bird's-foot Trefoil, but the simple Apple-blossoms of the Fennel and Flowering Reed.

Bring, then, your flowers, strew them o'er the graves of the loved departed you will soon meet on the "other shore," rejoicing,—the while,—that the separation is brief, and that there, flowers immortal bloom—that there, separation from loved ones comes—never,—but sweeter, happier, holier songs than permitted to raise here, will greet you in the welcome abode of the blest, "beyond the dark and narrow tomb." The beautiful song to which we have alluded is published and for sale in sheet form by C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson avenue.

Mons. Mazurette's Concert.

THE concert given by Mons. Mazurette, at Music Hall on the evening of the 16th, was well attended, notwithstanding the extreme inclemency of the weather. The number and evident appreciation of the audience must have been gratifying to the Prof. who had prepared a choice entertainment, which taken as a whole was well rendered. If any improvement could have been suggested, it would have been the abridgment of the programme.

Of Mons. Mazurette's skill as a pianist there is no question, his rendition of the several selections he had made was most wonderful in execution but proved the man a master of his instrument—the pupils who took part did both their teacher and themselves ample credit, all promising great proficiency—"Fairy Boat," by Mons. Mazurette, is a very pleasing Barcarole, we predict for it a wide circulation. We trust the future will often bring these musical treats, which seem to be fully appreciated, and as all entertainments of home talent properly conducted should be, are well patronized. The numerous friends of Mons. Mazurette will be gratified to know another of his entertaining concerts will be given the first week in June.

Novel Amusements.

As an index of progress among a people indicative of character, the following is clipped from the daily *Oregonian*, printed in Portland, which will be perused with profit by the famous Delmonico, or any others of the profession. The Mr. Thompson whose establishment is alluded to below is a hard working blacksmith, and, with his wife run the concern on the temperance plan:

"THOMPSON'S TWO-BIT HOUSE, Front street, between Main and Madison. No Deception there! 'Hi you Muck A Muck,' and here's your Bill of Fare. Three kinds of meat for dinner,—also for Breakfast and Supper. Ham and Eggs every other day, and fresh fish, hot Rolls, and cake in abundance. Hurry up! and none of your sneering at cheap boarding houses. Now's the time to have the wrinkles taken out of your bellies after a hard winter. Board and Lodging \$5.00, board, \$4.—Six new rooms furnished with beds the best in town, at my branch house, corner of First and Jefferson. I am ready for the bone and sinew of the country?"

"Hi you Muck A Muck," is a phrase in the Chinoak language for plenty to eat.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF THE CHICKERING PIANO.—List! its sweet, mellow tones break on the ear, through the sounding-boards of almost every paper in our land. Are these the birds that sang "just fifty years ago?"—Well, Jonas, strike your "harp celestial," it's the same. The prophetic vision which fired your soul, the dim, hazy distance of perfection seen and acting as an incentive, strong and controlling, guiding and impelling every effort, teaches us permitted to linger on the shores of time, it is the same,—in principle. Bring, then, if permitted to witness the festive scenes from yon fairy abode, the golden harpers that surround you, and let their benign influence play on minds left behind, kith or kin, and thus add joy to the festivities of the anniversary we celebrate.

The Chickering Piano.

We are among those who love to look after antecedents; though at first view it may appear to a reflecting mind all wrong, because the golden command teaches us to "take no thought of the morrow, for we know not what a day will bring forth," a doctrine in many respects false in principle, and pernicious in practice. The plans formed to-day, the work executed, in conformity with them, when analyzed, tend not to the past, but the future, and hence the principle of progression is onward and not anterior. It is joyous to trace from step to step, the history of any enterprise for good, any effort that has for its aim the happiness and welfare of humanity.

Jonas Chickering, the father of the famous piano bearing his name, a fraction less than fifty years ago, commenced the manufacture of his instruments with his own hands; and, as if by prophetic vision, from first to last, seemed to comprehend with sunlight certainty the glory to be achieved by assiduity to it, and perseverance the *acme* of endeavors to make the best instruments in the world. That his efforts have been crowned with success, amid all competitors, from first to last, not only from foreign competition, but also from the same at home, is fully attested in the fifty thousand pianos, whose sweet and thrilling tones, delight and make happy the hundreds of thousands in every quarter of the globe from day to day.

That the perfection of the piano was the dominant aim of this good man, and that his energies centered in the accomplishment of this noble work, is doubtless true; still, we have alluded to but a single point in his history, should we refrain from saying, that in "every good word and work," in the promotion of the cause of music, his *heart, hand and purse* were ever open. We speak from knowledge in this direction, all of which will be corroborated by many who reverentially bow to his influence as president of the Handel and Haydn Society—the oldest and wealthiest in our country,—“The Boston Academy of Music,”—and “The Musical Education Society,”—in all of which he manifested an interest deep and telling. We cannot conclude what we have to say of this good man more truthfully, nor so well in language of our own, as by quoting from Mr. Watson of the “Art Journal.” He says:—

“CHICKERING & SONS will be half a hundred years old in a few weeks. Fifty years of business life from father to sons, and the firm younger in its virile strength and more prosperous than ever! Through the overwhelming competition of English and European makers in its growth, through the almost crushing losses entailed by the repudiation of the South in 1861-62, and in despite of the brilliant and determined competition of other makers, great and small, the business of Chickering & Sons has risen from one piano per week to ten pianos per day, or sixty pianos turned out and disposed of each week in the year.

Nearly fifty thousand of the Chickering pianos are in use in this country and elsewhere; this number would have been more than doubled, but for the fact that Chickering & Sons were the pioneers of American manufacture, and had to fight for twenty years, when the sales were necessarily difficult and slow, against the universal preference for pianos of foreign manufacture. Theirs was the fight and the struggle against a foreign foe, whose discomfitures in America to pursue the business with success.

The death blow to the importation of foreign pianos was the voluntary use of the Chickering grand pianos, by, chronologically speaking, Richard Hoffman, Strakosch, Gottschalk and Sigismund Thalberg, and a host of other pianists, in preference to those of the European makers, Erard, Pleyel, Broadwood and Herz. This was the blow which literally put an end to importation, and the American grand piano was left in undisputed possession of

the American Continent, both for public and private purposes.

If this was a bloodless, it was a great national victory achieved by Chickering & Sons, and a victory which has been shared by at least one other maker in the country, who has fought the difficult way up to the front rank by indefatigable industry and skill. The fiftieth anniversary of any great business in this country, is something to be proud of, when we remember how great houses rise and fall—flash out into sudden brilliancy and sink, suddenly, into obscurity, leaving, literally, but the memory of a name. Chickering & Sons to-day is a young firm, with all the experience of age; it bears the honors of Jonas Chickering, rightfully called the “father of the American piano,” the inventor of the “iron frame,” and the “grand circular scale,” improvements which have revolutionized the pianos of the world; and the more recent honors, springing from the inherited skill and genius of the present head of the firm, developed in their magnificent instruments of every class, and culminating in the decoration of the Legion of Honor, at the great Paris Exposition, in 1867, as a special and peculiar recognition of transcendent mechanical skill.

So Chickering & Sons may well celebrate their fiftieth business anniversary. They may remember, with heartfelt sorrow, how death has blotted out two honored and beloved names from the firm scroll; but they can say, with proud consciousness, that they have maintained the honorable name bequeathed by the founder of the firm, and have extended the reputation of Chickering & Sons, to the ends of the four quarters of the globe, or to wherever modern civilization has obtained a foothold.

Those who will take the time to analyze the foregoing, will find it for their interests to observe the declaration subjoined: C. J. WHITNEY & Co. are agents for the above world-renowned instruments, and prepared to sell to the trade in unlimited number, or singly, on terms the same as by sending directly to the manufacturers, thereby saving the cost of transportation from Boston to the purchaser. This is truly a consideration worthy of note, and should be so considered by every one desirous of procuring the best instrument used in the world.

Another Wonderful Invention.

The Brussels correspondent of the *Musical Standard* speaks of a wonderful invention due to the genius of Monsieur Vitus Gevaert, now creating considerable sensation in musical circles there, and especially among organists. It is an appliance by the aid of which a player touching but one note will play a full chord, so that a novice will now be able to accompany a chant merely by striking the note sung by the choir. The appliance is called the Harmonista, and consists of a strong wooden frame, which is fixed cross ways above the key-board of the organ. The piece of wood is full of small pistons, which act in their turn upon small hammers covered with leather, which strike the notes when the piston is touched. Some of these pistons are colored white, some black, the former only play major chords, the latter minor chords. The mechanism is inexpensive and easily fitted upon any instrument. The chords of the Harmonista are by M. Auguste Gevaert, of the Conservatoire, and brother to the inventor. The invention is said to be theoretically perfect, and of its practical use, several of the most eminent organists speak with very highest terms.—*Boston Globe*.

Well, the truth of all said above cannot by any principle of moral ethics be denied; for, the *Musical Standard* through its correspondent asserts its truthfulness, and the *Boston Globe* reiterates. Now, in “the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be established.” Truly “there’s a good time coming,” even the time when the merest tyro in music can handle the organ even with one finger.

Rejoice, ye delvers in the study of harmony, the morn of a bright and glorious day is dawning, for the night is fast spent. Weep and mourn, ye organ builders, many of whom have spent a life-time in the perfection of the most noble of instruments, for your vocation is gone.—ED. SONG JOURNAL.

Convention of Editors of Musical Journals.

Sometime last autumn, the *Rochester* (N. Y.) *Musical Times* suggested the idea of holding a convention, editorial, of the musical papers of our country, which was responded to in the subsequent issues of most of the journals in a manner indicative of a deep and truly abiding interest in the measure. We have watched with solicitude the results arising from the inauguration of the movement above alluded to, which we cannot but view as important, and if rightly directed practical, and tending directly and indirectly to the promotion of the cause of music. But for some reason, doubtless best known to projectors and affiliates with the same, not a sound *pianissimo* or *forte* has been heard from them for months past; so that we are forced to the conclusion the project stands adjourned *sine die*. The ostensible cause arising therefrom might, perhaps, be cyphered out on the slate of antecedents, pertaining to which would doubtless be invidious to talk about; hence, we refrain from saying just what we think, lest something be said which might cause a modulation in harmonical interests too abrupt to dilate upon. This, however, we will say, there are not less than one thousand in our country connected with its musical and literary journals—to say nothing of the political, agricultural, and scientific,—who in all respects, save teachers, vocal and instrumental, can be looked upon in any other light, if duty is discharged, than conservators of the “art divine,” and wielding an influence potent and controlling. Indeed, adding the publishers of music, coupled with the journals not exclusively musical, above alluded to, with the teachers, and the numerical number would not fall a fraction short of twenty times that to which allusion is made. Now, in the name of all that’s good, why cannot this multitude,—for it cannot be considered otherwise—come together in social, fraternal union, and talk over face to face, interests all profess to love and ostensibly seek to promote? We await answer from north, south, east and west. Give us such a meeting, and that glorious results will follow, we firmly believe.

Is Music a Luxury?

How rapid is the progress of music, both vocal and instrumental! Will it never have bounds? It moves with the strides of a giant with *seven mile boots*. It is moreover sure to come from New York, or Boston, of every variety, the truly sweet, artistic, *performed music*. How we in the west long for, and sigh to see and hear the first *debut* of the artists from abroad continually coming to us to teach their new fashioned music! How delectable it would be of a warm day, to hear a colloquy to the following tenor: “My dear Miss Tulip, do play me an air on the piano.” “What color, Mr. Bantum?” “Now that is a very discriminating question, Miss Tulip, and I always like to see discrimination in music; give us your choice.” “*Vy* then, Mr. Bantum,”—for the dear creatures will sometimes *vy* it a little,—“*Vy* then, I will play you a *purple*, because they say purple is sometimes the color of the beautiful purple Italian sky, and so it *must* be musical.” “Much obliged to you, Miss Tulip, how delightful will be the accompaniment! But don’t forget the *aromatic essence*, for that will be necessary to make up a *trio* by yourself. How charming it will be to see such beautiful tones, and partake of their fascinating aromatic odor! I am excessively obliged to you, Miss Tulip.” What can be a more perfect personification of harmony than the fragrance and the hues of the *blues* diffused through the notes of music!

POPE’S WILLOW.—The first weeping willow in England was planted by Alexander Pope, the poet. He received a present of figs from Turkey, and observing a twig in the basket, ready to bud, he planted it in his garden, and it soon became a fine tree. From this stock, all the weeping willows in England and America originated.

DETROIT, MICH.

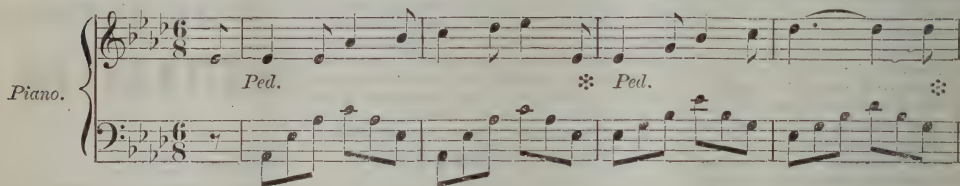
IN MEMORY OF OUR FALLEN HEROES.

Strew the Flowers.

Words and Music by

S. W. STRAUB.

Piano.



- 1.
2. When
3. While



Here up - on this hal - low'd ground, We bring our off'ring rare, . . . While
dark - est clouds our sky o'er-spread And war's dread thunders roll'd, . . . When our
thus so peace - ful - ly they sleep, And dream of wars no more, . . . The




ho - ly in - cense, breath of flow'rs, Is borne up - on the air. . . .
 beauteous flag was wav - ing low, And trea - son's hand grew bold. . . . 'Twas
 flag they lov'd, the stripes and stars Is wav - ing as of yore, . . . And

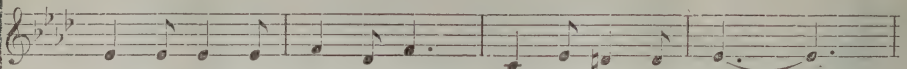
Here we come in mem - o - ry Of the hon - or'd and the brave, . . . Who
 then, these sons of lib - er - ty, Went forth with sword in hand . . . To
 while our ban - ner floats in pride On land and on the sea, . . . O

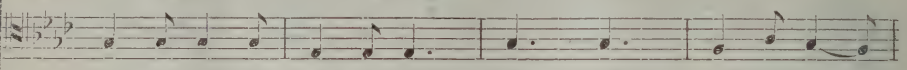
fought, our dear and love - ly land From tyr - an - ny to save. . . .
 shield their lov'd ones and their homes, And guard fair free - dom's land. . . .
 may it wave for - ev - er on, The en - sign of the free. . . .

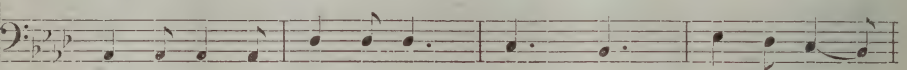
STREW THE FLOWERS.


CHORUS.
Andantino.

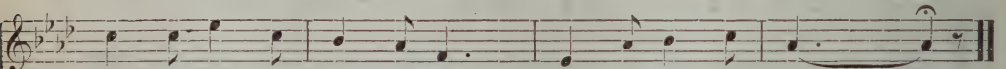
Air, 
Bring the choic-est flow'rs of Spring, Strew them o'er their graves . .


Alto. 
Bring the choic-est flow'rs of Spring, Strew them o'er their graves . .

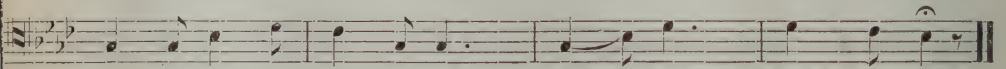
Tenor. 
Bring the choic-est flow'rs of Spring, Strew them o'er their graves,


Bass. 


Piano. 


Where they rest in calm re-pose, Chant your sweet-est lays.


Where they rest in calm re-pose, sweet-est lays.


Where they rest in calm re-pose, Chant your sweet-est lays.





STREW THE FLOWERS.

To His Friend Miss Kate V. Harrington, of Port Huron.

THE WITCHES' WALTZ.

Composed by J. L. TRUAX.

Piano.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of music. The first system is marked 'Piano.' and includes a decorative flourish above it. The second and third systems continue the piece. The fourth system is marked 'Sua,' and features a wavy line above the staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.


~~~~~

Loco.

~~~~~

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First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. Treble and bass staves in B-flat major. Treble staff has eighth notes with accents. Bass staff has chords. Above the treble staff, "Loco." is written between two dashed lines.

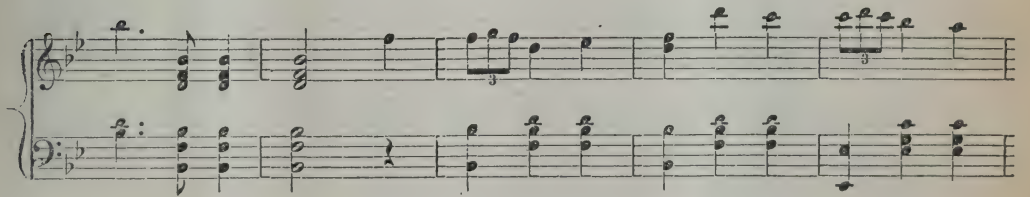
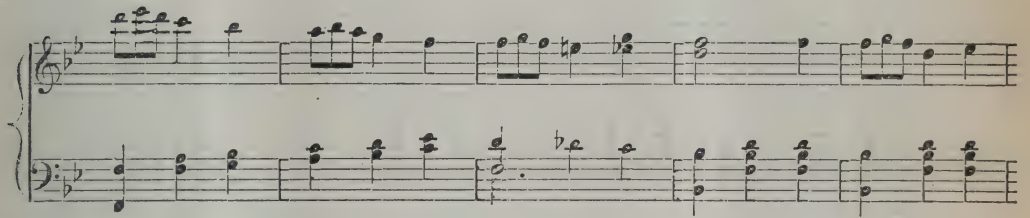
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Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. Treble and bass staves in B-flat major. Treble staff has eighth notes with accents. Bass staff has chords. Above the treble staff, a dashed line is present.

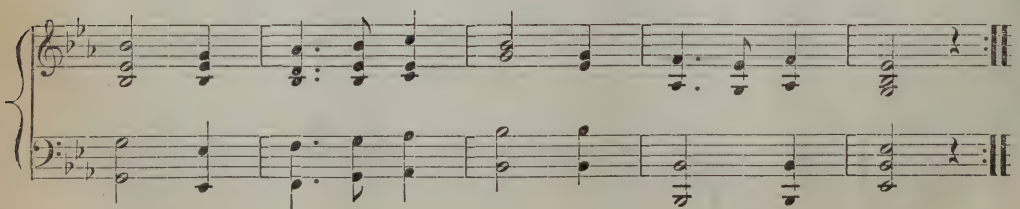
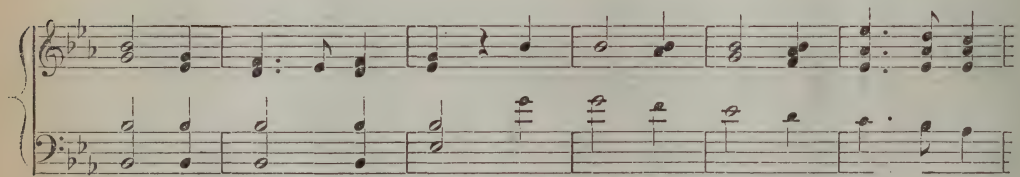
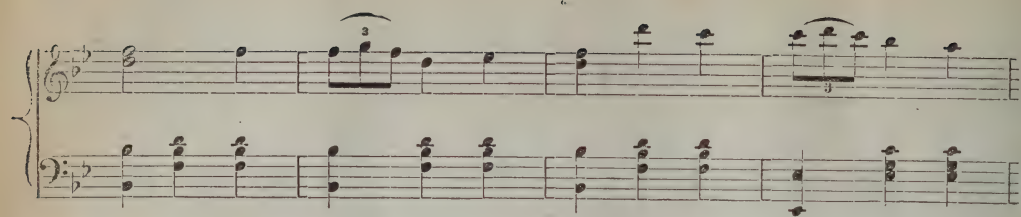
Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. Treble and bass staves in B-flat major. Treble staff has eighth notes with accents. Bass staff has chords.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. Treble and bass staves in B-flat major. Treble staff has eighth notes with accents. Bass staff has chords.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. Treble and bass staves in B-flat major. Treble staff has eighth notes with accents. Bass staff has chords.







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|                                      |                 |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Search Thro' the Wide World. F. 2.   | Oesten. 30      |
| Sea Bird Polka. A. 3.                | Kinkel. 30      |
| Sea Foam Waltzes. C. 3.              | Brainard. 30    |
| Second Cottage Rondo. D. 3.          | Halt. 35        |
| Semiramide. G. 3.                    | Baumbach. 30    |
| Serenade from Don Pasquale. G. 2.    | Benedict. 30    |
| Serenade Waltz. E flat. 3.           | Wells. 30       |
| Sextet. D. 3.                        | Strack. 35      |
| Seminary Polka. G. 2.                | Glynn. 20       |
| Seminary Waltz. D. 3.                | Rink. 30        |
| Seminary Schottisch. E flat. 3.      | Williams. 30    |
| Separation Waltz. B flat. 3.         | Grobe. 30       |
| Sewing Machine Galop. D. 3.          | Smith. 35       |
| Select One Polka Quickstep. C. 3.    | Labitzky. 30    |
| Seventh Regiment March. F. 3.        | Leland. 35      |
| Shells of Ocean. G. 3.               | Baumbach. 30    |
| Shining Star Polka. D. 3.            | Kinkel. 30      |
| Shadows Schottisch. G. 3.            | Minster. 30     |
| Shake Hands Schottisch. G. 3.        | Belak. 30       |
| Shakspeare Grand March. C. 3.        | Pratt. 60       |
| Shamrock Quickstep. F. 2.            | Merrill. 30     |
| Sharpshooter's March. D. 3.          | Wimmerstedt. 30 |
| Sheboy March. A flat. 3.             | Bowman. 30      |
| Sherman Grand Atlanta March. C. 3.   | Wimmerstedt. 35 |
| Shower of Gold Polka. A. 3.          | Lorenz. 35      |
| Shower Waltz. B flat. 3.             | Lockwood. 35    |
| Sigels Grand March. A. 3.            | Martin. 30      |
| Silver Lake Quickstep. E flat. 3.    | Thomas. 30      |
| Silver Lake Waltz. C. 3.             | Baumbach. 30    |
| Silver Cloud Schottisch. C. 3.       | Lang. 30        |
| Silver Cloud Waltz. F. 3.            | Kinkel. 30      |
| Silver Leaf Polka. F. 3.             | Haugboud. 40    |
| Silver Leaf Polka. G. 3.             | Scheffer. 30    |
| Silver Cascade Polka. D. 3.          | Baumbach. 30    |
| Silver Wreath Polka. D. 3.           | Lyon. 30        |
| Silver Bell Polka. B flat. 3.        | Wynan. 30       |
| Silver Star Waltz. C. 3.             | Wynan. 30       |
| Silver Drop Waltz. G. 3.             | Amuhl. 30       |
| Silver Arrow Waltz. F. 3.            | Curtiss. 30     |
| Silver Wave. (Barcarolle) A flat. 3. | Allen. 25       |
| Silvery Shower. C. 3.                | Baumbach. 30    |
| Silvery Fountain Polka. D. 3.        | Kinkel. 30      |
| Silvery Waves. A flat. 3.            | Wynan. 30       |
| Silvery Spring Waltz. A flat. 3.     | Wynan. 30       |
| Silvery Ripples Schottisch. G. 3.    | Dentz. 30       |
| Silvia Schottisch. C. 3.             | Wells. 30       |
| Silphide Polka Mazurka. G. 3.        | Cassari. 20     |
| Sisone's Polka. B. 1.                | Blum. 30        |
| Simplicity Waltz. C. 2.              | Grobe. 30       |
| Sing to Me Softly. F. 1.             | Maack. 25       |
| Sicilian Vespers. C. 3.              | Belak. 30       |
| Silent Evening. G. 3.                | Baumbach. 30    |
| Sixty-Three is the Jubilee. F. 3.    | Baumbach. 35    |
| Skating Waltz. D. 3.                 | Fretberg. 35    |
| Skating Polka. F. 3.                 | Smith. 30       |
| Skating Quadrille. B flat. 3.        | Vaas. 40        |
| Sleigh Ride Galop. B flat. 3.        | Magarity. 20    |
| Sleigh Ride Galop. G. 3.             | Vaas. 35        |
| Sleigh Ride and Riverside. F. G. 2.  | Spindler. 30    |
| Smile Polka. (Gracioso) G. 3.        | Pratt. 35       |
| Smith's Fenced March. A minor. 3.    | Polak. 30       |
| Snow Waltz. F. 1.                    | Rod. 25         |
| Snow Drop Polka. D. 3.               | Warren. 30      |
| Snow Drop Schottisch. E flat. 3.     | Cuehorne. 35    |
| Snow Drop Schottisch. A. 3.          | Frankland. 30   |
| Snow Flake Polka. C. 3.              | Brown. 35       |
| Snuff Box Quickstep. F. 3.           | Audem. 20       |
| Soldier's Dream March. F. 3.         | Brown. 25       |
| Soldier's Return March. C. 3.        | Gilmore. 30     |
| Soldiers' Chorus. B flat. 3.         | Baumbach. 40    |

|                                         |                 |
|-----------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Soldiers' Joy and Bonnie Dunn. D. K. 3. | Baumbach. 30    |
| Solomon Grandy's Waltz. G. 2.           | Alex. 30        |
| Soir (Evening). A. 3.                   | Mayer. 35       |
| Soft Breezes and Cradle Song. D. K. 3.  | Acher. 30       |
| Somebody's Darling. F. 1.               | Maack. 25       |
| Somebody's Luggage Lancers. D. K. 3.    | Cadeo. 60       |
| Sommabula. G. 3.                        | Mosling. 30     |
| Sommabula. G. 3.                        | Krug. 35        |
| Song of a Thousand Years. C. 3.         | Baumbach. 30    |
| Song of the Egyptian Girl. E flat. 3.   | Baumbach. 30    |
| Song of the Fairies. C. 1.              | Murray. 30      |
| Song of the Harvesters. C. 1.           | Root. 25        |
| Sonnet Polka. G. 3.                     | Baumbach. 30    |
| Sophia Polka. A. 3.                     | Wimmerstedt. 30 |
| Sounds from Home. G. 3.                 | Baumbach. 30    |
| Sounds from Home Waltzes. G. 2.         | Baumbach. 30    |
| Sorrow Mazurka. D flat. 3.              | Klingemann. 20  |
| Souvenir Galop. E. 3.                   | Wagner. 20      |
| Spaniard's Serenade. G. 3.              | Jungmann. 35    |
| Spanish Retreat. C. 3.                  | Baumbach. 30    |
| Sparkle Schottisch. E flat. 3.          | Lockwood. 40    |
| Sparkling and Bright. C. 2.             | Taylor. 30      |
| Sparkling Dew Mazurka. F. 3.            | Warren. 30      |
| Sparkling Sen. Barcarolle. G. 1.        | Maack. 25       |
| Sparkling Quickstep. A flat. 3.         | Wynan. 30       |
| Sparkling Wavelets. F. 2.               | Root. 25        |
| Spirit of the Glen Polka. C. 3.         | Kinkel. 30      |
| Sprague's Grand March. B flat. 2.       | Hammerer. 30    |

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| Spring Flower Redowa. F. 3.             | Burgmuller. 20 |
| Spring Polka. E flat. 3.                | Goedeler. 30   |
| Spring Style Schottisch. C. 3.          | Freund. 20     |
| Strike Up for Uncle Sam. C. 3.          | Root. 25       |
| Star Spangled Banner. C. 3.             | Baumbach. 30   |
| Starlight Quickstep. G. 1.              | Kinkel. 30     |
| Starlight Waltz. G. 2.                  | Brainard. 30   |
| Starlight Mazurka. B flat. 3.           | Kinkel. 30     |
| Starlight Galop. C. 3.                  | Warren. 30     |
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| Stop dat Knocking at My Door. D. 3.     | Baumbach. 30   |
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| St. Paul Waltz. C. 3.                   | Vaas. 30       |
| St. Paul Waltz. C. 1.                   | Kimball. 30    |
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| Stradella. C. 2.                        | Ermer. 20      |
| Stradella. D. 2.                        | Krug. 35       |
| Strawnet Polka. C. 3.                   | Puckey. 30     |
| Strike the Harp Waltz. G. 2.            | Kinkel. 30     |
| Sugar Plum Waltz. F. 1.                 | Root. 25       |
| Sultan's Band March. D. 3.              | Proven. 30     |

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| Sultana Polka. E flat. 3.               | Fisher. 20        |
| Surprise Schottisch. F. 3.              | Grobe. 25         |
| Sunny South Mazurka. G. 3.              | Kinkel. 30        |
| Sunny South Polka. E flat. 3.           | Butlerfeld. 20    |
| Supper Bell Polka. G. 3.                | Gilmore. 30       |
| Supper Bell Polka. G. 3.                | Baumbach. 30      |
| Sunlight Waltz. G. 2.                   | Metcal. 30        |
| Sunbeam Waltz. F. 3.                    | Foulton. 30       |
| Sunrise. A flat. 3.                     | Saroni. 20        |
| Sunset. A. 3.                           | Saroni. 20        |
| Swallows. A. 3.                         | Emery. 20         |
| Swallows. C. 3.                         | David. 35         |
| Sweet Kathleen's Lament. G. 2.          | Mera. 20          |
| Swinging on the Tree-Top. F. 1.         | Root. 25          |
| Swiss Air. C. 2.                        | Krug. 35          |
| Swiss Boy. F. 2.                        | Ducenay. 35       |
| Swiss Boy. G. 3.                        | Schneider. 30     |
| Swiss Herdsman. E flat. 3.              | Nebauer. 35       |
| Swiss Robin. G. 2.                      | Zabel. 20         |
| Sweet Robin Waltz. F. 3.                | Goedeler. 30      |
| Sweet Briar Polka. C. 3.                | Louis. 30         |
| Sweetheart Polka. D. 3.                 | Kappes. 30        |
| Sweetest Eyes Polka. G. 2.              | Maack. 25         |
| Sycamore Schottisch. D. 3.              | Kehr. 25          |
| Take me back Home Again. G. 1.          | Maack. 25         |
| Take your Gun and Go, John. F. 3.       | Baumbach. 30      |
| Tannhauser. C. 2.                       | Krug. 35          |
| Tannhauser Grand March. B. 3.           | Wagner. 35        |
| Ten-Ten Galop. F. 3.                    | Kinkel. 30        |
| Ten Popular Airs. D. K. 2.              | Johnson. 40       |
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| Temple Polka Mazurka. A flat. 3.        | Ziefel. 35        |
| Teresita Polka Mazurka. A flat. 3.      | Vilanova. 30      |
| Theme. (Varied). D. 1.                  | Root. 25          |
| Theme Allemande. C. 3.                  | Beyer. 35         |
| Theme de Berton. (Varied). F. 3.        | Merez. 30         |
| Theme de Lortzing. F. 2.                | Rummel. 30        |
| Then You'll Remember Me. F. 3.          | Baumbach. 30      |
| Thinking of Home. D. 3.                 | Speler. 40        |
| Thou art Gone from my Gaze. F. 3.       | Baumbach. 30      |
| Thou Reign'st in this Bosom. G. 3.      | Baumbach. 30      |
| Thou Waltz. A. 3.                       | Gordon. 25        |
| 'Tis Midnight Hour. G. 3.               | Baumbach. 30      |
| Tiger Polka. D. 3.                      | Smith. 30         |
| Tip-Top Mazurka. G. 2.                  | Belak. 30         |
| To the Cottage of my Mother. G. 3.      | Grobe. 40         |
| Tom Thumb's Polka. B flat. 2.           | Mardon. 10        |
| Tom Thumb Quickstep. A. 3.              | Ratiff. 20        |
| Topaz Mazurka. F. 3.                    | Moody. 30         |
| Tramp, Tramp, Tramp. C. 3.              | Root. 20          |
| Traviata (La). C. 2.                    | Krug. 35          |
| Traviata (La). A. 3.                    | Mosling. 30       |
| Trifles. C. F. 3.                       | Lemoine. 40       |
| Tromb-al-ca-zar. C. 2.                  | Root. 30          |
| Trovatore (Il). (6 Mollis) D. K. 3.     | Baumbach. each 35 |
| Trovatore (Il). G. 3.                   | Baumbach. 30      |
| Trovatore (Il). G. 3.                   | Wagner. 30        |
| Trovatore (Il). G. 3.                   | Mosling. 30       |
| Trovatore (Il). D. 3.                   | Krug. 35          |
| Traviata Waltz. G. 3.                   | Kinkel. 30        |
| Tremon House Polka. G. 3.               | Vaas. 30          |
| Troubadour Polka. G. 3.                 | Glynn. 30         |
| Troubadour Polka. G. 3.                 | Baumbach. 35      |
| Tuscany Waltz. G. 3.                    | Kolbe. 30         |
| Tubel Polka. F. 3.                      | Beck. 30          |
| Twilight Pleasures. G. 3.               | Wynan. 30         |
| Twilight Waltz. B flat. 3.              | Saroni. 30        |
| Twilight Waltz. F. 2.                   | Greer. 30         |
| Twilight Polka. F. 3.                   | Warren. 30        |
| Twilight Schottisch. F. 2.              | Glynn. 30         |
| Twinkling Star Polka. G. 3.             | Angerer. 30       |
| Twinkling Stars Mazurka. E flat. 3.     | Deliaue. 30       |
| Twenty-Ninth Regiment March. E flat. 3. | Gill. 30          |
| Tyrolina Air. C. 3.                     | Beyer. 35         |
| Tyrolina Air. F. 3.                     | Cerny. 35         |
| Under the Pines. D flat. 3.             | Emery. 20         |
| Under the Snow. G. 1.                   | Maack. 25         |
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| Uddine. Airs from. G. 3.                | Schlatter. 60     |
| Uddine Waltz. C. 3.                     | Markt. 30         |

Pieces marked \* have Picture Titles. 1, easy, to 7, very difficult. Black letters the Key.

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# C. J. WHITNEY & CO.'S Descriptive Catalogue of Popular Music.

In the following list will be found a carefully arranged Alphabetical Catalogue of our entire publications, with the key, and figures indicative of the character attached, from 1 to 7—easy, to very difficult. Pieces marked thus \* have elegantly illustrated title pages.

**Angel Maggie.** Ab 2. Song and chorus. ..... *Crandall.* 39  
A beautiful, touching and sweet home song.  
Little Maggie, blue-eyed Maggie,  
Maggie with the silvery voice,  
Laughed and lapped, and chirped so gladly,  
That she made all hearts rejoice.

**Anabel.** G 3. Song and chorus. .... *Mattoon.* 35  
A tender, delicate song, with chorus, neatly arranged.  
Dear, sweet Anabel,  
Fair, sweet Anabel,  
Like willow in the meadow,  
In thy sunny, sunny glade,  
Thou didst droop and fade  
With the stormy autumn weather.

**Annie Laurie.** Song, Scotch ballad. .... 59  
An old song, but good—will never die.  
Because Max Welton's banks are bonnie,  
Where early falls the dew,  
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie  
Gave me her promise true.

**Annie's Violet.** Song and chorus. F 3. .... *Hintz.* 35  
A very pretty composition, capable of pleasing effects  
with good accompaniment.  
I walked to-day in the ancient wood,  
With a brooklet flowing through,  
And I thought that again sweet Annie stood  
On the brook where the violets grow.

**As Pants the Hart.** Soprano solo and quartette. .... *Smith.* 40  
Suitable for an opening piece in church service, contains  
some fine harmonies in the chorus.  
As pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase,  
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,  
And Thy refreshing grace.

**All Eight.** Solo and chorus. F 3. .... *Lockwood.* 30  
A sprightly, patriotic little gem. The title truly indicates  
the merits of the piece.  
They are coming from the wars,  
They are bringing home their scars,  
They are bringing back the old flag in glory,  
They have battled long and well,  
And let ages after tell  
How they won the proudest name in song or story.

**America.** Solo and chorus. B 3. .... 30  
The beautiful and familiar words "My Country, 'tis  
of Thee," could have nothing more suitable than "America"  
to bring out their soul-stirring and patriotic sentiments.  
The new arrangement here presented, with a valuable  
"Historical Notice" on the second page, descriptive of six  
well-known national and patriotic melodies and their origin,  
renders the piece doubly attractive, and should become a  
household necessity everywhere.

**Aminta Mia.** Song. F 3. .... *Whiting.* 30  
A chaste and smooth melody, well adapted to the words.  
Although we never met before,  
Light in thy pathway shone,  
In beauty wraps thee o'er and o'er,  
Calm was the soul that gleamed from 'neath  
Each eye-brow's penciled throne,  
Soft smiles thy face in gladness wreath,  
Aminta Mia, O'ra Belle.

**Bertrand's Adieu.** Song. C 4. .... *Mattoon.* 25  
A fine song, suitable for a bass or baritone voice, in march  
movement with a martial accompaniment.  
Must thou go, my glorious chief, severed from thy faithful  
few?  
Who can tell thy warriors' grief, madd'ning o'er that long  
adieu?  
Woman's love, and friendship's zeal, dear as both have been  
to me,  
What are they to all I feel with a soldier's faith for thee?

**Bonnie Nell.** Song and chorus. C 3. .... *McChesney.* 35  
As pure and bonnie a melody as one could wish to hear,  
within the ability of the most modest performer.  
Bonnie amidst the daisies straying,  
Kemping all day long,  
Through her hair the summer wind is playing,  
As she sings her happy song.  
Not a daisy in the meadow,  
Not a floweret in the dale,  
Blooms as fair to me as darling Nellie,  
Bonnie Nellie Vale.

**Bear, Ye Breezes.** Quartette. Eb 5. .... *Pease.* 50  
The melody from a "Sonnambula" accompanying the fol-  
lowing words, has been exquisitely wrought up by Mr.  
Pease with his usual taste and skill. It is certainly one of  
the finest quartettes extant.

Bear ye breezes, gently breathing  
Sounds of peace far o'er the land,  
Now all our best affections wreathing  
With a chaplet light and bland.  
Jubilate, Jubilate. Amen.

**Be Kind to Each Other.** Solo and Quartette. D 3. .... *Leavering.* 35  
A home song of merits, will find its way to many hearts.

Be kind to each other,  
The night's coming on,  
When friend and when brother,  
Perchance may be gone.  
Then, midst our dejection,  
How sweet to have earned,  
The best recollection  
Of kindness returned,  
When day hath departed,  
And memory keeps  
Her watch broken-hearted,  
When all she loves sleeps.

**Come, Ye Smiles.** Song. Bb 3. .... *Clarke.* 20  
Our proud earth home, should not its gleams  
Of beauty woo to happy dreams?  
Its flowers, birds and fountains bright,  
Earth's gorgeous robes, and blaze of light,  
And tears and smiles, and loves that spring,  
Adown life's path a radiance fling;  
To-day these way-marks all along,  
Lead kindly back in memory's throng.

**Come Back to Me.** Song and chorus. G 3. .... *Stewart.* 20  
Pleasing melody, accompaniment not difficult.  
Come back to me, darling, I'm weary without you,  
Life had no pleasure while we are estranged,  
Sunshine and gladness still cluster about you,  
From loving you truly I never have changed.  
Oh, come back to me, darling, deep in my sorrow,  
No joy have I known since you doom'd to depart,  
The heart that in vain tried to borrow,  
A balm for its wounds, relief from its care.

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**Come Play Me that Simple Air Again.** Ballad  
F 3. *Clark.* ..... 20  
Come play me that simple air again,  
I used so to love in life's young day,  
And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then  
Were awakened by the sweet lay.

The tender gloom its strain  
Shed o'er the heart and brow,  
Grief's shadow, without its pain,  
Say where, where is it now?  
But play me that well-known air again,  
For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain,  
Like dreams of some far, fairy shore  
We never shall see again.

**Cold Water Bright and Free.** Song and chorus.  
G 3. .... *Mattoon.* 35  
Pronounced a first-class temperance song.  
Come, let us all in hallow'd strains  
Sing of gladness rare,  
And sing with voices loud and strong,  
Cold water's boundless praise.  
We'll drink the pure, cold water,  
The limpid liquid bright,  
That gushes from the mountain,  
That sparkles in the light,  
That gushes from the mountain,  
And sparkles with the light.

**Coquette.** Song. A 4. .... *Coffinberry.* 25  
A gay and carefree little composition, attractive enough to  
become quite a favorite.  
Let love weave his garlands for those that will wear them,  
And sigh while they wander away;  
Let love bind his fetters on those who will wear them,  
Let others still wear them that may  
I will laugh in love's face, I will ever be free  
From the bonds that entangle the heart;  
No lover's soft sighing, no cupid nor me,  
I've broken the point of his dart.

**Cuckoo's Song.** Song and chorus. D 4. .... *Pease.* 35

The composer's name is sufficient to insure a fine circula-  
tion. The chorus, especially, is very effective if nicely ren-  
dered, parts moving at variance. The treble, imitating the  
call of the bird, while the other parts move along together  
in repetition of the solo which precedes it.

Chill blows the autumn wind  
Through leafless trees;  
We go fresh fields to find,  
Brighter than these,  
Where, 'neath a cloudless sky,  
Blue waters gleaming lie,  
We shall repose,  
Where the wind's perfumed sigh  
Just waves the rose.

**Come Back to Erin.** C 3. .... *Claribel.* 25

Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,  
Come back, Aaron, to the land of thy birth;  
Come with the harp and the springtime, Mavourneen,  
And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.  
This is one of the best of Claribel's songs, and is immen-  
sely popular. We also have several other pieces by the same  
composer now in press, which will soon be ready.

**Captain Jinks.** Song and chorus. A 3. .... *MacLagan.* 30

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,  
I often lie beyond my home,  
I sport young ladies in their teens,  
I cut a swell in the army,  
I teach young ladies how to dance,  
For I'm the best in the army.

**Come Out in the Starlight.** Serenade with chorus.  
Eb 3. .... 40

Glue clubs and quartets will find this composition avail-  
able. It is a beautiful serenade, and we predict for it a wide  
circulation.

Come out in the starlight, I'm waiting for thee,  
The bright moon is shining above,  
The whippoorwill sings in the old willow tree,  
Near the nest of the soft cooling dove.  
Let not sorrow or care have a part in thy heart,  
But let hope blossom joyfully there;  
And to drive away sadness and bid it depart,  
O come out in the starlight so fair.

**The Dreamer.** Song. G 5. .... *Hubbard.* 35

For a baritone voice, this beautiful song is unrivaled.  
The sentiment of the poetry and the music are in perfect  
harmony.

Ah, beautiful sleeper, thou art fair,  
Soft sleeping in the old arm-chair,  
Are all thy visions "fancy free,"  
Or dost thou dream and dream of me?  
Thy lip is wreathed with such a smile,  
That shows a heart all free from guile,  
While'er thy waking thoughts may be  
Dream on, dream on, but dream of me.

**Don't Sell My Father Rum.** Song and chorus.  
F 3. .... *Crandall.* 30

A song of like character with "Please, father, don't  
drink any more," an earnest appeal for the temperance  
cause.

Don't sell him another drink, please,  
He's reeling already, you see;  
I fear when he comes home to-night  
He'll beat my poor mother and me.  
She's waiting in darkness and cold,  
And dreading to hear him come home,  
He treats us so bad when he's drunk,  
Please don't sell him any more rum.

**Don't Leave the Farm.** Bb 2. *Musical by I. D.*

Words by—*Clark.* *Leidy.* 30  
Come, boys, I have something to tell you;  
Come near, I would whisper it low,  
You are thinking of leaving the homestead  
Don't be in a hurry to go.  
The city has many attractions,  
But think of the vines and sines!  
When once in the vortex of the fashion,  
How soon the course downward begins.

**Ellen Dear.** Song and chorus. C 3. .... *McChesney.* 25

A delightful little Scotch song, as winsome and bonnie as  
any lover of song could wish to hear.

Ellen is my apple ripe,  
Ellen is my pear,  
Ellen is my heart's delight,  
I love her, I love her,  
Ellen is my bonnie lass,  
Fairer than the May,  
Ellen's cheeks are like the rose,  
I love her, I love her.

**Far Away! My Home is Far Away.** Solo for  
alto voice. Eb 4. .... *Merz.* 30

This beautiful poem, from the pen of Mrs. Hemans, has  
been rendered infinitely more attractive by its adaptation to  
so pleasing a melody. Every alto singer should add this gem  
to his or her collection of songs.

Far away! my home is far away,  
Where the blue sea laves a mountain shore,  
In the woods I play,  
Amidst the flowers my sister sings once more.  
Far away! far away.



# C. J. WHITNEY & CO.'S Descriptive Catalogue of Popular Music.

**From Out the Darkness.** Sacred song. Bb 3. McChesney. 40

From out the heavy darkness,  
From out the night,  
The tempest falls upon me,  
The lightnings blind my sight.  
The sea is wildly foaming,  
The forest bows its head,  
The trembling earth is reeling  
Beneath the thunder's tread.

**Grace with the Golden Hair.** Song and chorus. C 2. M. H. McChesney. 30

The songs of this popular composer are so well known that any praise from us is useless; but we can say with truth that it is one of the most beautiful songs that was ever written, and will no doubt become as popular as all his music is.

Where the silvery waters flow,  
Where the fairest flowers blow,  
Rings a maiden free from care,  
Grace with the golden hair,  
With the song-bird in the glade,  
Carol sweetly, little maid,  
Sweeter than the flowers fair,  
Grace with the golden hair.

**Golden Side.** Song and chorus. Bb 3. Pixley. 30

A theme calculated to find its way to the heart of every lover of the good and true—awakening courage and cheering the soul.

There's many a rest in the road of life,  
If we only stop and take it,  
And many a tone from the better land,  
If the querulous heart will let it.  
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,  
And whose beautiful truth never faileth,  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,  
Though the winter storm prevaileth.

**God Bless You.** Song and chorus. Eb 3. Pearce. 30

Simple, but effective—With an easy accompaniment and a fine chorus.

How sweetly fall those simple words  
Upon the human heart,  
When friends, long bound by strongest ties,  
Are doomed by fate to part.

**Gentle Words Fall on the Heart.** Song and chorus. G 3. Nygator. 30

Gentle words fall on the heart,  
Like dewdrops on the flower,  
They chase our care and gloom away,  
And cheer the lonely hour.  
They bid the sinking heart still hope,  
Heave the drooping breast,  
And point the weary one of life,  
To homes of peace and rest.

**Gloria in Excelsis.** Bb 4. Pearce. 40

Probably no writer in modern times has contributed more acceptably than the above to the wants of our people in music for the choir and sacred circle. This "Gloria in Excelsis" will be found an improvement on many now in use, for its beauty, fitness and simplicity of arrangement.

**Happy Hearts Have We.** Quartette. D 4. Lockwood. 30

A greeting piece, abounding in life and vivacity, just what is so often sought for to use at the opening of concerts and entertainments of various descriptions.

We'll wake the songs of old with joy to-night,  
And music sweet shall flow in mellow strains and light.  
La, la, la, etc.

**Hail Columbia.** Song and chorus. G 3. 30

One of our universally known national airs, well arranged. It is one of our set comprising "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," "Marseillaise Hymn," "America," and "Patriotic Hymn," with a valuable historical notice of the origin of each and all on the second page of each copy.

Hail Columbia, happy land!  
Hail ye heroes, heaven-born band,  
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,  
And, when the storm of war was gone,  
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.  
Let independence be your boast,  
Ever mindful of the brave,  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altar reach the skies.

**Heart Bowed Down.** Song. G 4. Bälfe. 30

This beautiful ballad, from the "Bohemian Girl," has been rendered a well-known favorite, not only for itself, but the skillful manner and unequalled grace with which Mr. Campbell has presented it, has invested it with a double beauty and interest.

The heart bowed down by weight of woe,  
To weakest knees will cling,  
To thought and impulse while they flow,  
That can no count bring.  
With those exciting scenes will blend,  
O'er pleasures pathway thrown,  
While memory is the only trend,  
That grief could find its own.

**Hearts and Home.** Song, duet and chorus. G 2. Lizzie Bros. 30

Whistle the black winds, Allie,  
Oh, but 'tis good to be warm!  
Many a March we've weathered,  
Many a wild, wild storm.

Could we be young again, Allie, dear Allie,  
Love would be prized alone,  
We would count none of earth's treasures, dear Allie,  
So dear as the home hearthstone  
Just the thing for fireside use. You will like it if you try it.

**Here's Health to the Hearts That Love Us.** Song and chorus. G 4. Smith. 35

An attractive, lively song, like all by this well-known author, possessing unusual merit.

The friends of our youth we remember,  
Their presence encircles us yet,  
Though widely our paths be asunder,  
We love them too well to forget.  
The hopes of our manhood may leave us,  
The star of our fortune go down,  
We care not how fate may berate us,  
So friendship and love do not frown.

**Her Smiles Are All for Me.** Song and chorus. Bb 3. 35

A good parlor song, not difficult with a simple accompaniment.

Some have smiles more winning,  
Some have brows more fair,  
Than my gentle darling,  
With her soft low hair.  
But from all deceiving  
Her pure heart is free,  
And I'm happy knowing  
Her smiles are all for me.

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**Her Bright Smile.** Ballad. Ab 4. Wrighton. 35

Although not a new production, this truly beautiful ballad has not lost its charm to lovers of good music. It has had no rival, and continues to please where many later compositions fail.

'Tis years since last we met,  
And we may not meet again,  
I struggled to forget,  
But the struggle was in vain,  
For her voice lies on the breeze,  
And her spirit comes at will,  
In the midnight, on the seas,  
Her bright smile haunts me still.

**How Dear is the Thought.** Quartette. D 4. 50

A sacred quartette, opening with a fine alto solo. It is suitable for church purposes, and good at any time.

How dear is the thought that the angels of God  
May bow their bright wings to the world they once trod,  
Will leave the sweet songs of the mansion above,  
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

**Hymn of Praise.** Quartette. A 3. Lockwood. 30

The late C. T. Lockwood has left us a fine and dignified anthem fit for anniversary occasions or patriotic gatherings.

To God be all the praise  
For all his wondrous ways,  
To men below,  
People of every clime,  
Throughout the bounds of time,  
Come, and, in hymns sublime,  
Your praise bestow.

**Home, Ever Loved Home.** Ballad. C 3. Ladd. 30

Ah, why, my heart, this ceaseless pining?  
Why dost thou ever backward roam?  
Ah, there, all other joys outshining  
Is home, my ever loved home.  
'Tis absence makes the heart grow fonder,  
Nine clings round the old roof tree,  
On scenes of home I love to ponder,  
Oh, home, sweet home for me.

A theme calculated to find a response in the heart of every lover of the "dearest spot on earth."

**I Am Waiting for Thee, Darling.** Song and chorus. Ab 3. McChesney. 35

I am waiting for thee, darling,  
'Neath the lindens old and gray,  
And high above the leafy boughs  
The nightbird sings his mellow lay.  
The streamlet wanders o'er the moor,  
Fast hastening to the distant sea,  
And I am waiting, darling, waiting,  
I am waiting for thee.

The author of the above song has added another to his list of compositions, in no way inferior to the many which are already becoming favorites with his friends.

**I Will Kiss Your Tears Away.** G 2. Words by C. C. Haslins. Music by M. H. McChesney. 35

Come to mother, pretty darling,  
Bring to me that throbbing brow,  
Little tears for little troubles  
On a mother's breast must flow:  
Little hearts have clouding sorrow,  
Night succeeds each brilliant day,  
Come to mother, little darling,  
I will kiss your tears away.

This charming little song and chorus, already occupies a favorite spot on many a pianoforte, and is winning its way to thousands of hearts.

**I've No Home.** Song and chorus. Ab 3. Lockwood. 30

Oh, how sweet the thoughts to me,  
Of our tramps after flowers in the wildwood,  
Loved one, oft I think of thee.  
I've no home, I'm alone,  
(Gone, gone, my parents are,  
But in heaven they are waiting for my coming,  
Father, guide me safely home.)

The talented writer of the above has gone to the heavenly home, but the sweet strains which he left behind echo still in many an earthly home, memorizing departed worth.

**I'm Lonely Since We Parted.** Song and chorus. Eb 2. Porter. 20

This world is dark and dreary now,  
Since you and I have met,  
That throbbing breast and heated brow,  
I never can forget.  
For oft my memory turns to thee  
The one I love so dear,  
As fancy pictures it to me,  
I almost deem you're here.

**I Heard a Wee Bird Singing.** Ballad. G 2. Linley. 25

I heard a wee bird singing,  
In my chamber as I lay,  
The casement open swinging,  
As morning woke the day,  
And the longhairs around were twining,  
The bright sun thro' them shining,  
And I had long been pining,  
For my W. A. away.

When I heard that wee bird singing, etc.

One of the most charming of Mr. Linley's songs, is widely popular.

**I Have Found Thee, but Too Late.** Ballad. C 2. Cox. 30

Had I met thee in thy beauty,  
When my heart and hand were free,  
When no other claimed the duty,  
Which my soul would yield to thee.  
Had I woe'd thee, had I won thee,  
Oh, how blest had been my fate,  
But thy sweetest had undone me,  
I have found thee, but too late.

**If We Only Had the Money, John.** Song and chorus. Eb 2. May. 30

If we only had the money, John,  
To spend as some folks do,  
I'm sure we'd have our carriage, John,  
And drive fast home to bed,  
And then, you know, I'd like to go  
And live in city style,  
I'm sure 'twould be far better, John,  
Than to dwell in all the while.

The wish of many a one set to music, a new song, exceedingly taking.

**I'm Coming Home, Dear Sister.** Song and chorus. D 2. Mueller. 35

I am coming home, dear sister,  
I am coming home to you,  
I am coming, yes, I'm coming,  
With a heart all fond and true.

A simple, pretty melody, pleasing in sentiment, and within the ability of almost any performer.

**In Happy Moments.** Song. F 3. Wallace. 30

In happy moments day by day,  
The sands of life may pass,  
In swift, but tranquil tide away,  
From time's footstep I am free,  
Yet hopes we used as bright to deem,  
Remembrance will recall,  
Whose pure light the old roof tree,  
Is dearer than them all.

From "Maritana," one of the choicest gems ever given to the lovers of song by this favorite composer. One never tires of hearing it well sung.

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## TWO PERFORMERS ON ONE PIANO.

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|-----------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Africaine, 3 and 4, C, no octaves.....                    | 60        |
| An Errand of Love, 4 Ab.....                              | Kinkel.   |
| Anna Bolena, 4 and 5, G, C and F.....                     | Berger.   |
| Arkansas Traveler, 2 and 3, D, no octaves.....            | Beriot.   |
| Attack Galop, 3 and 4, C, octaves, <i>ad lib.</i> .....   | Fauser.   |
| Aurora Waltz, 2, C, no octaves.....                       | Berger.   |
| Baccio (Il) Waltz, 5 D.....                               | Kinkel.   |
| Barber of Seville, 3 and 4, Primo, no octaves.....        | Kinkel.   |
| Beautiful Spring Polka, 3, G, Primo, no octaves.....      | Kinkel.   |
| Beautiful Star Lina Waltz, 2 and 5, D, no octaves.....    | Berger.   |
| Bellario, 4 and 5, F.....                                 | Berger.   |
| Bella's Delight Waltz, 3, F, Primo, no octaves.....       | Kinkel.   |
| Belle Fena Mazourka, 3, D, Primo, no octaves.....         | Kinkel.   |
| Belle Marie Mazourka, 3, G, Primo, no octaves.....        | Kinkel.   |
| Belle of the Season Waltz, 3, G, Primo, no octaves.....   | Kinkel.   |
| Belle of the Season Waltz, 3, G, Primo, no octaves.....   | Kinkel.   |
| Beloved Star Waltz, 2, G, no octaves.....                 | La Hache. |
| Ben Bolt, 4 D.....                                        | Weller.   |
| Birthday Waltz, 3, A, Primo, no octaves.....              | Kinkel.   |
| Blue-Bird Schottisch, 3, D, Primo, no octaves.....        | Kinkel.   |
| Bobolink Schottisch, 3, F, Primo, no octaves.....         | Kinkel.   |
| Bohemian Girl, 4 and 5, C, Primo, no octaves.....         | Berger.   |
| Boute-en-Train, Galop, 6 Dp.....                          | Ketterer. |
| Bridal Eve Mazourka, 3, F, Primo, no octaves.....         | Kinkel.   |
| Brigand Galop, 2, C, no octaves.....                      | Berger.   |
| Brightest Eyes, 3, G, no octaves.....                     | La Hache. |
| Bruce's March, 2, D, no octaves.....                      | Berger.   |
| Bullfinch Waltz, 3, G, Primo, no octaves.....             | Kinkel.   |
| Burn's Quickstep, 3, C, no octaves.....                   | Bell.     |
| Camille Schottisch, 2, C, no octaves.....                 | Bell.     |
| Camp of Glory, 4, no octaves.....                         | Peters.   |
| Canary Schottisch, 3, G, Primo, no octaves.....           | Kinkel.   |
| Carnival of Venice, 2, C, no octaves.....                 | Berger.   |
| Charming Waltz, 3, F, Primo, no octaves.....              | Kinkel.   |
| China Rose Schottisch, 3, C and F, Primo, no octaves..... | Kinkel.   |
| Coming Step March, 4, Eb, no octaves.....                 | Dressler. |
| Contraband Schottisch, 4, C.....                          | Young.    |
| Crescent City and 4, C, Primo, no octaves.....            | Kinkel.   |
| Crispino, 3 and 4, C, Primo, no octaves.....              | Mack.     |
| Crown Diamond Galop, 2, C, no octaves.....                | Berger.   |
| Cry Baby's Waltz, 3, Bb, Primo, no octaves.....           | Kinkel.   |
| Damak Rose Schottisch, 3, C, Primo, no octaves.....       | Kinkel.   |
| Dearest Spot on Earth, 2, C, no octaves.....              | La Hache. |
| Don Giovanni, 4, no octaves.....                          | Schmidt.  |
| Elisire d'Amore, 4, no octaves.....                       | Schmidt.  |
| Ernst, 4 and 5, F.....                                    | Berger.   |
| Evening Tide Quickstep, 3, no octaves.....                | Bell.     |
| Fallen Leaf Redowa, 3, C, no octaves.....                 | Bell.     |
| Famous Quadrilles, 3, C, G and F.....                     | Dressler. |
| Famous Militaire March, 5 and 6 Eb, Ascher.....           | Berger.   |
| Fannie Waltz, 2, C, no octaves.....                       | Berger.   |
| Fantasia, 4 and 5, C, no octaves.....                     | Berger.   |
| Faust March, 2, C.....                                    | Dressler. |
| Faust, 3 and 4, D, Primo, no octaves.....                 | Mack.     |
| Father at Sea Polka, 4 and 5, F.....                      | Kinkel.   |
| Favorita, 4 and 5, C, no octaves.....                     | Berger.   |
| Five Days' Polka, 2, C, no octaves.....                   | Berger.   |
| Fidèle, 3 and 4, C, Primo, no octaves.....                | Mack.     |
| Fiers of the Guards, 3 and 4, C, Primo, no octaves.....   | Kinkel.   |
| Fille du Regiment, 3 and 4, C, Primo, no octaves.....     | Berger.   |
| Flora's Waltz, 1, C, no octaves.....                      | Berger.   |
| Flora Waltz, 1, C, no octaves.....                        | Berger.   |
| Flora's Waltz, 3, G, Primo, no octaves.....               | Kinkel.   |
| Forest Glade March, 4 and 5, C.....                       | Kinkel.   |
| Forest Glade Waltz, 4 and 5, C.....                       | Kinkel.   |
| Forest Waltz, 2, C, no octaves.....                       | Bell.     |
| Forza del Destino, 3 and 4, Primo, no octaves.....        | Kinkel.   |
| Fra Diavolo, 3 and 4, C, Primo, no octaves.....           | Berger.   |
| Friendship's Offering Polka, 3, G, Primo, no octaves..... | Kinkel.   |
| Freischütz, 3 and 4, D.....                               | Schmidt.  |
| Fun Fun March, 4 and 5, C.....                            | Kinkel.   |
| Frankfort Galop.....                                      | Berger.   |
| Gallenberg's Waltz, 2, C, no octaves.....                 | Berger.   |
| Galopade Quadrille, 1, G, no octaves.....                 | Beriot.   |
| German Shepherd's Song, 2, G, no octaves.....             | Bell.     |

|                                                     |           |
|-----------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Gorilla Quadrilles, 5, Different Keys Dress'er..... | 100       |
| Grand Operatic Medley, 5, Different Keys.....       | Bell.     |
| Hamburg Polka, 3, C.....                            | Kinkel.   |
| Happy Home Waltz, 2, C, no octaves.....             | Beriot.   |
| Heavenly Thoughts, 3 and 4 Dp.....                  | Kinkel.   |
| Heavenward March.....                               | Beriot.   |
| Heavenward! Pensée Religieuse, 4, F, Kinkel.....    | 100       |
| Home as a Waltz, 2, C, no octaves.....              | Berger.   |
| Home, Sweet Home, Var., 2, G, no octaves.....       | Bell.     |
| Hours there were, 1, C, no octaves.....             | Kinkel.   |
| How can I Leave Thee, Galop, 3, C and F.....        | La Hache. |
| Huguenots, 3 and 4, Primo, no octaves.....          | Mack.     |
| Ida March, 2, C, no octaves.....                    | Bell.     |
| Impromptu Polka, Brilliant 6 Ab.....                | Kinkel.   |
| Indiana Polka, 2, C, no octaves.....                | Berger.   |
| Japan Rose Polka, 2 and 3, Primo, no octaves.....   | Kinkel.   |
| Java March, 1, C, no octaves.....                   | Beriot.   |
| Jocut Polka, 3 and 4, D, Primo, no octaves.....     | Fauser.   |
| Jolly Brothers' Galop, 3 and 4, Eb.....             | Fauser.   |
| Jordan Polka, 2, C, no octaves.....                 | Berger.   |
| Julia's First Waltz, 3, C, no octaves.....          | Bell.     |
| Kathleen Polka, 2, C, no octaves.....               | Bell.     |
| Leona Waltz, 4, A, Primo, no octaves.....           | Riv.      |
| Little Hero's Quickstep, 2, G, no octaves.....      | Bell.     |
| Little Moonbeam Schottisch, 3, C, no octaves.....   | Bell.     |
| Little Rogue's Waltz, 3, F, Primo, no octaves.....  | Kinkel.   |
| Long, Long Ago, 2, C, no octaves.....               | Berger.   |
| Love at Sight Waltz, 3, Primo, no octaves.....      | Kinkel.   |
| Love by Moonlight, 4 and 5, F.....                  | Kinkel.   |

|                                                      |           |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Podolia Mazourka, 5 Eb.....                          | Kinkel.   |
| Polito, (Il) The Martyrs, 3 and 4, C and F.....      | Schmidt.  |
| Pop goes the Weasel, 2, G, no octaves.....           | Berger.   |
| Popping-in Polka, 2, C, no octaves.....              | Bell.     |
| Prise of Woman Polka Mazourka, 3 and 3.....          | Kinkel.   |
| Primo, no octaves.....                               | Fauser.   |
| Prima Donna Waltz, 1, C, no octaves.....             | Berger.   |
| Priscilla Polka, 3, F, Primo, no octaves.....        | Kinkel.   |
| Proheto, 2 and 3, Bb, Primo, no octaves.....         | Mack.     |
| Puritan, 3 and 4, C, Primo, no octaves.....          | Mack.     |
| Qui Vive! Galop, 5 and 6, Eb.....                    | Dressler. |
| Rackinac Waltz, 2, F, no octaves.....                | Berger.   |
| Ratanap Quick Step, 2, C, no octaves.....            | Berger.   |
| Recess Quickstep.....                                | Kinkel.   |
| Red Bird Waltz, 3, C and F, Primo, no octaves.....   | Kinkel.   |
| Retreat March, 3, C, Primo, no octaves.....          | Mueller.  |
| Rigolotto, 3 and 4, Primo, no octaves.....           | Mack.     |
| Robert the Devil, 3 and 4, C, Primo, no octaves..... | Mack.     |
| Robin Red-breast Polka, 3, F, Primo, no octaves..... | Kinkel.   |
| Rocky Mountains, 1, D, no octaves.....               | Beriot.   |
| Rosalba Waltz, 4, Eb.....                            | Barker.   |
| Rosalia Lancers, 3 and 4, G.....                     | La Hache. |
| Rose Bud Schottisch, 3, G, Primo, no octaves.....    | Kinkel.   |
| Rose Polka, 2, C, no octaves.....                    | Beriot.   |
| Rose Queen Polka, 2, F, Primo, no octaves.....       | Kinkel.   |
| Rumynade Schottisch, 3, G, Primo, no octaves.....    | Kinkel.   |
| Sailor's Waltz, 2, C, no octaves.....                | Bell.     |
| Santa Lucia Waltz, 2, C and F, no octaves.....       | Kinkel.   |
| School Girl's Waltz, 3, G, Primo, no octaves.....    | Kinkel.   |

|                                                          |           |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| United States Marine March, 3, C, Primo, no octaves..... | Cumming.  |
| Vacation Rondo, 1, C, no octaves.....                    | Bell.     |
| Vallance Polka, 5, A.....                                | Kinkel.   |
| Val de Fleurs, 5 Ab.....                                 | Rummel.   |
| Vespires Sienne, 3 and 4, F, Primo, no octaves.....      | Mack.     |
| Violet Waltz, 1, G, no octaves.....                      | Beriot.   |
| Washington Artillery Polka March, 3, F.....              | La Hache. |
| Wave Waltz, 3, A.....                                    | Peters.   |
| Wedding Bells Polka, 3, G, Primo, no octaves.....        | Kinkel.   |
| Whisperings of Love Waltz, 4, Ab.....                    | Kinkel.   |
| White Rose Polka, 3, C, Primo, no octaves.....           | Kinkel.   |
| William Tell, 4 and 5, C.....                            | Kinkel.   |
| Woodland Mazourka, 1, C, no octaves.....                 | Bell.     |
| Yankee Doodle, 1, C, no octaves.....                     | Beriot.   |

## THREE PERFORMERS

ON ONE PIANO.

(Six-Hand Pieces.)

|                                                                          |           |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Beaming Stars, 3, 4 and 5, E, ad part, no octaves.....                   | 65        |
| Caliph of Baghdad, 3, 4 and 5, D, (ask for Peters' Edition).....         | Sofie.    |
| Canary Schottisch, 2 and 3, G, no octaves.....                           | Dressler. |
| Christmas Gits Waltz, 2 and 3, G, no octaves.....                        | Kinkel.   |
| Cinnamon Rose Polka, 2 and 3, G, no octaves.....                         | Kinkel.   |
| Coming Step March, 3 and 4, F, no octaves.....                           | Dressler. |
| Der Freischütz Overture, C.....                                          | Cesary.   |
| Don Giovanni Fantasia, 6 D, G, and C, Primo and Secondo, no octaves..... | Beyer.    |
| Flora's Waltz, 2 and 3, G, no octaves.....                               | Kinkel.   |
| Honeyuckle March, 2 and 4, G, no octaves.....                            | Dressler. |
| Innocence March, 2 and 3, G, no octaves.....                             | Dressler. |
| Little Romp Quickstep, 2 and 4, F, no octaves.....                       | Kinkel.   |
| Martha Fantasia, 6 D and G, Primo and Secondo have no octaves.....       | Beyer.    |
| Oberon Fantasia, 5 D, G, C, Primo, Secondo, no octaves.....              | Beyer.    |
| Pearl Galop, 2 and 3, G, no octaves.....                                 | Wynan.    |
| Pretty as a Pink Barcarolle, 2 and 3, C, no octaves.....                 | Dressler. |
| Reception March, 2 and 3, G, no octaves.....                             | Dressler. |
| Rose Bud Schottisch, 2 and 4, G, no octaves.....                         | Dressler. |
| Three Angels, 2 and 3, C, no octaves.....                                | Dressler. |
| Traveller's Fantasia, 5 D, G, C, Primo and Secondo, no octaves.....      | Beyer.    |
| Welcome to Spring, 4 and 5, C.....                                       | Oesten.   |
| White Rose Polka, 2 and 3, G, no octaves.....                            | Dressler. |

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| Love's Chidings Polka, 3, F, Primo, no octaves.....        | Kinkel.  |
| Lucia di Lammermoor, 3 and 4, C.....                       | Berger.  |
| Lucia's Waltz, 2, F, no octaves.....                       | Berger.  |
| Madame Sonja's Waltz, 4, F.....                            | Kinkel.  |
| Maiden's Dream, 4, Bp.....                                 | Kinkel.  |
| Maritana, 3 and 4, C.....                                  | Berger.  |
| Martha, 3 and 4, C.....                                    | Berger.  |
| Massinello, 4 and 5, C.....                                | Berger.  |
| Medley Duet, 3, Eb.....                                    | Main.    |
| Melodious Fountain Polka, 2, G, no octaves.....            | Bell.    |
| Merry Polka, 2, C, no octaves.....                         | Bell.    |
| Military Grand Parade March, 4, Bp.....                    | Barker.  |
| Molly's Delight Waltz, 3, C.....                           | Kinkel.  |
| Montechi e Capuletti, 4, G, Primo, no octaves.....         | Mack.    |
| Monthly Rose Polka, 3, Primo, no octaves.....              | Bell.    |
| Moss Rose Polka.....                                       | Kinkel.  |
| Mountain Belle Schottisch, 3, F.....                       | Kinkel.  |
| My Darling's Schottisch, 3, C, no octaves.....             | Berger.  |
| Nellie's Favorite Galop, 3, G, no octaves.....             | Berger.  |
| Nightingale Schottisch, 3, G, Primo, no octaves.....       | Kinkel.  |
| Norma, (March from) 4, G, Primo, no octaves.....           | Cumming. |
| Norma, 4 and 5, C.....                                     | Berger.  |
| Nymph Waltz, 1, G, no octaves.....                         | Bell.    |
| Ocean Tide Waltz, 2, C, no octaves.....                    | Bell.    |
| Osteron Mazourka, 3, C, no octaves.....                    | Bell.    |
| Paganini's last Waltz, 2, C, no octaves.....               | Kinkel.  |
| Pardon de Ploemel, 3 and 4, D.....                         | Mack.    |
| Pears of Dew Waltz, 4, F.....                              | Kinkel.  |
| Pizzicato Polka, 2 and 3, C, <i>ad lib.</i> .....          | Fauser.  |
| Pleasant Thoughts Mazourka, 4, F.....                      | Kinkel.  |

|                                                        |           |
|--------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Sensation Schottisch.....                              | Kinkel.   |
| Sensation Waltz, 2, G and D, Primo, no octaves.....    | Kinkel.   |
| Silver Lake Waltz, 2, C, no octaves.....               | Berger.   |
| Singer's Joy March, 3 and 4, C, Primo, no octaves..... | Fauser.   |
| Sleazy Waltz, 2, C, no octaves.....                    | Kinkel.   |
| Sleigh Ride Schottisch, 3, Bp.....                     | Weller.   |
| Snow-ball Galop, 3, C, no octaves.....                 | Bell.     |
| Soiree Polka, 3, C, Primo, no octaves.....             | Fauser.   |
| Soldier's March, from Faust, 5, D.....                 | Kinkel.   |
| Sonnambula, 3 and 4, C.....                            | Berger.   |
| Souvenir de Scotland, 6 Ab.....                        | Wynan.    |
| Spanish Dance. No. 1.....                              | Kinkel.   |
| Spanish Dance. No. 2.....                              | Beriot.   |
| Spanish Waltz, 2, 1, C, no octaves.....                | Kinkel.   |
| Sparkling Flower Polka, 1, C, no octaves.....          | Bell.     |
| Speed the Plough, 3, C, no octaves.....                | Bell.     |
| Standard March, 3, C, Primo, no octaves.....           | Kinkel.   |
| Star-Spangled Banner, 4, C.....                        | Dressler. |
| Stream Galop, 1, G, no octaves.....                    | Kinkel.   |
| Sultan's Polka, 3, C, Primo, no octaves.....           | Bell.     |
| Sunrise Schottisch, 3, D.....                          | Williams. |
| Sunshine of Love Waltz, 3, G, Primo, no octaves.....   | Kinkel.   |
| Sweet Alice Waltz, 1, C, no octaves.....               | Berger.   |
| Sweet Sixteen Polka, 4, D.....                         | Weller.   |
| Tattoo. A. Military Caprice, 4 and 5, C.....           | Merz.     |
| Titania Polka, 2, G, no octaves.....                   | Berger.   |
| Trojan's last Waltz, 2, Bp, Primo, no octaves.....     | Mack.     |
| Trotatore, 3 and 4, D, K. keys.....                    | Berger.   |
| Twilight Dews, 1, G, no octaves.....                   | Beriot.   |
| Twilight Mazourka, 4, Eb.....                          | Kinkel.   |
| Tyrolaise Galop, 1, G, no octaves.....                 | Berger.   |

## TWO PERFORMERS

ON TWO PIANOS.

(Four Hands. 2 Pianos.)

|                                                                          |           |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Amariylla, Air by King Louis XIII, 3 and 4, F, Primo, no octaves.....    | Dressler. |
| Christmas Bells Polka, 5 D, G, C, Primo, no octaves.....                 | Wynan.    |
| Count on me Galop, 4 and 5, D.....                                       | Dressler. |
| Home, Sweet Home, 4 and 5, Ab.....                                       | Kinkel.   |
| Last Rose of Summer, 4 and 5, Eb.....                                    | Kinkel.   |
| Prince Imperial Galop, 3 and 4, C, Primo, no octaves.....                | Fauser.   |
| Springfield Galop, 3 and 4, C, Primo, no octaves.....                    | Fauser.   |
| There is but one Imperial City Polka, 4 and 4, D, Primo, no octaves..... | Fauser.   |
| Wild Hunter Galop, 3 and 4, Bp, Primo, no octaves.....                   | Fauser.   |

## TWO PERFORMERS

ON TWO PIANOS.

(Eight Hands. 2 Pianos.)

|                                                                |           |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Hunting Eyes Galop, 5 and 6, D.....                            | Dressler. |
| Heavenward March, 4 and 5, F.....                              | Dressler. |
| Holiday March, 3 and 5, D, no octaves.....                     | Kinkel.   |
| Maiden's Blush Waltz, 2, 3 and 4, Three parts, no octaves..... | Kinkel.   |
| Wild Trumpets March, 2, 3 and 4, G, no octaves.....            | Kinkel.   |
| Wild Flowers March, 2 and 4, G, no octaves.....                | Kinkel.   |



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VOLUME III.

DETROIT, JUNE, 1873.

NUMBER VI.

## The Old, Old Home.

When I long for sainted memories,  
Like angel troops they come,  
If I fold my arms to ponder  
On the old, old home.  
The heart has many passages  
Through which the feelings roam.  
But its middle aisle is sacred  
To the old, old home.

Where infancy was sheltered,  
Like rose-buds from the blast,  
Where girlhood's brief elysium  
In joyousness was passed,  
To that sweet spot forever,  
As to a hallowed dome,  
Life's pilgrim bends her vision—  
'Tis her old, old home.

A father sat, how proudly,  
By that hearthstone's rays,  
And told his children stories  
Of his early manhood's days;  
And one soft eye was beaming,  
From child to child would roam,  
Thus a mother counts her treasures,  
In the old, old home.

The birthday gifts and festivals,  
The blended vesper hymn  
(Some dear one who was swelling it  
Is with the Seraphim),  
The fond "good nights" at bed-time,  
How quiet sleep would come,  
And fold us all together  
In the old, old home.

Like a wreath of scented flowers,  
Close interwine each heart;  
But time and change in concert  
Have blown the wreath apart.  
But dear and sainted memories  
Like angels ever come,  
If I fold my arms and ponder  
On the old, old home.

## The Old Clock.

A CAPITAL JOKE.

"Here she goes, and there she goes!"—Some years ago there came to this country a family from England, which settled on the upper part of Manhattan Island, and opened a public house. Among their chattels was an old family clock which they prized more for its age than its actual value, although it had told the hours for years with the most commendable fidelity. This clock is now situated in one of the private parlors of the house, and many a time has it been the theme of remark in consequence of its solemnly antique exterior.

A few days since, about dusk, a couple of mad wags drove up to the door of the hotel, seated in a light and beautiful wagon, drawn by a superb bay horse. They sprang out, ordered the hostler to pay every attention to the animal and to stable him for the night. Entering the hotel, they tossed off a

glass of wine apiece, bemothed a cigar, and directed the landlord to prepare the best game supper in his power. There was a winsome look in the countenance of the elder, a bright sparkling in his eyes, which occasionally he half closed in a style which gave him the air of a "knowing one," and a slight curving in the corners of his mouth that showed his ability to enjoy, while his whole demeanor made every acute observer sure of his ability to perpetrate a joke. Now and then, when his lips parted and he ran his fingers through his hair with a languid expression, it was evident he was eager to be at work in his vocation—that of a practical joker. The other was a dapper young man, although different in appearance, yet with features that indicated that his mind was well fitted to be a successful co-partner with his mate, and a dry pun or gravely delivered witticism was frequently worked off with an air of philosophy or unconcern that gave him at once the credit of being a first-rate wit. Supper on the table, these two Yankees were not dull, as a couple generally will be at a table, but made mirth and laughter and wit their companions, and as wine in its particular flowing robes presided, there was a "set out" fit for a prince and his associates. The Yankees ate and drank, and were right merry, when the old family clock whirled and whizzed as the hammer on the bell struck one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve! The elder looked at the old monitor before him, stuck his elbow on the table, and looked again steadily for a minute, and then laughed out heartily, awakening the waiter, who was just dosing by the window sill.

"What in the name of Momus are you laughing at?" asked the dapper Yankee, as he cast his eyes over the table, now over and around himself, to ascertain where the nest of the joke was concealed. The elder winked slyly, and yawning lazily, slowly raised the fore finger of his right hand, and applied it gracefully to his nose. The dapper man understood the hint.

"Oh, I understand—no, you don't come o'er this child! Waiter, another bottle of champagne." The servant left the room, and our heroes, inclining themselves over the table, held a long conversation in a low tone, when the elder of the two raised his voice, and, with an air of satisfaction, exclaimed:

"Clocks always go it!"  
Then both cautiously rose from their chairs, and, advancing to the clock, turned the key of the door, and looked within, the elder, in a half inquiring, half decided manner, saying:

"Won't it?"  
The waiter was on the spot, and they returned to their seats in a trice, as if nothing had happened, both scolding the waiter as he entered, for being so lazy on his errand.

Having heard the clock strike one, they were shown to their beds, where they talked in a subdued tone, and finally sunk to sleep. In the morning they were early up, and ordered their horse to be harnessed and brought to the door. Descending to the bar room, they asked for their bill, and with becoming promptitude paid the amount over to the bar-keeper. The elder, perceiving the landlord through the window, placed his arms upon the bar, and in a serious tone inquired of the bar-keeper, if

he would dispose of the old clock. The young man hesitated, he knew not what to answer. The old clock seemed to him such a miserable piece of furniture, that he had the impression that it might as well be his as his employer's, yet he could not comprehend why such a person should want such a hideous article. While he was attempting to reply, the good-natured landlord entered, and the question was referred to him for an answer.

"I wish to purchase that old clock up stairs. Will you sell it?" asked the elder Yankee, while the younger lighted a cigar, and cast his eye over the columns of the *Sunday Morning News*, which lay on the table. The landlord, who had set no great value upon the clock, except as an heir-loom, began to suspect that it might possess the virtue of Martin Heywood's chair, and be filled with dollars; and, almost involuntarily, the three ascended to the room which contained it.

"The fact is," said the Yankee, "I once won a hundred dollars with a clock like that."

"A hundred dollars!" ejaculated the landlord.

"Yes. You see there was one like that in a room over in Jersey, and a fellow bet me he could keep his fore finger swinging with the pendulum for an hour, only saying, 'Here she goes, there she goes.' He couldn't do it. I walked the money out of him in no time."

"You did? You couldn't walk it out of me, I'll bet you fifty dollars I can do it on the spot."

"Done," cried the Yankee.

The clock struck eight, and, with his back to the table and the door, the landlord popped into a chair.

"Here she goes, there she goes," and his finger waved in a curve, his eye fixed on the pendulum. The Yankees behind him interrupted, "Where is the money? Plank the money."

The landlord was not to lose in that way. His fore finger slowly and surely went with the pendulum, and his left hand disengaged his purse from his pocket, which he threw behind him on the table. All was silent. The dapper man at length exclaimed:

"Shall I deposit the money in the hands of the bar-keeper?"

"Here she goes, there she goes," was the only answer.

One of the Yankees left the room. The landlord heard him go down stairs, but was not to be disturbed by that trick.

Presently the bar-keeper entered, and, touching him on the shoulder, asked,

"Mr. B—, are you crazy? What are you doing?"

"Here she goes, there she goes," he responded, waving his finger as before.

The bar-keeper rushed down stairs; he called a neighbor, and asked him to go up. They ascended, and the neighbor, seizing him gently by the collar, in an imploring voice said,

"Mr. B—, do not sit here. Come, come down stairs. What can possess you to sit here?"

"Here she goes, there she goes," was the sole reply, and the solemn face and the slowly moving finger settled the matter. He was mad.

"He is mad," whispered the friend, "we must go for a doctor."



The landlord was not to be duped; he was not to be deceived, although the whole town came to interrupt him. "You had better call up his wife," added the friend.

"Here she goes, there she goes," repeated the landlord, and his hands still moved on. In a minute his wife entered, full of agony of soul. "My dear," she kindly said, "look on me. It is your wife who speaks."

"Here she goes, there she goes," and his hand continued to go, but his wife wouldn't go; she would stay, and he thought she was determined to conspire against him, and make him lose the wager. She wept, and she continued:

"What cause have you for this? Why do you do so? Has your wife—"

"Here she goes, there she goes," and his finger seemed to be tracing her airy progress, for anything she could ascertain to the contrary.

"My dear," she still continued, thinking that the thought of his child, whom he fondly loved, would tend to restore him, "shall I call up your daughter?"

"Here she goes, there she goes," the landlord again repeated, his eyes becoming more and more fixed and glazed from the steadiness of the gaze. A slight smile, which had great effect upon the minds of those present, played upon his face, as he thought of the unsuccessful resorts to win him from his purpose, and of his success in baffling them. The physician entered. He stood by the side of the busy man. He looked at him in silence, shook his head, and, to the anxious inquiry of his wife, answered:

"No, madam. The fewer persons here the better. The maid had better stay away; do not let the maid—"

"Here she goes, there she goes," yet again, in harmony with the waving finger, issued from the lips of the landlord.

"A consultation, I think, will be necessary," said the physician. "Will you run for Dr. W—s."

The kind neighbor buttoned up his coat, and hurried from the room.

In a few minutes Dr. W—s, with another medical gentleman, entered.

"This is a sorry sight," said he to the doctor present.

"Indeed it is, sir," was the reply. "It is a sudden attack, one of the—"

"Here she goes, there she goes," was the sole reply.

The physicians stepped into a corner, and consulted together.

"Will you be good enough to run for a barber? We must have his head shaved and blistered," said Dr. W—s.

"Ah, poor, dear husband," said the lady, "I fear he never will know his miserable fate."

"Here she goes, there she goes," said the landlord with a little more emphasis, and with a more nervous yet determined waving of his finger in concert with the pendulum, for the minute hand was near the *twelve*—that point which was to put fifty dollars in his pocket. If the clock arrived at it without his suffering himself to be interrupted:

The wife, in a low, bewailing tone, continued her utterances.

"No, never, nor of his daughter—"

"Here she goes, there she goes," almost shouted the landlord, as the minute hand advanced to the desired point.

The barber arrived. He was naturally a talkative man, and when the doctor made some casual remarks, reflecting upon the quality of the instrument he was about to use, he replied:

"Ah, ha!—monseigneur, you say very bad to razor—free—beautiful—oh?—look—look—very fine, isn't she?"

"Here she goes, there she goes," screamed the landlord, his hand waving on—on, and his face gathering a smile, and his whole frame ready to be convulsed with joy.

The barber was amazed. "Here she goes, there she goes," He responded in the best English he could use. "Vare, vare shall I begin? Vat is dat he say?"

"Shave his head at once," interrupted the doctor, while the lady sank into a chair.

"Here she goes—there she goes—go," for the last time cries the landlord, as the clock struck the hour of nine, and he sprang from his seat in an ecstasy of delight, screaming at the top of his voice, as he skipped about the room:

"I've won it! I've won it!"

"What?" said the bar-keeper.

"What?" echoed the doctors.

"What?" re-echoed the wife.

"Why, the wager—fifty dollars." But, casting his eyes around the room, and missing the young men who induced him to watch the clock, he asked his bar-keeper:

"Where are those young men who supped here last night? eh? quick, where are they?"

"They went away in their wagon nearly an hour ago, sir," was the reply.

The truth flashed like a thunderbolt through his mind. They had taken his pocket-book, with the one hundred and seven dollars therein, and decamped—a couple of swindling sharpers, with wit to back them. The story is rife on all men's tongues in the neighborhood where this affair occurred, and the facts are not otherwise than here set down, but we regret that the worthy landlord, in endeavoring to overtake the rascals, was thrown from his wagon, and so severely injured as to be confined to his room at the present moment, where he can watch the pendulum of his clock at his leisure.

### Studies of the Old Italian Masters.

The following we extract from a book just published by S. R. Wells of New York, "Expression, its Anatomy and Philosophy" by Sir Charles Bell, K. H., a work, the perusal of which will be found interesting and instructive.

The church of Rome has favored the arts in a remarkable manner. The ceremonial and decorations of the altar have been contrived with great felicity. He is insensible to beauty who, being a painter, does not there catch ideas of light, shade and color. The Gothic or rich Roman architecture, the carved screen, the statues softened by a subdued light, form altogether a magnificent scene.

The effects of light and color are not matters of accident. The painted glass of the high window represents to the artificial observer no more than the rich garments of the figures painted there. But the combination of colors evinces science; the yellows and greens, in due proportion with the crimsons and blues, throw beams of an unusual tint among the shafts and pillars, and color the volumes of rising incense. The officials of the altar, the priests in rich vestments, borrowed from the Levites under the old law, are somewhat removed from the spectator and obscured by the smoke of the incense. The young men flinging the silver censers, in themselves beautiful, and making the volumes of incense rise, give the effect of a tableau, defying imitation; for where can there be such a combination to the human eye, joined to the emotions inspired by the pealing organ, the deep chant, and the response of the youthful chorists, whose voices seem to come from the vaulted roof? There is something, too, in the belief that the chant of the psalm is the early Jewish measure.

It was scarcely possible, during the struggles of the Reformation, to keep the middle course; and in rejecting the corrupt and superstitious parts of its ceremonial, to retain the better part of the Roman Church. Enthusiasm would have the recesses of each man's breast to be the only sanctuary; that, even while on earth, and burdened with the weakness, and subject to the influence of an earthly-born creature, he should attain that spirit of purity and holiness, when, as in the Apocalypse, there is no "temple." Philosophy came to countenance the poverty and the meanness of our places of public worship. Climate, it was inferred, influenced the genius of a people, and, therefore, their government and mode of worship. The offices of religion in hot climates were said to require some sensible object before the eyes, and hence, the veneration paid to statues and paintings; while in colder climates we were to substitute internal contemplation, and the exercise of reason for passion.

We may, or hope, that in the breasts of those who fill the faculty pew, in these northern churches, there may be more genuine devotion; but to appearance all is pale and cold; while to the subject we are now considering, at least, no aid is afforded. What a contrast is afforded to the eye of the painter, by the Roman Catholic countries of the south, as compared with those in our own! There are seen men, in the remote aisles or chapels, cast down in prayer, and abandoned to their feelings with that unrestrained expression, which belongs to the Italian from his infancy; and even the beggars who creep about the porches of the churches, are like nothing we see nearer home. In them we recognize the figures familiar to us in the paintings of the great masters. In visiting the church of Annunziata in Genoa, I found a beggar lying in my way, the precise figure of the lame man in the cartoon of Raphael. He lay extended at full length upon the steps, crawling with the aid of a short crutch, on which he rested with both his hands. In Roman Catholic countries the church-door is open, and a heavy curtain excludes the light and heat; and there lie about those figures in rags, singularly picturesque.

In short, the priests in their rich habiliments, studiously arranged for effect,—the costume of the

monks of the order of St. Francis and the Capuchins,—the men and women from the country, and the mendicants prostrate in the churches, and in circumstances as to light, shade and color, nowhere else to be seen,—have been, and are, the studies of the Italian painters.

### Musical Miseries.

Singing is certainly a most delightful accomplishment, but it is one which the forms of society render too often a misfortune, or, at least, a grievous burden to the possessor. Every one, in the course of his experience, must have known instances of young men being ruined by the seductions to which this dangerous gift exposed them.

Such catastrophes arise chiefly from a want of firmness of mind—a defect which spoils more characters than all others put together. It would be a very harsh and most unsocial thing, for those whom nature has endowed with musical talents, to refuse altogether to exercise their powers for the gratification of their friends, but these friends become enemies when they seek to indulge their ears at the cost of the valuable time which success in life requires to be bestowed on more important objects. It is, besides a sad lowering to the dignity of a man, to submit to hold a place in society upon the credit of "singing a good song," and to enter houses and attend festive occasions in that light, with the full consciousness that none of those qualities of which a man may justly be proud would ever have brought him there, had he not been able to tickle the ears of the company then and there assembled with the sorrows of Auld Robin Gray's young wife, or the humors of Bartholomew Fair.

Singing men should take a lesson from the famous clown, Joseph Grimaldi, who was one of nature's true gentlemen. When playing at Bath on one occasion, Grimaldi was invited to dinner by a clerical dignitary of that place, and, on going to the house, along with a brother of the stage, found a large company assembled. Scarcely was the cloth removed, when the entertainer asked Grimaldi's companion for a song, which request was complied with forthwith. The host then made a similar call upon Joe, but, not having yet had time almost to wipe his lips, the great clown begged for the moment to be excused.

"What, sir, not sing?" cried the churchman.

"Why, I asked you here to sing!"

Grimaldi rose instantly, on hearing these words, and, telling the host that if he had made that statement on sending the invitation it would have saved some trouble, took his departure from the house, to return no more.

This spirited lesson, read to a coarse-minded entertainer, is one which might be borne in mind with advantage by many of much higher pretensions in the world than honest Joseph Grimaldi. Nightly did he grin—and what an ear-to-ear grin it was—for his bread on the public stage, but in private society he played the part only of a man and a gentleman, and could not stoop for a moment to be exhibited there as a show. How much more keenly ought this feeling to be entertained by others, who have not the excuse of such a profession as Grimaldi's to color the debasement.

While we speak thus, however, we must be understood always as referring to cases where men permit their singing faculties to be made a perpetual exhibition of, not to those instances where the gift of music is temperately and judiciously used, and, as it were, as an *additional* accomplishment to render a man's company a little more agreeable to his friends. Let the singer strive to make his musical endowment hold this supererogatory place, and to gain the esteem of society by the display of more praiseworthy qualities.—*Watson's Art Journal.*

THE CODE OF SOLOMON.—It remained for Justice Shadley to revive the judicial ruling of Solomon in the baby case. Only in this case it was a dog that had two fair claimants, and they appeared recently in the Essex Market Court. The ladies were placed in opposite corners, with the dog in the centre, and told to call the disputed pet. The result was satisfactory, at least to the dog and the mistress of his choice, and Solomon's glory is vastly increased.

A YOUNG lady, while shopping, was asked to hold an infant by a well-dressed woman in a Boston store on Wednesday. The woman did not come back when "the moment" had passed, and it was found she had left on the counter two shopping-bags, containing a quantity of baby's clothing, forty dollars in money, and a note praying that the child should be well cared for.



## Correspondence.

## Letter from Boston.

THE MUSICAL SEASON DRAWING TO A CLOSE—THE RUBINSTEIN RECITALS—A FEAST OF PIANO MUSIC—GILMORE'S CONCERTS—THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC—THE ORPHEUS MUSICAL SOCIETY IN NEW QUARTERS—THE STARBIRD CONCERT COMPANY—A GENEROUS MERCHANT AND TWO LUCKY SONGSTERS—MR. PAINE'S ORATORIO—PERSONAL—DRAMATIC NEWS—HAS AN AUTHOR ANY RIGHT TO HIS OWN BRAINS?—MR. WARREN IN A NEW PART.

For the Song Journal.

BOSTON, May 16, 1873.

The Hub is about winding up its musical season of 1872-73, which, in spite of the great fire and the "epizootic," has proved unusually successful. This is true more especially of the latter half of the season, since the early winter was productive of little else than financial failure, except in the case of the opera, which carried away vast stores of ducats.

The latest musical sensation has been the Rubinstein recitals, two of which have already taken place. The first was given last Saturday, the 10th, and the second came off yesterday. The third and last is set down for Wednesday afternoon of next week, and on the evening of the same date (May 21st) the great pianist is to conduct in person, at the Tremont Temple, a performance of his "Ocean" symphony. The recitals are held at Horticultural Hall, Music Hall being occupied by the Bazaar of the Nations, and they are drawing crowding houses. They furnish far better opportunities to hear this truly great artist to advantage, than were afforded in the other concerts wherein he has appeared. Rubinstein plays without any notes before him, and seems to have the entire classical repertoire at his fingers' ends. Never before was such perfection of piano forte playing heard in America. Now that he is about to take his departure from our shores, never, probably, to return, our people are awakening to something like an appreciation of his genius. The following are his three Boston programmes:

## SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 10.

|                                       |             |
|---------------------------------------|-------------|
| Fantasia Chromatique.....             | J. S. Bach. |
| Andante et Variations.....            | Haydn.      |
| Air et Variations, D Minor.....       | Handel.     |
| Fantasia, C Minor.....                | Mozart.     |
| Gigue, G Major.....                   | Mozart.     |
| A la Turca, from Sonata, A Major..... | Mozart.     |
| C Major, Opus 83.....                 |             |
| E Major, " 109.....                   | Bethoven.   |
| G Minor, " 111.....                   |             |

## THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 15.

|                             |           |
|-----------------------------|-----------|
| Fantasia, C Major.....      | Schubert. |
| Invitation, a la Valse..... | Weber.    |
| Memento Capriccioso.....    | Weber.    |

|                              |                    |              |
|------------------------------|--------------------|--------------|
| Songs without Words.....     | E Major.....       | Mendelssohn. |
|                              | F Sharp Minor..... |              |
|                              | B Minor.....       |              |
|                              | A Flat Major.....  |              |
| Studies for Pedal Piano..... | A Minor.....       | Schumann.    |
|                              | B Flat Major.....  |              |
|                              | B Minor.....       |              |

|                                              |           |
|----------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Romanza, D Minor.....                        | Schumann. |
| Bird as Prophet (Forest scene).....          | Schumann. |
| Fantasia Pieces (Abends, Traumeswirren)..... | Schumann. |
| Carneval.....                                | Schumann. |

## WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 21.

|                       |                    |         |
|-----------------------|--------------------|---------|
| Fantasia.....         | F Minor.....       | Chopin. |
|                       | E Minor.....       |         |
|                       | A Minor.....       |         |
| Preludes.....         | B Minor.....       | Chopin. |
|                       | B Flat Major.....  |         |
|                       | D Minor.....       |         |
| Ballade, F Major..... |                    | Chopin. |
| Mazurkas.....         | F Sharp Minor..... | Chopin. |
| Valses.....           | A Minor.....       | Chopin. |
| Polonaises.....       | A Flat Major.....  | Chopin. |
|                       | A Major.....       |         |
| Nocturnes.....        | G Minor.....       | Chopin. |
| Tarentelle.....       | F Minor.....       | Chopin. |
|                       | G Sharp Minor..... |         |
|                       | A Flat Major.....  |         |
| Etudes.....           | A Minor.....       | Chopin. |

|                                              |             |
|----------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Nocturne, B Major.....                       | Field.      |
| Liedes.....                                  | Henselt.    |
| Si Oiseau Jetais.....                        | Flatt.      |
| Etude, A Minor.....                          | Thalberg.   |
| Valse Impromptu.....                         | List.       |
| Rhapsodie Hongroise.....                     | List.       |
| Miniatures (Serenade, Pros de Rousseau)..... | Rubinstein. |
| New Melodie.....                             | Rubinstein. |
| Impromptu.....                               | Rubinstein. |
| Barcarole, A Minor.....                      | Rubinstein. |
| Serenade Russe.....                          | Rubinstein. |
| Caprice (de l'Album de Petershof).....       | Rubinstein. |
| F Minor.....                                 |             |
| Etudes, F Major.....                         | Rubinstein. |
| C Major.....                                 |             |

Mr. Gilmore gave two grand sacred concerts at the Boston Theatre, Sunday evenings, April 27th and May 4th, for the benefit of the Carney Hospital. They attracted large audiences, and netted a very handsome sum to a worthy charity. A large band and orchestra (Gilmore's) appeared on the occasion, and also several prominent soloists, including Mrs. Charles Lewis, soprano, Miss Alice Fairman, contralto, Mr. Edward Prescott, tenor, Mr. P. H. Powers, basso, Miss Therese Liebe, the violinist, Mr. Arbuckle and Mr. Gilmore himself. At one of the concerts Mr. Gilmore played the cornet obligato to "Let the Bright Seraphim," which was sung by Mrs. Lewis, and at the other he took part with Messrs. Arbuckle, Patz and Roe in a quartette for cornets. It was Mr. Gilmore's second appearance as a soloist in eight years, his last appearance having been with Mlle. Nilsson, in Handel's same air, "Let the Bright Seraphim," two seasons ago. The fair Swedish vocalist was so delighted with his performance that she urged him to accompany her to New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere, but he was compelled to decline the offer of an engagement, having then the forthcoming jubilee on his hands. Week after next Gilmore takes his band to Chicago, where he is to conduct a series of jubilee concerts in the new station of the Michigan Southern and Rock Island Railroads. On his way back to Boston, he will probably give a series of concerts in the principal cities.

The New England Conservatory of Music has given several interesting concerts of late. On the 6th inst. its two hundred and eighty-fourth concert took place at Wesleyan Hall, when a fine programme was performed by Miss Rosa D. Allen, vocalist, Mr. J. C. D. Parker, pianist, Mr. C. N. Allen, violinist, and Mr. Wulf Fries, violoncellist. Yesterday an organ recital was given at Conservatory Hall, by pupils of the institution, and an Organ Fantasia, by J. M. Deems, was performed for the first time.

The colored students from Hampton, Va., following closely in the tracks of the Nashville chorus, have given several concerts at Tremont Temple with fine success. They are to give a matinee at the same place to-morrow.

The only other entertainments of the present month have been a benefit concert for the Joy Street Baptist Church, by Mrs. Kaplar and other colored artists of New York and Boston, May 1; a testimonial concert to Mr. Harley Newcomb, May 5, and a piano forte recital, by Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, May 14.

The Orpheus Musical Society have established themselves at their new and commodious club rooms, No. 548 Washington street, and, on the evening of the 9th inst., there was a social gathering of the members, with their ladies, to celebrate the event. The apartments were formerly occupied by the Old Fellows, and there are, in addition to two good sized halls, an abundance of ante-rooms. On the evening in question there was a fine concert, in which the chorus of the society took part, with Miss Persis Bell, the violinist, Mr. Eichberg, Mr. Mullaly and Mr. Wulf Fries. A collation and dance followed the musical exercises.

The Starbird Concert Company has been fully organized, and will soon start out upon an extended tour through Canada and the West. It consists of Miss Anna Starbird, soprano, Miss Alice Fairman,

contralto, Mr. Nelson Varley, tenor, Mr. W. H. Beckett, basso, Miss Therese Liebe, violinist, Mr. J. A. Howard, pianist and conductor.

Two well known Boston vocalists, Mr. F. C. Packard, tenor, and Mr. F. D. Sprague, basso, sailed for Europe on the 3d inst., intending to visit Italy, and there perfect themselves by two or three years' study for the operatic stage. The expenses of the trip are borne by one of our wealthy merchants, Mr. Eben D. Jordan. Mr. Packard gave up a New York choir engagement of \$2,500 a year, and Mr. Sprague also gave up a choir engagement in this city.

Two other, at least, of our Boston singers are on the wing for Europe, to perfect their studies, viz: Miss Lizzie M. Yates, the soprano, and Mr. Abercrombie, the tenor. The latter goes to Florence, to study under Varucini.

Mr. George L. Osgood, the distinguished young tenor, is not going to St. Petersburg, as reported, but remains in Boston to connect himself with the New England Conservatory of Music as teacher. He will be a valuable acquisition to that flourishing music school, which already has the services of nearly fifty of the most eminent musicians and teachers in America, including John Knowles Paine, Dudley Buck, Carl Zerrahn, J. O'Neil, J. C. D. Parker, G. E. Whiting, F. H. Torrington, Dr. Southard, Wulf Fries and J. F. Rudolphsen.

Mr. D. C. Hall, the head of Hall's band, has arrived from Europe, bringing with him a large collection of new band music, which will be heard on the Fall River boats this summer. Mrs. Hall remains abroad to finish her musical studies. There is quite a colony of Boston ladies studying music at Florence.

Mr. J. K. Paine's oratorio of "St. Peter" will be performed for the first time at Portland, Maine, June 3d. The chorus will consist of the Haydn Association of that city, which has been rehearsing the work, under Mr. Herman Katschmar, with great enthusiasm for several months. A Boston orchestra has been engaged, and among the soloists are to be Mrs. Wetherbee, of Portland, Mr. George L. Osgood, tenor, and Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, baritone. The work will be performed under the personal direction of the composer, and the event will attract a large number of Boston musical people. Portland is Mr. Paine's native city.

Miss Charlotte Leclercq has brought out a dramatization of Wilkie Collins' new novel, "The New Magdalen," at the Globe Theatre, with great success. It is the author's own version, dramatized expressly for Miss Leclercq. A singular question has come up in the United States District Court in relation to this play. In February last, Mr. Walter Benn, a Baltimore actor, copyrighted at Washington a play by the same title, dramatized from Wilkie Collins' novel. He now seeks to enjoin Miss Leclercq and the Globe management from playing the author's own version, claiming that it is an infringement upon his legal rights. Mrs. John T. Raymond, the actress, becomes a party to the suit, inasmuch as she has bought Mr. Benn's play. Many strange questions have arisen in reference to the copyrighting of foreign plays, but nothing exactly in this form, where legal effort is made to dispossess an author of a novel of his own dramatic version of the work. The case is still pending before the United States Court.

Mr. William Warren, the comedian, recently made a great hit, at the Boston Museum, as Jacques Fauvel, in "One Hundred Years Old." The impersonation was one of the finest pieces of acting ever seen upon the American stage.

Mr. L. R. Shewell assumes the position of manager at the Boston Theatre next year. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Albaugh are now playing at that establishment. The Vokes Family succeed them next week.

RANGER.



## The Song Journal.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, JUNE, 1873.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."  
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,  
 stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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### The Cincinnati Festival.

We have looked upon and watched with ceaseless solicitude, as an outsider, the progress of the festival, which has so happily terminated in Cincinnati. Since the grand jubilee in Boston, of July last, the effects of which are distinctly known to the readers of the SONG JOURNAL, the inauguration and issue of the great enterprise of the West has been in the mind's eye of every lover of music in our land. And, while we are prepared to respectfully accord to one and all influences which belong to the artists of the East, the truth of no east, west, north or south in music has been practically demonstrated, and hence we exult, rejoice and labor for expression to depict its happy termination. To talk of art and its progress in our fair land, with the glorious facilities of intercommunication, east or west, with which we are blessed, by railroad and telegraphic intercourse, is simply preposterous, and he who ignores this truth is ignorant and wanting in the intelligence patent to keep him in the traces of progress. Sifted down to its root, there are no points of the compass in the musical art in our land, and hence the boasting of Boston, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, or any other point at the present time, when ciphered out, is mere twaddle, and only tends to those sectional jealousies calculated to alienate, rather than harmonize. Who does not know that what is done in Boston by an artist to-night, is known and understood in any of the places above alluded to, before to-morrow's sun attains its zenith? Who does not know that art and artists are handled in criticism with the same acuteness and the same weapons in the West as East, with the simple difference that in the West they are, perhaps, sifted to a finer quality, the triple X becoming the standard by which judgment is based. For a just and accurate description of the festival, and the building in which held, its adaptation to the use applied, as to the rendition solo and chorus, we quote from C. H. B., of the *Detroit Tribune*, whose description is truthful:

"The building is somewhat too large for satisfactory solo singing, though not too large for effective choral and orchestral music. Exclusive of the choir area, it has seats for 4,600 persons, and standing room for 400 or 500 more. The space enclosed is about double that of the Boston Music Hall, but not more than a quarter of that of the Boston Coliseum. The building is a good music room, free from echoes, but its tin roof transmits the sound of pelting showers somewhat too fully for the comfort of the company beneath. When Mr. Whitney was singing 'Rolling in Foaming Billows,' from the Creation, he had this obligato accompaniment from the roof to drown his orchestra, and the same rattling was given again on his second trial of the song. The general arrangements of the building are excellent, and the intermission of half an hour allowed in each concert, gave ample opportunity for promenades in the adjacent gardens, and for refreshments of various kinds. The Germans, however, have had little to do with the

festival, clinking of glasses and the fumes of tobacco, have been notably lacking from festivities in which German music has borne so large a part. No Puritan feast could be more sober than these 'high times' of song in the very center of the American territory of King Gambrinus—Boston order in Cincinnati halls.

"Upon the musical performances, superlatives might be lavished without going beyond the truth. It is simple justice to say, that no better orchestral renderings have been given in any city on this continent, and that the famous Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, does not surpass this new chorus of Western musical societies in the spirit, the accuracy and the volume of voice in which the grand passages of oratorio music have been brought out in this festival. It is wonderful that the drilling of a few weeks should have secured such a fine and strong harmony, especially from the chaos of voices in which the practice began. The leader of this choral drilling is a gentleman whose name happily designates his work—Mr. Singer. The 'solos' in the festival number only half a dozen. One of these, Mrs. Dexter, is a Cincinnati lady, noted for her skill in vocal gymnastics, but not a great singer in sweetness of voice or delicacy of expression. Like Mrs. Leo Hunter, she was quite willing to repeat her charming strains. Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Annie Cary, Messrs. Rudolphsen, Whitney, and Nelson Varley, are all of them finished and skillful singers, equal to the great difficulties of the parts put upon them. All of them were in good voice. In no instance was there anything like failure.

"Except in the concert of Thursday afternoon, in which the Cincinnati Orchestra and the children of the public schools appeared, all the performances were under the direction of Theodore Thomas. Where he leads, there will be no tricks, no follies, no noisy demonstrations, no sensational entrances of brass bands, no harsh cannon accompaniment. This Festival has been wholly free from the unmusical methods adopted in the Boston Jubilee. It has been genuine throughout, and with the choicest of music. The Italian school has been almost wholly disregarded. Nothing from Verdi, Donizetti, or Bellini has been announced upon the programmes; and from Rossini only the William Tell Overture, and passages from the Stabat Mater. Of the French school were given one or two pieces from Auber and Meyerbeer. But the great German composers, the true masters in music, have all been brought forward in their best work. Bach and Handel, and Haydn, and Gluck, and Mozart, and Schubert, and Mendelssohn, and Schumann, and Liszt, and Weber, and Beethoven, and Richard Wagner, the prophet of the future, have been interpreted in a style as true as their spirits would wish. The performance of the Choral Symphony of Beethoven, that severest of all musical problems for voice and instrument, was unquestionably the grandest ever given on this side of the ocean. To have heard it is an event in the life of any lover of music. The more familiar Symphony in C. Minor never poured out its majestic harmonies with fuller volume. Eyes without number were moistened, as Miss Cary with her rich sympathetic voice, led in those deep and plaintive laments of Orpheus without his Eurydice.

"The intricacies of Tasso, Liszt's Symphonic poem, enchanted while they bewildered the listeners, not wanted to that tangle of musical fancies. The weird glee of Mendelssohn's 'Walpurgis Night,' was hardly less exhilarating than the gaiety of the scherzo of the Eighth Beethoven Symphony. But if I was to particularize the great compositions magnificently rendered, I should have to copy three-fourths of the titles on the programmes of all the eight concerts, with the few pieces in the children's concerts, two or three of the Strauss waltzes, and two or three of Mrs. Dexter's solos, the whole was 'classical' in the best sense of the word. The first notes and the last notes were Handel's grand Dettingen Te Deum, consecrating the tones as religious and divine.

"A few trifling criticisms might be made upon particular features of the festival. Some might say that the tenors were not strong enough to match the basses, and that the altos were not always up to time; that the orchestra at the children's concert was inferior; that Mr. Varley's short stature and shrill note made his call to 'Sound an Alarm,' which he was compelled to repeat to the delighted crowd, much like the chant of the bantam in the poultry yard; that the rollicking fun of Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, reminding one of a waltzing elephant, came somewhat too close to the dignified hymn of Beethoven; that there were defects in the rendering of Schubert's 23d psalm. But all such small criticisms are ungracious in reviewing a series of musical joys so rich, so pure, so perfect in their kind. The feeling acknowledgment of Theodore Thomas, to the chorus at the close of the first day's performance—that he had never heard a chorus equal to this—was more than an empty compliment. When the difficulties of the music in so many kinds are considered, it is simple truth to say, that this Cincinnati chorus has surpassed anything in the experience of New York or Boston. It is hard for a Boston man to admit this, but the truth cannot be denied.

"The children's concert on Thursday afternoon, was as remarkable as any. Here, too, most of the music was classical, and the young voices, 1,500 in number, obeyed the not altogether graceful guidance of their white-haired leader, with marvelous precision of time and tune. It may be doubtful whether an equal number of children can be found in the public schools of any American city, who can sing like these children the difficult chorals of Handel and Mozart. Apart from the delightful harmony of that concert, the spectacle itself was one of exceeding beauty.

"As may be supposed the people of Cincinnati are in raptures over the success of their bold enterprise. They were prepared to pay liberally for probable pecuniary loss, remembering the fate of the Boston guarantee fund in the last jubilee. The rains, so persistent, predicted disaster. But they saw the seats always full, and knew at the end that their good fortune is complete on every side. They have voted to make the festival annual, to repeat it in the next spring, and make it better than this festival, if they can. It certainly makes an epoch in the musical history of the West, if not in the musical history of America. Very much, however, depends on the director of such a festival. If Theodore Thomas shall come again, with his noble orchestra, with his high standard of musical fitness, with his resolute adherence to the rule of honest work, and no sensation or sham, no virtuosic exhibitions for voice or for instrument, but conscientious rendering of symphony, and choral, and harmony, the next festival will be grander than this. But if there is any attempt to enlarge the scale, to bring in the 'monster' elephant, to add any fantastic accessories, the repetition of the experiment will be a failure. The one happy change in the programme of this week, was the giving up of the open air concert to-day, and the choice summing up of the best things in the previous concerts in the hall this afternoon."

### The Haines Bros.' Piano Forte.

As faithful stewards of progress in the art and manufacture of the instrument which is so rapidly becoming an almost indispensable requisite to house-keeping, a truthful account of the exquisite instruments manufactured in New York, by the gentlemen whose names head this article, will not be deemed of little importance, though to put on paper the excellencies of their piano fortes requires ability which an adequate description, we fear, will not be reached. The reputation these makers have already attained, by years of toil and labor, as producers of a first-class instrument, amid the severe criticisms and also the unfavorable comments of competitors,



combined with prejudiced parties, jealous of their successes, as step by step they have advanced from stage to stage toward perfection, may be looked upon as an achievement truly enviable, and illustrating the truth that "worth will win in the long race."

As a leading feature in the transaction of their business, they have ever been averse to soliciting puffs and encomiums from musical artists, and scattering them broadcast in circulars as fustian of little worth, the same usually being directly or indirectly paid for; and hence the good testimony in favor of their pianos has been given unsolicited, and, therefore, based upon their intrinsic worth—upon their unquestioned reputation as a first-class piano at a moderate price. They have ever been alive and awake to invention or valuable improvements in the mechanical construction, as the *ten* different styles and patterns of their instruments attest, from the simple and unadorned instrument of four hundred and fifty dollars, up to the full Agnæffe, with three unisons, of one thousand dollars. In fine, it may with truth be said the dominant aim of the Haines Brothers has been from first to last to furnish to the connoisseurs of music an instrument, powerful, yet sweet and sonorous, partaking of the singularity in the largest degree.

#### "TRUE MERIT IS THE SECRET OF THEIR SUCCESS."

"It will be observed by the revenue returns that the house of Haines Brothers, manufacturers of pianos, New York, made and sold in the year 1870 two thousand pianos. We are told that their sales this year will exceed that figure by over fifty per cent. There must be some intrinsic merit in the pianos they make over a score of others that are offered in the market, to command such a wonderful trade."

#### SILENT DEEDS ARE BETTER THAN UNPROFITABLE WORDS.

As will be seen by looking over the following statistics of the third piano house of the United States, as taken from the sworn reports of Haines Brothers, New York, to the United States Internal Revenue.

Haines Brothers made and sold pianos as follows:

|                   |                               |
|-------------------|-------------------------------|
| In the year 1866, | Eight hundred and thirty.     |
| " 1867,           | Nine hundred and seventy-two. |
| " 1868,           | One thousand.                 |
| " 1869,           | One thousand four hundred.    |
| " 1870,           | TWO THOUSAND.                 |

C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson avenue, Detroit, are the sole agents for Michigan, and are prepared to furnish these beautiful instruments to the trade, or at retail, at manufacturers' prices, thereby saving cost of transportation.

#### Nicolao's Philharmonic Society.

Among the cheering and encouraging features of the advancement of art in our city, the most notable, perhaps, will be found to be the flocking hither of artists from abroad, and taking up their abode with us with reference to the pursuit of their profession. In this we rejoice; yes, we raise high our paeans of exultation, and say to one and all, "Return ye ransomed sinners home," for here, right here, is a field of labor to be tilled, rich in productiveness, and destined to bestow a rich reward. And why should it not be so? How, with the progressiveness of the age, can it be otherwise? In a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, the fallow soil of which, in a truly systematic point of view, so far as music is concerned, remains in a crude, unbroken condition, a city possessing as much talent in a primeval state as any in the world; with facilities of intercommunication with the world without as good as any; with all the adjuncts required, save that of cultivation; say, why may we not boast, and pitch our key high up among the sharps, when the glorious streaks of sun-light appear in the future, betokening the

glad return of the full-orbed glory of oratorio and opera in Detroit.

Sig. G. Nicolao has been, for more than twenty years, musical director of Italian opera, and proposes forming a society for the study of the standard operas and oratorios in this city, rehearsals of which will commence about the first of September. Of his competency to direct the music proposed in all respects, our citizens have the most conclusive proof from evidence he has already furnished, and hence we look forward with deep solicitude to the support our amateurs will give him in the organization contemplated.

#### The Chicago Festival.

The time for the great Musical Festival of Chicago is fast approaching. Judging from what the prints of that city, the *Times*, *Post* and *Tribune* the whole affair in conception as well as the carrying out of plans inaugurated, are upon the gigantic principles of the great Boston Jubilee of a year ago, under the generalship of the same indomitable worker, P. S. Gilmore. Now we are among those that believe music to be the same the world over, speaking the same language everywhere, and the rightful property of all mankind; and that it is winning its easy way to the hearts of its devotees and votaries in every part of our fair land. We "hypothecate" our opinion upon no "red hot miles of ruins," nor upon "Chicago as a doomed ash-heap," and never expect to be "fooled" with any such chaff thrown to the winds from Cincinnati, Calumet or any other place.

It is a trite old saying—"still water runs deep," and though it may seem a little paradoxical to apply it to a "magnificent orchestra of three hundred picked performers, a large vocal chorus of several hundred voices, superadded to which the booming cannon fired by electricity, together with tuned locomotive and tug-whistles and other novel features of a similar character, introduced as a background to the instrumental and vocal effects, it would appear as if we are to have an exhibition of a grand old *pianissimo* in dynamics never before conceived of. We wonder not that the railroads leading into Chicago propose to reduce their rates of fare to witness such a performance! Indeed it would be strange if all the magnates of the world—even those of Pekin and Hong Kong—with our President and his Cabinet, and the governors of all the States should be so derelict to duty as not to be present. The following we extract from the circular setting the Jubilee in light more graphic than words of ours. Here it is:

Some long heads, controlling long purses, have long been considering how we can best display the wonders of our resurrection to an admiring continent, and have reached the conclusion that if we get up and sing mighty paeans with glad voices to the accompaniment of trumpets and trombones, and bassoons and French horns, and bass viol, and all the *estotera* of a mighty orchestra, not making a noise like a rush of many waters, but as it were, catching, and taming and harmonizing the thunders, then we might say to the people who are so unhappy as not to have a permanent residence in our midst, "Come and see and hear us."

The series of concerts will be given in the new and magnificent depot of the Michigan Southern and Rock Island roads, on VanBuren street, foot of LaSalle. This building is 600 feet in length and will accommodate 35,000 people.

The affair will last two days and nights, commencing Thursday, June 5, and ending on Friday night in a grand ball at the Pacific Hotel, to which 2,000 guests will be invited.

THE will of the late Samuel J. Browne, a clergyman of Cincinnati, has been annulled on the ground that the testator was insane. This will left \$200,000 to found a university, to be named after Mr. Browne. The heirs of the testator agree to give \$100,000 to endow the Cincinnati University. "This Mr. Browne, it will be remembered, shot a boy and killed him for robbing his orchard, a few months before his death."

#### Simpson M. E. Church Concert.

At no period in Detroit do we remember such a number of entertainments, dramatic and musical, occurring in a month's time.

The evident zest and eager appreciation with which our community enter into these pleasures, and the thronged houses which greet performances of foreign or home celebrity, give ample proof of the growing taste of our people.

We had the pleasure of enjoying one of these musical treats, on the evening of the 14th, at the Simpson M. E. Church. Some of our best talent united in producing a programme filled with choice selections from the best masters. The trios for piano, violin and violoncello, by Professors Meakin, Mayer and Luderer, were rendered with care and beautiful accuracy, in time, tune and expression. Miss Middlewood, in the well-known solo of Donizetti, "O, Luce de Quist Anima," gave evidence of considerable ability; with care and further cultivation, she will become a favorite in musical circles.

Messrs. Austin and Nay enlivened the hour with a spirited duet, both gentlemen are well known to concert goers in Detroit, and always welcome.

Miss Levington was happy in her selection "Looking back." It revealed the peculiar richness of her voice, and was sung with feeling and fine expression.

"The Knights' Farewell," by Messrs. Stearns, Jones, Ashley and Cooper, would have borne a repetition. The gentlemen sing well together.

Mrs. Atchison completely captivated her listeners with her charming rendition of the solo "Come, the Bark is Moving." Possessed of a voice remarkable for its purity, sweetness and flexibility, combined with a high degree of cultivation, her effort was delightfully gratifying, as the applause which called her back testified.

"Bear Ye Breezes," a quintet by Pease, sung by Mrs. Atchison, Misses Middlewood and Levington, Messrs. Austin and Billings, met with a flattering reception. The parts were nicely balanced. While all were irreproachable, we cannot forbear to speak commendably of the manner in which Mr. Billings sustained the bass. His voice, full, fine and rich, admirably blending with, while not overpowering the other parts, which were all thoroughly good.

The whole programme, in selection and performance, was decidedly enjoyable, and reflects credit on all connected with its production.

#### Dots—Musical and Dramatic.

For years past, the leafy development of buds, blossoms and flowers musical, have never developed as during the past month. Scarcely a day has passed without proof of our declaration—alternating from grave to gay—in the dramatic and musical orchard of our city. Jane Coombs on the 3d, followed by Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels on the 4th; Edwin Booth on the 8th; a local amateur concert, by the Young Men's Christian Association, in Music Hall, on the 9th; the same repeated at the Opera House on the 21st; also a concert by home talent in Scotch Presbyterian church, a truly enjoyable entertainment, on the 10th; Tony Pastor 12th and 13th; Mrs. G. C. Howard, followed by Sol Smith Russell's Minstrels, at the Opera House, on the 14th; Mac Evoy's Hiernicon, at Music Hall, on the same evening; Justina Fischer's farewell benefit, at Young Men's Hall, on the 15th; Uncle Tom's Cabin, at the Opera House. "The Harp of Erin" twanged its sweetest strains at Music Hall on the 17th, to delighted audiences. The Italian Opera, Lucca and Kellogg, gave us "Mignon" and "La Favorita," to audiences of which they must have felt proud for appreciativeness as evinced by enthusiasm displayed, and also numerical numbers.

A GRAND Festival is in preparation at Bonn, for the erection of a monument in honor of Robert Schumann.



### The Past, the Present, the Future.

We don't propose a disquisition on history of music, ancient, modern or the present, nor do we attempt to define the future in foretelling events to be developed in the sequences inaugurating at the present time. This we know, in every art and science, in all that pertains to advancement, in all of these, to the student of progress, there is a wonderful upheaval in progress, and hence we boast, we exult over the diminutiveness of the past, in comparison with the gigantic strides being made in the present. There is no science which develops principles in this direction more potently than that of music, and it is to this we wish it especially to apply. Going back to Billings, the pioneer of American compositions, choirs, public singing schools and concerts, and the musical books and productions of his day, we are taught a lesson that should ever be remembered, and point unerringly to the truth, that perfection is always far ahead, and after generations secure most of the praise and profit. Casting the mind back a century, we find him in the old tannery in Boston, while engaged in his legitimate occupation, writing with chalk upon the walls of the building some of the songs now sung in our churches—songs which will live to cheer and inspire the devotions of God's people throughout the cycles of the history of the church on earth. Again, this same man was a zealous patriot, and, combining his religion with his patriotism, which should ever go hand-in-hand, he produced a number of songs which exerted a powerful influence in the achievement of the liberty of which we boast and enjoy. Among these we find the old song, looked upon by our modern composers as a crude, unartistic production, as it assuredly is in many respects:

"Let tyrants shake their iron rod,  
And slavery clank her galling chains;  
We'll fear them not, we'll trust in God,  
New England's God forever reigns."

Who will deny that this song, the words and music of which were learned by every choir, whistled and sung in every family, to the old tune *Chester*, had not a powerful influence upon the spirit of freedom at the critical moment produced? Who will deny that its influence was not akin to that of the *Marseillaise* in France when first presented, and that we, amid the noon-day glory of the independence of which we boast, would not wish we had more of like character?

The divers revolutions which have taken place in the art of music, even in the last half century, form one of the necessary consequences of the movement and advancement of the human mind, each epoch has wants corresponding to its position, manners and the state of civilization. The music of the most ancient nations was at first confined to a small number of sounds. It was not till long after, that other sounds were added to the primary ones, and against each of these additions to the musical system contemporary croakers were inclined to exclaim extravagantly. When the simple melodies of Alexander Scarlatti were succeeded by the more varied and complicated chants of Leo and Pergolese, a yell was raised about the declining state of music. The idols of actual taste will be equally sacrificed, for art cannot retrograde, it may be for a moment stationary, but let a man of genius present himself, and it will resume a rapid march.

With the experience of so many revolutions in the history of music, how shall we think that it can now limit its capabilities, when it ought to seek to multiply them? And how shall we require that music alone shall remain stationary, when all the other arts, modifying themselves according to the times and circumstances, satisfy the exigencies of their epoch, and, in a word, regulate themselves by the spirit of those whom they are called upon to excite? When the forms of modern music shall have grown old, like its history in the past, a new path will open

itself, a virgin mine will offer its treasures to those who shall know how to profit by them. The invention of new instruments or of unused harmonies will give capabilities for effects which we cannot divine, but which futurity will teach us, when a superior man appears, with his ideas, his originality, and his faults, destined by nature to operate changes. He will be at first rejected, but unfounded prejudice will fall before the deep conviction of independent genius, and all will soon admire him, whom they had commenced to blame. Such is the inevitable course which the experience of the past should teach us, could we free ourselves from prepossessions. But, in growing old, we live in some sort upon the remembrances of youth, and it is hard to bring the mind to perceive the modifications and changes continually taking place.

### The Voice.

A great deal has been written, of late years, upon the voice, its use, its care, and its failures or diseases. To thousands of people the condition of their voices has become a matter of interest, and to hundreds it is a matter of vital concern. The ability to sing has become a source of amusement to some and of support to others. Music is taken up, either wholly or in part, as a means of earning a living, and it is quite important to know how to make the best use of the voice. There are many methods of singing taught by the private teachers and schools, and though they differ greatly, all have more or less of truth. Some teachers only guide their pupils through certain books of musical instruction and expend all their energies on vocal exercises and purely artistic studies. Others call their art "voice building," and instruct how to produce tones, deeming it only important to understand the physiological side of the matter. True wisdom would select a method that combines the two. To have the voice properly "built," to appropriate a term from the professors, is well, but the musical art must go with it. To be able to run all the scales in the books is of no avail if the voice is harsh, impure and labored.

Now, without going into the matter too deeply, let us examine some of the points of the voice-builder's art. The musical part is in all the books, and need not be discussed at present. The theory of the voice and of its proper production is easily explained, and though a matter of deep scientific interest, is not so profound that we need fear to look into it, nor so dry and technical as to be unpleasantly dull.

In the throat is the larynx, containing the vocal chords. This larynx is a curious hollow mass in the throat, that may be seen just under the skin in men. Some people fancifully call it the Adam's apple. Women have precisely the same thing, only it does not show so plainly from the outside, as it is much smaller. In this larynx are two delicate membranes or pieces of fleshy skin, drawn close together and surrounded on every side by an elaborate system of muscles. By the aid of these, the narrow, slit-like opening between these membranes may be lengthened, widened, narrowed, stretched in one way or another, or be nearly closed. Through this slit-like opening must pass all the air that enters or leaves the lungs. On taking a deep breath, the slit opens and the air rushes down the throat into the lungs. On breathing outward the air passes through them with equal freedom. If we wish, we can move the muscles (how we need neither know nor care) and close the opening to a mere narrow crack, and then when the breath pours out from the lungs, it must push and struggle past the tight membranes. The result is that they quiver and shake, and we hear a sound or a note, and we say the person speaks or sings. If the throat ended at the larynx, we should hear these vocal chords sounding, though they would give sounds somewhat different from those we hear now. The fact that there is a throat, a mouth, nostrils, teeth, etc., above these vocal

chords in the larynx, has nothing to do with the actual work of making the sound. All the notes of the most skillful singer, all the eloquent words of the orator, laughter, groans and inarticulate cries, all come from the vibration of these two bits of soft, elastic skin stretched across our throats. It is these that make the tones and nothing else. The lungs furnish the air, and the mouth and head act as a curious machine to alter the character of the tone, but neither produce it. A person might have every organ perfect, and be forever dumb, if by disease or accident these quivering membranes were gone or useless. Such things have no doubt happened, and people have lived long and healthy lives without any vocal chords at all.

This is a very simple matter, and yet as far as the producing of the sound is concerned this is the whole of it. Some have thought that by some mysterious process the chest, the head or throat made the music, and in a fanciful way they have called certain notes "head tones, chest tones," etc., as if they came from the head or chest. The head and chest may have much to do with the character of the notes, but they do not and cannot make the notes or sounds.

There is no particular mystery about this. It is not a deep subject that only people of great scientific culture can understand. The control of these delicate bits of membrane have been made the subject of much research, and a great deal has been written upon their use and proper management. And at the same time, every child sings naturally, without even knowing that he has any vocal chords. The voice builder seeks to guide and control these delicate organs, and we say he teaches the science of singing or speaking, to distinguish his instruction from that of the art of singing. Between the natural and ignorant singing of the child, and the trained effort of the artist, there is little or no difference in result. The one sings beautifully because he sings naturally, and the other with consummate art imitates nature. What, then, is the good of all the voice building, this severe study in the art of vocal music? If we always sang naturally there would be no need of it, but the fact is we seldom do sing naturally, and, as we grow up we acquire faults and put on artificial ways of singing and speaking, and we have to call in science to bring us back to nature. Science cannot improve our vocal apparatus. It can only teach us to use what we have in a natural manner.

This is not by any means all that may be said upon voice building or singing, and another time we will examine it more in detail. The mouth, the tongue and the teeth, do much to change the character of the tones the vocal chords produce, and we will consider them more fully by and by. The main point to notice now is, that all the tones that make up the human voice have their origin in the vocal chords and in nothing else. There are other sounds in the voice, lisplings, hissings, and the like, but they are mere noises and cannot be called tones.  
—*Vox Humana.*

### Normal Music Institute, Hillsdale.

The fourteenth annual term of the Normal Music Institute will be held at Hillsdale, Michigan, commencing July 8th, and closing August 17th. This is one of the oldest schools in our State, and from first to last has been a power for good in the cause of music. That the forthcoming session will be no exception to the past in this regard, may be justly inferred from the known character and reputation of the principal, Professor J. William Sufferin, of New York, who is to be assisted by an able cabinet of instructors. That the attendance will be large there can be no doubt, because there are to be no charges for tuition, save that of private instruction. We call special attention to the advertisement, which may be found in another column.



## New Books.

**THE SINGING FESTIVAL.** A collection of popular glees, trios, quartettes and choruses for male voices. Mr. Dressler has given in this book of two hundred and forty pages, as choice a selection of music, taken mainly from American, German, French and Italian authors, as can be found published in our language. It needs no criticism of ours, no attempts from any one to find fault with arrangement, as to adaptation of words to music, keys or harmonies, for it is rarely we meet with a book combining perfection in these respects so faultless. In it we have every style brought to view, the grave, the gay, the humorous, and the sentimental, alternating so nicely that, like the light and shade in a beautiful painting, the whole forms a picture beautiful to behold. The "Singing Festival" should be in the hands of every man who is a lover of music, and who would be in possession of a truly good book adapted to his voice.

For sale by C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson avenue, Detroit.

**FAIRY VOICES.** A collection of sacred and secular school songs, suitable for public schools, seminaries and the home circle, selected and arranged by William Dressler. This book also contains a simple course of elemental instruction by William Ludden, which we have examined, and find correct in all respects, though nothing which can be considered as original, or differing materially from many other books. The principles are presented in a clear and tangible way upon the progressive plan, interspersed with practical exercises designed to impress upon the mind of the learner truths important and based upon future progress. The music, the major part of which has been published before in sheet form, is good, and embraces a variety calculated to please and profit those for whom designed. It is a good book, and will doubtless become a power for good among the young folks.

Published by C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson avenue.

**THE ROYAL DIADEM,** by Rev. Robert Lowry and W. Howard Doane, authors for years past considered as paragons of Sabbath school music, and so they are, for they have taken the melodies which have been whistled and sung by the world, and woven them into harmonies attractive and beautiful in simplicity, and thereby brought the effective melodies of the oratorio, the opera and popular songs to bear upon the cause of Sabbath school music. This we deem a good and glorious work; and, when we say this, we are repeating the doctrine that age repeats age, changed only by another in different phases, but no difference in principle, so far as music is concerned. Therefore, the "Royal Diadem" is a book we hail with gladness, filled, as it is, with music of a character calculated to impress its melodies on the mind, and fix truth everlasting on the heart. The scripture texts placed over every piece furnish thought for study, and, when associated with the flowing melodies that follow, give it a two-fold worth.

**THE NEW SILVER SONG,** for Sunday Schools, by W. A. Ogden. We have before us an old book dressed up—in new clothes, with mustache dyed, cane of gentility in hand, the head of which is eighteen carats fine, displayed in "clear diamond type" in new and handsome "setting," designed to send off young Pilgrims from the Sabbath Schools "Up the Hill" to "Our Beautiful City," where the "Angels will Welcome us Home," with the new "Over There," as a refrain of the stormy voyage "Over the Jasper Sea," all of which will, without doubt form "The Wondrous Story."

We are pained to say what we deem should be said for many reasons, not alone in relation to this book, but also to the scores of like publications sent forth from the press almost monthly, designed for our children and youth in the Sabbath Schools. In a

musical point of view, there is nothing elevating, and the poetry—forgive the allusion, for it is the merest doggerel, wed to music "leading to bewilder and dazzling to blind." The book before us is by no means an exception, but we have quite enough of them.

## The Detroit Musical Society.

At the annual meeting of this society, held on the 6th inst., the Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were presented, showing, in a conclusive manner, the healthy and prosperous condition of the society. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

President—S. K. Stanton.  
Vice President—Charles H. Wetmore.  
Treasurer—David Carter.  
Secretary—Joseph Colt.  
Musical Director—Frederick Abel.  
Librarian—Frederick Sibley.  
Directors—W. J. Chittenden.  
L. S. Trowbridge.  
Emory Wendell.

## "The City on Fire."

This is a new song, the words by the popular author, C. C. Haskins, wed to music by H. M. McChesney, the justly celebrated song writer of Michigan. As a descriptive piece, this song requires no prophetic vision to see it is destined to become one of the most telling which has been published since those of the celebrated Russell the "Maniac," "Newfoundland Dog," "Ship on Fire," "The Old Arm Chair," or, going back still farther, the "Bay of Biscay," or "It is not on the battle field that I would wish to die," melodies which, in the conventionalisms of song writing of to-day, seem to have been forgotten; while developing a power and influence which music wields with a potency as just and truthful as Haydn's beautiful description of chaos in his "Creation."

Published by C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson avenue, Detroit.

## Binghamton Normal Music School.

No teacher of music at the present day has any excuses for ignorance and incompetence. Normal schools, designed especially for their instruction, like that which will hold its fourth annual session in Binghamton this summer, offer advantages for improvement which were not dreamed of in this country twenty-five years ago. The well-known ability and reputation of such men as Mr. George James Webb, Dr. William Mason, W. S. B. Mathews, Theo. F. Seward, and Chester G. Allen, will be a sufficient recommendation to any ambitious teacher.

## Service of Song.

Among the encouraging features indicative of the advancement of Congregational Singing as the true and proper support of music in the worship of the church, evidence conclusive was furnished by the exercises at the Central M. E. Church on the evening of the 25th inst. The entire service consisted of singing, by a select choir and the very large congregation filling the house, music strictly appropriate to the use of the church. The pastor of the church made a short address, setting forth the object of the meeting—alluding briefly to the varied methods of the conduct of the music under the old, as well as new dispensations, citing examples from both worthy of imitation. We hope to see meetings of like character held in all our churches, believing them to tend to great good.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "There is one thing about a hen that looks like wisdom—they don't kakle much until after they have laid their eggs. Sum polks are alwrs a bragging and a cackling what they are a going tew dew beforehand.

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Jan-72

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# "COLD WATER, BRIGHT AND FRE

SONG WITH CHORUS.

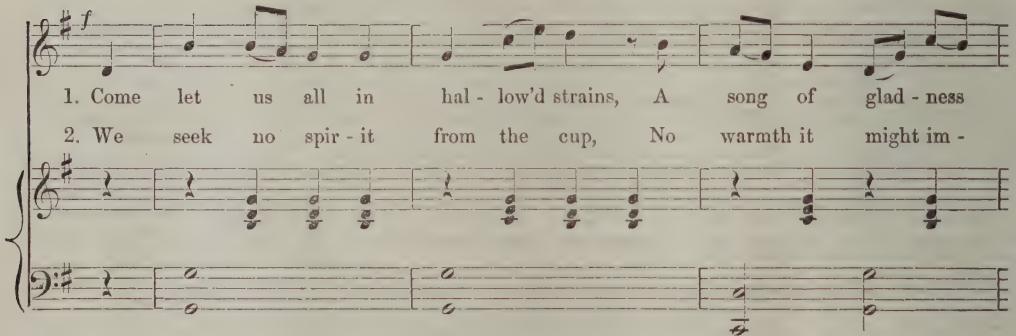
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Music by EDMUND S. MATTOON.

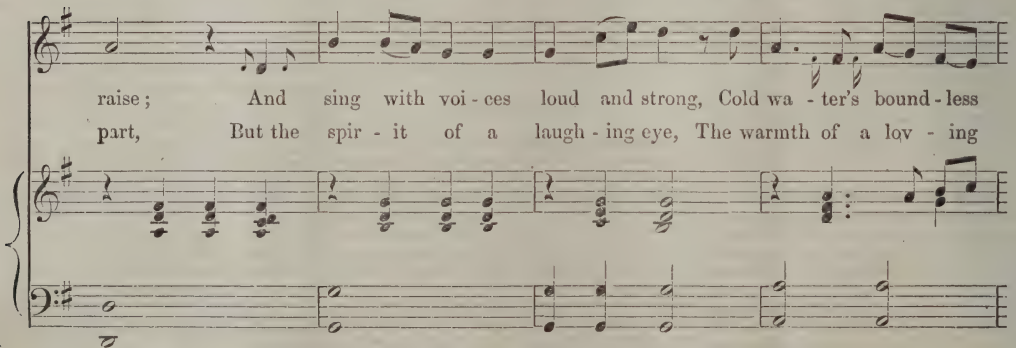
*Moderato.*



*f*



1. Come let us all in hal - low'd strains, A song of glad - ness  
2. We seek no spir - it from the cup, No warmth it might im -



raise; And sing with voi - ces loud and strong, Cold wa - ter's bound - less  
part, But the spir - it of a laugh - ing eye, The warmth of a lov - ing

praise, We'll drink the pure cold wa - - - ter The lim - pid li - quid  
heart, We'll quaff the draught that na - - - ture gives, The pearl - y gift di -

bright, That gush - es from the moun - tains, And spar - kles in the  
vine, And cast a - side the blush - ing cup, There's poi - son in the

light, That gush - es from the moun - tain, And spar - kles with the light.  
wine, And cast a - side the blush - ing cup, There's poi - son in the wine.



## Chorus.

Sop. *ff* Joyously.

Hur - rah! Hur-rah! we'll shout a - loud And swell our notes of

Alto.

Hur - rah! Hur-rah! we'll shout a - loud And swell our notes of

Tenor.

Hur - rah! Hur-rah! we'll shout a - loud And swell our notes of

Bass.

*ff*

praise, And ev - er praise ----- in earnest tones ----- Cold .

praise, And ev - er praise in ear - nest tones, Cold

praise, And ev - er praise in earnest tones, Cold

wa - ter bright and free, Cold wa - ter bright and free.

wa - ter bright and free, Cold wa - ter bright and free.

wa - ter bright and free, Cold wa - ter bright and free.

*Moderato.*  
*mf*

3

Night lights her lamps and sheds her dews,  
To raise the drooping flowers,  
They sip the pearly drops, and bloom  
To cheer our darkest hours;  
'Tis thus when grey December frowns,  
And e'en in rosy June,  
We find that Adam's Ale's the drink  
To keep a man in tune,  
We find, &c.

CHORUS—Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

4

Right soon shall triumph over wrong,  
Abroad from sea to sea,  
Man shall arise in strength and might,  
From rum's vile bondage free;  
We'll fight against King Alcohol,  
'Till every chain we sever,  
And shout our chorus loud and strong,  
Cold water now and ever,  
And shout, &c.

CHORUS—Hurrah! hurrah! &c.



# "HUNKEY DORI."

(MEDLEY.)

W. MATTISON.

*Vivace.*

The musical score is written for piano and violin. It begins with a *Vivace* tempo marking. The piano part starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The violin part enters with a *Ser.* (Serenade) marking. The score is divided into five systems. The third system features a *loco.* (loco) marking. The fourth system features a *Jig.* (Jig) marking. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

" Whose dat Foot a burnin' "

*moderato.*

*mf*

*f*

*animato.*

*f*

3 3 4 3 4 3 3

1 3 2 1 X

*Sra.*

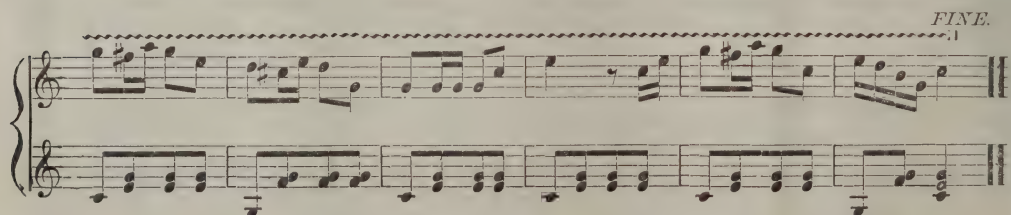
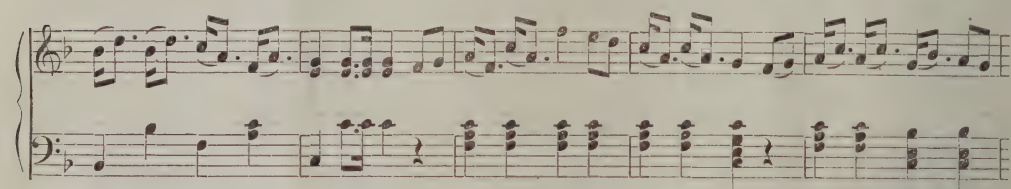
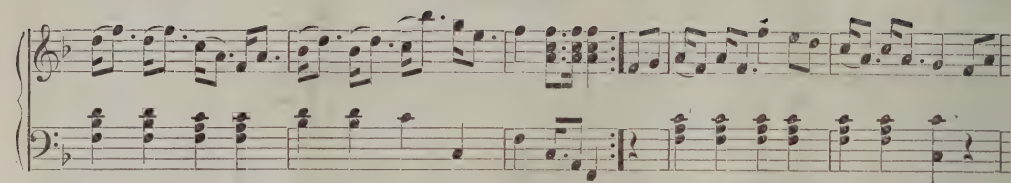
*Sra.*

Highland March.

*f*

*Alla scozzese.*





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| Sea Bird Polka. A. 3.                | Kinkel. 30      |
| Sea Foam Waltzes. C. 3.              | Brainard. 20    |
| Second Cottage Rondo. D. 3.          | Holt. 35        |
| Semiramide. G. 3.                    | Baumbach. 30    |
| Serenade from Don Pasquale. G. 2.    | Benedict. 30    |
| Serenade Waltz. E flat. 3.           | Weiss. 30       |
| Sextet. D. 3.                        | Strack. 25      |
| Seminary Polka. G. 2.                | Glynn. 20       |
| Seminary Waltz. D. 3.                | Kink. 30        |
| Seminary Schottisch. E flat. 3.      | Williams. 30    |
| Separation Waltz. B flat. 3.         | Grobe. 30       |
| Sewing Machine Galop. D. 3.          | Smith. 35       |
| Select One Polka Quickstep. C. 3.    | Labsitzky. 30   |
| Seventh Regiment March. F. 3.        | Leland. 35      |
| Shells of Ocean. G. 3.               | Baumbach. 30    |
| Shining Star Polka. D. 3.            | Kinkel. 30      |
| Shabona Schottisch. C. 3.            | Minkler. 30     |
| Shake Hands Schottisch. G. 3.        | Bellak. 30      |
| Shakespearean Grand March. C. 3.     | Pratt. 60       |
| Shamrock Quickstep. F. 2.            | Merrill. 30     |
| Sharpshooter's March. D. 3.          | Wimmerstedt. 30 |
| Shelby March. A flat. 3.             | Bocman. 30      |
| Sherman Grand Atlanta March. C. 3.   | Wimmerstedt. 35 |
| Shower of Gold Polka. A. 3.          | Lorenz. 35      |
| Shower Waltz. B flat. 3.             | Lockwood. 35    |
| Sigel's Grand March. A. 3.           | Martin. 30      |
| Silver Lake Quickstep. E flat. 3.    | Thomas. 30      |
| Silver Lake Waltz. C. 3.             | Baumbach. 30    |
| Silver Cloud Schottisch. C. 3.       | Lang. 30        |
| Silver Cloud Waltz. F. 3.            | Kinkel. 30      |
| Silver Leaf Polka. F. 3.             | Hughenout. 40   |
| Silver Leaf Polka. G. 3.             | Schaffer. 30    |
| Silver Cascade Polka. D. 3.          | Baumbach. 20    |
| Silver Wreath Polka. D. 3.           | Lynn. 30        |
| Silver Bell Polka. B flat. 3.        | Wynnan. 30      |
| Silver Star Waltz. C. 3.             | Wynnan. 30      |
| Silver Drop Waltz. G. 3.             | Ambuhl. 30      |
| Silver Arrow Waltz. F. 3.            | Curcio. 30      |
| Silver Wave. (Barcarolle) A flat. 3. | Allen. 25       |
| Silver Shower. C. 3.                 | Baumbach. 20    |
| Silvery Fountain Polka. D. 3.        | Kinkel. 30      |
| Silvery Waves. A flat. 3.            | Wynnan. 30      |
| Silvery Spring Waltz. A flat. 3.     | Wynnan. 30      |
| Silver Ripples Schottisch. G. 3.     | Benditz. 30     |
| Silva Schottisch. C. 3.              | Weiss. 30       |
| Silphide Polka Mazurka. G. 3.        | Casorti. 20     |
| Sisoon's Polka. D. 3.                | Sisoon. 30      |
| Simplicity Waltz. C. 2.              | Grobe. 30       |
| Sing to Me Softly. F. 1.             | Mark. 25        |
| Nicilian Vespers. C. 3.              | Bellak. 30      |
| Silent Evening. G. 3.                | Baumbach. 30    |
| Sixty-Three is the Jubilee. F. 3.    | Baumbach. 30    |
| Skating Waltz. D. 3.                 | Freiberg. 35    |
| Skating Polka. F. 3.                 | Smith. 30       |
| Skating Quadrille. B flat. 3.        | Yass. 40        |
| Sleigh Ride Galop. B flat. 3.        | Haggarty. 30    |
| Sleigh Ride Galop. G. 3.             | Yass. 35        |
| Sleigh Ride and Riverside. F. G. 2.  | Spindler. 30    |
| Smile Polka. (Graciously) G. 3.      | Pratt. 35       |
| Smith's Funeral March. A minor. 3.   | Bellak. 30      |
| Snow Waltz. F. 1.                    | Root. 25        |
| Snow Drop Polka. D. 3.               | Warren. 30      |
| Snow Drop Schottisch. E flat. 3.     | Cavertine. 35   |
| Snow Drop Schottisch. A. 3.          | Frankland. 30   |
| Snow Flake Polka. C. 3.              | Brown. 35       |
| Snuff Box Quickstep. F. 3.           | Audren. 20      |
| Soldier's Dream March. F. 3.         | Brown. 25       |
| Soldier's Return March. C. 3.        | Gilmore. 30     |
| Soldiers' Chorus. B flat. 3.         | Baumbach. 40    |

|                                         |                 |
|-----------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Soldiers' Joy and Bonnie Doon. D. K. 3. | Baumbach. 30    |
| Solomon Grundy's Waltz. G. 2.           | Mez. 30         |
| Solo (Evening). A. 3.                   | Acher. 35       |
| Soft Breezes and Cradle Song. D. K. 3.  | Myer. 30        |
| Somebody's Darling. F. 1.               | Mark. 25        |
| Somebody's Luggage Lancers. D. K. 3.    | Cole. 60        |
| Sommambula. G. 3.                       | Mosling. 30     |
| Sonambula. G. 3.                        | Krug. 35        |
| Song of a Thousand Years. C. 3.         | Baumbach. 30    |
| Song of the Egyptian Girl. E flat. 3.   | Baumbach. 30    |
| Song of the Fairies. C. 1.              | Murray. 20      |
| Song of the Harvesters. C. 1.           | Root. 25        |
| Song Polka. G. 3.                       | Baumbach. 30    |
| Sophia Polka. A. 3.                     | Wimmerstedt. 30 |
| Sounds from Home. G. 3.                 | Baumbach. 30    |
| Sounds from Home Waltzes. G. 3.         | Baumbach. 30    |
| Sorrow Mazurka. D flat. 3.              | Klingemann. 30  |
| Souvenir Galop. E. 3.                   | Wagner. 20      |
| Spaniard's Serenade. G. 3.              | Jungmann. 35    |
| Spanish Retreat. C. 3.                  | Baumbach. 30    |
| Sparkle Schottisch. E flat. 3.          | Lockwood. 40    |
| Sparkling and Bright. C. 2.             | Taylor. 20      |
| Sparkling Dew Mazurka. F. 3.            | Warren. 30      |
| Sparkling Sea. Barcarolle. G. 1.        | Mark. 25        |
| Sparkling Quickstep. A flat. 3.         | Wynnan. 30      |
| Sparkling Wavelets. F. 2.               | Root. 25        |
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| Spring Flower Redown. F. 3.             | Burgmuller. 20 |
| Spring Polka. E flat. 3.                | Goerdler. 30   |
| Spring Style Schottisch. C. 3.          | Freund. 20     |
| Squirrel Redown. A. 1.                  | Root. 25       |
| Stand Up for Uncle Sam. C. 3.           | Baumbach. 30   |
| Star Spangled Banner. C. 3.             | Baumbach. 30   |
| Starlight Quickstep. G. 2.              | Kinkel. 30     |
| Starlight Waltz. G. 2.                  | Brainard. 30   |
| Starlight Mazurka. B flat. 3.           | Kinkel. 30     |
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| Stars & Stripes Schottisch. F sharp. 3. | Hombach. 30    |
| Stop dat Knocking at My Door. D. 3.     | Baumbach. 30   |
| Stolen Kiss Polka. G. 3.                | Neumann. 30    |
| Storm Galopade. G. 3.                   | Bliss. 40      |
| St. Paul Waltz. C. 3.                   | Yass. 30       |
| St. Paul Waltz. C. 1.                   | Kimball. 20    |
| St. Paul March. G. 2.                   | Mark. 25       |
| Students' Polka. A. 3.                  | Leland. 30     |
| Stradella. C. 2.                        | Brenner. 30    |
| Stradella. D. 2.                        | Krug. 35       |
| Streamlet Polka. C. 3.                  | Buckley. 30    |
| Strike the Harp Waltz. G. 2.            | Kinkel. 30     |
| Sugar Plum Waltz. F. 1.                 | Root. 25       |
| Sultan's Band March. D. 3.              | Brown. 30      |

|                                         |                   |
|-----------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Sultana Polka. E flat. 3.               | Fiske. 30         |
| Surprise Schottisch. F. 3.              | Grobe. 30         |
| Sunny South Mazurka. G. 3.              | Kinkel. 30        |
| Sunny South Polka. E flat. 3.           | Baitefeld. 20     |
| Supper Bell Polka. G. 3.                | Gilmore. 30       |
| Supper Bell Polka. G. 3.                | Baumbach. 30      |
| Sunlight Waltz. G. 2.                   | Metcalf. 30       |
| Sunbeam Waltz. F. 3.                    | Poulton. 30       |
| Surprise. A flat. 3.                    | Sarni. 30         |
| Sunset. A. 3.                           | Sarni. 30         |
| Swallows. A. 3.                         | Emery. 20         |
| Swallows. C. 3.                         | David. 35         |
| Sweet Kathleen's Lament. G. 2.          | Mez. 30           |
| Swinging on the Tree-Top. F. 1.         | Root. 25          |
| Swiss Air. C. 2.                        | Cerny. 35         |
| Swiss Boy. F. 3.                        | Duvernoy. 35      |
| Swiss Boy. F. 3.                        | Schroeder. 30     |
| Swiss Herdsman. E flat. 3.              | Schauer. 35       |
| Swiss Rondo. G. 2.                      | Zabel. 20         |
| Sweet Robin Waltz. F. 3.                | Goerdler. 30      |
| Sweet Robin Polka. C. 3.                | Louis. 30         |
| Sweetheart Polka. D. 3.                 | Kappes. 30        |
| Sweetest Eyes Polka. G. 2.              | Muek. 25          |
| Sycamore Schottisch. D. 3.              | Kehr. 25          |
| Take me back Home Again. G. 1.          | Mark. 25          |
| Take your Gun and Go, John. F. 3.       | Baumbach. 30      |
| Tanbanser. C. 2.                        | Krug. 35          |
| Tanbanser Grand March. D. 3.            | Wagner. 35        |
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| Temple Polka Mazurka. A flat. 3.        | Ziefeld. 35       |
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| Theme Allemande. C. 3.                  | Beyer. 35         |
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| Theme de Lortzing. F. 2.                | Bummel. 30        |
| Then You'll Remember Me. F. 3.          | Baumbach. 30      |
| Thinking of Home. D. 3.                 | Speier. 40        |
| Thou art Gone from my Gaze. F. 3.       | Baumbach. 30      |
| Thou Reign'st in this Bosom. G. 3.      | Baumbach. 30      |
| Thonna Waltz. A. 3.                     | Gordon. 25        |
| 'Tis Midnight Hour. G. 3.               | Baumbach. 30      |
| Tiger Polka. D. 3.                      | Smith. 30         |
| Tipsy Mazurka. G. 2.                    | Belak. 30         |
| To the Cottage of my Mother. G. 3.      | Grobe. 40         |
| Tom Thumb's Polka. B flat. 2.           | Mardon. 10        |
| Tom Thumb Quickstep. A. 3.              | Ratcliffe. 20     |
| Topaz Mazurka. F. 3.                    | Mooly. 30         |
| Tramp, Tramp, Tramp. C. 3.              | Root. 20          |
| Travinta (La). C. 2.                    | Krug. 35          |
| Travinta (La). A. 3.                    | Mosling. 30       |
| Trifles. C. F. 3.                       | Lemoine. 40       |
| Tromb-al-ca-zar. C. 2.                  | Root. 30          |
| Trovatore (II). (6 Motifs) D. K. 3.     | Baumbach. each 35 |
| Trovatore (II). G. 3.                   | Baumbach. 30      |
| Trovatore (II). G. 3.                   | Freund. 20        |
| Trovatore (II). G. 3.                   | Krug. 35          |
| Trovatore (II). C. 3.                   | Mosling. 30       |
| Trovatore (II). D. 2.                   | Ware. 30          |
| Twilight Waltz. G. 3.                   | Kinkel. 30        |
| Tremont House Polka. G. 3.              | Yass. 30          |
| Troubadour Polka. G. 3.                 | Glynn. 30         |
| Troubadour Polka. G. 3.                 | Baumbach. 35      |
| Trousera Waltz. G. 3.                   | Kolle. 30         |
| Tubel Polka. F. 3.                      | Beck. 30          |
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From out the heavy darkness,  
From out the rayless night,  
The tempest falls upon me,  
The lightnings blind my sight.  
The sea is wildly foaming,  
The forest bows his head,  
The trembling earth is reeling  
Beneath the thunder's tread.

**Grace with the Golden Hair.** Song and chorus. G 3. McChesney. 30

The songs of this popular composer are so well known that any praise from us is useless; but we can say with truth that it is one of the most beautiful songs that has ever written, and will no doubt become as popular as all his music is.

Where the silvery waters flow,  
Where the fairest flowers blow,  
Loams a maiden free from care,  
Grace with the golden hair,  
With the song-bird in the glade,  
Carol sweetly, little maid,  
Sweeter than the flowers fair,  
Grace with the golden hair.

**Golden Side.** Song and chorus. Bb 3. Pizley. 30

A theme calculated to find its way to the heart of every lover of the good and true—awakening courage and cheering the soul.

There's many a rest in the road of life,  
If we only stop and take it,  
And many a tone from the better land,  
If the querulous heart be quiet.  
To the sunny soil that is full of hope,  
And whose beautiful trust never faileth,  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,  
Though the wintry stars are a-sleight.

**God Bless You.** Song and chorus. Eb 3. Pease. 30

Simple, but effective. With an easy accompaniment and a fine chorus.

How sweetly fall those simple words  
Upon the human heart,  
When friends, long bound by strongest ties,  
Are doomed by fate to part.

**Gentle Words Fall on the Heart.** Song and chorus. G 3. Naylor. 30

Gentle words fall on the heart,  
Like dewdrops on the flower,  
They chase our care and gloom away,  
And cheer the lonely hour.  
They bid the sinking heart still hope,  
Revive the drooping breast,  
And point the weary ones of life,  
To homes of peace and rest.

**Gloria In Excelsis.** Bb 4. Pease. 40

Probably no writer of modern times has contributed more acceptably than the gloves the wane of our people, in music for the choir and sacred circle. This "Gloria In Excelsis" will be found an improvement on many now in use, for its beauty, fitness and simplicity of arrangement.

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A greeting glad, abounding in life and vivacity, just what is so often sought for to use at the opening of concerts and entertainments of various descriptions.

We'll wake the songs of old with joy to-night,  
And music sweet shall flow in mellow strains and light.  
La, la, la, etc.

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One of our universally known national airs, well arranged. It is one of a set comprising "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," "Marshall's Hymn," "America," and "Patriotic Hymn," with a valuable historical notice of the origin of each and all on the second page of each copy.

Hail Columbia, happy land!  
Hail ye heroes, heaven-born band,  
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,  
And, when the hour of war was gone,  
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.  
Let independence be your boast,  
Ever mindful was the nation's choice,  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altar reach the skies.

**Heart Bowed Down.** Song. G 4. Balfe. 30

This beautiful ballad, from the "Bohemian Girl," has been rendered a world-wide favorite, not only for itself, but the skillful manner and unexcelled grace with which Mr. Campbell has presented it, has invested it with a double beauty and interest.

The heart bowed down by weight of woe,  
To weakest hopes will cling  
To thought and impulse while they flow,  
That can no comfort bring.  
With those excited passions will blend,  
O'er pleasures pathway thrown,  
While memory is the only friend  
That grief can call to own.

**Heath and Home.** Song, duet and chorus. G 2. Lizzy Bross. 30

Whistle the bleak winds, Allie,  
Oh, but 'tis good to be warm!  
Many a March we've weathered,  
Many a wild, wild storm.

Could we be young again, Allie, dear Allie,  
Love would be prized alone,  
We would count none of earth's treasures, dear Allie,  
So dear as the home hearth-stone.  
Just the thing for fireside use. You will like it if you try it.

**Here's Health to the Hearts That Love Us.** Song and chorus. G 4. Smith. 35

An attractive, lively song, like all of his well-known author, possessing unusual merit.

The friends of our youth we remember,  
Their presence encircles us yet,  
Though widely our paths be asunder,  
We love them too well to forget.  
The hopes of our manhood may leave us,  
The star of our fortune so down,  
We care not how fate may harm us,  
So friendship and love do not frown.

**Her Smiles Are All for Me.** Song and chorus. Bb 3. Woods. 35

A good parlor song, not difficult with a simple accompaniment.

Some have smiles more winning,  
Some have brows more fair,  
Than my gentle darling,  
With her soft hair and hair.  
But from all deceiving  
Her pure heart is free,  
And I'm happy that I love her,  
Her smiles are all for me.

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**Her Bright Smile.** Ballad. Ab 4. Wrighton. 35

Although not a new production, this truly beautiful ballad has not lost its charm to lovers of good music. It has had no rival, and continues to please where many later compositions fail.

'Tis years since last we met,  
And we have met again,  
I struggled to forget,  
But the struggle was in vain,  
For her voice lives on the breeze,  
And her spirit comes at once,  
In the midnight, on the seas,  
Her bright smile haunts me still.

**How Dear is the Thought.** Quartette. D 4. Herold. 50

A sacred quartette, opening with a fine alto solo. It is suitable for church purposes, and good at any time.

How dear is the thought that the angels of God  
May bow their bright wings to the world they once trod,  
Will leave the sweet songs of the mansions above,  
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

**Hymn of Praise.** Quartette. A 3. Lockwood. 30

The late C. T. Lockwood has left us a fine and dignified anthem fit for anniversary occasions or patriotic gatherings.

To God belongeth praise  
For all his wonders on the seas above,  
To men belong  
People of every clime,  
Through the bound of time,  
Come, and, in hymn sublime,  
Your praise bestow.

**Home, Ever Loved Home.** Ballad. C 3. Ladd. 30

Ah, why, my heart, this ceaseless pining?  
Why dost thou ever backward roam?  
Ah, there, all other joys outshining,  
Is home, my ever loved home.  
'Tis absence makes the heart grow fonder,  
Mine clings and the old roof-tree,  
On scenes of home I love to ponder,  
Oh, home, sweet home for me.

A theme calculated to find a response in the heart of every lover of the "dearest spot on earth."

**I Am Waiting for Thee, Darling.** Song and chorus. Ab 3. McChesney. 35

I am waiting for thee, darling,  
'Neath the lindens old and gray,  
And high above on leafy bough,  
The nightbird sings his mellow lay.  
The streamlet wanders o'er the moor,  
Fast hastening to the distant sea,  
And I am waiting, darling, waiting,  
I am waiting for thee.

The author of the above song has added another to his list of compositions, in no way inferior to the many which are already becoming favorites with his friends.

**I Will Kiss Your Tears Away.** G 2. Words by C. C. Haskins. Music by M. H. McChesney. 35

Come to mother, pretty darling,  
Bring to me that throbbing brow,  
Little tears for little troubles,  
On a mother's breast must flow;  
Little hearts have clouding sorrow,  
Night succeeds the bright day,  
Come to mother, little darling,  
I will kiss your tears away.

This charming little song and chorus, already occupies a favorite spot on many a piano-forte, and is winning its way to thousands of hearts.

**I've No Home.** Song and chorus. Ab 3. Lockwood. 30

Oh! I think of those happy days of childhood,  
Oh, how sweet the thoughts to me,  
Of our tramps after flowers in the wildwood,  
Lovel one, out of these.  
I've no home, I'm none,  
Gone, gone, my parents are,  
But in heaven they are waiting for my coming,  
Father, guide me safely there.

The talented writer of the above has gone to the heavenly home, but the sweet strains which he left behind echo still in many an earthly home, memorializing departed worth.

**I'm Lonely Since We Parted.** Song and chorus. Eb 2. Porter. 30

This world is dark and dreary now,  
Since you and I have met,  
That throbbing breast and heated brow,  
I never can forget.  
For out lo! every morn turn to thee  
The one I love so dear.  
As fancy pictures it to me,  
I almost deem you here.

**I Heard a Wee Bird Singing.** Ballad. G 2. Linley. 35

I heard a wee bird singing,  
In my chamber as I lay,  
The casement open swinging  
As morning voices came to me,  
And the boughs around were twining,  
The bright sun thro' them shining,  
And I heard their plaining,  
For my Willie far away.

When I heard that wee bird singing, etc.

One of the most charming of Mr. Linley's songs, is widely popular.

**I Have Found Thee, but Too Late.** Ballad. G 2. 30

Had I met thee in thy beauty,  
When my heart and hand were free,  
When no other claimed the duty,  
Which my soul would yield to thee.  
Had I woo'd thee, had I won thee,  
Oh, how blest had been my fate,  
But thy sweetest I had undone,  
I have found thee, but too late.

**If We Only Had the Money, John.** Song and chorus. Eb 2. Macy. 30

If we only had the money, John,  
To spend as some folks do,  
I'm sure we'd have our carriage, John,  
And drive fast home so.  
And then, you know, I'd like to go  
And live in city style.  
I'm sure 'twould be far better, John,  
Than drudging all the while.

The wish of many a one set to music, a new song, exceedingly taking.

**I'm Coming Home, Dear Sister.** Song and chorus. D 2. Mueller. 35

I am coming home, dear sister,  
I am coming home to you,  
I am coming, yes, I'm coming,  
With a heart all fond and true.

A simple, pretty melody, pleasing in sentiment, and within the ability of almost any performer.

**In Happy Moments.** Song. F3. Wallace. 20

In happy moments day by day,  
The sands of life may pass,  
In swift, but tranquil tide away,  
From time's ever passing glass,  
Yet hopes we used as bright to deem,  
Remembrance will recall,  
Whose pure and un fading beam,  
Is dearer than them all.

From "Maritana," one of the choicest gems ever given to the lovers of song by this favorite composer. One never tires of hearing it well sung.

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**It Might Have Been.** Song and chorus. Bb 2.  
*Finley* 30  
There's a spot in the grove near the old farm house,  
Where many a tear I've shed,  
A mound, grass grown, over one that's gone,  
The earth of a spirit fled.  
And oft at evening I wander there,  
And mourn with the falling tears,  
The men I and of the "night have been,"  
The buried hopes of years.  
A lovely song and chorus, the truthful sentiment of which will find niche of rest in every household.

**In the Moonlight.** Ballad. A 2.....*Barlow* 30  
We stood on the bridge in the moonlight, one June night,  
And watched the river's soft flow,  
The clear silver waters danced brightly, glanced lightly,  
Reflecting the dear scene below.  
The whippo will, whippo will, whippo will, whippo will,  
The low drooping willow that grew near the mill,  
Were bending to kiss the stream.  
But, oh, 'twas not the moon's rays descending, soft blending,  
That made the scene so divine,  
But the warm light of eyes entrancing, soft glancing,  
That lovingly gazed into mine.  
An exquisite song for the serenade, when the soft pale moon sheds her hallowed influence o'er the scene, and sweet whippo will songs, with the chirping crickets and katyids, lend their influence in nature's chorus.

**I cannot Sing the Old Songs.** G 2.....*Claribel* 30  
I cannot sing the old songs,  
I sang long years ago,  
For heart and voice would fail me,  
And foolish tears would flow;  
For by-gone hours come o'er my heart,  
With each familiar strain,  
I cannot sing the old songs,  
Nor dream those dreams again.  
One of this popular authoress' best songs, breathing a spirit in sympathy with the reminiscences of the memory's tenderest ties.

**I Heard the Wee Bird Singing.** G 2.....*Linley* 30  
I heard a wee bird singing,  
In my chamber as I lay,  
The casement open swinging,  
As morning woke the day;  
And the boughs around were twining,  
The bright sun through them shining,  
And I had long been pining  
For my Willie far away.

Among the many sweet and flowing melodies of this author, we deem none more beautiful in euphonious sequence, none more effective in truthful rendition, than this simple song, which, though old, is ever new.

**Kitty McCreo O'Tossel.** Song and chorus. Bb 3.  
*McChesney* 35  
Singing down by the meadow gate,  
Gay as a golden gadfly,  
Little hen-birds will call for their mate,  
Kitty is calling her lady,  
Merrily, merrily pipes the merck,  
Merrily lills the throistle,  
Merrily sings the love song girl,  
Kitty McCreo O'Tossel.

A blithe little Scotch ballad, as merry as the lasses of whom it speaks.

**Little Clare.** Song and chorus. Bb 2.....*Crandall* 30  
Oh, Little Clare, I'm lonely now,  
And must tell you why,  
The shades of grief steal o'er my brow,  
Since last we said good-bye.  
I left my happy home,  
To come across the sea,  
And now mid stranger lands I roam,  
In looking, love, for thee.

A simple melody, calculated to please the taste of the most modest singer.

**Little Child's Burial.** Song. Bb 3.....*Webster* 30  
Two dark-eyed maids at shut of day,  
Sat where a river ran away,  
With calm, sad brows and raven hair,  
The one was pale, but both were fair.  
Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers unblown,  
Bring forest blooms of name unknown,  
Bring budding sprigs from wood and wild,  
To strew the bed of love, the child.

These words, by William Cullen Bryant, have been most fittingly wedded to music by the above-named composer. The accompaniment, also, is full of beautiful harmony.

**Lost Oleana.** Song and chorus. Eb 3.....*Norris* 30  
Well do I think of the day, sweet Oleana,  
When we together did stray,  
I down "neath the evergreen tree, sweet Oleana,  
Just at the close of the day,  
Fondlest of vows then we pledged, sweet Oleana,  
There "neath the evergreen tree,  
That we'd be constant and true, sweet Oleana,  
Till I should come back to thee.  
A pretty melody, not at all difficult.

**Loved Ones Are Waiting for Me.** Song and chorus. Ab 3.....*May* 30

There's a dear old home in the quiet little valley,  
Where I parted with loved ones so dear,  
There are friends who wait with kind and loving faces,  
Friends that I've left for many a year.  
Over the wide world I've wandered afar,  
Tossed on the waves of life's sea,  
Oh, I cherish that dearest of thoughts,  
Loved ones are waiting for me.  
A home song which is cheering many a hearth with its beautiful words and appropriate melody.

**Last Rose of Summer.** Ballad. F 3.....*Moore* 30  
'Tis the last rose of summer  
Left blooming alone,  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone,  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rosebud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh.  
This exquisite ballad, by the Irish bard of world-wide fame, needs no comment of ours to add to its celebrity. Every one loves it.

**Lura Is Gone.** Song and chorus. Bb 3.....*Pruse* 35  
Did you catch a glimpse of angels,  
In that far off beautiful land,  
And have you gone to join them,  
The brightest of their band?  
Did the music of their voices  
Attract your listening ear,  
Did some heavenly little cherub say,  
"Come, Lura, come up here?"  
This touching little song will memorize many a little lost one in hundreds of broken households, from which the angels have borne the "brightest of their band."

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**Love's Forgetfulness.** Ballad. G 3.....*Clark* 2  
The past, in shadows dark and dim,  
Rises up before my view,  
While midst the clouds the sun of hope  
Is slowly struggling through.  
Yet still I am sad, for thou, dear one,  
Art absent from my side,  
And much I fear that in thy heart  
True love will not abide.  
For mingling in gay fashion's throng,  
Amidst the haunts of glee,  
The scenes that there shall meet mine eye,  
May drown all thoughts of me.

**Lightly Row.** Boat song. Ab 3.....*Mudler* 35  
Lightly, all lightly, row the boat o'er the deep,  
Softly, so softly, o'er the waters we'll sweep,  
Gaily, all gaily, glide over the wave,  
To vander Meer, where the sweetest waters lave.  
An old melody, yet none the less pleasing; gracefully adapted to the above words.

**Lilly of the Lea.** Song and chorus. F 3.....*Stewart* 35  
How I love thee none can tell,  
In my heart thou e'er shalt dwell,  
More than life thou art to me,  
Darling Lilly of the Lea.  
And thy love I love so well,  
Round me sheds a radiant spell,  
Sweet as nectar of the sea,  
Darling Lilly of the Lea.  
This is one of the many delightful compositions with which Mr. Stewart has favored the music-loving public; is a favorite, and justly so.

**Left Alone.** Song and chorus. Ab 3.....*Lockwood* 30  
O, my child, my darling child, how much I love thee,  
Thou art all that's left thy mother's heart to cheer,  
And the long and dreary days, how sad they would be,  
Were thou gone, and I to weep the silent tear.

We cannot too greatly prize the choice gems left us by the gifted Lockwood. No one has since filled the spot in our hearts, so truly satisfied by his beautiful songs.

**Laura May.** Song and chorus. D 3.....*Crandall* 30  
Down where the rippling waters murmur,  
Through woodlands far away,  
One calm and beautiful day in summer,  
I first met Laura May.  
And there, 'mid nature's smiling flows,  
We romped from day to day;  
But now, alas, how sad the hours,  
Since she has passed away.

A pretty little song, would be a good one for glee clubs; has quite a taking chorus.

**Leta Trefaine.** Song and chorus. Db 3.....*Whiting* 30  
Leta Trefaine, the month of October is near,  
The meeking birds sing in the palm tree,  
The goshawk's still whistle you hear  
Echo sweetly and clear.  
Friendship of yore!  
Thy harmonies never can cease  
Bringing back happy joys to me,  
Bright joys that life's treasures increase,  
Joy of freedom and peace.

Something out of the common order; will be pleasing to lovers of old and fanciful melodies.

**Lonely Old Bach.** Song and chorus. D 2.....*Wood* 30  
Knows ye the man, who, so sad and so lonely,  
Moves along thro' this life, if heartless and drear,  
And of all earthly creatures, doth seem that he only,  
Had no love, or affection, for aught he finds here.  
A most disconsolate picture of single blessedness, enough, on once hearing, to thoroughly discourage an attempt to live an "old bach."

**Let Us Speak Softly.** Ballad. Ab 3.....*Smith* 30  
Gone from this beautiful, bright world of ours,  
Gone from sunshine that gladdens the flowers,  
No more on earth 'midst its trials to roam,  
A spirit has gone to a happier home.  
Weary of life, with its pleasure and pain,  
Weary of striving too often in vain,  
(Gone from this earth where he's journeying on,  
Let us speak softly, a spirit has gone.)

A beautiful and tender song, written in memory of a daughter of the author. Many who have experienced a similar bereavement, will find a balm for their sorrow in the above ballad.

**Night.** Ballad. F 4.....*Robjohn* 35  
The little sparrows have their nest,  
God gives the pretty creatures rest,  
He watches o'er the smallest thing,  
That nightly folds its weary wing.  
Sleep, baby, sleep.  
A quaint, but charming little slumber song; rather difficult accompaniment, but capable of fine effect, if very nicely performed.

**No Jeweled Beauty Is My Love.** Song. Eb 3.  
*Clark* 35  
No jeweled beauty is my love,  
Yet, in her earnest face,  
There's such a world of tenderness,  
She needs no other grace.  
Her smiles and voice around my life  
In light and music twine,  
And dear, O very dear, to me,  
Is this sweet love of mine.

Mr. Clark has given us a rare little gem in this song; would prove a valuable addition to the repertoire of any baritone singer; judiciously transposed.

**No Little Baby's Voice To-day.** Song and chorus. G 3.....*Naylor* 30  
In death our little baby sleeps,  
The one we love and treasure,  
In anguish now your mother weeps,  
For death has claimed our little one.  
No little baby's voice we hear,  
Or baby's murmuring voice so mild,  
For now all seems so dark and drear,  
Since I have lost my darling child.  
Chorus—No little baby's voice to-day,  
No clinging, helpless little thing,  
Tiny dresses now are put away,  
For death has taken our little one.

Although the poet has expressed the sentiment is good, and the music put to it has many redeeming features. To one not inclined to criticize very closely, this song would be valuable.

**Nettie Wynde.** Song and chorus. Bb 2.....*Stewart* 35  
Oh, why have you left me in tears,  
And gloom I can never dispel?  
And why have you caused me the fears,  
And heart pains I vain would repel?  
Oh, dim'd are my eyes now with weeping,  
And bitter the pangs of my mind,  
For ever my thoughts now is creeping  
The memory of thee, Nettie Wynde.  
Chorus—Gone art thou far away,  
Where the sweet sweet winds roam,  
And I am weeping all day,  
Oh, why have you left me alone?



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VOLUME III.

DETROIT, JULY, 1873.

NUMBER VII.

## To An Insect.

I love to hear thine earnest voice,  
Wherever thou art hid,  
Thou testy little dogmatist,  
Thou pretty Katydid!  
Thou 'mindest me of gentle folks—  
Old gentle folks are they—  
Thou sayest an undisputed thing  
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid!  
I know it by the trill  
That quivers through thy piercing notes,  
So petulant and shrill.  
I think there is a knot of you  
Beneath the hollow tree—  
A knot of epistler Katydids—  
Do Katydids drink tea?

O tell me where did Katy live,  
And what did Katy do?  
And was she very fair and young,  
And yet so wicked too?  
Did Katy love a naughty man,  
Or kiss more cheeks than one?  
I warrant Katy did no more  
Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about  
My fuss with little Jane  
And Ann, with whom I used to walk  
So often down the lane;  
And all that tore their locks of black,  
Or wet their eyes of blue—  
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,  
What did poor Katy do?

Ah no! the living one shall crash,  
That stood for ages still;  
The rock shall rend its mossy base,  
And thunder down the hill,  
Before the little Katydid  
Shall add one word, to tell  
The mystic story of the maid  
Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever murmuring race!  
And when the latest one  
Shall fold in death her feeble wings,  
Beneath the autumn sun,  
Thou shalt she raise her fainting voice,  
And lift her drooping lid,  
And then the child of future years  
Shall hear what Katy did.

THE Duchess of Devonshire being anxious to present a birth-day gift to her son, Lord H—, then a promising boy of seven or eight years old, desired the little marquiss to select the object that would be most agreeable to him. Other lads would probably have chosen a kite or a cricket bat, a pony or a gun; but his lordship was already blue by such common-place enjoyments. "I should like," said he gravely, and the whole family crowded around to ascertain the splendid novelty selected by his caprice, "I should like to have a coat with a patch in it."

## Our Choir.

Sophia G. Sharp, the *soprano* of our choir, has got a cracked voice. That is, we suppose her voice is cracked, because the minister's cousin, Professor Blow, who is our organist, says so. And, as the Professor arranges all the music, works hard at the instrument, and gets a smaller salary than any of the rest of the choir, I suppose it must be so. Besides the sexton says so; and as the bell on our meeting-house is in the same condition, which led the good man to think that there was some analogy between Sophia's voice and the bell, (although the comparison is rather unfavorable to Sophia's voice), he ultimately came to a full belief that it is so, and confidentially told me as much, which has brought me to the same conclusion, and therefore I think that Sophia's voice is cracked. This creviced condition of her vocal organs is most perceptible when she sings the *Amens* in the response to the prayers; especially when she takes the A flat, or B flat above the staff. We think, if the notes were a little less acute at such times, it would sound better; but as the organist arranges most of the music from his own works, Verdi's, and Lowell Mason's, the great American composer, we suppose that somehow it is all right, and the minister being very hard of hearing, it don't seem to make any difference to him anyhow; therefore, there is no criticism from the pulpit, and musical matters in our church rest on a tolerable harmonious basis.

Miss Henrietta Pepperhill is our *alto*. She is a young girl, at present taking lessons in one of the Boston Conservatories, (which one of them we are unable to state, there are so many by that name), and as the *registers* in her voice have not been fully united and weak in the joints, the tones are somewhat uncertain. Her teacher, Prof. James de Mulrooney, says, however, that this little difficulty will be overcome in time. We hope so, as we have not as yet been able to form any idea of what the voice really is; and as she is a distant relation of ours, perhaps we had not better say any thing more, except to praise her singing, which as yet, we are not quite resolved to do. Time and Prof. Mulrooney, we hope will eventually decide the point.

We all like our *tenor*, Mr. George Augustus Gasper. Some of the young men, however, say he is a "sardine," or something of that sort, which only means that they are jealous of him, because the young ladies admire him. He parts his hair in the middle, and turns up the ends of his moustache, but his voice is elegant; he sings as though his voice was full of feeling, and scarcely ever looks at the notes; I suppose he can sing better without them. A friend of our family who occasionally comes out here to attend church with us, says that he would as soon hear a calf blat, as to hear Gasper try to sing; but our friend has taken lesson in *voice building*, in Boston, where he resides, and of course he is simply jealous. I tell him that he is not use to that kind of a voice, that it is sort of *natural* voice peculiar to out-of-town (I don't exactly mean country) people, and perhaps they don't have any of that kind of a voice in the city; but he only says, "perhaps they don't." To be sure Mr. Gasper does sing through his nose sometimes, at any rate it sounds so, and

often it seems as though he was crying; but I suppose that this is because he is so full of emotion or something of that sort. He can hold on to a note longer than any other singer in the choir, and we even hear him catch his breath after the organ has ceased. But I suppose that the organist sometimes stops sooner than Mr. Gasper expects, on purpose, of course, to listen to his voice. I had rather hear him sing a solo alone than with the rest of the quartette, because his voice comes out more fully at such times, and one can get a better idea of his singing. He says he don't like to sing duets with the *soprano*, because she sharps so; and I think myself that it does not sound very well. I wish that they would dispense with the other singers and let Mr. Gasper do all the singing; I know that he would be pleased to do so. But this would not suit every body, although he says he is willing to undertake it if they will increase his salary. He is now taking lessons on the organ, and will soon be able to sing and play too. Perhaps some kind of a compromise can be effected. He is a very modest man in every particular, and we all think him a model tenor (at least I think so).

I must not forget to mention our *bass*, his name is Peleg Underwood. I cannot say much about his singing, as I am no judge in this matter, and can only tell what suits me. Peleg's voice don't suit me, and so I think that he cannot be a good singer. His tones are very deep, and appear to be good only for funeral occasions. I shouldn't like to have him sing over my remains, I know I couldn't stand it. He frightened the boy who takes care of the vestry, one evening. The lad was going in to light up, or look after the furnace. Mr. Underwood was up in the organ loft trying his voice on some of the lower notes (there was to be a funeral the next day), and the boy heard him, after he got inside the church in the dark, and was so frightened that he never could be prevailed upon to go near the church afterward in the evening, unless his sister or some one else went with him.

I believe that I said something about our organist, but as my judgement in this matter may not be good, perhaps I had better not venture to expose it. The minister says that although Prof. Blow is his own cousin, that he must say he thinks that he don't play quite loud, or fast, or slow enough, he don't know which. But as the minister is deaf, of course it seems so to him. He also says that he wishes Miss Sharp wouldn't try her voice while the bell is tolling; this proves that the minister and sexton have both become a little confused on this point, not always being able to tell which is the bell, or which is Miss Sharp's voice. It causes the minister some uneasiness in consequence, but the sexton says that "he don't mind it at all, it don't interfere with his business." I wish our minister wasn't deaf; but after all it is better not to be too critical in church music.—*Melronome*.

AN unromantic Iowa lover, whose affianced was locked up by her obdurate father, instead of resorting to a rope ladder and a midnight elopement, sued out a matter-of-fact writ of *habeas corpus*, and married her according to law.



## Musical Criticism.

A little less than a year ago we made the assertion, in the *SONG JOURNAL*, that the criticism of music and artists by the press was *venal* and *unjust*. Notwithstanding we have been handled by many of our contemporaries without gloves for this declaration, in a spirit of candor and truthfulness—as when first made—we repeat it with emphasis. Ciphered down to its occult root, the criticisms of the art and artists will be found in a powerful critique which we shall call *Mammon*, who can extol or damn in the same breath, according as the whim takes him. Revelations pertaining to the *past*, and the hinges on which the *present* is turning, so far as music is concerned, point with unmistakable certainty to the truthfulness of what we have said. Since writing the above, we have been shown an article in the *New York Evening Mail*, extracts from which we make as truly worthy of consideration, which, we hope, will be read as not applicable to *New York alone*:

"It is, in my modest opinion, a great pity that so many of our *New York* journals should employ as musical critics gentlemen who are so thoroughly unfitted for the very responsible position they occupy. It is to me very mortifying to know that *New York* art criticism is merely looked upon as a jest by foreign artists and foreign journalists; but what better result can be expected when the so-called critics, though they may be good writers in another line, are not men who have received a musical education, and consequently the very decided opinions they so freely promulgate arise simply from what chances to please or displease their ears?"

Why can not our journals engage some one to fill the position of musical critic who is not only a clever writer, but also knows the difference between 2-4 and 6-8 time, or between a largo and a presto? But even granted that he does know these preliminary steps, (which is not always the case), is that all? Before he is entitled to indulge in that crushing denunciation or sickening adulation which comprises our musical "criticism," he ought to be thoroughly versed in music and musical literature. If not a practical executant, he should at least fully understand the mysteries and difficulties of a first-class technique, that he may not pass judgment in a few flippant words upon an artist who has devoted his life to obtaining a mastery over his instrument.

In criticising an orchestral composition, one should, I think, take into consideration all the circumstances under which the author wrote it, and if his advantages have not been the best in the world, as is often the case with our native composers, a little kindly treatment will not be amiss,

Oh! for the rarity  
Of Christian Charity.

among the critics, unless, indeed, they are influenced by money or personal considerations, when they go to an opposite and more reprehensible extreme. But, as an example of the first instance, a gentleman said to me the other day, "How I do enjoy writing the criticisms for the *Daily*—; this cutting and slashing is so very delightful! I assure you I use the artist up!"

I heard the "Trovatore" at the Academy some time ago. Miss Kellogg sang the role of the passionate Spanish maiden with great taste and feeling; but the audience, having exhausted themselves in applauding Luca the previous night, were not as enthusiastic as they might have been. However, I do not wish to speak of the soloist, but of the chorus. The last act arrived, Miss Kellogg sang "D'amor s'ull' al rosee" most beautifully—but, heavens! did my ears deceive me? The Miserere chorus off the stage was unmistakably and fearfully below pitch, and, when *Leonora* resumed her aria with orchestral accompaniment, the difference of pitch was woefully apparent. This little *discrepancy* was repeated, and I shivered.

The next morning I looked over the leading journals. Three did not mention the mishap, while a fourth remarked blandly that the choruses were unusually good the previous night.

COMPLIMENT.—A lady who had an excellent voice and great taste for singing, on being one day entreated to oblige the company with a proof of her ability, declared that she could not sing; she could not positively. "That we are very well aware of," said Miss Edgeworth, who was present, "for we know, my dear madam, you do not sing *positively* but *superlatively*."

## Paganini and the Peasants of Germany.

The following fact will give some idea of the love of music, of the real *dilettantism* prevailing among the peasants of Germany. It will show, also, that they have some little leisure for rational amusement, and cultivated taste enough to devote their leisure—not to prize fights, not to bull baiting, not to donkey and horse races, not to drinking or billiards, but the enjoyment of a fine art.

"The celebrated violinist, Paganini, was summoned once to perform before the Emperor, Dowager of Bavaria, at the castle of Tegernsee, a magnificent residence of the kings of Bavaria, situated on the banks of a lake. At the moment the concert was about to begin, a great bustle was heard outside. The queen having inquired the cause, was informed that about sixty of the neighboring peasants, having been informed of the arrival of the famous Italian violinist, were come under the hope of hearingsome of his notes, and requested that the windows should be opened, in order that they also might enjoy his talent. The queen went beyond their wishes, and with truly royal good nature, gave orders that they should all be admitted into the saloon, where she had the pleasure of marking their discernment, and the judicious manner in which they applauded the most striking parts of this distinguished artist's performance."

## Trinity Church.

The nine great bells which ring out the "chimes" of Trinity Church, New York, hang two hundred and eighteen feet above the sidewalk below. To citizens of New York and vicinity—for in clear weather the chimes can be heard several miles distant—these musical bells are like old friends who bring pleasant words every day, but come with specially gladsome greeting on such occasions as Christmas and New Years. The spire of Trinity Church, from the street level to the extreme top of the cross, is 284 feet high. The visitors' platform, reached by three hundred steps, is 250 feet above the ground; and pretty hard climbing is it, the last hundred feet or so being up a narrow winding stairway through a darkened tower. When, however, the visitor has recovered his spent breath, and gazed out from the high elevation, he is richly repaid by the magnificent view of the city and the suburbs, and the more distant prospect of ocean, rivers, mountains and towns.

THE PRESS.—There is no editor of a newspaper or magazine who is not constantly returning manuscripts full of useful and good material, which he cannot publish because it is not readable. The style is turgid or involved, or affected, or slovenly or diffuse. If the style happens to be good, the subject is uninteresting, or is treated for scholars, and lumbered with redundant learning. Of course the editor would not hurt the pride of the writers, and in politeness he simply says that their productions are not "available." They think the editor stupid, and he is content, so long as they do not accuse him of ill-nature. It is only when they charge him with the purpose of refusing all writing that is better than his own that he loses patience, and regrets that he had not been frank and definite in the statement of his reasons for declining their offerings.—*Scribner's*.

THE BIBLE.—The bible contains 3,864,489 letters, 773,693 words, 31,173 verses, 1,159 chapters, and 50 books. The word *and* occurs 46,277 times. The word *Lord* occurs 1855 times. The word *revere* occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 11th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters in the alphabet except the letter j. The finest chapter to read is the 22th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The 19th chapter of 2d Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the 8th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

AN Englishman, who has been to hear Murray preach, says, "I was thankful to find that the congregation sang at least twice during the service, instead of sitting still and being sung to." The singing, however, in Boston, was "not so massive and inspiring as at Beecher's, in Brooklyn."

## Schools for Opera.

An intelligent writer in the *New York Evening Post* proposes, for the benefit of American musical talent, a grand national conservatory, or school for opera, to which those who have shown satisfactory skill and taste in music may be admitted for gratuitous instruction in a profession which will furnish the means of living usefully and honorably to the well-behaved, and glory and fortune to the more gifted. Such a school, founded on the basis and plan of the Paris Conservatoire, and administered conscientiously in the interest of true art, would in a few years make the country independent of European marts for operatic stars, and enable it to produce its own orchestras and choruses, to say nothing of the important consideration of educating public taste to an appreciation of the higher standard of art.—*Advertiser*.

The above extract points in the same direction as the *Folio* has done on many occasions, in advocating a school for opera. One of these days we hope the public mind will get awakened to the importance of this new field of enterprise.—*Folio*.

The index of the *SONG JOURNAL* has pointed in the direction above alluded to unmistakably for a long time, and hope brightening into glad fruition seems now to be rapidly hastening to happy realization. Hence we say:

"Fly swifter round ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day."

## A Memory of Home.

In the distant long ago, mid dreamy memories of earliest childhood, we call to mind the faintly-remembered form of one who sat beside the cradle, with face radiant in love, and gazed into our infant eyes with a look which angels have, and she was an angel, we are sure she was, and still is, and will be, ages hence, and without end. It was the face of our mother, for we had a mother once and her grave was made beside that of father's, where shadows fell down from forests as primeval as the hills on which they sat, brave old woods, and made it dark at mid-day. And that mother sang to us the lullaby that all mothers sing, and whenever we hear that song of "Home, Sweet Home," we think of mother, and the cabin on the hillside, built of logs unwhewn; and we have written a song, for, though we sing not, we sometimes write songs, and ours tells of the cabin in the wilderness, and father and mother, who went away together into the land of spirits, while both were yet young, and full of cherished loves, and hopes, and happiness, and left their children babes in the woods; and one grew to manhood, and is an old man now, with locks gray, and writes, and they who read the *Easy Chair* have never heard his song, nor will, since it's hidden away, and when the grass shall grow and the flowers bloom on the grave of him who wrote, his children's children shall give it to the printer, that they who come after may read its pictures of the distant long ago.—*A. N. Cole*.

## Precocious Genius.

Nothing is more remarkable than the very precocious age at which musical composers have distinguished themselves. Mozart published his first two works, anterior to the celebration of his eighteenth birthday. At the same age he performed in England before the royal family. Beethoven, a pupil of Haydn, at thirteen years old, was capable of playing extempore fantasies that delighted musicians of talent. Rosini, born at Pesaro, near Bologna, in 1792, the son of a strolling musician, at the age of twelve years had a fine voice and sang in the churches of his native place. In 1813, at twenty-one years of age, he wrote his celebrated opera of "Tancredi."—*Visitor*.

We have received the following circular, which from its brevity, and general interest, we publish entire:

Sir—Being engaged in the preparation of a Musical Encyclopedia to contain, among other things, notices of the prominent musicians of our country, I would ask of you as a special favor, to request the principal musicians and music teachers of your city to send me a few lines, giving their name and address, date and place of birth, the special branch they cultivate, what works they have published, etc., etc. Trusting you will excuse this liberty, I am yours, truly, J. H. Cornell, 116 East Fifty-ninth street, New York City.



Correspondence.

Letter from Boston.

THE LATEST BOSTON FIRE—THE PIANO TRADE  
LARGELY REPRESENTED AMONG THE SUFFER-  
ERS—THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL—ORGAN CONCERTS  
—THE APOLLO AND BOYLSTON CLUBS—PER-  
SONAL, ETC.

BOSTON, June 16, 1873.

There is little to write about the present month. Boston has had another little conflagration, in which nearly two millions of dollars in property were turned into ashes. The Globe Theatre, one of the finest establishments of its kind in the country, was in the list of buildings destroyed on that occasion. Miss Carlotta LeClercq was playing an engagement there at the time, but her wardrobe and also the wardrobe of the company was saved from the flames. The theatre wardrobe, an exceedingly valuable one, was also saved, but all the elegant scenery and rich furniture were destroyed. In the same fire, Chickering & Sons' piano warehouses, and several other piano establishments, were destroyed. The Boston Catholic Choral Society held their weekly rehearsals at Brackett Hall, and lost some \$500 worth of their music, while their conductor, Mr. George E. Whiting, was a sufferer in the same way to the extent of \$200. Mr. Whiting had just completed a new pedal piano, and with all the other contents of Mr. Brackett's rooms it was burned. The regular dramatic season at the Globe would have terminated with a benefit to Miss LeClercq the next evening after the fire, May 31st, and a summer season of burlesque and variety performances was to have opened the succeeding week. Mr. Stetson, who was to have managed the summer season, lost several thousand dollars' worth of new scenery. Mr. Cheney, the owner of the theatre, lost about \$300,000; insured for about \$70,000. It is doubtful if the Globe is rebuilt on its old site, although a new theatre is quite sure to rise somewhere. By the destruction of the Globe by fire and the reconstruction of the St. James Theatre for business uses, Boston is left with only three regular places of amusement, viz: the Boston Theatre, Museum, and Howard Athenæum. The latter is a variety theatre.

The annual musical exhibition of the Boston High and Grammar Schools took place at Music Hall on the 11th inst., under the direction of Mr. Julius Eichberg, the supervisor of music in the schools. The chorus numbered between thirteen and fourteen hundred voices, and though the singing was not altogether as satisfactory as in some previous years, it nevertheless gave pleasure to a large audience. The main defects probably arose from a lack of rehearsal more than from any disability on the part of the singers. The programme included the following selections:

1. Voluntary on the Organ.  
Performed by Mr. J. B. Sharland.
2. Choral, "To God on High,"..... Nic. Decius, 1640  
Sung in four parts.
3. Solo and Chorus (in four parts) from the Cantata, "Lauda Sion,"..... Mendelssohn  
Solo sung by the pupils of the Girls' High, Highlands and  
Dorchester High Schools.  
Orchestra.
4. Festival Overture..... Leutner
5. Muetette, "Praise ye the Lord,"..... J. Eichberg
6. Trio, "The Heaving Billow,"..... Verdi
7. Nazareth..... Gounod  
Orchestra.
8. Overture, "Semiramide,"..... Rossini
9. Chorus of Spinning Maidens..... Linden  
Sung by the pupils of Girls' High, Highlands and Dorchester  
High Schools.
10. Triumphal March, from "Naaman,"..... Costa
11. National Hymn, "To Thee, O Country" (words by Miss  
Annie P. Eichberg)..... J. Eichberg
12. Solo and Chorus..... J. L. Haitton
13. The Old Hundredth Psalm.

There was a repetition of the concert last Saturday afternoon, for the accommodation of the parents of the participants.

The Apollo Club gave its closing concert of the season at Music Hall, May 26, in the presence of a crowded and fashionable audience. The singing was superb. It was conducted by Mr. B. J. Lang, and an orchestra assisted. The selections embraced three double choruses from "Antigone," by Mendelssohn, the Pilgrim's Chorus from Wagner's "Tannhauser," and part-songs by Becker, Gade, Otto, Abt and Hatton.

The Boylston Club gave a public rehearsal—their last for the season—on the following Friday evening, at Odd Fellows' Hall. This is also an organization of male voices. It numbers nearly sixty voices under the direction of Mr. J. B. Sharland. The Beethoven Quintette Club assisted on the occasion. The programme embraced a number of part-songs, which were admirably rendered.

The New England Conservatory of Music has continued its concerts with its customary regularity. Two organ concerts given under its auspices by Mr. George E. Whiting, merit a passing notice. The first took place on the 5th, at Conservatory Hall, the programme being made up of selections from late works by Moritz Brosig of Brussels, Lefebure Wely of St. Sulpice, Paris, J. Lemmens of Brussels, W. T. Best of Liverpool and E. Batiste of St. Eustache, Paris. The other concert came off last Saturday, on the great organ at Music Hall, and the programme was made up wholly from the works of Mendelssohn.

The pupils of the Petersileia Music School gave an exhibition concert at Tremont Temple on the 10th instant.

The city includes a military band concert among its Fourth of July attractions. It will be under the direction of Arthur Hall, and the Germania Edward's, Bond's, Metropolitan and Rimbach's are the bands engaged.

Evening concerts will also be given on the common and public squares, under the auspices of the city, during the summer. The sum of \$3,000 has been appropriated for that purpose by the city Council.

On the 3d inst. a party of Bostonians went to Portland for the purpose of attending the first performance of Mr. J. K. Paine's new oratorio, "St. Peters." The work was given in admirable style, and the music elicited high praise from the best critics. It is hoped that some one of the Boston Choral Societies will take it up next season.

Misses Julia Gaylor and Adelaide Danforth—the former a vocalist and the latter a reader—had a joint benefit recently, at the Commonwealth Hotel. It was very successful.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club and Mrs. Anna Granger-Don, and also the Anna Stairbird Concert Company have returned to Boston.

Miss Dora Abbott, the sculptress, has made a fine bust of Carl-Zerahn.

Miss Graviella Ridgway has accepted an engagement to sing in New Haven Sundays, and Mrs. Jenny Kenpton a choir engagement in Springfield. M. Calixa Levallee, the pianist, who has been making a concert tour in Canada with Prume, the violinist, has returned to Boston.

Many journals have claimed for Cincinnati the honor of the first performance in this country of Hamlet's Dettingen "Te Deum." The first performance of this work in America took place in Boston Music Hall on the occasion of the dedication of the great organ.

The Lingards, who were to have opened an engagement at the Globe on Monday following the destruction of the theatre by fire, played for a week at the Boston Museum, to excellent business, closing last Saturday.

A benefit to the widow and family of the late John H. Selwyn took place at the Boston Museum

June 14. The Museum, Boston Theatre and Howard companies volunteered for the occasion, and, in addition, Miss Kate Reigolds, John Gilbert, John T. Raymond and Stuart Robson appeared. The house was crowded.

A series of Sunday evening band concerts on one of the islands in the harbor is in contemplation.

Mr. W. F. Gill, the musical and dramatic critic of the *Commonwealth*, and a member of the firm of Shepard & Gill, book publishers, has lately appeared with marked success as a public reader, and proposes to enter the lecture field next season.

RANGER.

Brattleboro's Contribution to the World's Fair.

Last Saturday, at the photograph rooms of Mr. C. L. Howe, we had the pleasure of seeing one of the cottage organs made by Messrs. J. Estey & Co., for exhibition at the world's fair in Vienna. It is a most exquisite piece of workmanship throughout. The case is of American and French walnut, inlaid with a variety of handsome woods. The trimmings are ebony, curiously wrought. The case alone cost \$1,000. The interior is in keeping with the exterior, and its musical powers are of the highest grade. Undoubtedly it is the finest instrument of the kind ever made in this country, and as a representative production it is one of which Vermont may well be proud. This is the last of eight organs from the same establishment destined for the Vienna exposition, the others having been shipped in February.—*Vermont Phoenix*.

Quantity and Quality.

The fatal mistake of sober Boston, that the worth of an enterprise is gauged by the fuss that attends it, and that music is dependent upon the number who engage it, for its efficiency, undoubtedly had something to do with the success of the Cincinnati Festival.

Monster Musical Festivals, if we mistake not, are said to have originated with Handel, in 1784. In 1836, Mendelssohn led five hundred and thirty-six performers, and ten years later led his own "Elijah" with a chorus of seven hundred before him. In 1862 a chorus of four hundred voices sung together at the Crystal Palace, in London; and in 1868, Costa led four thousand five hundred, in the same building. So the mammoth concerts continued to steadily grow larger and more multitudinous until the unsatisfactory results of the Peace Jubilee, held at Boston in 1872, demonstrated that the further progress in multitudinous music was neither practical, nor desirable.

To be an artistic success, the sublimity of a grand chorus must be oral, not visual; and the commendable retrogression by the managers of the Cincinnati affair, in favor of a limitation of material and greater certainty of effects, led to the successful issue of the undertaking—musically and financially.—*The Musical Echo*.

Handel and Haydn.

The success of the Handel and Haydn society, in New York, has been all its greatest friends could ask for. Combined with the unrivaled Thomas orchestra, the concerts given there have succeeded beyond measure, artistically; while in spite of the enormous expense, Mr. Thomas has made a financial success of it. All the artists connected with the series of concerts have added new laurels to those already won; and we don't know which to admire most, the success of our singers, or the meed of praise, which the New York press accords so freely. New York has learned that Boston has a musical society beyond anything they had dreamed of; and we expect soon to hear of the New York edition of this world-renowned musical association.—*Folio*.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD LADY.—"In ancient time it was the custom for the rich to reside the greatest part of the year, at their mansions in the country, and once a week, or oftener, the mistress distributed to her poor neighbors, with her own hands, a certain quantity of bread, and she was called by their *loaf day*; which is, in Saxon, the *bread gief*. These words were, in the course of time, corrupted into Lady."



## The Song Journal.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, JULY, 1873.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."  
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,  
 stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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### Historic Reminiscences.

A contemporaneous paper speaks of Boston as the historic city of America. As a Boston boy, we accord truthfulness to the declaration, with proper qualification, without the least detraction. The writer says, "One cannot walk its streets without constantly stumbling upon objects suggestive of the times which tried men's souls. The Old South, the State House, Faneuil Hall, all suggest patriotic recollections, while the visitor to Charlestown will feel a foot taller and broader, as he stands in the shadow of the monument, and gazes upon the statue of him who wielded the "Sword of Bunker Hill." As we cross the Common, we are reminded that here Hancock, Adams, and scores of our fore-daddies lloped on the grass, pelted the denizens of the frog-pond, and threw stones at the birds in the branches of the ancient elm, now so battered and torn. Down those malls coasted the boys and girls, who now, as venerated heroes and heroines, sleep in the cold, damp vaults of the old burying-ground." Now, that all this is true we know, that she can, with just pride, talk of the buildings above alluded to, and going on in the catalogue, speak of her King's Chapel, magnificent Common, Frog Pond, Big Elms, of Hancock, Adams, Otis, Quincy, Melville, all names dear and precious, whose unswerving integrity in the cause of freedom are become lights shining out from the past, casting a halo of glory over the pathway of millions that succeed them.

But this tri-mountain city, though denominated the "Hub," is not the only one where "men's souls have been tried." O, Sam. Rogers, and the pleasures of memory! How many sweet and bitter remembrances hang around the corners of many of the streets of our lovely city of Detroit, being unearthed by the historian from day to day! What a catenation of murdered joys and misspent happy hours extends along the line from the building of the Old Ford on the river to the present, like the long line of knots in Banquo's posterity! That old Ford is a chronicle of the olden time; it is a page in history, it is an anchor in the great sea of time, that drags up drowned antiquity by the locks. Its a reminder of times when men's souls were tried in a manner little understood in our highly favored present.

Yes, the truth is, Boston can boast of "times which tried men's souls" in olden time; but, in more modern, there are points in the West where the furnace of trial has been heated seven times hotter than in the East during the revolutionary struggle for independence. Looking into the history of our city, as unearthed by the historic society now being published, the sufferings from privation and want for the necessities of life within, and the menacing fears from savage barbarities without, was a cause of suffering much greater than that endured by the patriots of the revolution. Could the spirits of the old settlers of Detroit be called from their

dreamless graves to testify to the scenes and transactions of their experience in the early history of our city, tales would be told, causing the blood to curdle, and the ears tingle by those who now enjoy the blessings bequeathed them. Let us, then, be thankful and cherish with love and true fidelity the blessings we now enjoy, ever mindful that every epoch in time has its duties and corresponding obligations, ended, only, when faithfully fulfilled.

### Music and its Claims.

We agree with Shakspeare in his estimate of music. It seems to us the oldest and divinest of all arts. It is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment which is deepest and sublimest in human nature. We mean, of that thirst or inspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and holier, something more powerful, lofty and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords.

No doctrine is more common than that of man's immortality, but it is not so generally understood that the germs or principles of his whole future being are now wrapped up in the soul, as the germ of the future plant in the seed. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes farther towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of music. He who cannot interpret, by his own consciousness, what we now have said, wants the true key to works of genius in music. He has not penetrated those sacred recesses of the soul, where music is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigor, and wings herself for her heavenward flight. In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, powers of original and ever-growing thought; and music is one form in which these energies are strikingly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art that it "makes all things new" for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it sees and hears and experiences in the worlds of matter and mind: but it blends these into new forms and according to new affinities, breaking down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature, imparting to material objects life, sentiment and outward emotion; investing the mind with the powers and splendors of the outward creation, and depicts those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifests a longing thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity—that is, to purify and spiritualize our nature. True, music has been made the instrument of vice. Like every other God-given gift it has been made to pander to bad passions, and like every other thing good, the devil has used it for the accomplishment of his nefarious ends. When genius, in composer or performer, thus stoops, he dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; for, when music is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of limpid feeling, touches of sweet tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathy with what is good in our nature, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral and religious nature, often occur, showing how hard it is to divorce itself entirely from what is good. The great tendency of music is its natural alliance with the best, our holiest affections. It delights in the beauty and outward-bound nature of the soul, tending to carry it beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of mortal life, and lift it into a purer, holier element, and breathe into us the lively, blissful visions of a future life. In many pieces of music, there is more truth in a phrase or strain, than in pages of history or philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are

often the vehicles of the sublimest verities; so, in the flashes of genius in a single strain in music, he throws new light, and opens new avenues of thought on the mysteries of our being. In music, the letter is falsehood, but the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. To the gifted mind, this life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite, but abounds in music, and stretches far into the future; and along this life's pathway, reaching over to the other shore, the cadences blending in responsive sweetness and harmony with those who have gone before. This power of music is more and more needed to refine our views of life and happiness here as society advances, as well as to becomingly prepare us for the joys of a glorious hereafter.

### Music as a Study.

The study of music, and the acquirement of a knowledge of its beauty and loveliness, is not the amusement of a day, but it opens an inexhaustible fund of enjoyment to the student, by enabling him to perceive the beauties of nature. It unseals a book in which are written the wonders of creation, animate and inanimate; it raises the thoughts and feelings, refines the taste, corrects and improves the judgment, gives mildness to temper, and amiableness to disposition; it soothes the frequent pangs along the rugged paths of life, and strews the vale of declining years with many a thornless flower in the recollection of innocent enjoyment. It is the fountain of inspiration to the poet and orator, meandering from its source of metaphorical language, gives brilliancy to the imagination, and force to eloquence. It inspires genius by giving it the elements of action. It ante-dates painting, sculpture and engraving, and to every other art that dignifies or adorns, it furnishes the material and suggests the model. In teaching this ennobling science to our children and youth, then, we do but obey the dictates of nature, in introducing them to her countless wonders and ever varying scenes, where, if they wander, it is in innocence and light; we do but follow the footsteps of philosophy to her refreshing fountains, on whose flowery banks manhood may pause to contemplate and admire, and age, at the harvest, become renovated by a remembrance of the past, and be blest in the anticipations of a Spring when itself and all things shall be clothed in loveliness and beauty.

### Music in Schools.

Sixty little birdlings just fledging into life's realities, unconscious of the future, so far as life's ills betide them, we have encountered this afternoon. The joyous, happy voices, bird-like in beauty and sweetness, teach a lesson to the student in music's walks worthy an able pen to describe. The light-blue eye, dancing in gleesome rapture over the pretty little song in waltz movement—the dark black eye, lustrous and full, piercing the beholder with inquiring thought, as cadence succeeded period in the songs sung by the happy group in march movement, furnished a picture for the student of nature's music, the colors and blendings of which it is hard to describe. All that can be said about it is, it is wonderful. Resting, as music does, upon the solid basis and foundation of the exact sciences, inherent in human nature, it is complete in itself. It is the language of the heart, and expresses feelings and sentiment adapted to every light and shade of the mind, from early childhood to the tottering steps of old age. Let music, then, be truthfully and thoroughly taught our children and youth, and its universality will be commensurate with the language they speak.

The word harmony is said to be of Greek origin, and was used by them to denote that flow of successive, agreeable, musical intervals which we call melody.



## Musical Truth in a Nut Shell.

K. Z., the editor of *Brainard's Musical World*, talks thus. It is truthful as "holy writ." His letters to the readers of that paper, for June, extracts from which we make and condense in full-face capitals, the readers of the *SONG JOURNAL* will do well to examine the correctness of declarations and positions assumed and results arising from the same, we will father. Alluding to the teaching of music *now*, he says: "The harvest must be plenteous, for the laborers are, indeed, many. We need not so much an increase of laborers, as an improvement in what we have. We need not ask how many of those who, by reason of knowledge, are qualified to teach, have the necessary qualifications of the teacher, and due sense of the proper moral training for this their high calling. Teachers should not only be up to their times, but press forward, and be in advance. They should study and progress, striving continually to invent new methods and improve upon the old. It is merely a selfish man who, laboring for wages, cares not how the crops prosper."

"Many teachers are like vessels void of rudder, and without a harbor in view, driven to and fro by every wind and wave, never striving to propagate good ideas, or resist evil ones, simply because they have not yet learned *what* is good or evil. The field for other teachers is somewhat fenced in. In other professions, teachers are required to pass a satisfactory examination, whereby many poor, unpromising ones are left out, while our grass-plot is unfenced on all sides, and the deficient may enter, there being none to molest or make them afraid. Music becomes an object of contempt and degradation thereby, when represented by such teachers. It is a wonder that many persons look at it as an article of luxury and fashion. As other teachers have a work to do, preparing the mind of man for the various spheres of activity in life, so should the music teacher aim to cultivate the emotions, the sentiment, the feeling, thereby enabling him, through his *musical* education, to bless society. Let us, as teachers, remember that music is a moral and mental trainer, and is one of the most efficient branches of education, and not merely an extra, as it is termed in our boarding schools, or a mere pastime, as teachers in common schools love to term it. The humblest among teachers may do a good work, if there are thoroughness of knowledge and the qualifications of the teachers combined."

## Music, and its Destiny.

It is a symbol of intelligence and beauty, a perception of information, and a revealer of spiritual truth. Have we a destiny of happiness here or hereafter to be realized, the fruition of which is to be enjoyed along life's pathway, the consummation of which reaches "beyond the river" and "on the other shore?" Yes, it is the songs of praise given the Author of being here, and the preserver of us when the clogs of destiny in mortal existence shall have been exchanged for the sweeter and more perfect of the immortal awaiting the just. Are we skeptical on the subject of our theme? Well, be it so; but, remember, the Son of God came to save a lost and ruined world attended by a celestial choir, the echoes of whose chorus have come down to us through the cycles of more than eighteen centuries, proclaiming "Peace on earth, good will to men," and chanted still by the lovers of harmony in a world of jargon and conflict, which He came to unite in happy consonance and loving unity. Music is a symbol of purity—it renovates the heart darkened by the influences of sin which surround us, a grace which dissipates the clouds of darkness enveloping life's pathway, and beckons to joys, the fruition of which can never be realized here.

Verdi, the greatest living Italian composer, has evidently fallen into musical decline. Who comes next?

## Our New Store and Opera House.

Those most conversant with us in our past history in a business point of view will, we believe, accord us a straightforward and legitimate course pursued in the attainments made in the music trade of our city and State, the gigantic proportions of which compel us to the effort undertaken, as heretofore announced, to erect a commodious store, thereby gaining increased facilities for the transaction of our large and growing business, coupling with the same a new and beautiful opera house. The reasons of the former are distinctly alluded to above, the latter, in our view, by the demands of a city of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants for more places of amusement, and facilities for the representation and exhibition of works of art beyond what now exist.

With the objects alluded to in view, we have secured one of the most eligible localities for their consummation in this or any other city on the continent, and are now prepared to say that ere long, Detroit will be blessed with another edifice, beautiful in design and construction, and an ornament to our fair city.

The new store and opera house will be located on the corner of Fort and Shelby streets, the plat of ground where, "in days of yore," stood "Old Fort Shelby," the last relic of which will soon disappear, and be numbered with the obliterations of the past. That "Old Fort" was not, certainly, very airy or dazzling for its grandeur in architectural beauty, nor extraordinary in its proportions; nevertheless, it occupied a dear old spot, precious in its historical legends in city and state (and must ever be so) though a temple for the muses be erected thereon. The lots are ninety-six feet on Fort by one hundred and thirty on Shelby, with a commodious alley in the rear. The store will occupy the corner, 26x130. The opera house the rest of the lots, being 70x130; the building will be five stories in height, including basement. The Fort and Shelby fronts are to be of stone, making a frontage of stone and glass of two hundred and twenty-six feet. The whole building will be surmounted by a fire-proof Mansard roof. The entrances to both store and opera house will be on the ground floor. The store will occupy 26x130. The basement will be lofty and well lighted. Its front portion will be devoted to the printing department, with fire-proof vaults under the walks adjacent to the same, for the storage of plates and all other material used in the carrying forward of the printing of music. Its dimensions will be 70x24 in clear, and designed for books, etc., with cases for lighter goods; the main staircase in the centre of the room. The rear portion is a packing room, for the reception and dispatching of goods. An elevator, of the most improved description, will run from the unpacking room through the several floors, goods being received at the rear on Shelby street. The entrance to the store will be on the corner, facing on both streets, with a handsome portico over the same. The centre of the store will be occupied by a handsome and spacious staircase to the upper floors, as also by the office. The front portion, seventy feet in length, will be devoted to ordinary business; the rear, approached through open arches at the side of the staircase, will be an organ and show room, forty-six feet in depth. The second story will be the same in its main divisions, and designed for the display of pianos, a portion being divided off by open arches for those of the first class. The third floor will also be divided, the portion in the front of the main staircase being elegantly fitted up for parlor concerts and minor entertainments, the rear being used for the display of instruments of every description. The fourth floor will be used for the properties of all kinds.

The opera house will have a double entrance on Fort street, opening into the vestibule, fifteen and a half feet wide. Entrance to the main floor will be on

level, the upper floor and gallery being reached by ample staircases, seven and a half feet in width. The house will be arranged with all the modern improvements, and so that the occupant of every seat will have an easy and distinct view of the stage, and designed to accommodate an audience of fourteen hundred. There will be two proscenium boxes and three or four compartments in the centre portion of the house, intended to afford the advantages of private boxes without their inconveniences. It will be heated with hot air, and special provision for ventilation by means of a large shaft, in which a strong current will be maintained at all times by artificial means. All the due and requisite conveniences for the public in the shape of cloak rooms, etc., will be amply provided for. In fine, it is the design to make this a model house, not only as it regards its architectural and acoustic beauties and qualities, but a paradise for the muses, where they may bask and revel in the beauties of melody and harmony, an art whose developments afford one of the surest means of determining the degree of mental and moral culture attained by any people.

## High Art in Music.

Who, with eyes and ears open, looking about him with the former, and listening attentively with the latter, has not discovered that thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually for musical instruction; and yet how few fashionable young ladies, who warble their sweet *moreaux* from the operas, and fling off their light fantastic songs in the drawing-room, can read music or sing at sight a plain church tune? Who, we ask in candor, has not discovered that the dominant idea before these same fashionable young ladies seems to be, to qualify themselves to amuse the gaping crowd, and obtain the fawning sycophancy of those of this class ever ready for bestowal? Now, right here comes the question, why all this? to answer which is no easy task. Still we cannot divest ourselves of the idea, that the fault is, too often, with the teacher; coupled measurably, at least with parents desirous of having their daughters "shine" in the musical world. We simply hint at causes, leaving the truth for sober reflection, and analysis by those who cypher correctly.

## A Few Words with Readers.

In our present issue we enter upon the last half of the third volume of the *SONG JOURNAL*. Looking back over this space of time, marked with unerring certainty by the revolutions of the earth's orbit, if our readers will retrospect with us, we shall find that *change* has marked our progress, not in interest or purpose, or desire, but in enlargement, and improvement in the appearance of our paper in those respects demanded by the approving smiles of our patrons. The little bark we launched on the voyage of life two and a half years ago, with adverse winds, shoals, counter-currents, and inexperienced officers, is now safely moored in the offing, and the beacon-light of hope now shining down upon it in loving approval and kindly cheers.

While we do not boast of the influx of patronage, as some of our contemporaries do, by the hundreds from month to month, still we do say our growth is steady, constant and increasing, and therefore we are satisfied. Our aim and purpose is to make the *SONG JOURNAL* the paper, in a musical sense, of our State.

Mr. WESLEY has given us a pretty epigram, alluding to a well known text of scripture, on the setting up a monument in Westminster Abbey, to the memory of the ingenious Mr. Butler, author of *Hudibras*.

While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,  
No generous patron would a dinner give.  
See him when starved to death, and turn'd to dust  
Presented with a monumental bust!  
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown:  
He ask'd for Bread and he received a Stone.



### Musical Matters in Detroit.

On the evenings of June 4th and 5th, Mons. S. Mazurette gave two exceedingly enjoyable entertainments in Music Hall. He was assisted by Mrs. C. D. Bliss and Mr. Hugh Hamall (their first appearance before Detroit audiences), and also Miss Eliza Middlewood, Mr. J. A. Beecher and Mr. William Luderer, the distinguished violinist. An admirable programme was provided, the rendition of which, though not beyond criticism in some respects, yet the appreciative audiences assembled evinced unmistakable approval in repeated calls for the repetition of almost every number. Mons. Mazurette's high qualifications as pianist were shown to the utmost advantage in his pianoforte recitals, not only because of the diversity of themes presented from the various authors, but also the endurance required in the successful execution of them, without reference to the text. Mrs. Bliss was happy in the selection of her first solo from Meyerbeer, "Robert toi que Jaime," which was nicely sung, eliciting a hearty encore. She has a voice of considerable volume, power and sweetness, though evidently partaking more of the Mezzo-soprano element than formerly. Mr. Hamall's voice is strictly a baritone-tenor, under tolerable good control; needs, however, cultivation in passing from one register to another, which correction would render it very effective. His rendition of the ballads "Little Daisy," and "Good bye, Sweet Heart," were finely sung and among the best of his performances. Miss Middlewood's, Mr. Beecher's, and Mr. Luderer's roles in the concerts were good, and they are already too well known to require praise at our hands, or special encomiums as amateurs of signal worth in Detroit audiences. We understand Mons. Mazurette designs to give several concerts during the summer in the interior towns of our State. We cordially commend to the lovers of music these wherever given.

THE DETROIT MUSICAL SOCIETY gave their closing concert for the season at the Opera House on the evening of June 12th, under the direction of Prof. Abel, to one of the largest and most appreciative audiences ever assembled in our city. The Society was out in full strength, and aided by Prof. Bishop's Orchestra, which, without invidiousness, may be pronounced as one of the best and most effective in the west. An examination of the programme presented by the Society will convince the most skeptical and fastidious that music of a higher and more elevating type is winning its easy votaries among all classes and grades in community. The dawning of a clearer, brighter, more glorious day is not in the far future, when the oratorio and the opera and music of an elevating, ennobling character will take the place of the light, rapid, trashy stuff that has trammelled the works of art and merit. God grant the hastening of that happy period, and let all the people say *amen* to the consummation, and the glad refrain ring out o'er every hill-top and echo in every valley—

"Fly swifter round ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day."

### Detroit Female Seminary.

The annual Musical Rehearsal of this popular institution was given by the young ladies of the Seminary in the commodious hall of Prof. Sills' establishment, on the evening of June 13th. They were assisted by Prof. Hahn, their efficient musical instructor, and Messrs. Luderer, on the violin, Mr. Speil, on the violoncello. A large and appreciative audience, composed of parents, patrons and friends of the school, filled the hall to repletion. The music of the programme consisted principally of the works of classical authors—Gade, Mendelssohn, Hummel, Mozart, Weber, Chopin and Wagner—rendered in style and execution evincing careful instruction,

technical expression and due effects arising from dynamics. It was a truly enjoyable entertainment, reminiscences of which will happily many hearts in the future.

### The Public School Concert.

The second annual musical exhibition of the Public Schools of Detroit was given in the Opera House on the afternoon of June 14th, under the direction of Prof. S. S. Jackson. More than one thousand children and youths, in which all the schools of the city were represented, assembled and participated in the exercises. The children, the majority of whom were girls, all dressed in white, emblem of purity and innocence, occupied the parquette and parquette circle, which, from the stage and other parts of the house, presented a scene lovely to behold. At the hour appointed for the commencement of the services, Superintendent Doty made announcement accordingly, and said "If he were to offer a text it would be in effect that the hope of a country lies in its children." At a signal from Prof. Jackson there was a spontaneous waving of handkerchiefs and simultaneous rising of the children, followed by the first chorus, with full and melodious voice, "God Omnipotent," which was well sung, considering the large number of voices brought together for the first time. This was followed by eight or ten other pieces, differing in sentiment from the lively to the grave, and from the waltz to the march in movement, alternating in a way evincing a training good and truthful.

After the singing of the children was concluded, Governor Bagley, who was present, was called upon for a speech, to which he responded in a very neat and happy manner, a synopsis of which we copy from the *Free Press*. The Governor declared at the outset "that it was a great deal easier to call upon Governor Bagley for a speech than it was for that gentleman to make one. Still he could not refuse to express the gratification he always felt in presence of innocent childhood. In school, on the street, around the home-hearth and everywhere children appeal to men with a power more potent than eloquence. An ancient writer had quaintly said that the breath of school children was the saving of the world. The thought often came to him that if we could all look back upon our lives twenty years or more and see with the eye of the present what was required or expected of us, or what were the responsibilities that lay in store, we should find the retrospect a spur to good thought and unflagging well doing. The grace of girlhood, the dignity of womanhood and the boundless love and power which elevate motherhood to the highest of earthly missions, command the admiration and watchful care of true men everywhere."

### Commencement of Detroit Female Seminary.

The closing services of this well known institution took place at Young Men's Hall, on the evening of Thursday, June 19. In spite of the almost insufferable heat, a brilliant audience filled the hall to its utmost capacity, long before the hour announced for the beginning of the evening's exercises.

As the readers of the JOURNAL will be mainly interested in the musical part of the programme, we will speak only briefly of the literary portion. The essays were, throughout, of a high order, and were evidently the result of much labor and thought, as well as of careful and successful training. Besides the regular essays, five poetical selections were read, with very fine effect, by members of the graduating class. Too much cannot be said in commendation of the elocutionary power displayed, both in the essays and the selected readings. This has always been a noticeable feature at all commencements of this institution. To those accustomed to the feebleness and indistinctness of speech which is the rule

on such occasions, this is especially gratifying. It was refreshing, and surprising, to those seated in the most distant part of the hall, to be able to hear without effort or fatigue. Not one in the class failed in this respect, and the audience showed its high appreciation by its quiet attention to every thing read or recited, as well as by its hearty applause and a generous distribution of bouquets.

The musical part of the programme was introduced with the opening hymn, "Desert Me Not," and effectively rendered, as to tune, time, articulation, and dynamic expression, by the graduating class. The piano solo, "La Polka de la Reine," by Raff, executed by Miss Nellie Baxter, was handled with a crispness and spirit throughout, reflecting much credit upon the performer, but it was apparent to any one who heard the young lady play Mendelssohn's G minor concerto, the preceding week, and also Chopin's C sharp minor polonaise, at the examinations, that her *forte* lies in the latter school. Miss Jennie Baxter's vocal solo, "Eventide," by Gumbert, was truthfully and quite acceptably sung. The playing of Miss Ella Cleveland, Gottschalk's "Printemps d'Amour," was a master-piece in performance, and decidedly the best of the evening. We could hardly divest our mind of the pleasurable emotions experienced years ago, when we heard this beautiful composition performed by the author, so like his rendition was that we are considering. The piano duet, "La Traviata Fantasia Brillante," performed on two pianos, was nicely given, reflecting the highest meed of praise upon the youthful performers. The vocal solo, "Lullaby," was sweetly sung, and duly appreciated. The piano quartette, the concluding number, entitled "Electric Polka," by Sanderson, was given in a manner requiring more than a passing notice. Eight hands moving with the celerity intimated in the title of the piece, with rhythmic precision, and all due regard to phrasing and dynamic expression, is a performance requiring a study and practice far beyond the conception of many, unless duly considered. We will only add, the performance of the last piece was all, and more even, than could reasonably have been expected, after the large draft upon mental and physical labors of the evening, with the thermometer in the nineties. We cannot close our imperfect notice without heartily congratulating Prof. Sill upon what we deem the unqualified success of the commencement exercises of the Detroit Female Seminary; and heartily commend Prof. Hahn for the laudable efforts so successfully carried out, in the introduction of purely classical music, ever pleasing and profitable to study.

### Signor Nicolao's Concert.

The complimentary concert given by the pupils and friends of this fine artist, on the 25th, was in all respects, one of the best, and most enjoyable musical entertainments ever given in Detroit, richly deserving of a much larger patronage. We regret that our time and space prevent a more than passing notice of its merits. Suffice it to say, the music was, from beginning to end, classical, and rendered in a way reflecting the highest credit upon the performers, and evincing a care and skill on the part of Signor Nicolao's drilling in preparation, beyond anything we have heretofore had in our city. We sincerely wish we might have more frequently concerts of a like character, and trust that, ere long, our hopes will be fully realized.

### Agents Wanted.

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DETROIT, MICH.



# Grandmother's Eyes.

## SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by C. C. HASKINS.

Music by M. H. McCHESNEY.

PIANO.



1. Ah! rich is the gleam of the gem from a - far, And bright is the blaze of ne  
2 If weary with playing, my heavy feet pained, If dull drooping eyelids with  
3. And now with the snow in my once raven hair, Fore - telling of rest from all

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a half note F#4. The piano accompaniment in the right hand consists of chords: G2-B2, A2-B2, C3-B2, A2-G2, and F#2. The left hand plays a simple bass line with notes G2, A2, B2, C3, and F#2.

silver - lit star; But richer and brighter the light that I prize, That  
weeping were stained, When sorrow o'er clouded my ju - ve - nile skies, Loved  
labor and care, my thoughts wander back to the spot where she lies And

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with eighth notes G4-A4, B4-C5, A4-G4, and a half note F#4. The piano accompaniment in the right hand continues with chords: G2-B2, A2-B2, C3-B2, A2-G2, and F#2. The left hand continues with the same bass line.

light - ed my boy - hood, from Grand - moth - er's eyes. 'Twas wis - dom and char - i - ty  
sym - pa - thy flowed from my Grand - moth - er's eyes. Some sweet smil - ing fai - ry with  
mem - 'ry re - pic - tures my Grand - moth - er's eyes. True sol - ace in child - hood, true

min - gled in one, While gen - tle - ness gild - ed the ra - di - ant throne. And  
won - der - ful gift, Or grim gi - ant O - gree, the bur - den would lift, - No  
coun - cil when grown, A lode - star in dan - ger and sor - row they shone; I

proud, bit - ter an - ger could nev - er sur - prise, The calm, plac - id glow of my Grandmoth - er's Eyes.  
balm for young sor - row so sooth - ing - ly lies, As love from the light of a Grandmoth - er's Eyes.  
long for the sum - mons, that bids to the skies, Thro' path - ways il - lumed by my Grandmoth - er's Eyes.



## CHORUS.

Soprano. Oh rich is the gleam of the gem from a - far, And bright is the blaze of the

Alto. Oh rich is the gleam of the gem from a - far, And bright is the blaze of the

Tenor. Oh rich is the gleam of the gem from a - far, And bright is the blaze of the

Bass. Oh rich is the gleam of the gem from a - far, And bright is the blaze of the

Piano.

sil - ver - lit star, But rich - er and bright - er the light that I prize, That

sil - ver - lit star, But rich - er and bright - er the light that I prize, That

Piano.

GRANDMOTHER'S EYES.

light - ed my child-hood from Grand-moth - er's eyes, Grand-moth-er's eyes, Grand-moth-er's eyes, But

light - ed my child-hood from Grand-moth - er's eyes, Grand-moth-er's eyes, But

The first system of the musical score for 'Grandmother's Eyes' consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts in treble clef, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment in bass and treble clefs. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'light - ed my child-hood from Grand-moth - er's eyes, Grand-moth-er's eyes, Grand-moth-er's eyes, But'.

rich - er and dear - er the light that I prize That light - ed my child-hood from Grand-moth - er's eyes

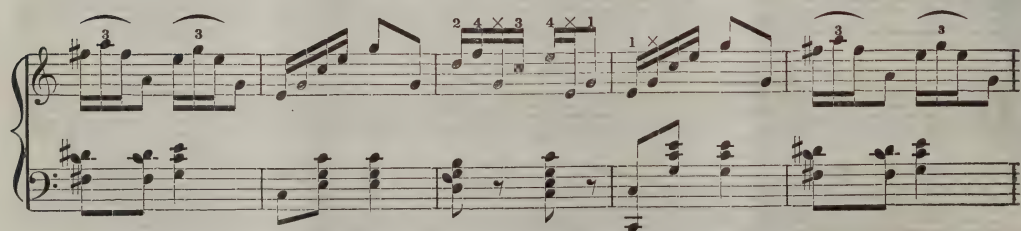
rich - er and dear - er the light that I prize That light - ed my child-hood from Grand-moth - er's eyes,

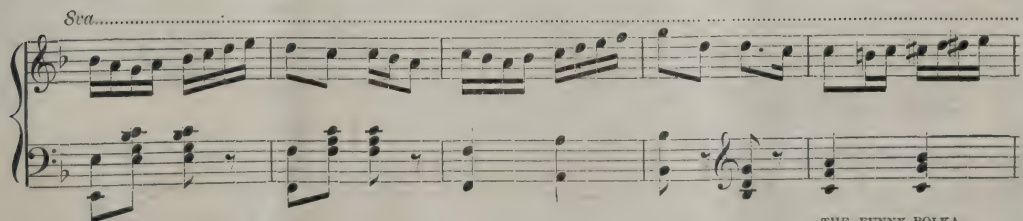
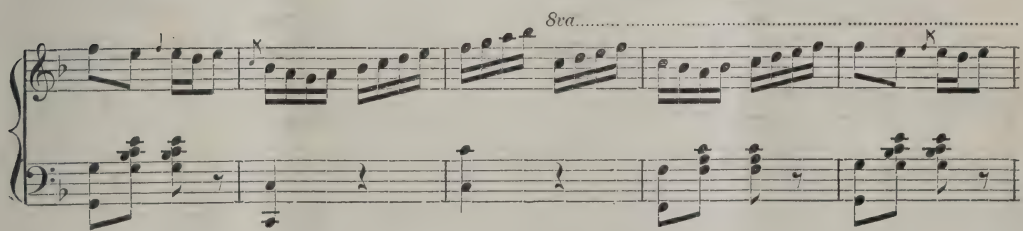
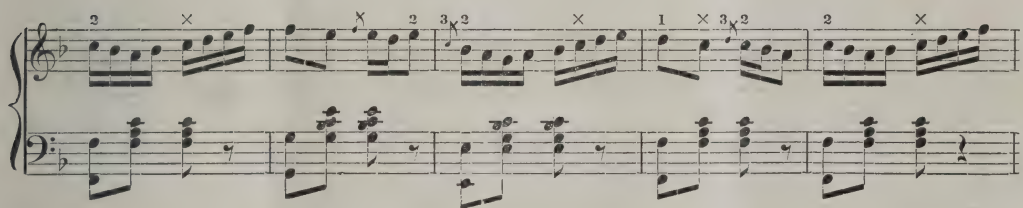
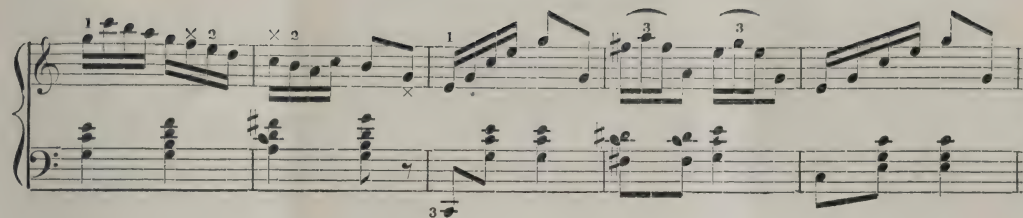
The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It also consists of four staves with the same vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: 'rich - er and dear - er the light that I prize That light - ed my child-hood from Grand-moth - er's eyes'.



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*J. M. La Beaum.*









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**It Might Have Been.** Song and chorus. Bb 2..... 30

There's a spot in the grove near the old farm house,  
Where many a tear I've shed;  
A mound, grass grown, over one that's gone,  
The earth of a spirit dead.  
And oft at evening I wander there,  
And mourn with the falling tears,  
The memory sad of the "might have been,"  
The buried hopes of years.

A lovely song and chorus, the truthful sentiment of which will find niche of rest in every household.

**In the Moonlight.** Ballad. A 2.....Barlowe. 20

We stood on the bridge in the moonlight, one June night,  
And watched the river's soft flow,  
The clear silvery waters danced brightly, glanced lightly,  
Reflecting the dear scene below.  
The whippo-will's song was heard sweet on the hill,  
Whippo-will, whippo-will,  
The low drooping willows that grew near the mill,  
Were bending to kiss the stream.  
But, oh, 'twas not the moon's rays descending, soft blending,  
That made the scene so divine.  
But the warm light of eyes entrancing, soft glancing,  
That lovingly gazed into mine.

An exquisite song for the serenade, when the soft pale moon sheds her hallowed influence o'er the scene, and sweet whippo-will's songs, with the chirping crickets and katy-dids, lend their influence in nature's chorus.

**I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.** G 2.....Claribel. 20

I cannot sing the old songs,  
I sung long years ago,  
For heart and voice would fail me,  
And foolish tears would flow.  
For by-gone hours come o'er my heart,  
With each familiar strain,  
I cannot sing the old songs,  
Nor dream those dreams again.

One of this popular authors' best songs, breathing a spirit in sympathy with the reminiscences of the memory's tenderest ties.

**Kitty McCree O'Tossel.** Song and chorus. Bb 3..... 25

Singing down by the meadow gate,  
Gay as a golden gladdie,  
Little hen-birds will call for their mate,  
Kitty is calling her kaddie,  
Merrily, merrily pipes the merr,  
Merrily lifts the thrushie,  
Merrily sings the evening girl,  
Kitty McCree O'Tossel.

A blithe little Scotch ballad, as merry as the lassie of whom it speaks.

**Kittie Clare.** Song and chorus. Bb 2.....Crandall. 30

Oh, Kittie Clare, I'm lonely now,  
And must tell you why,  
The shades of grief steal o'er my brow,  
Since last we said good-bye.  
I left my happy, happy home,  
To come across the sea,  
And now mid stranger lands I roam,  
In looking, long, for thee.

A simple melody, calculated to please the taste of the most modest singer.

**Little Child's Burial.** Song. Bb 3.....Webster. 30

Two dark-eyed maids at shut of day,  
Sat where a river ran away,  
With calm, sad brows and raven hair,  
The one was pale, but both were fair.  
Bring flowers, bring flowers unblown,  
Bring forest blooms of name unknown,  
Bring budding sprigs from wood and wild,  
To strew the bed of love, the child.

These words, by William Cullen Bryant, have been most fittingly wedded to music by the above-named composer. The accompaniment, also, is full of beautiful harmony.

**Little Rose Bud.** Song and Chorus. G 3.....Finney. 20

'Twas in the merry month of May,  
When rose-buds first were in their blooming,  
Our darling, happy as the day,  
Unfolded, with fragrance all perfuming.  
Darling little rose-bud,  
Lighsome as a fairy fay,  
She was the joy of every heart,  
So merry and blooming in the May.

A beautiful song, melody sweet and flowing; destined to be popular in the home circle; easy accompaniment, for piano or organ, better adapted to the latter, and therefore more effective.

**Lost Oleane.** Song and chorus. Eb 3.....Norris. 30

Well do I think of the day, sweet Oleane,  
When we together did stray,  
Down 'neath the evergreen tree, sweet Oleane,  
Just at the close of the day,  
Fondlest of vows then we pledged, sweet Oleane,  
There 'neath the evergreen tree,  
That we'd be constant and true, sweet Oleane,  
Till I should come back to thee.

A pretty melody, not at all difficult.

**Loved Ones Are Waiting for Me.** Song and chorus. Ab 3.....Macy. 20

There's a dear old home in the quiet little valley,  
Where I parted with loved ones so dear,  
There are friends who wait with kind and loving faces,  
Friends that I've left for many a year.  
Over the wide world I've wandered afar,  
Tossed on the waves of life's sea,  
Oh, I cherish that dearest of thoughts,  
Loved ones are waiting for me.  
A home song which is cheering many a hearth with its beautiful words and appropriate melody.

**Last Rose of Summer.** Ballad. F 3.....Moore. 30

'Tis the last rose of summer  
Left blooming alone,  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone,  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rosebud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh.

This exquisite ballad, by the Irish bard of world-wide fame, needs no comment of ours to add to its celebrity. Every one loves it.

**Lura Is Gone.** Song and chorus. Bb 3.....Pearce. 35

Did you catch a glimpse of angels,  
In that far off beautiful land,  
And have you gone to join them,  
The brightest of their band?  
Did the music of their voices  
Attract your list'ning ear,  
Did some heavenly little cherub say,  
"Come, Lura, come up here?"

This touching little song will memorize many a little lost one in hundreds of broken households, from which the angels have borne the "brightest of their band."

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**Love's Forgetfulness.** Ballad. G 3.....Clark. 3

The past, in shadows dark and dim,  
Lies up before my view,  
While midst the clouds the sun of hope  
Is faintly struggling through.  
Yet still I'm sad, for there, dear one,  
Art absent from my side,  
And much I fear that in thy heart  
Thou wilt not hold me.  
For mingling in gay fashion's throng,  
Amidst the haunts of glee,  
The scenes that there shall meet thine eye,  
May draw all thoughts of me.

**Lightly Row.** Boat song. A 3.....Mueller. 25

Lightly, all lightly, row the boat o'er the deep,  
Softly, so softly, o'er the waters we'll sweep,  
Gaily, all gaily, glide over the wave,  
To yonder lone beach where the sweet waters lave.  
An old melody, yet none the less pleasing; gracefully adapted to the above words.

**Lilly of the Lea.** Song and chorus. F 3.....Stewart. 35

How I love thee none can tell,  
In my heart thou o'er'stall dwelt,  
More than life thou art to me,  
Darling Lilly of the Lea.  
And thy voice I love so well,  
Round me sheds a radiant spell,  
Sweet as music of the sea,  
Darling Lilly of the Lea.

This is one of the many delightful compositions with which Mr. Stewart has favored the music-loving public; is a favorite, and justly so.

**Left Alone.** Song and chorus. Ab 3.....Lockwood. 20

O, my child, my darling child, how much I love thee,  
Thou art all that's left thy mother's heart to cheer,  
And the long and dreary days, how sad they would be,  
Were thou gone, and I to weep the silent tear.

We cannot too greatly prize the choice gems left us by the gifted Lockwood. No one has since filled the spot in our hearts, so truly satisfied by his beautiful songs.

**Laura May.** Song and chorus. D 3.....Crandall. 30

Down where the rippling waters murmur,  
Through woodlands far away,  
One calm and beautiful day in summer,  
I first met Laura May,  
And there, 'mid nature's smiling flowers,  
We roamed from day to day;  
But now, alas, how and the hours,  
Since she has passed away.

A pretty little song, would be a good one for glee clubs; has quite a taking chorus.

**Lela Trefaine.** Song and chorus. Db 3....Whitting. 30

Lela Trefaine, the month of October is near,  
The mocking birds sing in the palm tree,  
The grosbeak's shrill whistle you hear  
Echo sweetly and clear.  
Friendship of yore!  
'Tis harmonies never can cease  
Bringing back happy joys to me,  
Bright joys that life's treasures increase,  
Joy of freedom and peace.

Something out of the common order; will be pleasing to lovers of old and fantastic melodies.

**Lonely Old Bach.** Song and chorus. D 2....Wood. 30

Oh, know ye the man, who, so sad and so lonely,  
Moves along through this life, as if heartless and drear,  
And of all earthly creatures, doth seem that he only,  
Had no love, or affection, for aught he finds here.

A most disconsolate picture of single blessedness, enough, on one hearing, to thoroughly discourage an attempt to live an "old bach."

**Let Us Speak Softly.** Ballad. Ab 3.....Smith. 30

Gone from this beautiful, bright world of ours,  
Gone from sunshine that gladdens the flowers,  
No more on earth 'midst its trials to roam,  
A spirit has gone to a happier home.  
Wear of life, with its pleasure and pain,  
Wear of striving too often in vain,  
Gone from this earth where we're journeying on,  
Let us speak softly, as spirit has gone.

A beautiful and tender song, written in memory of a daughter of the author. Many who have experienced a similar bereavement, will find a balm for their sorrow in the above ballad.

**My Darling's Little Shoes.** Song and chorus. Eb 3.....Jennies. 35

God bless the little feet that never go astray,  
For the little shoes are empty, in my closet laid away,  
Sometimes I take one in my hand, forgetting, till I see  
It is a little half-worn shoe, not large enough for me,  
And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain,  
As sharp as when, two years ago, it cut my heart in twain.

A home song, a song finding responsive feelings in the heart of every father and mother, as the happy group gather around the festive hearth or hearthstone and witness the vacancy which has there been made by loved ones gone.

**Minnie Bell.** Song and chorus. Bb 3.....Mussey. 30

Near a little quiet brooklet,  
In a pleasant shady dell,  
Stands a pretty moss-grown cottage,  
'Twas the home of Minnie Bell.  
But she's gone, and by the fire-side  
Many tears for her we've shed,  
Yes, dear Minnie now is sleeping,  
Sweetly sleeping with her dead.

Chorus—Oh, Minnie Bell, dear Minnie Bell,  
How we miss you, Minnie Bell,  
But we should not murmur,  
But say, "Father, it is well."

A sweet, nice song for the home circle, pleasant and appropriate accompaniment, neatly arranged, and very effective.

**Marrying Man.** A comic song. Bb 3.....McCheesney. 25

A poor old bachelor snip am I, you see,  
For want of a wife I'm like to die, you see,  
I'll give my heart, I'll give my hand,  
To any fair lady in the land,  
For I want you all to know you see,  
That I am a marrying man.

A good comic song, one to be laughed over with impunity.

**Maggie's Secret.** Song. F 2.....Claribel. 30

Oh, many a time I am sad at heart,  
And haven't a word to say,  
And I keep from the lasses and lads apart,  
In the meadows a-making hay,  
But Willie will bring me the first wild rose,  
In my new sunbonnet to wear,  
And Robin will wait at the keeper's gate,  
For he follows me everywhere,  
But I tell them they needn't come wooing to me,  
For my heart is over the sea,  
But I tell them they needn't come wooing to me.

A song, the author's name being sufficient guarantee of merit; destined to be a very popular song of its character.

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For the little shoes are empty, in my closet laid away,  
Sometimes I take one in my hand, forgetting, till I see,  
It is the little home shoe, not large enough for me,  
And a little at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain,  
As sharp as when, two years ago, it out my heart in twain.

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**Minnie Bell.** Song and chorus. Bb 3.....*Mussey*. 30

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In a pleasant shady dell,  
Stands a pretty moss-grown cottage,  
Twas the home of Minnie Bell.  
But she's gone, and by the fire-side  
Many tears for her we've shed,  
Yes, dear Minnie now is sleeping,  
Sweetly sleeping with the dead.

*Chorus*—Oh, Minnie Bell, dear Minnie Bell,  
How we miss you, Minnie Bell,  
But we should not murmur,  
But say, "Father, it is well."

A sweet, nice song for the home circle, pleasant and appropriate accompaniment, neatly arranged, and very effective.

**Marrying Man.** A comic song. Bb 3.....*McChesney*. 35

A poor old bachelor snip am I, you see,  
For want of a wife I'm like to die, you see,  
I'll give my heart, I'll give my hand,  
To any fair lady in the land,  
For I want you all to know  
That I am a marrying man.

A good comic song, one to be laughed over with impunity.

**Maggie's Secret.** Song. F 2.....*Claribel*. 30

Oh, many a time I am sad at heart,  
And haven't a word to say,  
And I keep from the lasses and lads apart,  
In the meadows a-making hay,  
But Willie will bring me the dirt wild rose,  
In my new sunbonnet to wear,  
And Robin will wait at the keeper's gate,  
For he follows me everywhere,  
But I tell them they needn't come wooing to me,  
For my heart is over the sea,  
But I tell them they needn't come wooing to me.

A song, the author's name being sufficient guarantee of merit; destined to be a very popular song of the season.

**Maggie O'Regan.** Song. Ab 2.....*McChesney*. 30

Dunnia O'Casey make yourself easy,  
Don't think for love of ye I will soon die soon,  
For shure all the battery of yer sowne dathery  
Niver will win for ye Maggie O'Regan.  
Faith I can tell ye all that befo' to ye,  
Yesterday courtin' Miss Pattie McGoon,  
So list like yer blarney and jog for Kilkarney,  
And don't waste yer swatness on Maggie O'Regan.

A bright, sparkling Irish song, much sought for and very fun provoking.

**Mary Lee.** Song and chorus. Bb 2.....*Pease*. 35

The brook goes tinkling down the hill,  
Singing towards the sea,  
While in the shadow of the mill  
Sits modest Mary Lee,  
One rosy cheek, one dimpled hand,  
A smile, and then a dream;  
Come, sailor lover, seek the lassie,  
Sleeping by the stream.

*Chorus*—Tinkling down the hill, singing towards the sea,  
Bringing joy to modest Mary Lee.  
Come, sailor lover, etc.

One of the best and most simple of Mr. Pease's songs, with a chorus particularly taking, and destined to be very popular.

**My Childhood's Home.** Song and chorus. E 2.....*Straub*. 40

I'm wand'ring to-day o'er my dear, dear home,  
I view scenes of childhood wherever I roam,  
They bring recollections of times gone by,  
And strengthen even many a dear, happy tie.

*Chorus*—The grass grows as green and the flowers bloom as fair,  
The bird's song is borne on the sweet summer air,  
The brook ripples gently to-day as before,  
And all are as dear as they were when of yore.

A song and chorus the repetition of which will grow bright and new in frequency, and reveal beauty and loveliness the oftener sung.

**Maiden's Life.** Song. Bb 3.....*Robjohn*. 30

Underneath the shadow of the waving trees,  
Swinging back and forwards in the summer breeze,  
Sits a little maiden, golden haired and fair,  
With no thought of love yet; ah, young maid, beware.

A sweet melody, wed to words worthy a better theme, accompaniment nice and just, and a good study for those desirous of improving in counterpoint and song writing in this direction.

**Mother's Love.** Song and chorus. C 3.....*Levering*. 30

The love of a mother, how tender and sweet,  
With the essence of care and duty replete;  
It hideth a home deep down in the breast,  
And all its rich depths no words can express.

*Chorus*—Twill gladden our hearts whatever may come,  
And guide us at last to a heavenly home.

A soul longing for the joyous, happy scenes of childhood and youth, under the guidance of a fond mother's care, picturing in memory the happy scenes there passed, describes the sentiment of both words and music of this beautiful song and chorus.

**Marsellaise Hymn.** French and English words. A 2.....*De L'isle*. 25

Ye sons of France awake to glory!  
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise, etc.

This grand national song is too familiar to need description or comment. The arrangement for piano forte is grand and effective.

**Night.** Ballad. F 4.....*Robjohn*. 35

The little sparrows have their nest,  
God gives the pretty creatures rest,  
He watches o'er the smallest thing,  
That nightly folds its weary wing.  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

A quaint, but charming little slumber song; rather difficult accompaniment, but capable of fine effect, if very nicely performed.

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FOR THE

## PIANO FORTE

A new and improved course of instruction, which, for progressive arrangement, thoroughness and simplicity, is superior to all other books. Added to which are the **MUSICAL HINTS FOR THE MILLION**, by Karl Merz.

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**No Jeweled Beauty Is My Love.** Song. Eb 3.....*Clark*. 35

No jeweled beauty is my love,  
Yet, in her earnest face,  
There's such a world of tenderness,  
She needs no other grace.  
Her smiles and voice around my life  
In light and music twine,  
And dear, O very dear, to me,  
Is this sweet love of mine.

Mr. Clark has given us a rare little gem in this song; would prove a valuable addition to the repertoire of any baritone singer; judiciously transposed.

**No Little Baby's Voice To-day.** Song and chorus. G 3.....*Naylor*. 30

In death our little baby sleeps,  
The one we loved is gone,  
In anguish now your mother weeps,  
For death has claimed our little one.  
No little patting feet we hear,  
Or baby's murmuring voice so mild,  
For now all seems so dark and drear,  
Since I have lost my darling child.

*Chorus*—No little baby's voice to-day,  
No clinging, helpless little thing,  
Thy dress now are put away,  
For death has taken our little one.

Although the poetry is extremely faulty, the sentiment is good, and the music put to it has many redeeming features. To one not inclined to criticize very closely, this song would be valuable.

**Nettie Wynde.** Song and chorus. Bb 2.....*Stewart*. 35

Oh, why have you left me in tears,  
And gloom I can never dispel?  
Oh, why have you caused me the fears,  
And heart pains I fain would repel?  
Oh, dim'd are my eyes now with weeping,  
And bitter the pangs of my mind,  
For over my thoughts now is creeping  
The memory of thee, Nettie Wynde.

*Chorus*—Gone art thou far away,  
Where the sweet angels roam,  
And I am weeping all day,  
Oh, why have you left me alone?

**O Take Me from the Festal Throng.** Song and chorus. Bb 3.....*Smith*. 50

O take me from the festal throng,  
Where loving hearts glow brightly cold,  
And let me hear one burning song,  
That thrilled my soul in days of old.  
I may not feel that kindly flame,  
The trembling glow, the inward glow,  
For dreams of beauty, love and fame  
Are fading lights of long ago.

A sweet, pleasant song, the sentiment in the words of which will find an echo in the response of hearts breathing after the happiness therein sought for, but seldom found.

**Over and Over Again.** Song. F 3.....*Herriek*. 35

Over and over again,  
No matter what way I turn,  
I always find in the book of life  
Some lesson I have to learn.  
I must take my turn at the mill,  
I must grind out the golden grain,  
I must work at my task with a resolute will,  
Over and over again.

A nice gem of a song, easy accompaniment. Buy it, for you'll sing it "over and over again."

**Only Joking.** Comic song and chorus. Bb 2.....*Howard*. 30

We're all quite fond of joking,  
No matter where or when,  
As along life's stream we're floating  
Its common with all men;  
And oftentimes the ladies  
Indulge among the rest,  
And even little babies  
To joke will try their best.

There's fun in this song, and who, we ask, does not like innocent fun? Get the song, and test the truth of our assertion.

**Only a Little While Longer.** Song and chorus. Eb 2.....*McChesney*. 50

They are gone, they are gone, not a friend have I here,  
One by one, dropping like leaves in the sear,  
Till the last one has passed over the river so cold,  
Leaving me friendless and lonely, and old;  
Weary with waiting and sorrow in vain,  
O how I long for the resper to come,  
And gather me home, and gather me home.

The beautiful vignette of this song is worth its price and more, to say nothing of the touching sentiment of the words applied to a sweet and flowing melody, adapted by a gifted author. This song should be in every house.

**One More Gallant Charge, Boys.** Song and chorus. F 2.....*Van Aiken*. 30

The day begins to dawn at last,  
Once more, and all together,  
We'll rout the tramps as the blast  
Strips trees in stormy weather.  
Though long and sorrowful the night,  
Joy cometh in the morning;  
Close up the ranks, stand firm, and tight  
Shall triumph with the dawning.

A stirring patriotic song, movement graceful, easily committed to memory, remaining long after heard.

**Oh, Will He Never Come?** Song and chorus. Ab 3.....*Barker*. 50

The hour is waning, waning,  
While she sits and waits alone,  
The fire is fading, fading,  
From the desolate hearthstone;  
A thousand feet press downward,  
As she listens for his tread,  
The room grows stiller, stiller,  
Like the chambers of the dead.

A perfect little gem of a song, with a charming chorus; a great favorite among the temperance lodges, for its beauty and pathos.

**Old Rustic Porch.** Song and chorus. F 2.....*Linwood*. 35

How dear unto me was the old rustic porch,  
With its ivy and woodbine entwined,  
Where the wild roses climb'd o'er the old garden wall,  
And the jessamine waved in the wind.  
Where we first told our love at the twilight hour,  
And we vow'd to be constant and true,  
Till the night wore away like a sweet pleasant dream,  
And the pale moon rose up to our view.

*Chorus*—Oh, will I remember the sweet summer night,  
And the bright face that welcomed me here,  
Though now she is laid in the churchyard shade,  
And hath slept there many a year.

A charming sentimental song, touching and effective, hence already a great favorite.

**One Kindly Word.** A ballad. Eb 3.....*Hill*. 30

One kindly word before we part,  
One word beside farewell,  
For that would ever haunt my heart,  
Like some most mournful knell.  
Oh, speak to me, oh, speak to me,  
As oftentimes thou hast done,  
For when I say farewell to thee,  
Forever I'm alone.

One of Mr. Castle's most popular songs, ever admired when well and artistically rendered.



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VOLUME III.

DETROIT, AUGUST, 1873.

NUMBER VIII.

### The Cherry Wood Clock.

With a cherry wood case,  
And jolly round face,  
Standing just in the niche in the wall,  
Ticking all night and day,  
In the steadiest way,  
Is an old-fashioned clock in the hall.

There's a spot on the face,  
And there's many a trace  
Of a scratch and a scar on the wood;  
And the hands made of brass,  
With an old shadow pass  
O'er a dial, that ages have stood.

Yet the old clock is ticking,  
The second hand picking  
Its way round to "60" no more;  
And it strikes with a ring,  
Like an animate thing,  
And the while looking old and demure.

Ah! that cherry wood clock,  
Standing firm as a rock,  
Looking down on the folks of to-day,  
Could tell tales of its own,  
In its own solemn tone,  
Of the past, in its old-fashioned way.

It has ticked slow and strong,  
In its monotone song,  
When the house was all quiet and still;  
It has spoken so loud,  
Almost joyous and proud,  
When the blast without whistled so shrill.

It has ticked with the bell,  
That a wedding would tell,  
It has ticked, keeping time with the song;  
It has ticked at the birth,  
Of a soul brought to earth,  
To battle and grow with the strong

It has ticked through the night,  
When the small shroud light  
Saw the weary, fond watchers above,  
With the breath dying fast,  
Ere the life lease was past,  
Of a parent or child whom they love.

It has ticked to the tread,  
As they carried the dead  
Through the old-fashioned hallway and door,  
And it ticked right along,  
Just as steady and strong,  
When the funeral service was o'er.

'Tis an honest old hand,  
With a dingy brass band,  
Tracing round the old dial each day,  
But it seems to foretell,  
With a mystical spell,  
How swiftly our lives pass away.

'Tis an heirloom at best,  
Looking odd, with the rest  
Of the modern apparel and ware;  
With its wandering gaze,  
At the present odd ways  
Of the new generation and fare.

There's a problem to solve,  
As the hands slow revolve,  
Whether modern folks, manners and all,  
Are as true and as good  
As the old folks so rude,  
Whose hands placed the clock in the hall.

The funniest suit for breach of promise of marriage on record is to come before a Pittsburg court, the plaintiff being a woman, with a husband, and, as she claims, a good one. The man who jilted her and married another in her youth is possessed of considerable wealth.

### What Makes Things Musical?

"The Sun!" said the Forest. "In the night I am still and voiceless. A weight of silence lies upon my heart. If you pass through me, the sound of your own footsteps echoes fearfully, like the footfall of a ghost. If you speak to break the spell, the silence closes in on your words, like the ocean on a pebble you throw into it. The wind sighs far off among the branches, as if he were hushing his breath to listen. If a little bird chirps uneasily in its nest, it is silenced before you can find out whence the sound came. But the dawn breaks. Before a gray streak can be seen, my trees feel it, and quiver through every old trunk and tiny twig with joy; my birds feel it, and stir drowsily in their nests, as if they were just murmuring to each other, 'How comfortable we are.' Then the wind awakes, and tunes my trees for the concert, striking his hands across one another, until all their varied harmonies are astir; the soft, liquid rustlings of my oaks and beeches make the rich treble to the deep plaintive tones of my pines. Then my early birds awake one by one, and answer each other in sweet responses, until the sun rises, and the whole joyous chorus bursts into song, to the organ and flute accompaniments of my evergreens and summer leaves; and in the pauses countless happy insects chirp, and buzz, and whirl with contented murmuring among my ferns and flower-bells. The sun makes me musical," said the forest.

#### WHAT MAKES THINGS MUSICAL?

"Storms!" said the Sea. "In calm weather I lie still and sleep, or now and then say a few quiet words to the beaches I ripple on, or the boats which glide through my waters. But in the tempest you learn what my voice is, when all my slumbering powers awake, and I thunder through the caverns, and rush with all my battle-music on the rocks, whilst, between the grand artillery of my breakers, the wind peals its wild trumpet-peals, and the waters rush back to my breast from the cliffs they have scaled, in torrents and cascades, like the voices of a thousand rivers. My music is battle-music. Storms make me musical," said the sea.

#### WHAT MAKES THINGS MUSICAL?

"Suffering!" said the Harp-strings. "We were dull lumps of silver and copper ore in the mines; and no silence on the living, sunny earth, is like the blank of voiceless ages in those dead and sunless depths. But since then we have passed through many fires. The hidden earth-fires underneath the mountains first moulded us, millenniums since, to ore; and then, in the last years, human hands have finished the training which makes us what we are. We have been smelted in furnaces heated seven times, till all our dross was gone; and then we have all been drawn out on the rock, and hammered and fused, and, at last, stretched on these wooden frames, and drawn tighter and tighter, until we wonder at ourselves and at the gentle hand which strikes such rich and wondrous chords and melodies from us—from us, who were once silent lumps of ore in the silent mines. Fires and blows have done it for us. Suffering has made us musical," said the Harp-strings.

### Gone!

No word in the English language expresses more heart-touching eloquence and pathos, more tenderness and beauty, than the simple word "Gone!" Robert Hall thought the word "Tear" the most beautiful and expressive in our language; but "gone" has much of the suggestiveness and pathetic sentiment of that euphonious word.

Gone! The loved and sacred of the heart and home—a father or mother, a brother or sister—gone! No sentiment could be more exquisitely intense to the mind, none more touching to the affections, than the idea of what here is gone—gone out of our sight and home forever! The "gone" in this case brings with it the eloquent, responsive "tear," in fine, there is a near kinship between the sentiment of these two beautiful words. We can hardly conceive of the cause of a *tear*, without thinking of something *gone*. Try it, reader. Does the heart weep over the graves of loved ones? Then something is gone. Does it mourn over wasted time and opportunities in the sad consciousness of being worse in consequence of that waste? Then, something is gone. Or, does it sadden because the affections are consciously less glowing and warm toward Jesus and the Cross? Then, something is gone.

Gone is a word much used, of necessity, in common connections in the language; but we often find it in the sublimest passages in the Scriptures as the *key-word*—as giving the most thrilling, soul-stirring effect to the same. What could be more beautifully tender and expressive than the Psalmist's declaration, amid the deepening twilight of closing life, "I am *gone* like the shadow when it declineth!" With what affecting pathos and beauty is this word used in describing the brevity of human existence, "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is *gone*, and the place thereof shall know it no more!"

Gone! Abundant as is our language in words, it is utterly impossible to conceive how we could do without this word. In many instances it expresses, as no other word can, the tenderest feelings and noblest affections of the human soul. It is pre-eminently the word of the heart and home. Life is always changing: always making voids about our hearth-stones, and over what is inevitable and of constant occurrence. "Gone is the only word that expresses the soul's exquisitely keen sense of loss and absence in the case. To our heart there is an expressiveness, a peculiar tenderness and beauty in the participle "gone," which we only see approached in its kindred word, "tear."—*Selected.*

SOME idea of the amount of gains acquired by Brigham Young may be inferred from the fact that in 1832 he was known to take from the church funds, "for services rendered," \$200,000, and, in 1847, on a similar pretext, he received \$967,000. He holds six shares only of the Utah Central Railroad, the presidency of which he has also resigned, but he owns \$600,000 worth of its bonds. It has been said that he was the third largest depositor in the bank of England, long ago, and his deposits have constantly increased.



## Old Music.

It goes straight to your heart, as no modern melody does, awakening a host of memories, half-sad, half-happy, over which you fondly linger, oblivious of the present, with its rugged duties and stern realities.

You chance to catch a strain of an old tune, sung by some passer-by, in one of those strangely musical voices sometimes heard among the vagabonds of the city. It sounds familiar, and rouses you from the delicious reverie in which you were indulging with wonted complacency, whilst smoking your after-dinner cigar. As the singer nears you, the same strain reaches your ears again. This time your eyes fill with tears, and there is a sudden choking sensation in your throat that coughing does not relieve you of; you recognize it as a quaint old melody that brother Tom used to sing in his rich, mellow tones when you were boys. You have often heard him sing it when you were "out nutting" in the grand old woods just back of the farm-house, and well remember the strange awe with which you used to listen to the echoes of his voice reverberating through the forest, and, at last, expiring in the distance with a melodious cadence that harmonized well with the rustle of the falling leaves and the sighing of the autumn wind.

While the chaps you were then, rambling through the fields in search of ripe berries, or paddling your light canoe swiftly through the limpid waters of the creek, stopping at the shady nooks to fish or swim!

Thinking of the creeks reminds you of the cold winter's day, when, in a sudden passion, you pushed Tom into the "air-hole," as you glided swiftly past him on your new skates. Of course it was repented of as soon as done, though the water was not deep, and he got out easily enough. The next day he was sick from his ducking. Not soon will you forget the long illness that followed, nor the joy at his recovery. When soon after he was sick the next time, what a relief it was to know that he had forgiven you, like a noble fellow that he was, and that his death was in no manner attributable to any misdeed of yours. Poor Tom! You cannot think of him even now without tears.

Or perhaps you find yourself humming, in an absent-minded way, a stanza of a grand old hymn (incomparably superior in its simple majesty, to those performed now by hired choirs, accompanied by loud-sounding organs) that used to be sung in the village church when you were a boy. Your father used to lead the singing, and you almost fancy you can hear his clear, sonorous voice now. He frequently repeated that stanza as he lay dying calmly and bravely, as, God grant, you may die.

In passing a church, last Sunday, you heard the Sabbath-school children, your bright-eyed boy of five summers with them, singing a simple little hymn, full of childish faith. Thirty-five or forty years ago you used to join in singing it, as he does now. Though your heart has grown callous and worldly, you listened to it with something of your boyish reverence, and not without many a twinge of conscience at the remembrance of the sins and follies of your life since then.

The nursery maid next door sometimes sings a little ditty that your mother used to sing, when Tom was a baby, as she rocked him to sleep. You never hear it now forgetting for a while that your hair is now sprinkled with gray, and that her blue eyes, you trust, are beaming in Heaven. Whilst you are thinking thus, your wife commences to play softly on the piano, in the next room, an old minuet, to which you used to dance when she was a blooming lass, and you a stalwart youth. Her eyes are not so bright now, and her face is care-worn, but you know that her heart is as true and warm as then. You cannot help contrasting the pale, weary woman of to-day with the happy, confiding bride whom, years ago, you solemnly promised to love and protect, and ask yourself, with a pang of remorse, whether your selfishness has not hastened the coming of the wrinkles that are stealing over her brow. As she enters your cozy little study to call you to tea (you have lingered till nightfall), you motion her to a seat beside you on the sofa, and, clasping her hand softly, as of old, tell her what you have been thinking. As you stoop to kiss away the tear that is rolling down her wan cheek, she murmurs, in a tremulous voice—"How like you were of old, John."

In guessing at your past, I have betrayed myself so far as to reveal somewhat of my own, which may not tally with yours; but if there are not, deep in your heart, some sacred memories awakened by the melodies of your youth, your heart-life has been truly barren.

## What a Pack of Cards Serves For.

A private soldier by the name of Richard Lee was taken before the magistrate of Glasgow, for playing cards during divine service. The account of it is thus given in the English journals:

Sergeants commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the pastor had read the prayers, he took the text. Those who had a Bible took it out, but this soldier having neither Bible nor Common Prayer Book, pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them out before him; he first looked at one card and then at another. The sergeant of the company saw him and said: "Richard, put up the cards, this is no place for them." "Never mind that," said Richard.

When the service was over, the constable took Richard prisoner and brought him before the Mayor. "Well," says the Mayor, "what have you brought the soldier here for?"

"For playing cards in church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much, sir, I hope."

"Very good; if you I will punish you more than ever man was punished."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march; I have neither Bible nor Common Prayer Book—I have nothing but a pack of cards; and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intentions."

Then spreading out the cards before the Mayor, he began with the ace.

"When I see the ace, it reminds me that there is but one God."

"When I see the deuce, it reminds me of the Father and Son."

"When I see the tray, it reminds me of the three persons in the Godhead—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

"When I see the four, it reminds me of the four Evangelists that preached—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John."

"When I see the five, it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps. There were ten, but five were wise and five were foolish, and were shut out."

"When I see the six, it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth."

"When I see the seven, it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the great work he had made, and hallowed it."

"When I see the eight, it reminds me of the eight righteous persons who were saved when God destroyed the world, viz: Noah and his wife, his three sons, and their wives."

"When I see the nine, it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour. There were nine out of the ten who returned thanks."

"When I see the ten, it reminds me of the Ten Commandments which God handed down to Moses on the tablets of stone."

"When I see the king, it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty."

"When I see the queen, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash. The girls washed to the elbows and the boys to the wrists. So King Solomon told by that."

"Well," said the Mayor, "you have given a description of all the cards in the pack except one."

"What is that?"

"The knave," said the Mayor.

"I will give you a description of that, too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the Mayor, "if you do not term me to be the knave."

"The greatest knave that I know of is the constable that brought me here."

"I do not know," said the Mayor, "if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots are in a pack of cards, I find three hundred and sixty-five, as many days as there are in a year."

"When I count the number of cards in a pack, I find there are fifty-two, the number of weeks in a year, and I find four suits, the number of weeks in a month."

"I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year; and, on counting the tricks, I find thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter. So you see, sir, a pack of cards serves for a Bible, Almanac, and Common Prayer Book."

## "Ever of Thee."

Some years ago a ballad appeared bearing the expressive title "Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming." It soon made its way into popularity, and was whistled on the streets, sung at concerts, played upon the hand organs, and echoed through the land, from the boudoirs of fashion to the curbstones of the slums. It deserves the favor it obtained, for it was a tender melody, and anything but commonplace. It has long been forgotten, but it is brought to memory again by an item that is going the rounds of the English press. It appears that its author, Foley Hall, wrote the words and music of this song to express his feelings regarding a cruel young lady who had jilted him. He had been wealthy, and enjoyed a good social position in the world. Both wealth and position, however, disappeared before the wiles of dissipation, and when want pressed him sorely he described his feelings in song for twenty pounds, the sum received for this ballad. His success here encouraged him to make other efforts in the same direction, and he might have retrieved his broken fortunes had he been prudent, but he remained poor, haughty and dissolute. At last he committed forgery, and was arrested and confined in Newcastle prison, where he died of a broken heart, before his trial came on. This is all very sad, and it is impossible not to sympathize with the unfortunate and unhappy being, despite the fact that his woes were of his own making. Here was a man of wealth, refinement and education, with a brilliant career before him, who deliberately disgraced himself, because he could not bear disappointment. A tragic interest is now added to poor Foley Hall's beautiful and once popular ballad.

A MUSICAL ANECDOTE.—Talking of an organ reminds me of an old church, near by, whose members, in times past, had conscientious scruples about this instrument, although they had none respecting the use of a band of music in sacred service. In the conventicle to which I refer the trombone was played by the famous performer, Mr. Perkins, distinguished for many miles around for his "lung power." On one occasion the conductor was drilling his choir on a piece of music which he fondly hoped would win great *ecclat* for himself and his choir on the following Sunday evening. A fine passage marked *p p* occurred in the piece, which would have produced an exquisite effect if it had been rendered with that delicacy the leader endeavored to suggest and enforce in the usual manner. But instead thereof, the trombone of Perkins blew a blast that would have taken the walls of Jericho clean off their foundations. Consternation and dismay were depicted on the countenance of the horror-stricken conductor. "Mr. Perkins," said he, in a stern voice, "you have ruined me. What do you mean by playing in that manner?" "Why, sir," replied Mr. Perkins, meekly, "I played according to the marks in my book." "Let me see your book sir," said the conductor. "There, sir, is not this string marked double *p p*?" "Certainly," said Perkins. "And pray, sir, what do you understand by *p p*?" "As I understood, and understand it, in this case, double *p* means, 'Put in Perkins'—and I did it." "You did," repeated the conductor, his disgust giving way to the humor of the thing, and he ordered a recess for half an hour.—*Selected.*

BEECHER.—The best thing that has yet been written of Henry Ward Beecher, well as he is eulogized, comes from the pen of Rev. J. Ambrose Wright. "If I have ever said," he says in an article in the *Evangelist*, "anything good or bad of Henry Ward Beecher, I hope it will be at the earliest moment forgotten. I believe it not safe to speak well or ill of that man. If you criticise him, within a week he will say something so just and felicitous to you that you will be sorry ever to have disturbed him. If you commend him, your eulogy will not be cold till he will so outrage your views of truth, that your semi-indorsement will be like fire on your own head. When he gets fairly through with his public utterances some sort of an opinion may be formed and expressed with safety."

A HIGH-PRICED FIDDLE.—Mr. David Laurie, of Glasgow, has just sold to a musical amateur in Edinburgh, the beautiful Cremona violin, known as the "Saucy Stradivarius," for the large sum of £1,750. The date of the violin is 1713, and it is in perfect preservation.

SOME curious old musical manuscripts, including the Gospel of St. John set to music, apparently of the fourteenth century, and in good preservation, have been discovered at Harderwick, in Holland.



## Correspondence.

## Letter from Boston.

NO MUSIC AT THE "HUB"—AN ECONOMIC AND PIG-HEADED CITY GOVERNMENT—A LITTLE TOOTING ON THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—THE MUSIC SCHOOLS—THE LATE CHARLES KOPPITZ—LOTHIAN'S BENEFIT—THE THEATRE—A STRING OF PERSONAL ITEMS—WHEREABOUTS OF SINGERS, MUSICIANS AND ACTORS—A CHEAP RELIC OF THE JUBILEE.

BOSTON, July 18, 1873.

There is little or nothing to write about in the musical line at the present time. Everybody has gone out of town, to enjoy the sea breezes or the mountain air, and the "Hub" is without music, save what is furnished by the organ-grinders and a peripatetic Dutch Band, which is also thinking of migrating to a cooler climate. Even our wise and economical city fathers, who expend fifteen thousand dollars on a Fourth of July, and have a mighty mean "show" at that, refuse to have band concerts on the Common and public squares, in accordance with the custom of past years. Some very funny arguments were brought out in opposition to the project, when the matter came up for discussion in the Board of Aldermen, leading one to think that the Board contains some huge mutton-heads. At a meeting of the Common Council, this week, the matter was brought up again, and an order passed in favor of music, at a cost of \$2,600, but the proposition has yet to be acted upon by the astute Board of Aldermen.

A concert on the morning of the Fourth of July, by some half-dozen bands, formed one of the chief features of the observances of the day. It does not seem to have amounted to much, nor did it attract the attention that the concerts of past years, under Gilmore and others, have attracted. There were one hundred musicians, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Hall, and the programme was as follows:

1. The American Hymn, arranged by A. Bond, M. Keller.
  2. Grand Processional March, "The Silver Trumpets,".... Viriani.
  3. Waltz, "Wine, Woman, and Song,".....Strauss.
  4. Solo for Baritone, Air and Variations.....Randa.
  5. Grand Military Prize Quickstep.....Heinecke.
  6. Selections from "Martha".....Flotow.
  7. Serenade, "Thou Art So Fair".....H. Weidt.
  8. Solo for Cornet.....Legende.
- Performed by Mr. D. W. Boardman.
9. Galop, "With Joy and Love".....Faust.
  10. National Potpourri, introducing the National Airs of America, Germany, England and France.....Heinecke.

The death of Charles Koppitz, which occurred at St. John, N. B., on Sunday, July —, cast a cloud of sadness over the musical community of Boston, and left a void which will not soon be filled. He was not only an accomplished musician and orchestral leader, but a genial and noble-hearted gentleman, who endeared himself to all who came in contact with him. His remains were brought to this city, and interred in Forest Hill Cemetery.

The annual commencement exercises of the New England Conservatory of Music took place at Music Hall, on the afternoon of June 27, under the direction of Dr. Tourjee. The occasion was one of much interest, and the concert (which numbered the two hundred and ninety-eighth on the association's catalogue) was one of the best the institution had ever given. The following pupils graduated: Miss Eva Philip, Miss Clara Wilbur, Miss Ella S. Partridge and Miss Mary Hunter in piano forte playing; Mrs. Rosa D. Allen and Miss Eloise Fuller in cultivation of the voice and solo singing; Mr. Henry Dunham in organ playing and harmony; and Mr. Charles H. Morse in piano forte playing, organ playing and harmony. The next term of the Conservatory will begin Monday, Sept. 15th. The Director announces that Messrs. George L. Osgood, J. F. Rudolphsen and Carl Gloggnier will henceforth be associated with the Board of Instruction.

The pupils of the National College of Music, of which Mr. Thomas Ryan is Director, gave an exhibition concert at Tremont Temple, June 28. The fall term of the school will begin Sept. 15.

The two hundred and ninety-ninth concert of the New England Conservatory took place June 28. It was in the form of an organ recital, by Mr. George E. Whiting and Mr. A. W. Swan.

Mr. Napier Lothian, the popular musical director of the Boston Theatre, sailed for Europe on the 1st inst., with the Vokes Family. On the day previous to his departure he was the recipient of a complimentary concert at the Boston Theatre. The Vokes Family, the Boston Theatre company, Mrs. H. E. H. Carter, Brown's Brigade Band, the Cornet Quartette of Gilmore's Band (Messrs. Gilmore, Arbuckle, Patz and Roe) and representatives of Gilmore's Band, the Germania Band, the Beethoven Quintette and the Harvard Orchestra appeared on the occasion. Mr. Lothian will be absent in Europe about six weeks. Miss Victoria, Miss Rosina, and Mr. Fred Vokes are the members of the Vokes Family who have gone abroad, and rumor has it that the young ladies have gone home to get married. Miss Jessie Vokes and Mr. Fawdon Vokes remain behind, and in company with their aunt, Mrs. Field, and their agent, Mr. Corbyrn, are making a round of the watering places. They have already "done" the White Mountains and Lake George, and will shortly be heard of at Saratoga, Rockaway and Long Branch.

Theatrical matters are at as low an ebb in Boston at the present time as musical affairs. The only entertainment of any account is that offered at the Museum, where the fairy extravaganza of "The Enchanted Beauty," with Miss Weathersby, Mrs. Fred. Williams, Mr. Willie Edouin and Mr. D. J. Maguinis in the cast, is drawing good houses. The summer season at this house began July 7. Mr. E. N. Catlin, on account of ill health, is taking a short vacation, and his place is temporarily occupied by Signor Operti. Mr. Catlin is rusticating at Richfield Springs.

Organ concerts have been resumed at Music Hall, and the "grate organ" may be heard by tourists every Wednesday noon, Saturday noon, and Sunday evening.

Carl Zerrahn is in Chicago, where he is to lecture, teach and conduct in the Normal Institute of Music there until August 14.

Dr. Tourjee is in the Adirondacks, with Rev. Mr. Murray. The party left Boston July 1, and will return early next month.

Mr. Fred. Boscawitz, the pianist, has removed to this city from Montreal, and has been engaged by Mr. Eichberg to teach in the Boston Conservatory of Music.

Howard M. Dow, the organist, and Mr. Fessen-den, the tenor, will be heard during the summer months at the Unitarian Church, Nahant.

Mr. Nelson Varley will spend the summer at Long Branch.

The Highland Quartette will visit St. John, N. B., next month.

Mrs. G. W. Beardsley, the soprano, has joined the choir of the Perkins Street Baptist Church, Somerville.

Mrs. Julius Eichberg and daughter have sailed for Europe. Mr. Eichberg will spend the summer at Jefferson, N. H.

Mr. Hiram Wild, teacher of music in the public schools, will pass his vacation at Prince Edward's Island and Halifax.

Mr. J. J. Kimball, teacher of vocal music at Manchester, N. H., formerly of Boston, will teach during the summer at Leavenworth, Kansas.

Mr. G. W. Want, tenor, formerly of the Adelphi Quartette, sails for Europe on the 23d.

Miss Anna Granger-Dow has resigned her position in the choir of Rev. Dr. Ellis's church.

Mr. J. A. Hills, the pianist, is summering in New Hampshire.

Both Mr. Persabo and Mr. Petersilla are out of town, and so are Mr. Paine and Mr. Lang.

The friends of Mrs. H. M. Smith will rejoice to learn that she has recovered from her recent illness.

Both Miss Adelaide Phillips and Miss Annie Louise Cary have gone to Europe.

Mr. Gilmore is at the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, with the larger portion of his band. Another delegation is at the Profile House, New Hampshire, under J. Thomas Baldwin.

Malden has an amateur orchestra, under the direction of William A. Carey.

Miss Annie Bernard, of Boston, is meeting with fine success abroad, having sung in various Italian cities with great success. She has received an offer for an eight months' engagement in the principal cities of Germany, and thence to Malta, and the manager at Nice also desires her services during the carnival season.

Mrs. J. Frank Giles, of Boston, is progressing finely in her musical studies, under Perini, at Milan.

Elias Howe, the music publisher, has gone to Europe.

George H. Chickering sailed for Europe last week.

George Hews, the piano manufacturer, died July 4th.

Madame Rudersdorff is passing the heated term at Swampscott.

William Warren, the comedian, has gone abroad with his cousin, Joe Jefferson.

John T. Raymond, the comedian is in London.

A party of actors, which includes Charles Barron, J. Burrows, and Hart Conway, of the Museum, and Charles Leclercq, is summering at Woodstock, N. H.

Frank Hardenbergh is at Gorham, N. H.

The Coliseum bridges, which cost the city of Boston \$10,000, were sold, not long ago, for \$350.

RANGER.

[For the Song Journal.]

Among the Hills.

JULY 15, 1873.

'Since the eventful Sabbath which witnessed the introduction of an organ into our little village church, nothing has occurred among us so well calculated to produce a stir as the inauguration of congregational singing.

That this method of praising God is the only proper one, rightly conducted, few at this day will dispute, and that it is fast coming into favor, superseding in many instances the long-tried choir singing, is a fact too well established to admit of discussion. To us no music is more satisfying than that which wells up from the united voices and hearts of a congregation met for worship in the sanctuary; and we believe it to be more acceptable to Him than the most artistic rendition of the finest composition, performed exclusively by a paid choir, and listened to by the people as any criticising audience would listen to artists who profess to understand and render classical music only. Of this last named class our humble little gallery could not boast. From the honest-hearted leader, who wielded his blacksmith's hammer for six days with no less vigor than he lifted his sturdy voice on the Sabbath, to the curly-headed farmer boy "just commencing to sing base," the word artist, in a musical significance, would scarce find a place; and as to critics below, our good people, even did they possess the capacity, employed their own voices too heartily in praising God, to pick up the notes dropped from the gallery.

It was not so much the change from choir to congregational singing that created the "stir" in our community, as it was the manner in which this revolution came about.

A quiet Sabbath morning in June, the sun beaming kindly from a cloudless sky, gave promise of a fair day, and augured a full church—though our people are not fair weather Christians, as a general rule.



On the evening previous, for the first time, an opening piece had been selected and carefully prepared for use this morning. Even the thought of ushering in the service with aught but the brief and stereotyped petition which our good pastor had not omitted for the past twenty-five years, had not once entered the minds of the more mature in our congregation, and if those of younger years ever possessed a longing desire to digress occasionally from customary rules, I am very certain they carefully avoided the mention of such a proceeding in the presence of their gray-haired parents.

Since the consequences of this unwonted departure from long-fixed habits proved in one sense disastrous in the extreme, it requires a considerable amount of heroism on my part to confess that the selection and preparation of the beautiful sentence, "The Lord is in His holy temple," was chiefly owing to my oft-repeated entreaty that we might sing an appropriate piece at the commencement of worship.

I had carried from my far-off Eastern home a certain tender recollection of this same favorite piece, as I heard it sung one morning by voices perfectly blended in subdued and beautiful harmony. The memory of the blessed influence of that music, as it followed me all through the day and week, even now awakening the same hallowed and holy emotions, caused me to trust that its use might prove as sweet a harbinger of peace to these western hearers as it did to me on that by-gone Sabbath. I was not so ignorant of the present attainments of our choir to hope for the same perfection in its performance as that which lent such a charm to its effect at home, but I felt that the simplicity of the arrangement was in our favor, and the exercise of care and proper attention would carry us safely through.

As the choir rose to commence, our pastor, with astounded gaze and much excited manner, closed his hymn book with unwonted energy, and with the air of one whose rights have been trampled on, but who is endeavoring to "endure all things" with Christian fortitude, settled himself hopelessly to await our pleasure.

If the leading soprano did sharp a very little, it was undoubtedly the result of embarrassment attending such an unusual exertion on her part; and no one could have the heart to find fault with our much respected brother B., on whom the numerous bass depended; he was "only a measure behind time, after all." Little flaxen-haired tenor could not fail to do his part well, as it moved throughout in unison with the soprano, and nothing could be more in accordance with his taste. Our alto is a host in herself, nothing lacking in power, though sadly devoid of sweetness (I am speaking of her voice).

The younger portion of our congregation, and it may be some of the older, seemed agreeably surprised and gratified as they listened attentively and earnestly to our effort. The "amen" died away upon the air, and a relieved company of singers sat down, each hoping inwardly for forgiveness for the march we had stolen.

Then our patient pastor arose; he never measured the distance between his chair and the desk so quickly before. The tones of his voice did not fall with that pleasant ease and grace as was customary. "My brethren and sisters will now unite with me in singing the fifth hymn."

Without waiting for organ or choir, both of which were preparing for "Balema," he proceeded to start "Dundee." In consequence of the astonishment experienced at this unlooked for proceeding, the first two lines were sung by himself as a solo; but gradually the heavy voices of some of the good men in the pews followed slowly on after their pastor, the meek sisterhood taking up the treble with weak and frightened voices. Of course we up stairs were not guilty of interfering with that hymn. Our

good-souled leader looked the very personification of woe. To think that he had been a party to a movement entirely at variance with his pastor's wishes; had probably incurred his righteous displeasure. Poor man! already he was repenting in sackcloth and ashes. I did not seem to see his injured look turned upon me, the prime instigator of this digressive affair.

The reading of a psalm followed the hymn—"Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee!" This was unmistakably the death-warrant of our choir. We felt it as our pastor paused after reading these words, and gazed steadfastly at us with a stern and reproachful look.

What possible connection there was between the text and sermon that morning I cannot well understand. The words of the text were, "I and my Father are one;" the sermon a succession of side thrusts at "those who depart from the ways of righteousness;" "some who sought to bring into our service various new and by no means spiritual ways, originated by the very father of evil."

Well, we sang no more; and if the Lord in reality visited His holy temple that morning, I'm afraid he did not find there a meek and quiet spirit awaiting his coming.

HILLSDALE, MICH., July 22.

DEAR EDITOR—We have now between 160 and 170 in daily attendance at the Western Normal Musical Institute. We commence the rehearsal of the "Creation" to-day, and will give it at the close—August 19. We have a piano recital each week by Prof. Wimmerstedt, of which we will speak hereafter. His pupils are delighted with his instruction. Our first concert will be given Tuesday, July 29.

C—

#### Will. Carleton's Poems.

No book of poems, certainly no poems of Western authorship, have ever been so really popular with the great masses as those of Will. M. Carleton, including his Farm Ballads, "Betsey and I Are Out," "Over the Hill to the Poor House," etc., recently published by the Harpers, in a splendidly illustrated volume of about two hundred pages. The book is meeting a most rapid sale among all grades of society, and especially among our rural population. Over a thousand volumes have been purchased in Hillsdale county alone, where Mr. Carleton lives, and where the book and poet are equally loved and respected. But Hillsdale is not alone honored as being the birthplace of Mr. Carleton—Michigan claims him as her son, and we doubt not that his poems and ballads will be sought for in every county as eagerly as around his immediate home; for his public readings, in every section of the State, have made him hosts of personal friends and admirers. —*Shiawassee American*.

#### Handel and Haydn Society.

The annual meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston was held on the evening of the 2d ult., the President, Mr. Loring B. Barnes, in the chair. The Treasurer's report showed that, while the expenditures for the year have been quite large, \$6,736.75, there is a balance of \$1,088 in the treasury. The trustees of the Permanent Fund reported that the fund now reached \$10,053.79. The President read a very interesting report, recounting the operations of the society for the year, and we much regret that we have not the space to present it to our readers. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Loring B. Barnes; Vice President, Geo. H. Chickering; Secretary, A. Parker Browne; Treasurer, George W. Palmer; Librarian, Charles H. Johnson; Directors, John H. Stickney, Horace B. Fisher, W. F. Bradbury, W. D. Wiswell, D. L. Laws, Curtis Brown, George W. Warren, W. O. Perkins.—*Orpheus*.

#### Chips of All Sorts.

INTERNATIONAL expositions, congresses and conventions are the order of the day, and now the lovers of trotting horses of France announce that there will be an international horse trot in Paris, in the month of September next, "open to horses from every country."

A LONDON letter says extravagance in dress increases from year to year in the British metropolis. The West End people are making money so fast that, not only must they attire themselves extravagantly, but clothe their servants also in costly attire. It is now no uncommon thing to see strapping funkeys wearing tippets of very expensive fur when they are out driving. Servant girls must now have their dresses made at a fashionable milliner's, and one, having six pounds given to her for mourning, bought twenty-six yards for a single dress, and had it made up by a French modiste.

A CURIOUS law suit is now on the boards at Chicago. The janitor of a building sued a banking company for taking care of their cat according to instructions. His bill was fifty dollars, and after a somewhat extended trial the plaintiff was nonsuited. Exceptions were taken, however, by his counsel, and now the case goes up to a higher court for adjudication.

Two Arkansas men were out hunting the other day, when the horse of one became unmanageable, and began whirling around among some grape vines. The hammer of the gun of its rider caught in one of the vines, and the load was discharged and wounded the other man so severely that he died the next day.

THREE Cincinnati girls have been putting school-marks in a paroxysm of rage over the frequent disappearance of mantles and muffs, and other garments left in the ante-room. The girls had a regular trade established at the pawnbroker's, receiving fifty cents for a shawl, twenty-five cents for hats and muffs, and other things in proportion.

#### The Vienna Exhibition Building.

The main gallery of the Vienna Exhibition building is three thousand feet long by six hundred and fifty feet wide. There are connected with this gallery forty-eight transepts, each two hundred and fifty feet long and forty-six feet wide. The dome is the largest ever constructed without central supports. It is three hundred and twenty feet in diameter and two hundred and fifty feet high. It is composed entirely of iron. The machinery hall, which is immediately in the rear of the principal building, is two thousand six hundred feet long by one hundred feet wide. The buildings cover over sixty-three acres, and, in addition to these buildings, there are numerous other buildings and pavilions for various purposes. When it is taken into consideration that the area provided for this exhibition is five times that of the Paris Exhibition in 1869, some idea will be formed as to the nature of the great undertaking.

DIAPASONS OF VOICES.—Male voices are divided into *bass*, *baritone*, or singing *bass*, and *tenor*. The voices of women are the *contralto*, which corresponds to the *baritone*, *mezzo-soprano*, and *soprano*. The extreme limits of these voices are, for the *bass*, the G below the C C; for the *soprano*, the F in alt, or the F of the last octave but one of the piano. Mozart heard a singer at Parma who gave the C above. Ordinary voices do not go beyond two octaves, but celebrated artists have compassed three, and even three and a half octaves.

Lefranc and Carlotta Patti have the highest voices, we believe, yet heard in this country, but this great compass is rather surprising than pleasing.

TAYLOR, the water poet, who lived in Charles the First's time, gives the following line as reading backwards and forwards the same—

"Lewd did I live & evil did I dwell," and adds, "I will give any man five shillings apiece for as many as he can make in English." We do not know what the price was ever claimed.

SHAKESPEARE's "King Lear," and almost all of his historical dramas, with the exception of "Richard III.," also Lossing's "Nathan the Wise," Schiller's "Fiesco" and "Tell," and Goethe's "Egmont," have recently been placed on the prohibitory index, by the Russian censors at St. Petersburg.

In Boston they are urging the matter of instruction in sewing in the public schools. The chairman of the committee on industrial schools has presented the school committee a report upon the question, which has attracted great public interest.



# The Song Journal.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, AUGUST, 1873.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."  
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,  
 stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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## The Music of the Church.

Charles Dudley Warner, in his charming "Backlog Studies," talks thus concerning his experience of the Gothic church, in placing the choir in a proper position. The quartettes of our cities and larger towns must look well to their laurels, else they will find themselves in the vestibule, seeking a place in the ark of safety, where the dove has found no resting place, but returned from whence she came, seeking admission to the ark departed from. Here we have Mr. Warner's ideas of placing a choir in a proper position:

"Our next move was to mount the singers upon the platform. Some twenty of them crowded together behind the pulpit. The effect was beautiful. It seemed as if we had taken care to select the finest looking people in the congregation, much to the injury of the congregation, of course, as seen from the platform. There are few congregations that can stand this sort of eulging, though ours can stand it as well as any; yet it devolves upon those of us who remain, the responsibility of looking as well as we can. The experiment was a success, as far as appearances went, but when the screen (a sounding board contrivance) went back, the minister's voice went back with it. We could not hear him very well, though we could hear the choir as plain as day. We have thought of remedying this last defect by putting the high screen in front of the singers, and close to the minister, as it was before. This would make the singers invisible—"though lost to sight, to memory dear,"—what is sometimes called an "angel choir," when the singers are concealed, with the most subdued and religious effect. It is often so in cathedrals.

"This plan would have another advantage. The singers on the platform, all handsome and well dressed, distract our attention from the minister and what he is saying. We cannot help looking at them, studying all the faces and all the dresses. If one of them sits up very straight, he is a rebuke to us; if he "lops" we wonder why he doesn't sit up; if his hair is white, we wonder whether it is age, or a family peculiarity; if he yawns, we want to yawn; if he takes out a hymn book, we wonder if he is interested in the sermon. We look at the bonnets, and query if that is the latest spring style, or whether we are to look for another; if he shaves close, we wonder why he doesn't let his beard grow; if he has long whiskers, we wonder why he doesn't trim 'em; if she sighs, we feel sorry; if she smiles, we would like to know what it is about. And, then, suppose any of the singers should want to eat fennel, or peppermints, or Brown's Troches, and pass them 'round! Suppose the singers, more or less of them, should sneeze! Suppose one or two of them, as the handsomest people will, should go to sleep! In short, the singers there take away all our atten-

tion from the minister, and would do so if they were the homeliest people in the world. We must try something else."

Behold, now, these years have thy servants sat in the singing seats before all the people, and studied them with much wonderment. We are grieved and amused at this "Backlog" picture of ourselves, and we have only to say that we have gazed abroad in the Temple and over the uplifted faces of the congregation, and marveled greatly at the manners and customs of "the pews." Two sat very near each other, and read out of the same book, and we said engaged? Ah, no—going to be. Then that lovely creature in a new tie and very tight pants! How divine the glance he bestows on our alto. She hates him! And that father in Israel who comes to church to put up his feet and think of nothing in particular. How can one heed the sermon with several hundred people placidly gazing right in one's face for a whole mortal hour? It is not in human nature to be good and proper under such circumstances. They do such absurd things; fall asleep in such picturesque attitudes, and look such unutterable things, that—well, really the pews are sometimes too funny for our safety, and something ought to be done about it before the singing seats become utterly demoralized.

## Music in the West.

More than eighteen hundred years ago the Son of Righteousness came into our world, which was lost and ruined by the fall. His advent was announced by the wise men from the East, accompanied by the carols of a celestial choir of singers from above, typifying and verifying the truism that the "Star of Empire," Music in science, religion and politics is moving westward. And why should it not? It is the handmaid, the father (so to speak) of them all. The "morning stars," at creation's birth, were ushered into place through the grand march of her solemn, majestic tread. The consummation of a world's destiny will be announced by the trumpet's blast, as the finale of all things pertaining to existence here. Why, then, we ask, should not this "art divine" move westward? That it is so moving, and that its true destiny centers in the West, must be apparent to the most casual observer. The spirit of enterprise permeating every class of society throughout the Western States, is an index, pointing with unerring certainty to the truth, that mediocrity of talent and learning in this art will not suffice in the West. The time was—and not long ago—that if a music teacher is a good sort of a man, but seemed to be not very popular in the East, he would find a rich and open field in the West, is, to use a somewhat slang phrase, "played out." We say, to such a teacher, stay at home; and, notwithstanding the urgent demand for teachers in the West, let him conclude that he has mistaken his profession.

The teachers who, somehow, do not succeed at the East, are the very men who will succeed still less at the West. If there be in the West a lack of schools and educated mind, there is no lack of shrewd and vigorous mind; and if we are not deep-read in the principles of counterpoint and harmony, we are well read in men and things. On our vast rivers and our railroads we go everywhere, and see everybody, and know everything, and judge with the tact of perspicacious common sense. The reason for all this will be found in the fact that, we are disciplined to resolution and mental vigor by toils, and perils, and enterprises. Hence, the West is not unfrequently called upon to attend as umpires to the earnest discussions upon the merits or demerits of the most able and eloquent artists from abroad. We say, without fear of contradiction, that nowhere, if an artist is deficient, will he be more sure to be "weighed in the balance and found wanting," than

in the West. On the contrary, there is not a place on earth where talent, learning and artistic merit are more highly appreciated, or rewarded with a more frank and enthusiastic admiration. There are chords in the heart of the West which vibrate to the touch of genius with a sensibility and enthusiasm nowhere surpassed.

It would be interesting, after what has been said, to go back just forty years in the history of music in the West, when the Macedonian cry from Cincinnati, "Come over and help us," was heard in Boston, and Mr. T. B. Mason responded, hastening quickly to his new field of labor in that city.

There was then no books in use but those printed with buck-wheat notes. To force a whole community at once to adopt a new system of notation seemed to him injudicious, if not impracticable, for, the publishers refused to issue the round notes, knowing the sale would be limited. Therefore, for the time being, he had to submit to the mortification of having his books published in a style to accommodate the mass, at the same time determined to convince of error and provide a better way. This was soon accomplished by lessons and lectures, so that, in two years the system of notation was changed, and the old buckwheat notes entirely ignored. Juvenile and adult schools were taught, choirs organized in churches; and, amid opposition virulent and strong, instruments were introduced in the devotions of the church. Musical societies were organized, and served as leaven, permeating an influence in the West for the advancement of the cause of music far-reaching and potent. How changed the scene, as viewed from the Jubilee stand-point of 1873, and how does the heart swell and exult at the wonders wrought in that city, and throughout the mighty West.

## The Piano Forte.

Father Wood, an English monk, made the first piano-forte of which we have any account, in 1711. After the arrival of Bach in England, and the establishment of his concert in conjunction with Abel all the harpsichord makers tried their mechanical powers at piano-fortes; but the first attempts were always on the large size, till Zumppe, a German, constructed small piano-fortes of the shape of the virginal, of which the tone was very sweet, and the touch with a little use, was equal to any degree of rapidity. These, from their low prices, the convenience of their form, as well as power of expression, suddenly grew into such favor that there was scarcely a house in the kingdom where a keyed instrument ever had admission, but was supplied with one of Zumppe's piano-fortes, for which there was nearly as great a demand in France as in England. In short, he could not make them fast enough to gratify the public fondness for them. Pohlman, whose instruments were very inferior in tone, fabricated a great number for such as Zumppe was unable to supply. From this period the piano-forte has constantly been improving, until it has attained its present complete state.

## The Drama and Music in Detroit.

There has been and still is a decided lull in musical and dramatic affairs in our city. The multiplicity of concerts, festivals, etc., which crowded the early season have been followed by the opposite extreme, and quiet in the way of amusements is the programme for the present. Musical and social circles are for the time being quite deserted, and many of those who give life and zest to public and private entertainments are enjoying their summer holiday. Foreign artists have long since retired into temporary quiet at home, or are fulfilling engagements abroad. We trust that the early fall will bring to us an abundance of entertainment, which if worthy, will always win the reward merited from an appreciative public.





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Echoes, Dolores  
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Father, I own thy voice, D. E. Jones  
Cast thy burden on the Lord, S. Wesley Martin  
Evening Hymn, Karl Merz  
Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah, Zarus  
Lord Thou who call'st us, Karl Merz  
Abide with me, Rimbault  
The Turl shall be my sacred shrine, Karl Merz  
When our heads are bowed with woe, Karl Merz  
Give Glory to God, Karl Merz  
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Dream, Baby Dream, Virginia Gabriel  
Young Folks' Polka, F. Kucken  
I love to hear thy gentle voice, Wallerstein  
Merrily, Merrily I pass the time, Gilmore  
I built a bridge of fancies, Annie Fricker  
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**My Darling's Little Shoes.** Song and chorus. Eb 3.....*Towne.* 35

God bless the little feet that never go astray.  
In a pleasant snail-way,  
Sometimes I take one in my hand, forgetting, till I see,  
It is a little half-worn shoe, not large enough for me,  
And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain,  
As sharp as when, two years ago, it cut my heart in twain.

A home song, a song inducing responsive feelings in the heart of every father and mother, as the happy group gather around the festive board or the hearthstone, and witness the vacancy which has there been made by loved ones gone.

**Minnie Bell.** Song and chorus. Bb 3.....*Mussey.* 30

Near a little quiet brooklet,  
In a pleasant shady dell,  
Stands a pretty moss-grown cottage,  
'Twas the home of Minnie Bell.  
But she's gone, and by the fire-side  
Many tears for her we've shed,  
Yes, dear Minnie now is sleeping,  
Sweetly sleeping with the dead.

*Chorus*—Oh, Minnie Bell, dear Minnie Bell,  
How we miss you, Minnie Bell,  
But we should not murmur,  
But say, "Father, it is well."

A sweet, nice song for the home circle, pleasant and appropriate accompaniment, neatly arranged, and very effective.

**Marrying Man.** A comic song. Bb 3.....*McChehney.* 35

A poor old bachelor snip am I, you see,  
For want of a wife I'll die, you see,  
I'll give my heart, I'll give my hand,  
To any fair lady in the land,  
For I want you all to know  
That I am a marrying man.

A good comic song, one to be laughed over with impunity.

**Maggie's Secret.** Song. F 2.....*Chirbel.* 30

Oh, many a time I am sad at heart,  
And haven't a word to say,  
And I keep from the ladies and dais apart,  
In the meadows a-making hay.  
But Willie will bring me the first wild rose,  
In my new sash-belt to wear,  
And Robin will wait at the keeper's gate,  
For he follows me everywhere.  
But I tell them they needn't come wooing to me,  
For my heart is over the sea,  
But I tell them they needn't come wooing to me.

A song, the author's name being sufficient guarantee of merit; destined to be a very popular song of its character.

**Maggie O'Roon.** Song. Ab 2.....*McChehney.* 30

Dennis O'Casey make yourself aye,  
Don't think for love of ye I will soon die soon,  
For shure all the battery of yer swate fathery  
Niver will win for ye Maggie O'Roon.  
Faith I can tell to ye all that beel to ye,  
Yesterday courted Miss Fattie McJoon,  
So just take yer blarney and get for Kilkarny,  
And don't waste yer swateness on Maggie O'Roon.

A bright, sparkling Irish song, much sought for and very fun provoking.

**Mary Lee.** Song and chorus. Bb 2.....*Pease.* 35

The brook goes tinkling down the hill,  
Singing towards the sea,  
While in the shadow of the mill  
Sits modest Mary Lee.  
One rosy cheek, one dimpled hand,  
A smile, and then a dream;  
Come, sailor lover, seek the lassie,  
Sleeping by the stream.

*Chorus*—Tinkling down the hill, singing towards the sea,  
Bringing joy to modest Mary Lee.  
Come, sailor lover, etc.

One of the best and most simple of Mr. Pease's songs, with a chorus particularly taking, and destined to be very popular.

**My Childhood's Home.** Song and chorus. E 2.....*Straub.* 40

I'm wand'ring to-day o'er my dear home,  
I view scenes of childhood wherever I roam,  
They bring recollections of times gone by,  
And strengthen anew many a dear, happy tie.

*Chorus*—The grass grows as green and the flowers bloom as fair,  
The bird's song is borne on the sweet summer air,  
The brook ripples gently to-day as before,  
And all are as dear as they were when of yore.

A song and chorus the repetition of which will grow bright and new in frequency, and reveal beauty and loveliness the oftener sung.

**Maiden's Life.** Song. Bb 3.....*Robjohn.* 30

Underneath the shadow of the waving trees,  
Swinging back and forth in the summer breeze,  
Sits a little maiden, golden haired and fair,  
With no thought of love yet; ah, young maid, beware.

A sweet melody, wed to words worthy a better theme, accompaniment nice and just, and a good study for those desirous of improving in counterpoint and song writing in this direction.

**Mother's Love.** Song and chorus. C 3.....*Levering.* 30

The love of a mother, how tender and sweet,  
With the essence of care and duty replete;  
It findeth a home deep down in the breast,  
And all its rich depths no words can express.  
*Chorus*—'Twill gladden our hearts whatever may come,  
And guide us as late to a heavenly home.

A soul longing for the joyous, happy scenes of childhood and youth, under the guidance of a fond mother's care, picturing in memory the happy scenes there passed, describes the sentiment of both words and music of this beautiful song and chorus.

**Marseillaise Hymn.** French and English words.

A 2.....*DeClé.* 25

Ye sons of France awake to glory!  
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise, etc.

This grand national song is too familiar to need description or comment. The arrangement for piano forte is grand and effective.

**Night.** Ballad. F 4.....*Robjohn.* 35

The little sparrow have their nest,  
God gives the pretty creatures rest,  
He watches o'er the smallest thing,  
That nightly folds its weary wing—  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

A quaint, but charmingly little slumber song; rather difficult accompaniment, but capable of fine effect, if very nicely performed.

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A new and improved course of instruction, which, for progressive arrangement, thoroughness and simplicity, is superior to all other books. Added to which are the **MUSICAL HINTS FOR THE MILITARY**, by Karl Merz.

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**No Jeweled Beauty Is My Love.** Song. Eb 3.....*Clark.* 35

No jeweled beauty is my love,  
Yet, in her earnest face,  
There's such a world of tenderness,  
She needs no other grace.  
Her smiles and voice around my life  
In light and music twine.  
And dear, O very dear, to me,  
Is this sweet love of mine.

Mr. Clark has given us a rare little song in this song; would prove a valuable addition to the repertoire of any baritone singer; judiciously transposed.

**No Little Baby's Voice To-day.** Song and chorus. G 3.....*Naylor.* 20

In death our little baby sleeps,  
The one we loved is gone,  
In anguish now your mother weeps,  
For death has claimed our little one.  
No little patting feet we hear,  
Or baby's murmuring voice so mild,  
For now all seems so dark and drear,  
Since I have lost my darling child.

*Chorus*—No little baby's voice to-day,  
No clinging, helpless little thing,  
Tiny dresses now are put away,  
For death has taken our little one.

Although the poetry is extremely faulty, the sentiment is good, and the music put to it has many redeeming features. To one not inclined to criticize very closely, this song would be valuable.

**Nettie Wynde.** Song and chorus. Bb 2.....*Stewart.* 35

Oh, why have you left me in tears,  
And gloom I can never dispel?  
And why have you caused me the fears,  
And heart pains I faint would reveal?  
Oh, dim'd are my eyes now with weeping,  
And bitter the pangs of my mind,  
For over my thoughts now is creeping  
The memory of thee, Nettie Wynde.

*Chorus*—Gone art thou far away,  
Where the sweet angels roam,  
And I am weeping all day,  
Oh, why have you left me alone?

**O Take Me from the Festal Throng.** Song and chorus. Bb 3.....*Smith.* 30

O take me from the festal throng,  
Where loving hearts grow brightly cold,  
And let me hear one burning song,  
That thrills my soul in days of old.  
I may not feel that kindly flame,  
The trembling glow, the inward glow,  
For dreams of beauty, love and fame  
Are fading lights of long ago.

A sweet, pleasant song, the sentiment in the words of which will find an echo in the response of hearts breathing after the happiness therein sought for, but seldom found.

**Over and Over Again.** Song. F 3.....*Herrick.* 35

Over and over again,  
No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the book of life,  
Some lesson I have to learn.  
I must take my turn at the mill,  
I must grind out the golden grain,  
I must work at my task with a resolute will,  
Over and over again.

A nice song of a song, easy accompaniment. Buy it, if you'll sing it "over and over again."

**Only Joking.** Comic song and chorus. Bb 2.....*Herrick.* 30

We're all quite fond of joking,  
No matter where or when,  
As along life's stream we're floating  
Its common with all men;  
And oftentimes the ladies  
Indulge among the rest,  
At even little things  
To joke will try their best.

There's fun in this song, and who, we ask, does not find it innocent fun? Get the song, and test the truth of our assertion.

**Only a Little While Longer.** Song and chorus. Eb 2.....*McChehney.* 30

They are gone, they are gone, not a friend have I here,  
Only by one, snoring like a horse in the street,  
Till the last one has passed over the river so cold,  
Leaving me friendless and lonely, and old;  
Weary with waiting and watching in vain,  
O how I long for the reaper to come,  
And gather me home, and gather me home.

The beautiful vignette of this song is worth its price and more, to any nothing of the touching sentiment of the words applied to a sweet and flowing melody, adapted by a gifted author. This song should be in every house.

**One More Gallant Charge, Boys.** Song and chorus. F 2.....*Van Aiken.* 30

The day begins to dawn at last,  
Once more, and all together,  
We'll rout the traitors as the blast  
Strips trees in stormy weather.  
Though long and sorrowful the night,  
Joy cometh in the morning,  
Close up the ranks, stand firm, and Right  
Shall triumph with the dawning.

A stirring patriotic song, movement graceful, easily committed to memory, remaining long after heard.

**Oh, Will He Never Come I.** Song and chorus. Ab 3.....*Burker.* 30

The hours are waning, waning,  
While she sits and waits alone,  
The fire is fading, fading,  
From the desolate hearthstone;  
A thousand feet press onward,  
As she listens for his tread,  
The room grows stiller, stiller,  
Like the chamber of the dead.

A perfect little gem of a song, with a charming chorus: a great favorite among the temperance lodges, for its beauty and pathos.

**Old Rustic Porch.** Song and chorus. F 2.....*Linwood.* 25

How dear unto me was the old rustic porch,  
With its ivy and woodbine entwined,  
Where the wild roses climbed o'er the old garden wall,  
And the jessamine waved in the wind.  
Where we first told our love at the twilight hour,  
And we vowed to be constant and true,  
Till the night wore away like a sweet pleasant dream,  
And the pale moon rose up to our view.

*Chorus*—Oh, well I remember the sweet summer night,  
And the bright face that welcomed me there,  
Though now she is laid in the churchyard shade,  
And hath slept there many a year.

A charming sentimental song, touching and effective, hence already a great favorite.

**One Kindly Word.** A ballad. Eb 3.....*Hill.* 30

One kindly word, how dear to me, part,  
One word beside farewell,  
For that would ever haunt my heart,  
Like some most mournful knell.  
Oh, speak to me, speak to me,  
As oftentimes thou hast done,  
For when I say farewell to thee,  
Forever I'm alone.

One of Mr. Castle's most popular songs, ever admired when well and artistically rendered.

# C. J. WHITNEY & CO.'S

## Descriptive Catalogue of Popular Music.

### Our Old Clock. Song and chorus. C 2.....Barton. 40

The old clock stands on the mantel,  
Swinging to and fro,  
Its busy wheels still rattle,  
As they did long years ago.  
Its time-worn face so yellow  
Now peeps through the broken pane,  
Its tones so sweet and mellow  
Ring out on the air again.  
Tick, tick, ticking away,  
Your after year, as time rolls on,  
Just as it did in childhood's day,  
Singing the same old song.

A simple, but truly beautiful picture of an old heirloom, which is ticking off the minutes in many a family. The song will be justly prized for its real merit and truthful sentiment.

### Our Heroes. Song and chorus. Eb 2.....Sage. 30

Three cheers for our heroes,  
Not those who wear the stars,  
Nor those who wear the eagles,  
The leaflets and the bars.  
We know they are gallant,  
And honor them too,  
For bravely defending  
The Red, White and Blue.

A fitting tribute to the memory of the "boys in blue," who asked no higher honor than to fight as privates under the old flag.

### Patriotic Hymn. Song and chorus. D 3....Drake. 30

Dear native land! we sing to thee,  
Our own Columbia, great and free,  
O, minstrel harp, awake, awake!  
And in the joyous sound partake.  
And thou, fair banner of the brave,  
Wave in thy glory, proudly wave!  
Lift up thyself, old flag, and be,  
Revered by all, on land and sea.

The above words, by Mrs. M. A. Green, embody the noblest and most lofty expression of true and fervent devotion to our country and the dear old flag. Mr. Drake has admirably adapted this excellent composition, rendering the whole a most desirable piece for any patriotic occasion.

### Roll On, Tippecanoe. Song and chorus. D 2.....Stratton. 40

In fancy I sit in the old oak canoe,  
That furrowed the waves of the Tippecanoe,  
When light-hearted sports, childhood's fondest of themes,  
Awoke into being my infantile dreams.  
I hear it again, in the days that have flown,  
The murmuring wave, with its low, gentle tone,  
And dreamily wonder where I'm away,  
Who lists to the murmur that's borne on thy spray.

This song will carry many a one in fancy to the home of his childhood, and its rural surroundings, the cot, the orchard, the little brook, etc., and most of all, the friends who made that home most dear.

### Robin, Sweet Robin. Song and chorus. Bb 3.....Lockwood. 30

Oh, bury me, dear mother,  
In the vale where I was born,  
Where the whispering brook runs gently by,  
And the lark pours forth his song,  
And where the rose's sweet perfume  
Will waft above my grave.  
There, dear mother, bury me,  
Beneath the willow shade,  
For the robin sings so sweetly, sweetly,  
For the robin sings so sweetly,  
Beneath the willow shade.

Like all the sweet songs left us by the departed Lockwood, this breathes a spirit of purity and true genius, ever admired and appreciated by all lovers of worthy music.

### Rose of the Valley. Song and chorus. G 2.....Thomson. 35

Down by the river,  
Dawns her sweet face,  
Where she has wandered,  
Flowers you may trace,  
Sunbeams and blossoms,  
Music of birds,  
Live in her laughter,  
Wake in her words.  
Come to me, darling, never to part,  
Rose of the valley, bloom in my heart.

Cooper and Thomas, the one in poetry and the other in song, have, with their combined talent, favored the musical world with some of the choicest gems published. The above is a worthy example of all the rest.

### Raking It In. Song and chorus. G 2.....McKenney. 35

This world's a great work-shop, wherever we go,  
In which all mankind may find something to do,  
And the lazy man has no excuse for his sin,  
If he live to threescore, and has nothing to gain.  
The farmer well knows if he ploughs not his field,  
That nature refuses her treasures to yield,  
Whilst the thistles and thorns till his cup to the brim,  
And he lives like a beggar, with nothing to gain.

A dozen homely truths told in a humorous way make up the gem of the above song. The music weaves in so nicely that you've told the whole story in a very short time, considering its length.

### Rose of Springwells. Song and chorus. Ab 3.....McKenney. 35

How sweet is the spring, when the soft winds are blowing,  
When the cold blasts of winter have fled from the scene,  
When our white-bosomed river in beauty is flowing,  
And nature is decked in her mantle of green.  
How grand are thy banks, O, thy clear-mingling river,  
When beapangled with lilies and bonnie blue bells,  
How oft 'mong thy groves I have wandered with Jeannie,  
My own darling Jeannie, the Rose of Springwells.  
A very pretty melody set to musical words.

### Saturday Night. Song. A 2.....McKenney. 30

Tras Saturday night in the old farm house,  
The work of the day was all o'er,  
And Katie, a sweet, little girl of sixteen,  
Was eagerly watching the door.  
The farmer was smoking his cudly of clay,  
The dame looked so happy and bright,  
For Katie, her darling, was watching for one,  
Who said he'd come Saturday night.

Mr. McKenney has given us a very delightful picture of rural home comfort and "Love's young dream" realized. It is simple and pleasing.

### Sunny South. Song and chorus. Bb 2.....McKenney. 30

From the cold north I have wandered so weary,  
Once more to visit my old cabin home;  
All the wide world seems so cheerless and dreary,  
Since all my friends have departed and gone.  
Here is the pathway I often have taken,  
Leading close down by the bright river side,  
Here are the cabins now so cold and forsaken,  
Here is the place where my old father died.

This little gem will at once assert its right to a place on every pianoforte, from the beauty and simplicity of both words and music. How many of us will find a responsive chord awakened in our own heart as we return to a childhood home, once everything to us, but now devoid of aught but sad reminders of former pleasures.

## NEW SILVER SONG!

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY W. A. OGDEN.

It wears better than any other book of the kind published. The fact that over four hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold is sufficient proof of its merit. Price, single copies, thirty-five cents; \$3.60 per dozen. Specimen pages free.

PUBLISHED BY

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### Star Spangled Banner. Song and chorus. C 3.... 25

O, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there,  
O, say, does the star spangled banner yet wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

This well-known national song needs no eulogium from our pen to recommend it to the love of every patriotic soul. This arrangement is one of a set comprising six well-known national airs, each one of which is accompanied by a valuable historical notice of the origin of all the songs in the set.

### Sweet Nannie Lee. Song and chorus. Db 3.....McKenney. 35

Bright beamed the sunlight on that rosy morning,  
Dim in the distance of boyhood life to me,  
And gay were the moments in youth's early springtime,  
When I first beheld the maiden, sweet Nannie Lee.  
Wild waves her dark hair in the leamy breezes,  
Joyous her laughter, with heart so light and free,  
And sweet as a bird-song, carols ever flowing,  
From the lips I loved so well, of sweet Nannie Lee.  
Hark, the bells sadly toll their parting blessings,  
Mournful the sound echoes loud o'er the sea.  
Gently we breathe her name, where 'mid the roses blooming,  
Song birds will chant the praise of sweet Nannie Lee.

Anything from this favorite author claims favorable attention, and "Nannie Lee" will certainly meet with favor.

### Strew the Flowers. Song and chorus. Ab 2.....Stratton. 30

Here upon this hallowed ground,  
We bring our offerings rare,  
While holy incense, breath of flowers,  
Is borne upon the zephyr air.  
Here we come in memory  
Of the honored and the brave,  
Who fought, our dear and lovely land  
From tyrants to save.  
A memorial song, a beautiful tribute to the sleeping heroes, who died in defense of our country.

### Spirit of Light, Love and Beauty. Duet and chorus. Eb 2.....Whitting. 30

Spirit of light, love and beauty,  
Brid for me thy golden land,  
Teach my heart to know its duty,  
Guide me to thy glorious land.  
A chaste and pleasing production; not at all difficult.

### The Shy Little Maiden. Ballad. Ab 2.....Sherwood. 30

A secret I've got, would you all like to know,  
It is of myself, shall I tell it to you?  
Ah, yes, I would like to, but where'er I'm seen,  
They call me the shy maid of sweet seventeen.  
Only just seventeen, sweet seventeen,  
Surely but seventeen, sweet seventeen.

We advise all young ladies of sweet seventeen and thereabouts to procure this captivating little ballad, and find out the secret which proves the little maiden not only "shy," but sly.

### Sweetly Thine Eyes Are On Me Beaming. Song and chorus. Ab 3.....Wheat. 35

Sweetly thine eyes are on me beaming,  
Winning my soul with their brightest ray,  
While 'neath their glow my heart lies dreaming,  
And softly float the hours away.  
Sweet hours that no sadness borrow  
From the bright moments of to-day;  
Nor let me fear the coming morrow  
Will steal the joys that you give me play.

This is an excellent sentimental song, uniting technical skill to grace and beauty.

### Sweet Alena Bell. Song and chorus. Bb 2.....McKenney. 35

Beneath the waving pines, where the shadows come and go,  
In a moss-covered cottage in the dell,  
There dwelt a blithe and airy young heart as pure as snow,  
And they called her sweet Alena Bell.

Chorus—  
May every joy so rare linger with our darling fair,  
May life's shadows never round thy heart entwine,  
Oh, sweet Alena Bell, may angels guard thee well,  
In that cottage underneath the waving pine.  
This is a very taking piece; would be good for a gentlemen's quartette. The chorus, especially, is excellent.

### Somebody's Darling. Song and chorus. Ab 3.....Moore. 30

In a ward of the whitewashed hall,  
Where the dead and the dying lay,  
Wounded by fatal Minie ball,  
Somebody's darling was borne one day.  
This is a very familiar song, sweet as any that came out after and at the time of the war.

### Sweetly Dream, Vileta. Song and chorus. D 2.....Wheat. 40

O'er the tropical seas, on a beautiful isle,  
Vileta is dreaming 'neath the angels' soft smile,  
Where the hymns of the breeze, with murmuring streams,  
All mingled in one, like the sunlight's soft beams.  
There the song birds at morn from the thick shadows start,  
And musical thoughts from the poet's full heart,  
There the seraphs at noon wait in silence alone,  
Like silent while she's sleeping; yet all is unknown.

The words in themselves seem to breathe a song, and have been made doubly musical by Mr. Wheat's happy effort in weddling them to a fine flowing melody.

### Softly Now the Light of Day. Hymn. F 3.....Pease. 35

Softly now the light of day  
Fades upon the night away,  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

This favorite hymn has been beautifully arranged, as solo and quartette, by Mr. Pease. In just what every quartette choir should have at hand as an opening piece.

### Serenade. Ballad. G 3.....Robjohn. 35

I arise from dreams of thee,  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright,  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet,  
Has led me, who know no more,  
To thy chamber window sweet.

Shelley's exquisite poem has been invested with a double charm since so nicely wrought up by Mr. Robjohn. For grace and beauty of thought and feeling this serenade is unsurpassed.

### School Parting Song. Duet and chorus. G 3.....Jackson. 40

While gathered here with classmates dear,  
And tolling day by day,  
The golden hours pass and showers,  
Have quickly passed away.  
And in their flight thro' scenes so bright,  
Too soon have brought the day,  
When we must part with sudden heart,  
And last farewell must say.  
Although our paths may lie apart,  
And here we meet no more,  
We'll hope to meet some future day,  
Upon a happier shore.

Written for and sung by the class of 1873 in the Detroit High School.



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Beneath my Feet the Autumn Leaves are falling. 5. E. E. to F. Alto or Bar. Sponholz. 50

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VOLUME III.

DETROIT, SEPTEMBER, 1873.

NUMBER IX.

## Through the Valley.

BY WILLIAM WEBSTER.

We wander up and down the valley,  
Singing songs and shedding tears;  
We gather flowers where thorns are hidden.  
Hearts are filled with joys and fears.  
Some seek to climb the mountain briskly,  
Off discouraged lay them down,  
Whilst hopes around them, flying thickly,  
Cheer them, then away are flown.  
Thus, as we travel, joy and sorrow,  
Meet and blend at every turn;  
The heart elated with the shining,  
Then, passing through the area, burn.  
A little while, how few the years,  
Till we cross the river o'er,  
Then wend we far beyond the gloaming,  
Landing on another shore.  
Just as we learn the art of living,  
From dear associations torn,  
We seek that other far-off valley,  
Find that "undiscovered bourne."  
While dear friends mourn our departure,  
Bitter tears are duly shed;  
But, from those hearts so deeply stricken,  
'Neath the ground are placed the dead.  
To those that mourn, be it remembered,  
There is One who rules above,  
Who acts in His omniscience wisely,  
Great is He in bounteous love.  
We'll trust in Him, whate'er the tidings,  
Knowing there's a peaceful rest,  
When we have traveled through the valley,  
In the regions of the blest.

## Crude Music in Old Times in Vermont.

Many of the citizens of Vermont will remember of seeing on the \$1 bills of the Windham County State Bank, a vignette representing bullfrogs fighting. This was engraved to commemorate the Battle of the Bullfrogs. The facts were as follows: "Many years ago, when the town of Windham was newly settled, there came a very dry season. There are two ponds in Windham, separated by an intervening strip of land of considerable extent. Each of these ponds was inhabited by a large community of the reptiles above named. The smaller pond dried up and its inhabitants started in a body for the lower and larger pond. They were met in the intervening space by the community from the larger pond, and a fierce and long continued battle ensued between the rival communities. Such was the hideous bellowing of the frogs during their fierce encounter that it alarmed the inhabitants, who at first supposed it to be the whoop of hostile savages. But curiosity getting the better of their fears, they cautiously proceeded to the spot from whence the hideous sound issued, and there beheld the strange spectacle of two immense armies of bullfrogs, covering many acres of ground, engaged in a fierce and deadly battle. This battle continued more than hours, and when it was over the ground was literally covered with the slain, and it became necessary, to avoid the noxious effluvia, to gather and bury them."

## Love and Music—A Moral Tale.

She was a music teacher. He played the piano fairly well. They lived next door. It was one of those wooden cities so common in this country, where each house stands alone in its little garden. It was summer time and evening. All the windows were open, and for every side came scraps and bits of music from sundry pianos, voices and instruments. A flute wailed over the way, where the "engaged man" lived. A voice and a piano duetted where the young married folks lived, and the young thing who was "paying attentions" to the First Baptist soprano was trying the bass of certain touching psalms.

In the midst of it all she (the music teacher) began a slumber song. Then the others paused to listen. When she stopped there was a little pause, and then he played a *Kinder Lied*. Silence all round. Then she indulged in a waltz. She felt better. Then he galoped, musically speaking. She did not seem to be in that mood, and she replied in "A song without words." It was touching. Then he played a bit of the "Moonlight sonata." She took, and replied with "Five o'clock in the morning." The flute fellow, the young couple and all the rest of the neighbors sat up in bed or in their chairs, held their breaths and listened.

It was becoming interesting. Every note could be heard. The moonlight fell through the trees, and it was very calm and still. The firefly roamed through the garden, and the doorgs boomed fitfully.

Then he played "Come, rest in this bosom," and some of them stuffed the sheets into their mouths to keep from laughing. Then there was a pause, as if she did not know what to give next. Then she played "O fair dove, O fond love," or music to that effect. There was a suspicion of laughter in the air, but the two heard it not. When she finished he, too, paused a moment, and then in a sweet and tender manner played "I would that my love."

It was too much. Some one laughed. Then some body else laughed. Some more laughed. A baby woke up and cried horribly, and somebody "shooed" it. The laughter filled the night with din. A certain window came down with a slam, and a piano was heard to shut with a bang.

For all that, they were married within a month.—  
*Vox Humana.*

## Neat Turn.

Hannah F. Gould, one of the Essex county, Mass., group of writers (now dead more than twenty years ago), satirized her friend and neighbor, Caleb Cushing, with this epitaph:

Lie aside, all ye dead,  
For in the next bed  
Reposes the body of Cushing.  
He has crowded his way  
Through the world, they say,  
And, even though dead, will be pushing.

But Cushing as happily turned the tables, thus:

Here lies one whose wit,  
Without wounding could hit—  
And green grows the grass that's above her,  
Having sent every beau  
To the regions below,  
She has gone it herself for a lover.

## A Pathetical Musical Romance.

BY ELI PERKINS.

Yesterday, "I was just as happy as a big sun-flower," but to-day "My heart is full, I can hear it beat." I feel like saying, "I'm a broken-hearted milkman."

"Listen to my story!"

"I knew a little widow." Her name was "Sweet Evelina," and she was the only daughter of "Old Grimes, that good old man."

"We met by chance"—"Twas in the early spring time," less than "A hundred years ago," "In the cottage by the sea" (Long Branch). "Twas a calm, still night," when the stars, "Beautiful stars," shone in the "Happy home above," that I met "Sweet Evelina." "This dark girl dressed in blue."

"Sweet Evelina" was "Sitting on the stile," watching "A bold sailor boy," as he sang "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," in his "Home on the rolling deep." "She was a handsome creature, and she wore a waterfall." If "Champagne Charley" had seen her "Walking down Broadway," he would have said, "O, she is such a charmer!"

"As I met this little widow," "She cast a side glance and looked down."

"Art thou 'Dreaming, still dreaming,' 'Sweet Evelina,'" asked her father, "A fine old English gentleman."

"My heart is over the sea," father," replied the unhappy daughter. "My lover is a sailor boy—" "I cannot live always' single," and "I should like to marry."

"Sweet one," "What are the wild waves saying," "asked "Old Grimes."

"When I listen to the 'Shells of the ocean,' father, I fancy I hear them say, 'Paddle your own canoe,' but, father, I prefer to have somebody paddle it for me."

"If I was only married," continued Evelina, "I'd be gay and happy," "In a cot in the valley I love."

"Sweet Evelina," I said, "I'm a young man from the country," and "I have no one to love, none to caress me." "Will thou 'Come to my mountain home"—"Come and be my bride?"

"Yes, I should like to marry," replied the "beautiful dreamer," "but my first love, 'Captain Jinks,' I can ne'er forget."

"Won't you tell me why, Robin?" I interrupted, as I took from her hand "The last rose of summer."

"'Tis but a little faded flower; give, O give it me."

"Ask me not why, eh," she replied; then saying, "'Tis all for thee," as she handed me the rose and asked, "Will you love me then as now?"

"With all my heart I love thee," I replied; "I would call thee mine own; 'I am fancy free.' The girl I left behind me," she has learned to love another; and now, 'sweet Evelina,' 'you can live in my heart and pay no rent.'"

"I can not think 'You're fooling me,'" she replied, then smiling (That bright smile haunts me still), said, "You'd better be off with the old love before you're on with the new." Yes, Eli," she continued, "Can you say, 'Good-by, sweetheart,' to Kitty Clyde, 'Nelly Bly,' 'Anna Laurie,' 'Nellie



Gray, 'Blue-eyed Mary,' and 'Widow Machree,' and let them all go 'Up in a balloon, for me!'

"Yes, dearest, 'Loving, I trust in thee,'" I replied, "I will be true to thee, 'as 'Old Dog Tray.' O, 'Sweet Evelina, I never could prove false to thee," I sobbed, and then said, "Come, O, come with me, and leave 'The old folks at home.' 'When the swallows homeward fly,'" I continued, "Wilt thou 'Come to the little brown church?"

"Breathe softly," Eli," said Evelina. "Can't you 'Wait for the wagon?"

"No, 'My dear girl dressed in blue,' 'Come, haste to the wedding.' 'You shall be the merriest girl that's out; 'Thou art so near and yet so far.'"

Evelina fell into a trance. "Sleeping, I dream love, dream, love, of 'Auld Lang Syne,'" she murmured in her sleep. Then, taking out her handkerchief, she exclaimed, "'O ye tears.'" Then she continued, "'I will offer thee this hand of mine,' if 'Thou wilt love me then as now.'"

"And send off 'Dandy Jim,' 'Champagne Charley,' 'Pat Malloy,' 'Ben Bolt,' 'Old Dan Tucker,' and all the 'Boys in Blue.'"

"No, 'No,' exclaimed 'Sweet Evelina,' "'Not for Joseph,' you ask too much. How I love the military; you may have 'John Anderson,' but I cannot give up 'Captain Jinks,' or 'The Captain with his whiskers,' for he was a handsome man."

"False one!" I shrieked, looking out on the 'Murmuring sea,' "'How can I leave thee?' 'When thou art gone from my gaze, like a beautiful star,' and I am wondering, 'Where are the hopes that I cherished,' 'You will think of me?'"

"Yes, 'I'm leaving thee in sorrow,' and 'I'll think of thee,'" she replied, as she tripped, 'Lovely as a rose,' 'Along the bench at Long Branch,' humming 'Then you'll remember me.'

"Then, 'Sweet Evelina,'" I said, "I must say, 'Sweet love, good night to thee.' 'Ye soft blue eyes, good night!' 'I cannot sing the old songs,' for 'My heart is lonely now.' With my 'Heart bowed down,' I thought, "'It is better to laugh than be sighing,' for 'We may be happy yet.'" Then, dropping in at the West End, I said, "'Landlord, fill the flowing bowl,' and 'We'll drink, boys, drink!' till 'Five o'clock in the morning.'"—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

### Music as an Accompaniment.

Although poetry and music are the result of civilization, they are in some sort natural; for man, from his first creation, has burst forth in song. It is the natural outpouring of the soul when stirred by any unusual and deep emotion—too earnest and strong to be confined within the limits of the conversational tones and emphasis. Earnest passions find cold forms of speech and reason's narrow and exact confines, and rise from earth on the wings of fancy; they must breathe—not common air—but the breath of flowers. The voice must follow the words. We love to dwell upon some one word which is fraught with a depth of meaning for a longer space of time than it would require to read a whole line or sentence—in delight to hold it in raptism, as a thing from which we could not part.

Thus it is that music is ever wedded to poetry and song.

But song-writers often make mistakes in their selection of words for music. Poetry may be very beautiful, and yet not at all adapted for music. There are some mental emotions that words even are not sacred enough to touch. They are too deep to find expression. Intense grief, for instance, is silent. To render it fit to associate with words, it must be subdued to a pleasing melancholy. Take the words, for example:—

"I have sighed to rest me,

Deep in the quiet grave.

Although the grief must be great to create the desire expressed, still, it is subdued by the thoughts of quietude and rest—the hope of casting off the heavy, oppressive weight of sorrow.

There were very many things composed and sung by our forefathers, which it may be doubtful whether they could be heard sung with a very pleasing effect. Take, for instance, the lines of Dr. Watts:—

"Behold the aged sinner comes,  
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,  
Down to the regions of the dead,  
With endless curses on his head."

Or the following, by the same:—

"But, oh, their end, their dreadful end,  
Thy sanctuary taught me so,  
On slippery banks I see them stand,  
While fiery billows roll below."

Grand as the diction is, still the subject is too dreadful to be sweetly sung. We can imagine it thundered forth as a warning, but not in the sweet, soothing strains of musical cadence.—*The Musical Echo.*

[For the Song Journal.]

### The Floating Island.

BY WILLIAM WEBSTER.

There's an island floating in a far-off sea,  
That is full of beauty and pure delight;  
On its shores to linger is ecstasy,  
Its glorious visions entrancingly bright.

The voices of singing birds ever are heard,  
And beautiful flowers do never decay,  
With angelic music the soul is stirred,  
And fairydom reigns with a grand display.

That delightful island in an unknown sea  
Keeps floating in regions I know not where;  
As a child I visit its shores with glee,  
And throw from my mind its burden of care.

Those friends that are dear I oft find by my side,  
Soul mingling with soul, communion sweet,  
Whatever happens in this world may betide,  
'Mid its bowers we find a happy retreat.

And spirits that have passed to the unknown shore  
Are hovering around me with noiseless tread,  
Their influence causing my spirit to soar  
To still brighter regions far overhead.

There's ever within us a something divine,  
That reaches toward perfection and worth,  
As the ivy round our ideal we twine,  
Skywards are tending, away from the earth.

### Music in Our Sabbath Schools.

While the immense strides made in this important direction are too patent to admit of dispute, it must be obvious to the close observer that there is a good deal of "gush" about it. Sunday school musical matters have advanced at a most wonderful rate, it is true, and we agree with the Rev. Mr. Beecher, that should music be dropped out of the Sabbath schools, "they would almost dissolve and vanish." The vast number of new books issued from time to time, and the almost incredible quantities sold annually, is of itself quite enough to brace this assertion.

Notwithstanding, we doubt very much if the real musical work done, is at all commensurate with the books. After at least ten years of close watch, we are forced to the conclusion that there has been actually no musical development whatever. Happening in one of our large and prominent Sabbath schools, recently, our painful inferences led us to the firm belief that more good voices are ruined in Sunday school singing than in perhaps any other single way. The prime idea of those having the matter in charge we inevitably found to be that the children should sing *loudly and fast*. At least six out of ten of the tunes sung were screeched through at a rate that almost knocked the breath out of us. Verily, it must have had a most soothing effect on less go-ahead-itive angelic competitors. In no case could we discern the slightest attempt at expression; no yielding to sentiment; none of the beautiful crescendo and diminuendo effects that these little gems are so peculiarly susceptible of; not anything but one wild stampede for the finale double bar. Distinctness was entirely lost sight of. The sublime way in which the beautiful melody "List, the Sabbath Bells," was made to trot briskly behind that martial gem "We are marching on with the shield and banner bright," was overwhelming.

A general idea of the musical advance (!) our Sunday schools have been making may thus be arrived at. As long as Sunday school people presuppose that anybody and everybody is thoroughly capable of doing their musical work, so long will this miserable state of things disgrace the school annals. In nine out of ten cases, we may safely predict, the persons entrusted with the work, are wholly and utterly incapacitated for its performance. The task is a very important one, and a very arduous and intricate one. Let men and women of the church who excel in commission, brokerage, boot making, stone-cutting, puddings and substantial bread baking, etc., wisely seek the advice of good musicians in the matter and abide by it.—*Amateur.*

Lake Mahopie, Putnam county, N. Y., is to be the site of a new musical and art college. It is to bear the name of a wealthy and public-spirited New York gentleman, who has given it a munificent endowment. The building will be 430 feet long by 300 feet wide, with two courts in the center. The design is in the early English gothic order, and the walls will be of white marble quarried in the vicinity. Accommodations are to be ample for about 750 pupils and 50 teachers, besides family, guest and servant rooms. There will be 400 suites of rooms. The music hall will have seating accommodations for about 2,500 people, and a stage for operatic representations, with dressing-rooms, etc. The erection of the building will be commenced this season.

## Correspondence.

### Letter from Boston.

A BIG JUMP FOR BOSTON—PUBLIC BAND CONCERTS SUNDAY AFTERNOON—DEATH OF MR. A. U. HAYTER, THE DISTINGUISHED ORGANIST—SKETCH OF HIS LIFE—WHAT IS TO BE DONE IN A MUSICAL WAY THE COMING SEASON—THE HARVARD CONCERTS—MUSICAL FESTIVALS—BOSTON TO LOSE GILMORE—WAR AMONG THE CRITICS—GENERAL NOTES.

BOSTON, August 19, 1873.

The Boston city government, after a deal of "backing and filling," finally concluded to let the masses have open air band concerts this year, and a dozen or so of these entertainments have already been given upon the common, and other public squares. In fact, it went a peg further, and established Sunday afternoon concerts; or, at least, it tried the experiment of one Sunday concert, and this worked so well that others are sure to follow, sooner or later, next year, if not this. It was quite an advance for the "hub," the home of puritanism, to take. The concert was given by the Germania Band, W. Reitzel, leader, on the 10th inst., and the following programme was performed:

1. March ..... Mendelssohn.
2. Chorales (Harmonized by Mendelssohn) ..... Bach.
3. Overture, "King of Yvetot" ..... Adam.
4. Transmelled, from "Die Meistersinger" ..... Wagner.
5. Selections ..... Halévy.
6. Two Songs Without Words ..... Mendelssohn.
7. Tracer March ..... Chopin.
8. Serenade ..... Töl.
9. Selections from "The Huguenots" ..... Meyerbeer.
10. Scene and Aria from "Il Guiramento" ..... Mercadante.
11. Old Hundred.

The whole assemblage—and there were several thousand persons present—united in singing the last number. There was an entire absence of rowdiness and disorder, a fact which is, doubtless, regretted by one class in the community, who thus find one of their chief arguments against such entertainments capped.

Our musical circles have been saddened by the death of a distinguished musician, Mr. A. U. Hayter, who, for more than twenty-five years, was organist of Trinity Church. Mr. Hayter died July 28th, after a long and painful illness. Mr. Hayter was born in Gillingham, England, on the 16th of December, 1799. He was the eldest son of Samuel Hayter, of More, England, an organist of eminence in the Established church, of that town. At the age of six years he was placed in the collegiate school connected with the Salisbury cathedral, England, where he was educated. While there he received his musical education from Mr. Corfe, a composer and organist of Salisbury cathedral. When Mr. Corfe was compelled, by advancing years, to relinquish active duties as organist, he was succeeded by Mr. Hayter, who held this important position for a number of years. During this time he achieved eminence, and was offered the situation of organist at the cathedral of Hereford, which he accepted. In 1835 he left Hereford, and came to New York, where, at the solicitation of his devoted friend, Rev. Dr. Wainwright, then rector of Grace Church, he accepted the position of organist. Shortly after, Dr. Wainwright received a call to Trinity Church, in this city, and was commissioned by the wardens and vestry of the church to visit England, for the purpose of procuring an organ, which was completed and ready for use in March, 1837. At the solicitation of Dr. Wainwright, Mr. Hayter resigned his situation at Grace Church, New York, and came to Boston as organist of Trinity Church, which position he held for more than a quarter of a century. In July, 1862, while playing the morning service, he was suddenly stricken by paralysis, from which he never recovered. In 1839,



Mr. Hayter became organist of the Handel and Haydn Society, and many important works were brought out under his direction, for the first time in America. In fact, the success of the society may almost be dated from his connection with it. For several years he labored hard, and much of the present excellence of this well-known musical organization may be traced back to his efforts. In some cases he supplied the orchestral accompaniment where the scores were, in some measure, lacking. In 1844 he produced "Samson," with great success. In 1845 the society presented to him a service of plate, consisting of a pitcher and two goblets. The pitcher bears this inscription: "Presented by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, to A. U. Hayter, in token of their appreciation of his services as organist, and his assiduous exertions in bringing so successfully before the public Handel's oratorio of Samson, May 20, 1845." In 1848 Mr. Hayter resigned his situation, the duties being too arduous in connection with his other professional labors. He was succeeded by his son, George F. Hayter. For the past ten years the deceased has been shut out from the activities of life, by the malady which finally terminated in his death. Mr. Hayter leaves a widow and two children, one daughter and one son, the latter residing in London, where, for some years, he was organist of St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. An effort has been made by a correspondent of *The Transcript* ("L. B. B.," the initials of the present president of the society), to rob the dead musician of some of his laurels, but without any further effect than to damage the writer himself. "L. B. B." either falsified the records, or else showed a woful ignorance of the history of the society. In either case, his communication was in the worst possible taste. The funeral of Mr. Hayter occurred at Emanuel Church, July 31. The services were conducted by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, rector of Trinity Church, and the musical selections were rendered by the Trinity Church choir—Messrs. Aiken and Langmaid, Mrs. Long and Mrs. Morse—all of whom, except Dr. Langmaid, were members of Trinity choir when Mr. Hayter was organist. The present organist of Trinity Church, Mr. J. C. D. Parker, was at the organ, and among the other organists present, were Messrs. Paine, Wilcox and Bancroft, of this city, and Mr. Clapp, of Richmond.

Although there is nothing doing as yet in a musical way, I am enabled to shadow forth, in a great degree, the prospects of the season. There will be two operatic visitations, the Maretzek company, with Lucca, Ilma di Murska and Tamberlik, October 27, and the Strakosch Troupe, with Nilsson, Miss Carey, Campanini and Capoul, coming in February. The Kellogg English Opera Troupe has made no engagement as yet, nor is there any prospect of hearing Aimee's French Opera Bonfide Troupe, according to present arrangements, the burning of the Globe Theater having broken off their engagement, while no time offers itself at the Boston Theater, the only "star" theater we have left. In the way of concerts, much preparation is being made. The Harvard Musical Association will give the first of ten fortnightly concerts, at Music Hall, on the afternoon of Thursday, November 6. Theodore Thomas will give a series of eight of his unrivaled symphony and popular concerts, in the latter part of November and about the first of December. The Handel and Haydn Society will give their annual Christmas performances December 20 and 21, and will then save up their energies for their triennial festival, which occurs in May, from the 2d to the 10th, inclusive. The Apollo Club will give two concerts (private) at Music Hall, December 30, and January 6. The annual music festival of the public schools will occur in the week following the Handel and Haydn festival. In addition there will be the customary variety of chamber concerts, piano forte recitals, conservatory concerts, etc. Mr. Peck, who is the most energetic and enterprising concert

manager we have, is not likely to remain inactive, and we may expect a succession of attractive concerts under his direction. There are also to be concerts in connection with the several lecture courses. There is also talk of a musical festival of a novel character. It will take place at Music Hall, under the patronage of some of our wealthy citizens, and is likely to prove one of the greatest events of the season.

The Harvard Musical Association has at last listened to the advice that has year after year been dinged into its ears, and consented to open its sale of seats to the public. Heretofore, the outside public has had to content itself with the leavings—and poor pickings at that—the members and their friends monopolizing all the good seats. At the same time the association has depended largely upon outside assistance. Year by year the outside patronage has been dropping off, and the exclusives would have soon been left to listen to the music in solitary glory, had not better counsels prevailed.

At the Handel and Haydn Festival, Theodore Thomas's Orchestra will assist the society. Bach's "Passion Music," and John K. Paine's oratorio of "St. Peter," will be among the works to be performed.

And so Boston is likely to lose Gilmore, if a Saratoga correspondent of the *Boston Journal* is to be believed. New York has captured him. He has entered into an engagement with Col. Porter, of the New York Twenty-Second Regiment, at \$10,000 a year. All the time he is not wanted by the regiment is absolutely his own. He will organize a band of sixty-five members, taking with him from Boston some of the best members of his present band. The Twenty-Second agrees to give the new band one of the most elegant uniforms in the country. During the year Gilmore will give two grand balls at the Academy of Music, and twelve promenade concerts at the armory.

Dr. Tourjee has returned from his sojourn in the Adirondacks with Rev. Mr. Murray. The New England Conservatory will open for the fall and winter season September 15. The institution was never in a more flourishing condition than at the present time. Several important additions have lately been made to the list of teachers, which will tend to increase the effectiveness of the school. The average attendance at the Conservatory has been in past terms no less than six hundred and seventy-two.

The National College of Music, which was started last year by Thomas Ryan, and the other members of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, has suspended operations for lack of sufficient support. The Mendelssohn will make a concert tour through the West this fall. The National College of Music should by no means be confounded with the College of Music founded by the Boston University. The latter is in a very flourishing condition.

The Boston critics have got at loggerheads. The *Commonwealth* man pitched into the writers for the dailies, and one of them replied in a caustic manner. The *Commonwealth* ink-slinger has sought the bubble reputation on the lecture platform as a public reader, and has bored his brethren of the press not a little to obtain favorable "notices." Having "worried" the poor fellows out of these, he turns around and thinks to gain favor with the New York critics (before whom he hopes to appear, doubtless), by telling the Bostonians that they are no great shakes, and that they are vastly inferior in intellectual calibre to their contemporaries in Gotham. What makes the attack all the more aggravated is the fact that the *Commonwealth* has been in the habit in times past of making up its criticisms from those of the daily papers, clipping out whole articles without credit, and passing them off as its own.

A joint stock company of New York and Martha's Vineyard capitalists have arranged to build an opera house at Oak Bluffs. The building is to cost \$16,000, and will accommodate one thousand persons.

A *matinee musicale* was given at the Kiarsarge House, North Conway, N. H., on the 9th inst., in which the following named ladies took part, with very marked success: Miss Lauterbach, soprano of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia; Miss Clough, of Woburn, Mass.; Miss Jennie Taylor; Miss Agnes Kellogg, of Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Corning, of Albany; and Miss Libby, of Portland, Me. Mr. H. P. Chelins, of Boston, the pianist, also assisted.

Mrs. H. M. Smith and Mr. H. C. Barnabee, assisted by Mr. H. M. Smith, the pianist, gave a concert at the Profile House, on the 4th instant.

RANGER.

### The Last Days of Paganini.

His days of speculation and glory were alike numbered. In 1839 he was a dying man. He struggled with indomitable energy against his deadly foe. He now often took up the guitar, which, in the spring-time of his life, had been so intimately associated with his first romantic attachment.

He was a great admirer of Beethoven, and not long before his death, he played one of that master's sublime quartettes, his favorite one, with great energy. In extreme weakness he labored out to hear a requiem of Cherubini for male voices, and soon afterward, with all but his last energies, he insisted upon being conveyed to one of the churches in Marseilles, where he took part in the solemn mass of Beethoven.

His voice was now nearly extinct, and his sleep, that greatest of consolations, was broken up by dreadful fits of coughing; his features began to sink, and he appeared little more than a living skeleton, so excessive and fearful was his emaciation. Still he did not believe in the approach of death. Day by day he grew more restless, and talked of spending the winter at Nice, and he did live on till the spring.

On the night of May 27, 1840, after a protracted paroxysm, he suddenly became strangely tranquil. He sank into a quiet sleep, and awoke refreshed and calm. The air was soft and warm. He desired them to open the windows wide, draw the curtains of his bed, and allow the moon, just rising in the unclouded glory of an Italian sky, to flood his apartment. He sat gazing intently upon it for some minutes, and then again sank drowsily into a fitful sleep. Rousing himself once more, his fine ear caught the sound of the rustling leaves as they were gently stirred by some breath of air outside. In his dying moments this sound of the night-wind in the trees seemed to affect him strangely, and the summer nights on the banks of the Arno long ago, may have flashed back upon his mind, and called up fading memories. But now the Arno was exchanged for the wide Mediterranean Sea, all ablaze with light.

Mozart, in his last moments, pointed to the score of the Requiem, which lay before him on his bed, and his lips were moving, to indicate the effect of kettle-drums in a particular place, as he sank back in a swoon; and it is recorded of Paganini, that on that fair, moonlight night in May, as the last dimness came over his eyes, he stretched out his hand to grasp his faithful friend and companion, his Guarnerius violin, and as he struck its chords once more, and found that it ceased to speak with its old magic power, he himself sank back and expired, like one broken-hearted to find that a little, feeble, confused noise, was all that was now left of those strains that he had created, and the world had worshipped.—*Watson's Art Journal*.

It looks like a settled fact that P. S. Gilmore is to become a New Yorker. The Twenty-second Regiment want him, and think they can afford to pay about \$10,000 a year. We are glad they can do this, and that Mr. Arbuckle, the great cornet player, has become interested in the arrangements, and is to accompany him to his new field of labor.



## The Song Journal.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, SEPTEMBER, 1873.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."  
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,  
 stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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### Music Teaching.

That the teaching of music is a legitimate, a *bona fide* profession, there can be no question, or that it differs in essence from the teaching of any other science is self evident, save that it has established and fixed laws controlling it. There is no disputing the fact, the present seems peculiarly to belong to the musical art. If we consider the prodigious impulse given to music in the last two decades of years in our country, and which has not ceased or diminished at the present, we are surprised at the vast number of good, not to say extraordinary, teachers who have arisen. Going back in our history to the commencement of the time above alluded to, the truly distinguished teachers of music in our country could be counted by the numeration of the fingers upon our hands, but now we are obliged to group our composers and teachers who crowd around us, and divide them, as it were, by masses. The history of the art of music affords no example of development at once so rapid and powerful, so fruitful in taste and universal esteem.

But, after all our boasted progress in music, if we compare the results of the teaching of the present with that of the past, we fear the parallel would be little favorable to the teachers of to day. Whatever merits the teachers of the present possess, may it not be affirmed without injustice that the intelligent readers of music are not being made at the present, with all our boasted genius and development of the science, as by some of the masters of "just twenty years ago?" In the interrogation above do we lay ourselves under the ban of foginess? Well, refute the position, and the concession will be made with due humility.

In our view, music at the present must be regarded something in the condition of the Latin language of the middle ages, spoken by all the *learned* of Europe, and of which nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand did not understand a word. Take our concerts, our operas, in fine, the chamber or parlor entertainments, and it is easy to observe how transitory the impression made upon the listeners, who, for the most part, do not understand the language of the music that greets them. Just as the euphony of a language or dialect not understood gives a feeling of pleasure to those who know nothing of it, so it is with a great majority of musical amateurs. They confess their ignorance, but do not speak with the less enthusiasm. Ask one devoted to music to give you the leading idea of a piece he has played or sung (though in the latter the *words* should dictate in this direction); to point out its varied development, if it has any, the succession of ideas, the connection of the phrases; to translate, in fact, the musical thoughts as he would do a phrase in grammar; and the answer comes back in cold, chilly, measured tones, the key I know, there's a half note, a quarter, an eighth, etc. I can count the

pauses, can play loud when *forte* is written, and touch lightly when *piano* occurs. Adagio is slow, allegro is fast; can cross my hands with dexterity, and play with spirit the *con anima*. But he will think you absurd and foolish if you talk of musical syntax. And what is the reason of all this, at a time when analysis seems to enter into every bone, artery, sinew and muscle of the art, and its astonishing progress is heralded on every tongue? We do not hesitate to say that it is owing to a radical defect in the instruction of children. The blame, right here, must be divided, perhaps, between parents and teachers. Parents, in nine cases in ten, have not that control over the education of their children in this respect as formerly. The present generation of children and youth have the mind of the past to think for them in their text books; and so of the teachers (for they are children of older growth), nine-tenths of them in their instructions give us simply duplicating the ideas of predecessors, whether adapted to the wants of pupils or not. Now, putting the two causes together, and adding a third of no mean importance in our subject, the *haste* desired on the part of parents for their children to play, that thereby they may amuse, edify and distinguish themselves; who cannot see that disappointment and trouble lurk somewhere? Who ever thinks of asking, "How can a pupil perform a piece of music he does not understand?" "How can he acquire a style, when he does not know the meaning of a musical phrase?" "How can he be a musician, without a knowledge of its elemental principles, harmony and counterpoint?"

Thus it is that the majority of young people read very badly, accompany and perform very badly; and so it will be until musical studies shall commence with a good course of solfeggio in vocal, and truthful fingering in instrumental, and a thorough and systematic study of harmony, the foundation of the whole superstructure, the orthography and syntax of music. This latter study, so repulsive and objectionable to many, we say, in conclusion, is one of the most interesting and fascinating when rightly presented, because of the development of principles in music which can never be rightly understood nor fully appreciated without its acquaintance. We hope, however, that an age producing so many great geniuses, will some fine day bring to light an Aristotle in harmony and counterpoint.

### The Coming Musical Season.

It has appeared to us, for a time past, that the old saw, "It's always darkest just before day," and other omens indicative of future development in the movements in the clink of artists upon the keyboards of future practice to be pursued by them indicate something beyond the music of the old spinet, with, Beethoven-like, an old cloak thrown upon the strings to muffle their natural vibrations, lest they disturb the dwellers in adjacent apartments. On the contrary, if we live to see the middle of October and November next, the song-birds, operatic and dramatic, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will be as difficult to enumerate as the sparrows in Central Park a few years ago, and their chattering (music, we mean), when analyzed, will, to the masses of listeners, be just about as intelligible as that of the birds above alluded to.

As the time is fast approaching when what above alluded to is to be consummated, it is not invidious to specify. Therefore, first and foremost, we name the Strakosch Grand Italian Opera Company. For numerical strength, wide-spread reputation and surpassing excellence of the artists, the simple announcement of them will furnish a sufficient guarantee. Here they are:

Mme. Christina Nilsson, Mlle. Ostave Torriani, Mlle. Maresi, Miss Anne Louisa Cary, Signor Italo Campanini, Mons. Victor Capoul, Signor Bonfratelli, Signor Del Puente, Signor Mamel and Signor

Nanetti. Conductors—Signor Muzio, Herr Nuen-dorff and Mr. Behrens; also, a very large and efficient orchestra, a full and selected chorus and *corps de ballet*. This company commence their campaign in New York, on September 29th, where they remain ten weeks; thence to Philadelphia, December 8th, one week; thence to Baltimore and Richmond; Cincinnati, December 29th; St. Louis, January 5th, 1874; Chicago, two weeks, commencing January 12th; afterwards Louisville, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Buffalo, Boston early in February, returning to New York for a spring season, immediately after their season in Boston. The above we learn from *Watson's Art Journal*. We had hoped the little "City of the Straits" would receive a call from this distinguished troupe of artists, but suppose we must acquiesce in the passage by us as unworthy of even a "morning call" or exchange of cards.

### Enigmas in Life's Journey.

We do not like to throw smoke, dust, or anything in the eyes of any fellow traveler in life's pilgrimage, friend or foe; but all have the flats and sharps of life to encounter. Emperor, king, *sine*, or subject in the song of life being sung, its all the same. Some sail in smooth, untruffled seas through the natural progressions of the scale, never encountering anything beyond the sub-dominant and dominant chords. Others are continually being thrown from the key, by the influence which surrounds, perhaps beyond control, save the will which should guide them. Here a sharp, sunny and bright, the tendency of which is upward; there a flat, sombre and dark, the converse of the sharp. And so nine-tenths of the world are vacillating between flat and sharp throughout the journey of life, but all striving for the key, HAPPINESS, which is *natural*.

Now, if what we declare be truth (and we are sure it is), the question arises, why is it so? If there is a sharp half-tone, a flat half-tone, and a natural half-tone, and all three different, why? The answer to this query is found only in the fact that nature's works are perfect, while aught besides is imperfect. Any other solution of this problem is far beyond the ken of human wisdom. God's laws are unalterable, and the hypothecations of reasonings in this direction lead only to confusion and trouble. Let the truth, then, be spoken in regard to the divine art of music, let its principles in analysis which are firm and abiding, be the center and controlling guide of thoughts and actions, and the modulations throughout the different pathways of life's journey will be strewn by many sweet flowers, and cheered by melodies happy and joyous.

### Our Old Scrap-Book.

In turning over the pages of this precious old book a few days since, our eyes rested on the following announcement, taken from a Boston paper:

"JONAS CHICKERING

"Respectfully gives notice to his friends and the public that, having recovered from the late disastrous effects produced by the destruction of his factory, he is now ready to receive orders for PIANOS, which he promises to execute with as much faithfulness and promptitude as heretofore—397 Washington St., Boston; March 5th, 1853."

Who will deny that this is a precious remembrance? Just twenty years ago last spring the devouring flames swept away in a few hours the labor and toils for years of this good man. Yet, with the indomitable energy and perseverance which attended him hitherto, the breach was repaired, and all "righted up"—so to speak—for the glorious destiny of his world-renowned piano. Two decades have passed, and a much more disastrous fire has fallen upon his children, and yet the same firm and determined will to rise superior to these adverse waves of fortune dominate, a sure index that ere long the banner of success will float in triumph over every reverse and misfortune.



THE REV. J. P. THOMPSON—Formerly the popular pastor of the Tabernacle Church, in New York, but now in Europe, in a letter to the *Independent*, speaks thus in relation to Liszt's new oratorio of "Christus," recently brought out at Weimar, which he heard, and gives so favorable an opinion of its intrinsic merits. We hope some of our choral societies, or Normal Schools, will take this oratorio in hand the coming season, and bring it out, with the perfection we are competent to present it; being, as it doubtless is, one of the finest productions of the age:

"Liszt is the hero, almost the divinity of Weimar, as Goethe was in his day. The Court honors him, the musicians worship him, the people are proud of him; and when he brings out some new work under his personal direction, artists, princes and *dilettanti* resort to Weimar, from all parts of Germany, from England, Austria and Russia, to attend upon the festival and to do homage to the genius of the composer. Liszt knows well how to maintain his position with a courtly and serene dignity. His appearance commands respect and admiration. His long gray hair sets off finely a brow that seems formed for a sculptor, and which chiseled in marble might be taken for a classical antique. His tall and stately figure, clothed in a long black frock of his order, suggests some venerable dignitary of the church. His manners are the perfection of the gentleman; and when he is animated in conversation, or when he feels the inspiration of a musical theme and runs his fingers over the keys of the piano, his mouth and eyes kindle with a bewitching smile, that blends the freshness and fervor of youth with the graceful composure of the conscious master of his art. Nothing could be more amiable than his courtesy to strangers who are favorably introduced, and to all who show that cultivation in music which makes it the instrument and expression of the higher and finer emotions of the soul. But there is a lurking lightning in his eyes which is said occasionally to break forth in flashes of displeasure, of satire, or of ridicule that no mortal need care to provoke a second time.

"If, like most men of genius, Liszt is sometimes moody, sometimes irritable, it is also due to himself and his position that he should not submit to be annoyed by persons who attempt to impose upon his time or to make capital out of his name. Hence those who come to him for the reputation of being his pupils, or with the idea of engaging his services, must not complain if they get decidedly snubbed. It ought to be everywhere understood that now-a-days Liszt is in no sense an instructor in music nor a professor of his art. He takes no 'pupils,' gives no 'lessons,' and, above all, receives no fees; and any attempt to negotiate with him as a teacher would be sure to debar the applicant from those privileges which his courtesy might otherwise accord. A king in the musical world, Liszt uses his royal gifts right royally. Too generous to accumulate money, and content with the fixed, though moderate income of his position, he devotes his time to musical composition and to the gratuitous encouragement of younger artists who meet his approbation. Mere amateurs would intrude on him in vain; but one who is well introduced as intending to make music a profession, and as having already developed a promising talent, may be complimented with an invitation to play before him. If the trial exhibits something more than technical excellence or mechanical proficiency, something of a soulful appreciation and interpretation of the most classical works, Liszt may give a few cordial words, and honor the visitor by an invitation to come again; and so, by degrees, one may be initiated into a select circle, who go by invitation two or three afternoons a week, to Liszt's apartments, to play before him, to hear his comments, and, occasionally, perhaps, to hear his touch. And so, with a princely munificence, the great master dispenses his gifts, without solicitation and without compensation, to those

whom he deems worthy of such encouragement. Seldom, now, does he give *seances*, and then only to a select circle of friends. To ask him to play is not permitted, even at Court. When he pleases, he gives."

#### A Loving Daughter.

A good daughter!—there you have it. Other ministries of love and affection may develop and become conspicuous around the hearth-stone, in the home-circle, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond.

Estimates are formed by parents of the worth of children in their endeavors to add to their comforts; but, after all, there is no such thing as the estimated affection of a parent for a dutiful, loving daughter. There is little which a parent needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good daughter has not been given. A son's occupations and pleasures carry him more abroad, and he lives more among temptations, which hardly permit the affection, that is following him, perhaps, over half the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, till the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parents' house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of the happy fireside. She is the morning sunlight, and the evening star. The grace and vivacity and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over the spirits of her parents. The lessons of recorded wisdom which are read in her eyes, come to mind with a new charm as they blend with the sweet and flowing melody of her voice. They scarcely know weariness which her sweet songs do not dissipate, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle nurse in sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending, but all-expressive proofs of love. And, then, what a cheerful sharer is she, and what an able lightener of a mother's cares! what an ever-present delight and triumph to a mother's affection!

#### The "Almighty Dollar."

The sudden acquisition of confederated energy by a once looked upon powerless class of community—the mechanic and artisan in our country—is an event not a little remarkable, and while we may regard it as the legitimate effect of our institutions, and the improvements which have been made in the science of education, cannot but be looked upon as destined to exert a momentous influence upon our future destiny as a nation. There are those now living—nay, in the freshness of a serene maturity—who recollect the contempt showered down from every point of the compass upon him, young or old, that did not fulfil his pecuniary obligations. That there is a wide departure from this at the present, is a truth which none can gainsay or dispute. Antiquity, from her garnered storehouse of experience, furnishes no information of the probable results of this, save in the disastrous anarchy which must inevitably follow the want of control in principle and right, which should ever dominate in the acts which control the conduct of every man.

The great defect in the present system of education is this: they do not teach our youth to reflect, to turn their attention inward, to exercise fearlessly their own understandings, and govern themselves according to their own consciences. Hence, in a majority of cases, young men have in reality no character, no fixed principles, no stability of purpose, but are the creatures of circumstances, knowing no difference between reputation, or the opinions which are entertained of them by others, and char-

acter itself, which is a man's essence. To such, the lofty principle which Sallust declares to have been the governing rule of Cato, "*ESE QUAM VIDERI*!"—*To be rather than to seem*—is frigid and unearthly stoicism. They appear to live on the sentiment which Horace of old, in compliment, addressed to his friend, and are so much the creatures of other people's opinions, that no one can place an hour's reliance upon them. They are like the drunken tinker "Sly," in the induction to Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," who being taken up while asleep from the gutter into which he had rolled from his cups, and carried into a palace, placed upon a sumptuous couch, surrounded by obsequious attendants, and on waking addressed as "*My lord*," was fool enough to forswear, as a sickly dream, his former low lived adventures, and believe himself indeed a lord. They know themselves only from the lips of others, and the thermometrical gauge deciding the standing they occupy is the dollars controlled by them.

Great efforts are necessary and should be made to remedy this evil, to inspire young men with a spirit of *mental independence*, and thereby give them force of character, and arm them with a moral courage to everything invulnerable but fear of sin.

#### Who Originated Opera Bouffe.

The claim made for Offenbach that he invented *opera-bouffe*, and the allegation that he never forsook any other style for his present one, are both quite unfounded. M. Offenbach, says the *London Athenaeum*, after studying in the Conservatoire in Paris, completed his musical education in his own country, Germany. He returned to Paris as a violoncellist of the classical school, in 1842. He was a disciple of Bach and Beethoven, Haydn and Handel, Mozart and Mendelssohn—hence his orchestral acquirements. When he was nominated conductor at the Théâtre Française, it was as a classic. It was only when he became master at his own theatre (the Bouffes-Parisiens) that he began to be a musical parodist, beginning with La Fontaine's Fables. This was in 1855; but in December, 1849, M. Ambroise Thomas, as we have often said, originated *opera-bouffe* in its present form, by the production of "*Le Caid*," which made his name, and also that of Madame Ugdale. Every burlesque notion of M. Offenbach is subsequent in date to the "*Caid*;" but he is the classic who has turned parodist, while M. Thomas is the parodist who is now a classic, for has he not given us, after his own fashion, "*Hamlet*" and "*Mignon*?" and is he not now the successor to Cherubini and Auber as Principal of the Paris Conservatoire? M. Offenbach is not, therefore, the founder of the *opera-bouffe* school, nor can M. Hervé, M. Emile Jonas, M. Léo Delibes, and M. Lecoq be fairly charged with being imitators of M. Offenbach. They, as he has done, have simply followed in the wake of M. Ambroise Thomas, and the latter has only been an imitator of the Italian and Spanish burlesque operatic composers.—*Home Journal*.

#### The Amateur.

This sterling musical journal has just changed its editor. Mr. Clark introduces himself in a modest and appropriate manner, having, as he says, "procured a sharp pair of scissors, a new pen, and multitudinous exchanges, feels confident of distinguishing himself." That hopes fondly anticipated, may be fully realized, we believe, for he knows how to use that new pen, and, doubtless his sharp scissors will cut and slash, right and left, causing the musical literature to stand aside and tremble at every charge. This conclusion we arrive at from the announcement of its publishers, and trust the fifty thousand subscribers for 1874 will be forthcoming, for the *Amateur* is worthy a destiny to which it modestly aspires.



### "Lay Down the Shubble and de Hoe."

We are not melancholy or hypochondriacal in disposition, though the August summer is upon us. The flowers bloom in beauty and loveliness, as in "sweet and sunny June." The quiet as it is here to-day, with nothing but green and blue in sight—the fields, the woods and the sky, and no sound of carpentry, save the hammering on tree trunks of worthies in red caps, and songs of many birds and insects that God has taught to sing in their life's brief round—the promptings of their nature. These are the King of Kings' trumpeters, serenading the subjects made in His own image, and teaching them lessons, properly applied, derived from no other source.

But *man*, the noblest and most perfect of all His creations, endowed with instincts, reason and capacity of analysis in animate and inanimate creation, says, "lay down the shubble and de hoe" in August, and hie away to the sea-shore, to the mountain's lofty peak. Get out beyond the busy, toilsome, irksome routine of daily toil, and there rejuvenate—there form your plans for coming labor and usefulness in the future advancement of life's journey. Now all this talk sounds sweet and pretty. There is a truly lovely and fascinating influence thrown over and around it sufficiently strong to cause most any one to start immediately. Let us look at it.

I'm a lawyer. The courts are all adjourned; my suits therein are continued; clients are busy at home in other matters, and depending upon the judicious management of their case on—me.

I'm a doctor. No prevalent epidemic; blessed with health in our city; still have two or three patients which can't be left.

I'm a minister of the gospel. Well, our church must be repaired; the carpets removed and cleaned; the organ wants tuning, and, in fact, it's difficult to tell whether we will have a precursor to lead the music of the church, a quartet choir, congregational singing—or what we'll do. I'll hie away to the mountains or to the sea-shore to reflect upon and study up this vitally important subject.

I'm a farmer. It's no time for me to leave; my hay, my wheat is all garnered; my wool is sold and money for the same in the bank, still I cannot leave, for there's work to be done for future seeding, and the autumnal harvests are almost here.

I'm an editor. The devil stands at our elbow for copy. The mercury is ninety-five in the shade, and we have been bobbing and scratching for subjects, ideas, items and matters of interest to the reader, till thirty-six gray hairs are added to the cranium, and the scissors warble in minor tones the requiem, an accompaniment to which can be sung only by the mosquitos and flies continually calling for recognition and proper attention. Now, if we color the theme in hand, we can only say, "Lay down the shubble and de hoe," and never attempt to handle them in June.

### Music and its Claims.

If knowledge be medicine for the soul, according to the famous inscription on the Egyptian library, it seems as much to concern us to obtain it genuine, as to procure unadulterated medicine for the body. To say that the grave and the wise of the present will pronounce this heresy, or that the intelligent and refined will endeavor to substantiate its truth, is a problem yet to be solved practically, with all our boasted intelligence and progress.

Perhaps the grave and the wise may regard music as a frivolous and enervating luxury; but who, or where is he who will attempt to show that it is the only one of the arts which cannot corrupt the mind? Is it a charming resource in an idle hour? Does its hallowing influence dispel the gloominess of sorrow in the mind overcast with clouds of trouble, from whatever source they may arise? Are feelings of

exultation and joy kindled and made redolent by its truly magic influence? It is true the sour and the worldly will say, it's all very well for the rich and luxurious part of the world, but what is its use to the rest of mankind? This latter interrogation is already indirectly answered above, in the happyifying influence it exerts in all circumstances and conditions in life. Wipe out the music of the world by all God's creation, animate and inanimate, and what a gloomy, desolate world this would be!

Had we the pen of a "ready writer," if the lore of the sages of music in past ages were at our command, it seems to us we could present our theme in a light commanding, telling strongly upon its future destiny. But to assume gifts in this direction, to tell of its influence and workings through the cycles of its eventful history, to point with unerring truthfulness to the stars that have shone with resplendent brilliancy and lustre amid the constellations of its pathway, requires a pen or quill firmer than that used by the signers of our declaration of independence, because it attestates that instrument, and reaches in its influence far beyond it. In the beautiful language of one of our sweetest poets, we say:

"Music! a blessed angel she was born,  
Within the palace of the King of kings,  
A favorite near His throne. In that glad child  
Of love and joy, he made their spirits one,  
And her the heir of everlasting life.  
When His bright hosts would give Him highest praise,  
They send her forward with her dulcet voice,  
To pour her holy rapture in their ears.  
When the young earth to being started forth,  
Music lay sleeping in the bower of heaven.

"When suddenly  
A shout of joy from all the sons of God,  
Rang through His courts; and the thrilling call:  
Wake, sister Music, wake! and hail with us,  
A new-created sphere!  
She woke; she rose;  
She moved among the morning stars, and gave  
The birth-song of a world.

"Since that blessed hour,  
Whilst heaven is still her home, Music has ne'er  
This darkened world forsaken. She delights,  
Though man may lose or keep the paths of peace,  
To cheer, to soothe, to light and warm his heart,  
And lend her wings to waft him to the skies."

### Stray Thoughts.

"I WILL" is usually to do.

MAN is a coward to disown His God.

THE Master did not intend us for mere "things."

To tread upon other people's toes is to injure our own.

BIRDS without plumage are not fascinating objects.

It is dangerous business to handle frosty irons with wet fingers.

WHEN a little discouraged, we catch a glimpse of the "hope star," and then take a new start.

COULD we but leap out of self in this life, it would be better for us, and more profitable in the life to come.

WE bear the second trial of life with less complaint than the first, and the third with less than the second.

WERE men to throw off the garb of "religion," and don the spotless robe of *Christianity*, this world of ours would be the better for it.

THERE are two cranks to the wheel of life—one grinds out the bright side, one the shadowy. We are apt to get hold of the wrong crank.—*Selected.*

### Quantity and Quality.

The fatal mistake of sober Boston, that the worth of an art enterprise is gauged by the fuss that attends it, and that music is dependent upon the number who engage in it for its efficiency, undoubtedly had something to do with the success of the Cincinnati Festival.

Monster musical festivals, if we mistake not, are said to have originated with Handel, in 1784. In 1836, Mendelssohn led five hundred and thirty-six

performers, and, ten years later, led his own "Elijah" with a chorus of seven hundred before him. In 1862 a chorus of four thousand voices sang together at the Crystal Palace, in London, and, in 1868, Costa led four thousand five hundred in the same building. So the mammoth concerts continued to steadily grow larger and more multitudinous until the unsatisfactory results of the Peace Jubilee, held in Boston in 1873, demonstrated that the further progress in multitudinous music was neither practicable nor desirable.

To be an artistic success, the sublimity of a grand chorus must be oral, not visual, and the commendable retrogression by the managers of the Cincinnati affair, in favor of a limitation of material and greater certainty of effects, led to the successful issue of the undertaking, musically and financially. —*The Musical Echo.*

### Death of A. U. Hayter.

We are called upon to chronicle the death of another of Boston's distinguished musicians, whose name appears above. Mr. Hayter was an Englishman by birth, the son of Samuel Hayter, an eminent organist of the Established Church, born in 1799, and from early childhood was distinguished for his love of and proficiency in music. In 1835 he came to New York, and accepted the position of organist of Grace Church, which he filled for two years, when he was called to the organ of Trinity Church, in Boston, where he remained for more than a quarter of a century. In 1839, Mr. Hayter was elected organist of the Handel and Haydn Society, which position he occupied until 1845. In July, 1862, while playing the morning service in his church, he was suddenly stricken with paralysis, from which he never recovered. For more than ten years he has been shut out from the activities of life by the malady which terminated in his death, on the 28th of July last.

As a musician, Mr. Hayter evinced little talent as a composer, but exhibited rare tact and taste in arranging and adapting good and suitable music for the Episcopal Church. His strength and power lay in his skill as an organist, which he possessed in a degree rarely equalled, and perhaps never excelled by any organist of his or the present time.

### Obituary.

In the death of Mr. George Hews, which occurred last month, another of the old musical landmarks of Boston has been removed. He has for many years been intimately associated with the interests of music in that city, and filled the positions of teacher, player, composer, and, later in life, piano manufacturer. For many years he was organist of the Old Brattle Street Church, and one of the oldest members of the Handel and Haydn Society. He is the author of many popular and pleasing compositions, sacred and secular, much admired and in common use, tending to make his name known among musical people for many years past. He was of a genial disposition, gentlemanly—though modest and retiring—and enjoyed a good and enviable reputation for business management.

### To Correspondents.

We have received several communications too late for present issue. We respectfully repeat again, that all communications from *teachers, leaders of conventions*, and all interested in movements of local interests, questions in harmony, or any other interests upon which information is desired, must be in hand on the 15th of the month. Also, to advertisers, to insure insertion in the next issue hereafter. No communications returned without specific arrangements for the same. Our regular correspondents are limited to the 20th. The above should be duly noted by our friends who wish to communicate with editor, or publishers of the Song Journal.





# ONLY A LOCK OF HAIR.

Words by the Hon: Mrs. G. R. GIFFORD.  
*Andante Moderato.*

Music by CLARIBEL.

*mp*

*espress.*  
On - ly a spark from

*rit.* *p*

love's dear shrine, Whose al - tar fires are dead . . . . .  
*Sea...*

On - ly a tress, whose silk - en sheen Once  
*Sea...*

*cresc.*

crown'd a love - - ly head . . . . . On - ly a

*string.*

to - - ken, wrapp'd a - way, Of hap - - pier days that

*espress.*

were . . . . . Long van - ish'd from my wist - - ful

*f*

*pp*

gaze, On - ly a lock of hair! . . . . .



First system of a musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef) with whole rests, and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass clefs). The piano part features a continuous eighth-note pattern in the bass line and chords in the treble line.

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "On - ly one link a". Above the vocal staff, the instruction *espress.* is written. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. A *rit.* (ritardando) marking is placed above the piano staff, and a *p* (piano) dynamic marking is placed below it.

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "link of gold. Be - tween the past and me. . . .". Above the vocal staff, the instruction *Sra.* is written. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

Fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "On ten - der leaf - - let, flut - - t'ring still Up -". Above the vocal staff, the instruction *Sra.* is written. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

*cresc.*

... a blight - - of tree . . . . . On - ly a

*string.*

re - - lie, dim with tears, Of what was once so

*espress.*

fair . . . . . The in - - a so sweet of life in

*f*

*p*

death. On - ly a lock of hair! . . . . .

*p*



*mp*

*espress.*  
Of what was once my  
*rit.* *p*

*f*  
all in all, But these *Sea*-sad links re-main, . . .

*Sea...*  
To bind me, now and e-ver-more, With -

*espress.*

- in their silk - - en chain ..... Poor to - ken

*string.*

of a fa - ded past, Dim re - lie once so

*espress.*

fair ..... To lie up - on my lone - ly

*f*

*p*

heart, On - ly a lock of hair! .....

*p*

ONLY A LOCK OF HAIR.



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# AN EVENING REVERIE.

H. W. FAIRBANKS.

*Moderato.*

*p*  
*Introduction.*

The introduction consists of two staves in 3/4 time. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes repeat signs.

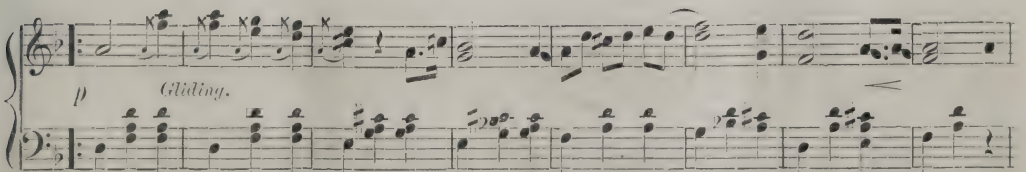
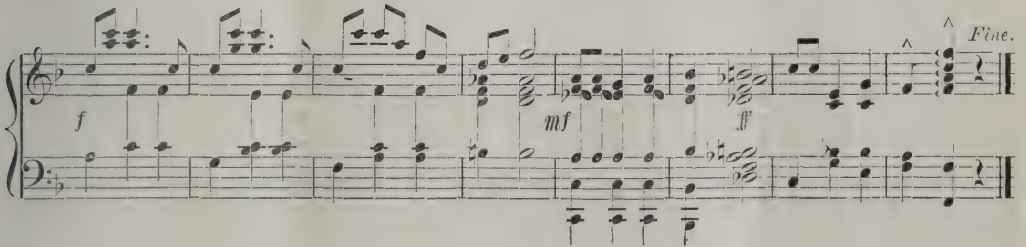
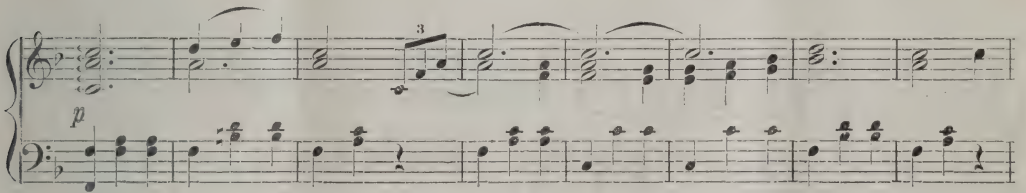
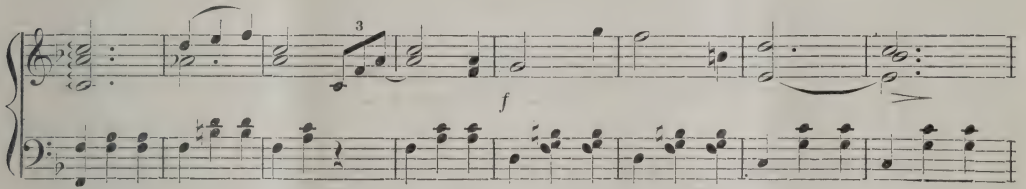
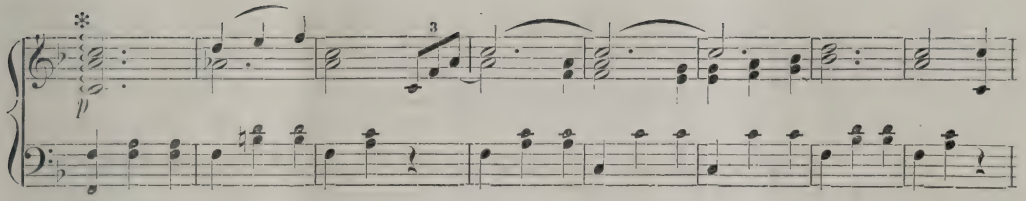
*TEMA.*

The first system of the theme spans two staves. The right hand has a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes. The left hand has a steady accompaniment. The dynamic is piano (*p*).

The second system continues the theme. It includes a triplet in the right hand and a dynamic change to forte (*f*). The system concludes with a first and second ending bracket.

The third system continues the theme. The right hand features a melodic line with a grace note. The left hand has a consistent accompaniment. The dynamic is forte (*f*).

The fourth system concludes the theme. It includes a dynamic change to piano (*p*) and a *Ritard.* (ritardando) marking. The piece ends with a repeat sign.







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| Little Moonbeam Schottisch. 2. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | Beluk. 30      |
| Little Nellie's Waltz and Galop. 1. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Louis. 30      |
| Little Puss Waltz. 2. C. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | Louis. 30      |
| *Little Rogue's Waltz. 2. F. (5½ Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | Prézel. 35     |
| *Little Romp Quickstep. 2. F. (4 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | Harmistoun. 35 |
| Lively Quickstep. 2. A. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | Becht. 30      |
| Lone Rock by the Sea Waltz. 2. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | Mack. 20       |
| Longing for Home. 3. F. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | Kinkel. 35     |
| *Louise's Waltz. 3. F. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | Kinkel. 35     |
| Louisa Miller. 3. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | Wheeler. 30    |
| Louie's Chiding Polka. 2. F. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | Becht. 30      |
| Loving Eyes. 2. G. (4 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | Harmistoun. 30 |
| Lucia March. 2. G. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | Berger. 30     |
| Lucia di Lammermoor. 3. G. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | Goote. 30      |
| Lucia di Lammermoor. 3. C. (4 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | La Hache. 30   |
| Lucresia Borgia. 3. G. (5½ Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | Goote. 30      |
| Lucresia Borgia. 3. C. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | La Hache. 30   |
| Lucresia Waltz. 2. G. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | Berger. 30     |
| Macon Polka. 3. F. (4 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 25             |
| Magic Polka. 2. D. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | Louis. 30      |
| Mail of the Mill Polka. 4. A. F. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | Mack. 20       |
| Marianna. 3. F. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | Goote. 30      |
| Marianna. 3. C. (5½ Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | Wheeler. 30    |
| Martina No. 1. (6 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | Goote. 30      |
| Martina No. 2. (5½ Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | Goote. 30      |
| Martina. 3. F. (4 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | La Hache. 30   |
| Martina. 3. C. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | Wheeler. 30    |
| Mary's Dream Waltz. 2. G. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | Smith. 30      |
| Mary's Waltz. 1. C. (4 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Wyman. 30      |
| Masaniello. 3. D. (5½ Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | Goote. 30      |
| *Masked Battery Schottisch. 3. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | Prézel. 35     |
| *Matinee des Oiseaux. 3. G. (5½ Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | Bowman. 35     |
| *May Breeze Waltz. 3. G. (5½ Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | Wyman. 30      |
| *May Day Waltz. 3. G. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | Wyman. 30      |
| *May Morning Waltz. 2. G. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | Smith. 30      |
| *May Queen Mazurka. 3. A. (5½ Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | Smith. 30      |
| *May Rose Galop. 2. G. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | Becht. 30      |
| *Meadow Fun Waltz. 2. G. (6 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | Prézel. 35     |
| Medley Waltz. 2. F. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Freiligh. 35   |
| Melodious Fountain Polka. 2. (4 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | Beluk. 30      |
| *Merriest Girl that's out. Var. 3. E. Rudolphson. 30                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                |
| *Merry Polka. 2. G. (4 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Berger. 30     |
| Met by Chance Schottisch. 2. G. (4 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | Beluk. 30      |
| *Misses Jinks. Var. 3. C.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | Rudolphson. 30 |
| Mignonette March. 3. G. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | Wagner. 30     |
| Mollie's Delight Waltz. 3. G.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Kinkel. 30     |
| Montecchi e Capuletti. 4. A. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | Mack. 40       |
| Morning Galop. 2. G. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | Wyman. 30      |
| *Morning Glory Galop. 3. G. (5 Oct.).....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Becht. 35      |

|                                                 |                |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| *Morning Glory Mazurka. 3. (5½ Oct.).....       | Becht. 35      |
| *Morning Glory Polka. 3. D. (5½ Oct.).....      | Becht. 35      |
| *Morning Glory Quickstep. 4. (5½ Oct.).....     | Becht. 35      |
| *Morning Glory Schottisch. 4. G.....            | Becht. 35      |
| *Morning Glory Waltz. 3. A. (4 Oct.).....       | Becht. 35      |
| Money Musk. Var. 3. G. (4 Oct.).....            | Rudolphson. 30 |
| Moss-Rose Polka. 3. F. (5 Oct.).....            | Becht. 30      |
| Mountain Belle Schottisch. Var. 4. F. Beluk. 30 |                |
| Mountain Spring Waltz. 1. C. (4 Oct.).....      | Berger. 30     |
| My Angel Waltz. 3. G. (5 Oct.).....             | Smith. 30      |
| My Heart and Lute. 3. F. (5½ Oct.).....         | Pettitola. 30  |
| My Pretty Louise Waltz. 2. C. (5 Oct.).....     | Louis. 30      |
| My Southern Sunny Home. Var. 2. (5 Oct.).....   | La Hache. 30   |
| My Mother's Waltz. 2. G. (5 Oct.).....          | Becht. 30      |
| Natalie Schottisch. 2. (4 Oct.).....            | Berger. 30     |
| Natalie Waltz. 3. G. (5 Oct.).....              | Burl. 35       |
| Natalie Waltz. 3. C. (5 Oct.).....              | La Hache. 30   |
| Near the Banks of that lone River. 3. C.....    | 20             |
| Nightingale Schottisch. 2. G. (5 Oct.).....     | Becht. 30      |
| Nina Polka. 2. G. (5 Oct.).....                 | Berger. 30     |
| *Nonpareil Galop. 2. G. (4 Oct.).....           | Bowman. 35     |
| Nonpareil Quickstep. 2. C. (5 Oct.).....        | Becht. 30      |
| Nora O'Neil. Rondo. 2. F. (5 Oct.).....         | Mack. 20       |
| Norma No. 1 March. 3. D. (5 Oct.).....          | Goote. 30      |
| Norma No. 2 March. 3. D. (5½ Oct.).....         | Goote. 30      |
| Norma. 3. C and F. (5½ Oct.).....               | La Hache. 30   |
| Norma. 3. G. (5 Oct.).....                      | Wyber. 30      |
| Nosegay Schottisch. 2. F. (5½ Oct.).....        | Goote. 30      |
| Nymph Waltz. 1. C. (4 Oct.).....                | Beluk. 30      |

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| Old Oak Tree March. 2. C and F. (4 Oct.).....         | Mack. 20       |
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| *Oriole Quickstep. 3. E. (4 Oct.).....                | Bowman. 35     |
| Orpheus Galop. 3. C. (5 Oct.).....                    | Burgmuller. 30 |
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| Paul Galop. 2. C. (4 Oct.).....                       | Wyman. 30      |
| Peri Waltzes. 3. F. (5 Oct.).....                     | La Hache. 30   |
| *Pet Schottisch. 2. C. (5 Oct.).....                  | Harmistoun. 35 |
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| Pop goes the Weasel. Var. 3. G.....                   | Rudolphson. 30 |
| Popping in Polka. 2. G. (4 or 5 Oct.).....            | Beluk. 30      |
| Popping the Question Waltz. 2. (5 Oct.).....          | La Hache. 30   |
| *Pretty Blue Forget Me Not. 3. C. (5½ Oct.).....      | Goote. 30      |
| Colored Picture. 2. G. (6 Oct.).....                  | Dressler. 30   |
| Pretty Little Maiden. 3. G. (6 Oct.).....             | Dressler. 30   |
| Pretty Little Sarah. Var. 3. G.....                   | Rudolphson. 30 |
| Priscilla Polka. 3. F. (4 Oct.).....                  | Becht. 30      |
| Promenade Quickstep. 2. G.....                        | Goote. 30      |
| Propheet. 4. E. (5 Oct.).....                         | Mack. 50       |
| Puritani. 4. D.....                                   | Kinkel. 30     |
| Puritani. 4. D. (5½ Oct.).....                        | Mack. 50       |
| Recess Quickstep. 3. C. (5 Oct.).....                 | Goote. 30      |

|                                                 |                |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| Recreation Schottisch. 3. C. (4 Oct.).....      | Reden. 30      |
| Red Bird Schottisch. 2. F. (4 Oct.).....        | Bowman. 35     |
| Red Bird Waltz. 2. C. (5 Oct.).....             | Becht. 30      |
| Red, White, and Blue March. 3. C. (5 Oct.)..... | Becht. 30      |
| Ricci Waltz. 2. C. (4 Oct.).....                | Rauch. 30      |
| Rigoletto. 4. G.....                            | Kinkel. 30     |
| Rigoletto. 4. C. (6 Oct.).....                  | Mack. 40       |
| Robin Red Breast. 3. F. (4 Oct.).....           | Becht. 30      |
| Rose Bower. 2. D. (5 Oct.).....                 | Harmistoun. 30 |
| *Rose Bud Quickstep. 2. C. (5 Oct.).....        | Becht. 35      |
| *Rose Bud Schottisch. 3. G. (5 Oct.).....       | Becht. 35      |
| *Rose Bud Waltz. 3. F. (6 Oct.).....            | Becht. 35      |
| Rosemary Waltz. 3. C. (4 Oct.).....             | Wagner. 30     |
| Rose Polka. 1. G. (5 Oct.).....                 | Sorge. 30      |
| Rose Queen Polka. 3. C. (4 Oct.).....           | Becht. 30      |
| Rose (La) Variations. 3. G. (5½ Oct.).....      | Mack. 40       |
| Rosy Lips Polka Mazurka. 3. F. (5 Oct.).....    | Kinkel. 30     |
| *Rosy Lips Waltz. 2. G. (5½ Oct.).....          | Harmistoun. 35 |
| Run for Life Quickstep. 2. G. (5½ Oct.).....    | Becht. 30      |
| Russian Grand March. Var. 3. C. (5 Oct.).....   | Beluk. 45      |
| Rye Quickstep. 2. F. (4 Oct.).....              | Goote. 30      |
| Sailor's Waltz. 2. C. (4 or 5 Oct.).....        | Beluk. 30      |
| Saints Lullaby. 2. F. (5 Oct.).....             | La Hache. 30   |
| *School Girl's Waltz. 3. G. (5 Oct.).....       | Prézel. 35     |
| Seminary Waltz. 3. G. (4 Oct.).....             | Reden. 30      |
| Sensation Schottisch. 3. G. (5 Oct.).....       | Becht. 30      |
| Sensation Waltz. 2. G. (4 Oct.).....            | Becht. 30      |
| Seraphine Waltz. 2. G. (5 Oct.).....            | Lampard. 30    |
| Sitter Cloud Schottisch. 3. B. (4 Oct.).....    | Pacher. 30     |
| Sitter Lake Schottisch. 3. C.....               | Organ. 35      |
| Sitter Lake Waltz. 3. C. Var.....               | Rudolphson. 30 |
| Sitter Moonbeam Schottisch. 2. G. (5 Oct.)..... | Becht. 30      |
| Silver Spring Polka. 2. F.....                  | Goote. 30      |
| *Sky-Lark Schottisch. 2. C. (4 Oct.).....       | Bowman. 35     |
| *Sky-Lark Waltz. 2. G. (5 Oct.).....            | Becht. 30      |
| Snake-Ball Schottisch. 2. C. (4 Oct.).....      | Beluk. 30      |
| Soiree Waltz. 3. F. (4 Oct.).....               | Reden. 30      |
| Sonnambula. 3. G. (5 Oct.).....                 | Goote. 30      |
| Sonnambula. 3. G. (5 Oct.).....                 | La Hache. 30   |
| Sonnambula. 3. C.....                           | Weber. 30      |
| Sorosis Polka. 4. C. (5 Oct.).....              | Stevens. 30    |
| Sparkling Flower Polka. 3. G. (4 Oct.).....     | Beluk. 30      |
| Sparkling Mazurka. 3. A. (6 Oct.).....          | Goote. 30      |
| *Spray Mazurka. 2. F. (4 Oct.).....             | Bowman. 35     |
| Standard March. 2. C. (5 Oct.).....             | Goote. 30      |
| Star-Spangled Banner. 2. C.....                 | Dressler. 30   |
| Stearnball Polka. 4. E. (5 Oct.).....           | 20             |
| Steen Galop. 2. G. (5 Oct.).....                | Beluk. 30      |
| Storm Polka. 2. G. (4 Oct.).....                | Kinkel. 35     |
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| Sylph Waltz. 2. G. (5 Oct.).....            | Smith. 30      |
| Take me Home March. 2. G. (4 Oct.).....     | La Hache. 35   |
| Tassels on the Boots. Var. 3. F.....        | Rudolphson. 30 |
| There is my Heart. 4. F. (5 Oct.).....      | Smith. 30      |
| Three Angels Waltz. 2. A. (4 Oct.).....     | Mack. 20       |
| Tip Top Set Collisions. 2. G. (5 Oct.)..... | Winner. 40     |
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| Traviata. 3. A. (5½ Oct.).....              | Goote. 30      |
| Traviata. 4. C. (5 Oct.).....               | Mack. 40       |
| Traviata. 2. F. (5 Oct.).....               | Berger. 20     |
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| Tynodes Galop. 2. C. (6 Oct.).....          | Mack. 20       |
| Vacation March. 3. C. (5 Oct.).....         | Becht. 30      |
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DETROIT, OCTOBER, 1873.

NUMBER X.

## The Singers.

Go! lent his singer upon the earth,  
With song of sadness and of mirth.  
That they might touch the hearts of men,  
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth with heart of fire,  
Held in his hand a golden lyre;  
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,  
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bear's loud fau,  
Hood slinging in the market-place;  
And stirred, with accents deep and loud,  
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,  
Sung in cathedrals dim and vast,  
While the majestic organ rolled,  
Conitron from his mouth of gold.

And those who heard the singers three,  
Disputed which the best might be;  
For still their music seemed to start  
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see  
No best in ki-d, but in degree;  
I gave a various gift to each,  
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

These are the three great chorals of might,  
And he whose ear is tuned aright  
Will hear no discord in the three,  
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The sufferings of country schoolmasters have been so often given to the public, that I, whose mortal career has certainly been shortened, if not sweetened by the "delightful task," resolved at one time not to "renew the sad remembrance of my fate," but to let a speedy oblivion cover those calamities, "all of which I saw," and, less fortunate than Aeneas, "all of which I was." My story, I feared, would be treated like the certificates of our modern beggars. Public sympathy is nearly exhausted by the drafts already made upon it by that degraded class of beings to which I belong, and any more from the same quarter are liable to be protested. The following circumstance altered my resolution. Catching up an old newspaper the other day, in a fit of ennui, I summoned energy enough to peruse, for the third time, the pathetic tale of a fellow pedagogue, which had attracted much notice on its first appearance; and it is evidently the production of a masterly pen. By this it seems he was actually in peril of dying an hungry! What! starvation in a country town of New England! The leading idea of his piece now

struck me as a palpable absurdity. To all his assertions, my own experience gave the lie direct. The winning pathos of the writer, his admirable humor, and the fascinations of his style in general, all conspire to make upon the reader a deep but incorrect impression of the manner in which our country people treat "the master." To efface this is my present object. Novelty I have none to offer—artifice I scorn—eloquence ne'er sat upon my lips; my sole attractions are misery and truth.

At the close of the year 18—, my diabolical destiny sent me to H—, a village on the sea coast of a New England State, inhabited by certain amphibious bipeds, who call themselves farmer-fishermen. Here I had contracted to spend eight wintry weeks in cultivating whatever of intellect there might be in forty-five children—if they can claim the name—of both sexes. Fool that I was—as if the "young idea" could shoot in winter more than any other weed, and that, too, in a soil of the consistency of granite. But a few days of fruitless flogging, prompted me to spare my own feelings—the only ones affected by that exercise—and to employ my ferule in ruling the writing books instead of the scholars; and I did desert soon after, upon discovering that my merits as instructor were estimated by my clemency to the pupils—that is to say, my popularity with the children, and, which is natural a consequence in H—, with their parents, was in the inverse ratio of flagellations dispensed. One great point was already gained; but another of equal magnitude, though in a cheering state of progression, remained to be fully accomplished; namely, to render myself agreeable as a member of the family where I happened to board. This is no less essential to complete success, than to spare the rod and spoil the child.

In justice to myself, however, it should here be remarked that I am free from the guilt of fulfilling the latter half of Solomon's maxim; for the children were all spoiled to my hand. The second important qualification of a country preceptor is, that he be able to demolish any given quantity of provisions. This is indispensable. Our country people never starve the master, though I admit, with most cheerful alacrity, that they may sometimes stuff him to death. Among them, no abstemious man can be a favorite. Whoever asserts the contrary either willfully misrepresents, or is deplorably ignorant. The maw of Ichabod Crane, that pink of pedagogues, we are told, possessed "the diluting powers of an anaconda," and the consequence was, that he ate himself into the good graces of all in Sleepy Hollow. In like manner, no teacher can be popular in H—, if he have not the appetite of a shark. The agent's house, at which I tarried night and morning, was a mile and a half distant from the anatomy of a building where my pupils daily assembled to shiver—not with terror, but with cold—for all the birch consumed in school was consumed by the fire, and I have the satisfaction to know that, as it was never employed to produce heat by impulse, so it never yielded any at a sensible distance. But, a mile and a half was too far to travel for a dinner. I was, therefore, kindly permitted to dine at Mrs. —, in the vicinity of the school-house.

The first forenoon was spent in an idle attempt to learn forty-five Christian, I would say, barbarous

names, compared with which the names of Oliver Cromwell's jury dwindle into absolute propriety. At twelve o'clock I retreated to Mrs. —, where a hearty welcome awaited me. Dinner shortly appeared; but, as this is the meal that in a week's time had well nigh sunk me to the grave, it merits a particular description. It will be sufficient to enumerate the articles spread before me on the first occasion, for I can say to the reader, "*ex uno disce omnes*"—which is, being interpreted, there was no variation during twenty-eight days. First, came on an unknown quantity of tea, contained in a coffee-pot that might have served for a moderate-sized lighthouse. Secondly, a plate of what Mrs. —, with apparent sincerity, called sliced pork, but what I suspected, from its color and tenacity, to be gum elastic. This was followed by a quart bowl of real pork in a state of fusion. Some one had previously told me, by way of encouragement, that all schoolmasters lived upon the fat of the land. Alas! the ambiguity of language; till now I had never understood the expression. On one corner of the table stood an article that would have staggered Heliogabalus, namely, a conical turret of dough-nuts. This detestable esculent, the pride of our country dames, sometimes resembles one of your inflexible little soup dumplings, at others, it appears to be a kind of mongrel pan-cake. The opposite corner was defended by a turret of similar shape, and nearly as formidable, consisting of minced dun-fish. A plate of brown bread, an irregular mass of junk beef, an apple pie, resembling the top of an overgrown toadstool, a bowl of corpulent potatoes in violent perspiration, and a batter pudding of cylindrical shape, livid complexion, and the most appalling specific gravity, completed the dinner. It is difficult to find a simile for this pudding—the reader may obtain a faint idea of its appearance and constitution by inspecting a leaden clock-weight. I sat down with the stubborn resolution of eating till the family were satisfied—a sure but terrible path to popularity.

"Come, master," said Mrs. —, "reach to and help yourself; when you are among poor folks, you must put up with poor folks' fare." I strove to alleviate the good woman's anxiety by word and deed. I seized a potato, squashed it upon my plate, and gazed in silent agony on the four spoonfuls of liquid pork poured upon it under the name of gravy. A reputation and twenty-eight dollars being at stake, it would have been rashness in me to refuse the half-pound of minced fish, four cups of tea, ninety degrees of apple-pie, and eleven dough-nuts which were thrust upon me with distressing kindness. It is said that the North Carolina militia, when commanded to fire, shut their eyes, banish thought, and pull trigger. A feeling somewhat similar prompted me to close mine as each mouthful was conveyed to its predestined place, and my jaws labored mechanically, like any other grist-mill.

By dint of these conclusive efforts, all the articles just mentioned were soon made to disappear; and now, thought I, I have made a deep impression in my favor. Delusive idea! as evanescent as the provender that vanished before the knife and fork of Mrs. —'s son, a promising young Vulcan, whose operations I was watching with a jealous eye, and



my heart sank within me at the comparative insignificance of my own exploits. The despondence created by this scene was heightened by an exclamation from Mrs. ———:

"Ah! Master; you won't make out a dinner. I am afraid you don't like our fare." At that instant I wished myself an Esquimaux or an ostrich. As it was, I made one more effort, and devoured two more dough-nuts; but here a symptom of strangulation rendered me stiff-necked against all farther solicitations. I had realized and could not mistake the fact, that I was in a very real and very difficult way, walking two rods to the school-house, and merely remarking that, had I gone to the agent's for dinner, my pupils would have gained half a holiday. Let me stop a moment to remind the reader that this narrative is not written for applause, that sympathy is not expected, that a smile would be an insult, for to me, it is a memento of anything but the ludicrous. He may bear in mind, also, that I have disclaimed exaggeration, and professed to state the facts as they were. I am sure that I will enable him to agree without a snicker, the solemn assurance that, in six successive days, I devoured seventeen meals of equal magnitude with the one described. Nor can my sacrifices be fairly censured as extravagant. For, although the demon of popularity may be conciliated at dinner, yet his favor is easily lost at supper or breakfast. His votaries must be consistent in their piety. From an imperfect register of these offerings, it appears that, among other things, I consumed, during the first six days, six pounds of mince fish, two gallons of tea, a pint and a half of melted pork, a cubic foot of solid ditto, five apple pies, and one hundred and nineteen dough-nuts.

On Saturday morning, three of the agent's hogs followed me to school. I thought of the pork I had eaten, and ever and anon cast a timid glance at the swine. "Their tameness was shocking to me." But it shortly ceased to be so; for after this, they followed me with canine regularity; and, without any inclination to be witty, I regarded them as intolerable bores. A week had now elapsed, and not only found me in existence, but also brought along with it a benefactor I had long been a stranger to—that was, the beneficent sun. The weather was unparal- leled, and built upon a foundation of so much premature decay. Well has a modern writer con- tended that the stomach is the seat of the soul. It is an ingenious and plausible doctrine, and not with- out its advocates; for in H—, at least, they esti- mate a man's intellects by the capacity of his bread-basket. The whole district rang with my praises. "The master," said they, "is a fine, ac- commodating man—he isn't a mite partikler about his vittles." So much accomplished in a single week would have puffed up anybody, and meekness might have been the innocent strut that conveyed me to the neighborhood of B— on Saturday afternoon. An acquaintance met me in the street, was struck with my altered ap- pearance, and expressed much sarcastic regret to find that I had fallen into consumptive habits. Taunts and jeers, however, affected me not. An honest pride supported me. But pride must have a fall, and the fall of mine was a heavy one. During that memorable Saturday night, fancy, in the shape of the incubus, caused me to execute a somerser, the like of which was never performed but once, and which I never performed again. The tumble, however, being only a part of my involuntary convulsions and sufferings on the night aforesaid, I shall take the liberty to narrate them in order and at large. As for the reader, be he never so sleepy, the nightmare shall keep him awake while we are in company; but if he has not the patience to read a description of it, I heartily wish him the reality, and leave him to his slumbers. At nine o'clock I found myself in bed, and in a few minutes after, in the desert of Zahara; for the nightmare is an excellent traveler. Notwith- standing the short period of time occupied in passing the matter of this story so terribly, I was no less jaded than if the journey had been performed on a trip-hammer. I strained my eyes and ears to find a place of shelter. There was nothing to be seen but a circular plain of reddish sand, bounded by the horizon. Suddenly the heavens assumed a tem- pestuous aspect; but I hailed this symptom of rain- water with ecstasy, for hitherto a burning sun had consumed the outward man, and a burning thirst the inward. Oh! how I longed for one of those well- saturated clouds, that seemed to withhold their beneficent purpose to tantalize me. In ten minutes I could have drank the dewdrops of the whole at- mosphere. My contemplation of the sky was all at once interrupted by the most frightful growling pro- ceeding from myriads of swine, who encompassed me round about in consecutive circles, and gnashed their tusks in vengeance. They were apparently broiled by the sun, and were destitute of bristle

The latter of these misfortunes they suffered in common with myself, for terror had made me shed all my hair. Yes—I was attacked, literally, by a legion of live pork. The horrid circle contracted rapidly around me. Flight, in any sense of the word, was impossible. In this agonizing moment, the clouds opened and discharged a tremendous shower of dough-nuts. Henceforth, let no melancholic victim of ennui complain of feeling blue, till he has felt the deluge of this delicious torment. The shower seemed to strike like the ball of a one-pounder. I was reduced to paste in a twinkling. In short time the clouds began to slacken fire, when I ventured to raise my head, which had been pummeled into the sand, and take a peep at the horizon. But, oh! horror of horrors, the circle of hogs remained unbroken. They had stopped but a moment to riot on the meal which had fallen to invigorate them, and to seal my fate. I watched them awhile, without the power of motion. They soon prepared for another onset, and, with a rushing and raining sound, they descended in natural gravitating ovals. My powers were suddenly suspended. For me this world had lost its attraction. I fell into the air, rent asunder the dense canopy of dough-nuts, tumbled head over heels through space, and landed flat upon my back on the broad side of Saturn's belt. The planet, which to my inexpressible dismay, I now found to be an immense batter pudding, of thousands of miles in diameter, was jostled out of its orbit, instantly rolled over by my carcass, and left it, a slap-jack. The crash awoke me. I lay crying on my back, with the snow on my face. After gazing for some time at the window to assure myself that the universe was in good order, I crawled into bed; and there awaited the dawn of day in a state between sleeping and waking—a state from which I sincerely hope the complainant reader is exempt.

### Composers vs. Executants.

Dr. Haweis, in his valuable work, "Music and Morals," furnishes the following well arranged table of distinction of musical executants. We commend it to the careful consideration of all. Dr. Haweis says:

1. Those who study the composer, and also express themselves.
2. Those who express themselves without regard to the composer.
3. Those who express the composer without regard to themselves.
4. Those who caricature both.
5. Those who express other people's views of the composition.
6. The dullards, who express nothing."

This table is about as comprehensive as it could be made; and our only regret is, that the worthy writer, who so well understands the subject he wrote upon in the article of which the foregoing is a portion, had not continued his subject into its subsidiary connections. To illustrate our views of this position we will take the number 10,000, and subdivide it under the six divisions allotted in the foregoing table. Our reason for taking so large a number will be manifest by a glance at the figures allotted No. 3.

Of every 10,000 average musical executives, as divided under the foregoing table, we think there are—

|               |     |       |
|---------------|-----|-------|
| Of No. 1..... | say | 50    |
| 2.....        |     | 5,000 |
| 3.....        |     | 01    |
| 4.....        |     | 2,000 |
| 5.....        |     | 1,000 |
| 6.....        |     | 1,949 |

Many of them can with reason be classed under all the heads—except Nos. 1 and 3—although this classification is made irrespective of that consideration. We think we have been extremely liberal in our apportionment, particularly to Nos. 3 and 1; while our leniency to the remaining classes is undeniable.—*Musical Visitor*.

### Rev. Dr. Oldstyle's Views.

The building sheet-iron churches with kitchens attached, the rush for popular parsons, and the sensational devices of fairs, theaters, and raffles, now-a-days resorted to, for the lightening of church taxes rather than enlightening the brethren, lead the venerable Dr. Oldstyle to predict that it will not be long before notes like the following will be read from the desk: "This evening at 8 o'clock, the reverend and beloved pastor of the Church of the Holy Pyrotechnics, will wheel the wheelbarrow and cook stove, lately presented to him by the benevolent and high-wire, from the gallery to pulpit, in reaching which he will turn his backward aerial somersaults and stand on his head, for the support of the gospel. Let all sinners be present and contribute of their substance."

Old Songs.

A pretty song is never lost; somebody is cheered by it. The old time-worn songs do not stir and enliven us like the new, but they are so resting when we need rest, so healing when we need a balm. "Nearer my God to Thee," how strengthening it is. What power there is in it to lift a fainting Christian on his feet, just after an awkward pause in a prayer-meeting.

"Do they Miss me at Home?" is a cut-off old song, yet many of us hum it on the sly at evendee. I know a Boston editor, whose gay little wife has a lonely father and mother away among the highlands of New York. An abundance of new songs grace her piano, yet on a lowery, lonesome day, if you live next door, you will be attracted by a familiar old song, which dies out in saying, "I wish you were here, I wish you were here." And such a thrill of feeling she puts into it, too.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" will lift a fainting invalid into a listening posture, and he will tell you he is refreshed, when the same exertion would have wearied him without the song.

Almost any of us can sing, or lightly hum, the old, old songs for our own amusement; and where's the harm? They are an escape valve for a surplus of pent-up feeling of one sort and another.

Let these sing for us who can sing, so as to thrill us, melt us, make us laugh, and dance and flutter. Let them sing the new songs, and we will thank them in our very souls. And when they are gone, and we are left alone, will sing: "When shall we two meet again, meet ne'er to sever?" Then we will sob and sigh, and in our own homely way sing out, "Tra la la la . . . . May be never," and sob and sigh again. A poet would laugh. But alone, under the stars, we are free from criticism. The great Poet tunes our very soul to harmony, so he knows well the language of unwritten music and poetry that lie hidden in our simple souls. It is a great achievement to compose a great song, for it echoes so after we are gone. Or, like the light from a star, it shines on and on, long after the orb has dropped from its place in the heavens.—*Folio*.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Sarah Fowler, the writer of this touching hymn, was worthy of the name; for Sarah signifies a princess, and a sweeter fragrance has rarely exuded from any flower in the garden. This gifted girl married Mr. William B. Adams, an English civil engineer, of superior abilities. She was of frail constitution, and amid many bodily sufferings, she kept her pen at work upon various poetical productions. At what time she caught the inspiration to compose that one immortal hymn, which is now sung around the globe, we have never learned.

Probably, it was some season of peculiar trial, when the bruised spirit emitted the odor of a child-like submission to a chastening father. It must have occurred from a bleeding heart. Her hymn first appeared in a volume of sacred lyrics, by Mr. Fox, in England, and she was so much attracted by it, that she sought to catch the flame it was to bring, for she died in 1849, aged forty-four. She was buried near Marlow, in Essex. Presently the hymn began to work its way into various collections of songs of worship. It was married to the tune of "Bethany," and everybody caught it. It was so simple and so sweet, that it soon became so familiar, that if anybody "struck-up," the hymn the whole audience joined in.—*Folio.*

"A Maiden's Psalm of Life."

Tell us not in idle jargon, "marriage is an empty dream," for the girl is dead that's single, and others are not what they seem. Life is real, life is earnest! single blessedness a fib; "Man thou art, to man y turnest!" has been spoken of the rib. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way, but to act that each to-morrow finds us nearer marriage day. Life is long, and youth is fleeting, and our hearts, though light and gay, are like pleasant shadows, blowing to and fro, till all is over, and the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life, be not like dumb driven cattle, be a heroic— a wife. Trust not future, however pleasant, let the dead Past bury its dead! Act, act to the living Present! heart within and hope ahead. Lives of married folk remind us we can live our lives as well, and, departing, leave behind us such examples as shall "tell." Such examples that another, wasting time in idle sport, a forlorn, unloving, and unfruitful wedded life, may turn to his. Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart of triumph set; still contriving, still pursuing, and each one a husband get.—*Selected.*



## Correspondence.

## Letter from Boston.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE COMING MUSICAL SEASON—  
THE LAST SUNDAY BAND CONCERT—GILMORE'S  
NEW YORK JUBILEE—A COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT  
TO THE FAMOUS JUBILEIST—THE HANDEL AND  
HAYDN FESTIVAL—A NEW MUSICAL ORGANIZA-  
TION—MUSIC IN THE LECTURE COURSES—THE  
THEATRES—PERSONAL ITEMS, ETC.

Boston, September 20, 1873.

The musical movements of the past month, so far as the "hub" is concerned, have been simply movements back to town from seaside and mountain of the artists who absented themselves during the heat term. Not a single concert has yet taken place, aside from the band concerts on the common and the other public squares, and the last of these is announced to be given on the common to-morrow, by Gilmore's band. The programme of this concert is as follows:

1. Overture, "Raimond"..... Ambrose Thomas
  2. Cornet Solo, "Inflammatus from 'Stabat Mater,'.... Rossini
  - M. ARBUCKLE.
  3. Grand Selections from "Nabucco"..... Verdi
  4. Aria from "The Czar and Zimmerman"..... Loitzing
  5. Bouquet National..... Schott
  6. Chorus from "The Messiah" Lift Up your Heads..... Handel
  7. Overture..... Nicolai
  8. Cornet Solo, "Li tu Savias"..... Balfe
  - M. ARBUCKLE.
  9. Reminiscences of Rossini..... Godfrey
  10. Part Songs, "The Vale of Rest," and "Farewell to the Forest"..... Mendelssohn
  11. Ave Maria..... Gounod
  12. "And the Glory of the Lord"..... Handel
- Conductor, M. Arbuckle.

The members of the Boston Musicians' Union have tendered Mr. P. S. Gilmore a complimentary concert, to take place at the Boston Theatre on Sunday evening the 28th inst. Mr. Gilmore, as is well known, is to remove to New York, to take charge of the band of the Twenty-Second Regiment, and this will be his farewell appearance in Boston. The correspondence in relation to the affair is as follows:

Boston, September 15, 1873.

P. S. GILMORE, Esq.—

Dear Sir—In common with all citizens of Boston who regret that you are about to take your departure from this city, the undersigned, members of the government of the Boston Musicians' Union, desire to tender you some mark of their good will previous to your departure, and in the name of the profession, they beg to tender you a farewell complimentary concert, to take place on any Sunday evening you may name.

It is unnecessary to state to you that the cause of selecting Sunday evening to pay you this compliment, is that on all other evenings a large portion of your professional brethren are engaged at theaters, and otherwise, that might prevent their being present upon an occasion in which we feel confident all will be happy to join.

Asking you to name the time and place, and requesting an early reply, we remain,

Very truly, yours,

Napier Lothian, president; F. F. Ford, vice-president; A. L. De Ribas, secretary; J. Thomas Baldwin, treasurer; L. Murphy, George Endres, Joseph Ramett, D. Jennewein, Albert Verry, T. M. Carter, Julius E. Eichler, Alonzo Bond, board of government Boston Musicians' Union.

Boston, September 20, 1873.

NAPIER LOTHIAN, president, and members of the government of the Boston Musicians' Union:

Gentlemen—Highly appreciating the friendly spirit of your letter, this day received, tendering to me a farewell complimentary concert, in the name of the musical profession of Boston, previous to my departure for New York, I beg to name Sunday

evening, September 28th, as the time which, at your suggestion, may best accommodate the profession; and the Boston Theatre as the place where I shall make my farewell bow to the citizens of Boston, to whom I am indebted for innumerable favors and unlimited support, for the past twenty years.

Very truly, yours,

P. S. GILMORE.

Mr. Gilmore will remove to New York about the first of the coming month, and at once enter upon the formation of his new band. He takes with him Mr. Arbuckle, Mr. Baldwin, and some of the other leading members of his present band, and will make up the rest of the organization from the best of the New York musicians. He has also had not a few applications for membership from the musicians of the West. He will find it an easy matter to bring together a band of the finest players in America, as there is great enthusiasm over the movement among the band musicians generally. The organization will have a uniform of black, crimson and gold, costing \$100 for each man.

The Handel and Haydn Society has entered upon its work of rehearsing for its coming performances, and will early begin active preparations for the triennial Festival, which comes off in May next. Every effort will be made to render this a memorable event. It is rumored that Mr. Southey has been engaged, and other European artists are also expected to take part. It has been definitely settled that Mr. Paine's oratorio of "St. Peter," which met with such marked success on the occasion of its first performance in Portland, last June, will be given, and also some of Bach's Passion music.

I hinted last month of another musical festival which was likely to take place in the early part of the season. The arrangements are progressing favorably, and the affair will possess general interest when the particulars are made known.

The several lecture courses will be filled with music this season. The announcements already made promise several very interesting concerts. In the Bay State course, at Music Hall, Theodore Thomas and his unrivalled orchestra, will give a grand concert independent of a series of half a dozen other entertainments which are also announced. The Thomas concert is fixed for December 4. Thursday October 9, a concert is to be given in the same course by Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mr. H. C. Barnabee, the Temple Quartette, and Mr. Howard M. Dow, Mr. M. W. Whitney will appear at the Thomas concert. In the Lyceum course there are to be several concerts, one by the Camilla Urso Combination, and others in which Miss Adelaide Phillips, Miss Clara Doria, Mrs. Anna Granger Dow, Mrs. Julia Houston West, Mrs. J. M. Osgood, Mrs. Flora E. Barry, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Messrs. Nelson Varley, W. H. Fessenden, Wm. H. Clark, J. F. Rudolphsen, and H. K. White, Jr., the Beethoven Quintette Club, an orchestra, and other talent are to appear. In the Boston Highlands course two concerts are announced, in which first-class artists are to appear.

The music conservatories have entered upon their fall and winter campaign, under very prosperous circumstances. This is especially true regarding the New England Conservatory of Music, which has a largely increased number of pupils. The regular concerts of this institution will begin shortly.

Mr. F. H. Torrington, the well known organist and conductor, has removed to Toronto. His departure will be greatly regretted. Mr. J. K. Paine will take his place as organist at the King's chapel.

The vacancy in the Beethoven Quintette Club caused by the death of Charles Koppitz, is to be filled by W. Reitzel.

The Boston Orchestral Club is the name of a new musical organization, composed of twenty of our best resident musicians. It already has many engagements for concerts in connection with the lecture courses.

August Fries, a brother of Wulf Fries, and like him a fine musician, has returned to Boston from Germany.

Mr. Arthur F. Hills, tenor, will shortly remove to New York.

The Ingleside Quartette, assisted by Miss Therese Liebe, the violinist, will soon commence a traveling season.

A painful rumor recently prevailed of the death, in Germany, of the well-known Boston musician Carl Meisel. It was, happily, unfounded.

The theaters have been doing an immense business since the season opened. The Museum, with a round of the old comedies, played by a magnificent company, and the Boston Theatre with Mr. F. S. Chanfrau in "Kit." The latter entertainment has drawn four thousand people every night for the past week. The Boston has a superb orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Napier Lothian. Signor Operti has become one of the directors of the Museum orchestra. Mr. S. N. Catlin remains in his old position as director, but is too ill in health to fulfill the duties of his position at all times.

Among the entertainments announced in the Lyceum course, are two of quite a novel character; one entitled "An Evening with Tennyson," and the other "An Evening with Longfellow." In the former Adela D. Maskell will make her first public appearance in America, and recite "The May Queen" and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere;" and musical illustrations will be furnished by a finely selected vocal quartette. In the latter Mrs. Louise Woodworth Foss will recite some of the poems of the favorite American author, and the illustrations in a musical way will be furnished by the Ingleside Quartette. There is also to be "An Evening with the Great Masters," for which Miss Phillips, Miss Doria and the Beethoven Quintette Club are engaged.

RANGER.

HILLSDALE, MICH.

Editor Song Journal:

DEAR SIR—As your paper circulates widely through the Northwest, and particularly in Michigan, I thought perhaps your readers would be interested in the musical windings of the Western Normal Musical Institute, which held its fourteenth annual session in our city, commencing July 8th, and closing August 19th.

There were three concerts given during the term—two miscellaneous, and the third Haydn's oratorio of the Creation.

A piano recital was given every Wednesday afternoon, by the pianist, Mr. A. E. Wimmerstedt, which gave those who attended them an opportunity they never enjoyed before of hearing the classical compositions of the great masters. Selections from Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Weber, Schumann, and others, were rendered in a masterly style, and were a source of great benefit to many.

The programmes of the daily work was as follows: 8 to 8.30 A. M. chapel exercise and drill in church music; 8.45 to 9.30 general voice class; 10 to 11 lectures on teaching; 11 to 12 elementary and advanced harmony classes, with counterpoint and composition. The afternoons were devoted to special voice classes and private lessons; from 5 to 6 P. M. came the music reading class, and from 7 to 9.30 P. M. glee and oratorio practice. The concerts were decidedly successful, showing in a marked manner the progress of the pupils in singing and playing.

But the crowning work of the Institute was the rendering of the *grand oratorio*—both solos and choruses being sustained by the pupils and teachers, with the exception of "With Verdure Clad," and "On Mighty Pens," which were sung by Mrs. Suf-fern, who gave them in a style which not only showed her finely cultured voice, but also that she is a true artist, and able to sing with a finish and expression that may well be envied her.



Among the pupils, Miss Aggie Robertson, Miss Minnie Hill, Miss Ewing, Messrs. Wymmer, Campbell, Jones and Giffé deserve special mention. One of the best lady pupils, Miss Brown, was prevented from filling her part of the programme by sickness.

The following we clipped from the *Detroit Tribune*:

"About one hundred singers participated in the rendering of the oratorio, and the whole was regarded as surpassing any musical entertainment ever given in this place. The composition of the oratorio is so elaborate and difficult to render that the manner in which it was done spoke unmistakably of the ability of Professor Sufferin for such an undertaking."

"Those who enjoyed his kindness and faithfulness as an instructor were not satisfied with the ordinary means of compensation, and, after the close of the oratorio, passed, among various resolutions, an expression of their appreciation, and, as a testimonial of their regard, surprised the professor with a formal presentation of an elegant silver service to himself and wife. Rev. A. A. Myers represented the class in presenting their gift, and his words and manner were exceedingly happy, and were followed by as happy a response."

#### A NORMAL.

[For the Song Journal.]

CINCINNATI, September 16, 1873.

MR. EDITOR—We are resting, no less significant word will express the good time we are having, now that cool days and evenings have returned. Will Carleton says: "To make a man appreciate heaven give him fifteen minutes of hell." And he hits a good point. To make cool evenings fully appreciated, one must sweater through the hot summer days and nights that precede them, and by the time they arrive he will be in a fitting state to value them. That is about my present condition, and I indite this to you in a state of mind bordering on the septic, so if I become flighty, or "high toned," pull the safety valve, and uninflate me.

Speaking of inflating, the failure of the *Graphic* balloon trip rather interferes with the news material of that enterprising journal, as its readers have been fed on little else than "balloon" and "gas," awful light diet, for the past two or three weeks. Well, perhaps the event will tend to recall things to their whilom train, and we may look for the *Graphic* minus balloon, but the absence of that element will leave a decided void, as the proposed voyagers by that means will not be able to tell a graphic story of their trip, and must still trust to our telegraphic resources for trans-Atlantic matter.

Our Exposition is in the full tide of success, and of course, we consider all other similar attempts elsewhere, as ordinary side-shows. If you entertain any sort of question upon the subject, call down and see for yourself. I shall be only too happy to do the honors. The prominent features are the Art Gallery, Floral Hall, and Power Hall, and I assure you that the displays in each are magnificent. In walking through the latter, one can but be filled with wonder akin to awe, on beholding the immense variety of machinery which fills the vast space. There may be seen every species, size and variety of mechanism, from the ponderous power wheel to the minutest lever or cam, and performing every degree of labor conceivable. I could pass hours in the delightful study of these elements of national progress, and in the end, be better qualified to appreciate the gems of Flora, or the *chefs d'œuvre* of the artist and sculptor.

Another treat, and one which I greatly enjoyed, was received at the organ recitals given during the first week of the Exposition, by Mess. John Church & Co., the object being the display of that new and wonderful invention, Mason & Hamlin's Orchestral Organ. These were held in their piano rooms, as their department at the Exposition was found to be too noisy for its displays. Mr. Wm. L. Tomlins, of New York, Mess M. & H.'s special agent, an organizer of rare ability, was present, for the purpose of properly displaying the instrument, and that he did

so to the fullest possible extent, his delighted auditors attested on each occasion. I can give no description of this exquisite, except to say it surpasses everything of the kind heretofore attempted, as it produces effects never before deemed attainable. Every instrument used in a full orchestra, even the violin, hitherto considered inevitable, has its fitting echo in the marvellous work, and thus, when controlled by such a player as Mr. Tomlins, every effect possible to orchestra, is produced. While listening to it, one can scarcely believe he does not hear a magnificent and powerful orchestra, rather than an organ of moderate dimensions, but immense resources. It was a treat such as one seldom receives.

To add to the interest of these recitals, we were favored with some artistic piano-forte performances by a young lady, graduate of the Royal Academy, Dublin, Miss Louise S. Wilson. This young lady is on a brief visit to this country, and is at present residing in Pittsburgh, which city should fully appreciate such a decided acquisition to its musical wealth. She is, indeed, a performer of more than ordinary ability, and is, besides, a composer of rare merit, nearly all the selections rendered by her during these recitals, being her own compositions or arrangements. Miss May Campbell, one of our own sopranos, also contributed greatly to the pleasure and profit of these soirees. Miss Campbell has a good voice, correct method, time, intonation and style, and, being a hard working student, is certain to win for herself a prominent position.

Our societies are hard at work. The Harmonies have set in for business under their new conductor, Otto Singer, who trained the Festival chorus so splendidly, and whom the officers of the society have specially engaged. Under his able direction the Harmonies will show what they can do. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and other works, will give them a busy but profitable season. The Orpheus Society is also busy, and the season is promising well.

VIE O. LYNN.

From Lansing, Michigan, to Cumberland, Ohio.

Editor Song Journal:

DEAR SIR—A journey from central Michigan to southern Ohio, in this age of fast railroad trains and close connection, would seem but a trifle; but the changing from one road to another, as at Jackson, with only a few minutes in which to make the change, get dinner, and have baggage unchecked, transferred and rechecked (especially when one has five trunks to look after), is no small matter, at least when one finds, on arrival at the Southern Depot, that the transfer baggage man has put off one of your trunks at the State Prison.

Scolding does no good—the whistle blows, the well-known "all aboard" from the conductor is heard, the train moves off, and you stay behind, wondering what next! A gleam of hope arises, a freight train should leave at 3 p. m. We rush to the office to be assured of the fact, and ascertain the possibility of reaching Toledo, when the gentlemanly agent informed us that the train would be held until 6 p. m. to accommodate P. T. Barnum's *Great Show*, all hope of reaching Toledo via that line banished, and our countenance lengthened, for Cumberland must be made by Monday evening, or our convention would be a failure; it was then 2.15 p. m., Saturday. A "voice of hope" was heard, "Toledo can be made, sir, by taking the Central at 2.30, for Wayne Junction, thence by the Pere Marquette to Toledo," where we arrived at 9.30, with the missing trunk. Monday, at 3 a. m., found us on the express for Sandusky, where we had three hours for breakfast and *fresh air* from the lake, and a change from the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern to the Baltimore & Ohio. At Newark we changed again, but no mishap. As we journeyed eastward from Newark, we began to wind around the hills, which

made one feel as though he was in old Virginia. Tobacco fields greeted the eye on every hand. At 3.30 p. m. we arrived at Cambridge; another change, this time to the Tickle-Bender. Twelve miles per hour brought us to Glenwood at 4.30, and then we took the old-fashioned method of travel—the stage coach, arriving in time to find a church full of singers waiting to begin their *do mi soli*. We had a grand time, and shall long remember our hospitable friend, J. S. McClelland, and Reverends Foncke and Hale. Not often do ministers lend so hearty aid to the culture of music as they. Long may they live to preach and sing, and may many others profit by their example. I am now in Cleveland, *en route* for New York.

Yours truly,

J. WILLIAM SUFFERIN.

#### Foreign Correspondence.

U. S. FLAG SHIP WABASH, }  
CORFU, Greece, August 5, 1873. }

Editor of Song Journal:

Not much time to write, for we leave here this morning, and all is bustle to get ready. Orders to do so were unexpected. We had anticipated going farther east, but the "row" in Spain directs a change in our programme, on account of the "fuss" the Carlists are kicking up, and how to cipher on mail facilities is hard to tell.

We left Willefrancha on the 13th, for Genoa, a lively town with large commercial interests. The "Pallavacina Gardens," just outside the town, are a magnificent affair. Nearly every known plant will there be found, with cascades, lakes, springs, summer houses, grottoes, and a stalactite cave, in which is a beautiful stream, leading out into the lake; through which, upon its banks, the tourist will find plenty of fun in passing the hidden jets of water that squirt from all directions, and, when effort is put forth to get out, he only gets in if he pursues his course.

On board our ship from Genoa, I must parenthetically mention that we had a wedding. Mr. Rice, the American consul at Spezia, a good fellow, had started for the Paris Legation, to marry an English girl—an heiress, living with some relations at Leghorn. We had all met at Leghorn, and so the chaplain married them, and—tell it not too loud—Lice always has the "latch string" hanging out for anything American or English.

Well, we stretched off south, passing Sardinia and Corsica, and arrived at Palermo, where we remained four days. This is a handsome city, but nothing remarkable. The finest feature is the turnouts for drives on their broad "Mariana," next the sea, at six o'clock in the evening. Never saw anything of the kind more beautiful. Messina was our next stopping place. A fine harbor; quiet now, but busy enough in fruit season. Syracuse next, and here we found much to interest. The ruins of the theatres, amphitheatres, baths and temples are plenty, and the site of the ancient city is plainly discoverable. Archimedes' tomb and many others are still preserved. An old quarry, immense in size, two hundred feet deep, open to the sky, skirted with creepers all along the rocky wall, with olive, fig and joy rendering it every way romantic and beautiful. A lonely grave, of a midshipman, U. S. N., killed in a duel in 1804, we also found. Here, also, we found the interesting relic of antiquity, the "Ear of Dionysius," a cave cut in the solid rock, shaped like a horse's ear, over a hundred feet high, cut deep in, and having the form of the letter "S," with a groove at the apex running into a little cell, where the tyrant used to sit and listen to the whispers of his prisoners, the slightest sound or rustle producing a distinct echo. From Syracuse we went to Trieste, passing the Fourth of July in the middle of the Adriatic. On the 9th was off for Vienna, over the Austrian "Süd-

bahn" (South Rail Road), and through the "Sem-miring Pass," the grandest of the eastern Alps. Stopped off at Gratz, a quaint old city on the swift running "Mur," the home of most of the retired officers of the Austrian army. Next day went over the beautiful Sauminey, an enchanting ride, four thousand feet high, among the peaks and crags of the Alps. How this road was constructed amid the difficulties met on every hand is truly a marvel, but the tourist is amply repaid expense of time and money in witnessing the beauty in scenery there presented. But as it is but an hour and a half ride from here to Vienna, our prospective point, we hasten, and, on arriving at Bahnhof, that is, the railroad depot, I found myself throwing broadsides of poor Dutch at the hackmen and porters met in superabundance.

As I rode to the hotel, the first feature that attracted attention was the beauty and massiveness of the buildings of the city, and fully convinced me that Vienna is the finest city in Europe in this respect. Did not attend the Exposition on the afternoon of arrival, but went to hear the celebrated "Strauss Band, at "Volk's Garten." Ed. Strauss was the leader, and a wonderful favorite with the Viennese, and deservedly so, for his whole soul is thrown into the music. Dark, handsome and graceful, he seems to feel that *he* is making all the music himself, and is responsible for its quality. With the soft, dream-like waltzes of his brother Johann, he appears to lose his identity, and at times fairly dances as he leads. The new waltz of "Wiener Blut," an exquisite thing, I heard for the first time. The German gardens do not allow their visitors to tire, for there are at least two and frequently three bands of different character playing in succession.

The next morning I hied to the "Prater" and the great Exposition. What an immense building! and the farther you go the stronger the impression of its magnitude. The exterior of the building is in exquisite taste, and a most agreeable color, developing a master hand in design and finish. It would be useless for me to attempt a minute description, for, after five successive days' walk, I find fully one-third of its buildings and departments were missed, which, though near at hand, I did not know existed. The American Department was complete, though not full, and its slowness contrasted unfavorably with the other countries' crowded galleries. In the Machinery Department more real novelty was shown in ours than in any other, though most of them were much larger. Pianos in thousands of forms were displayed, but I saw none that excelled ours either in appearance or tone. In photographs Russia beats the world. Vienna's show of opera glasses and meerschaum pipes was perfectly wonderful. Our small show in an educational way was puny, when compared with Germany's. Switzerland's exhibition in machinery was superb, both large and small; those of music boxes and watches were truly wonderful. The French, in bronzes, and tapestries, silks and fancy goods, excel all others.

The grounds about the Exhibition are very fine, not having been disturbed more than possible, so that, but for the crowds, one would suppose himself in the country at some grand picnic. The American street cars, rolling around in all directions, with the longest, jaw-breaking names that imagination can invent, presented a singular view to those accustomed to them at home. They have an im-provement upon us, however, in their control, in that they have their stopping places unalterably fixed, so that all the swearing, gesticulation and talk cannot serve them from a destined point, either to get on or off.

But I have detained you too long already, so I will close, as I leave for my ship in the morning, with the promise you shall hear from me again in Spain. RELYUHC.

## The Song Journal.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, OCTOBER, 1873.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."  
"The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,  
stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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### Convention of Musical Editors.

Our readers and cotemporaries will bear in mind the fact that, from the original inception of the proposition for holding a convention of representatives of the musical press of the country, we have not only favored the proposition, but we have given our columns freely in support of the measure. We feel convinced that, were the subject properly presented, a general expression in its favor would speedily result. It is necessary, to insure due consideration to this important subject, that some one should initiate the movement, and we, accordingly, purpose making a preliminary move by "setting the ball in motion." We therefore respectfully call the attention of our cotemporaries to this article, and request them to communicate with us at as early a day as possible, giving us their individual ideas upon the best modes of procedure to secure the desired end. We trust there will be a general response to this invitation, as it involves a question of great interest, and upon which all should freely express an opinion.—*Benham's Musical Review.*

We heartily endorse the above, and will add only a few words to what we've before said in the SONG JOURNAL in relation to it. Let us have the convention; for, we think it truth to declare, there has been nothing of the kind in our country. In 1845, there was a Convention of Teachers, held in the Broadway Tabernacle, in New York, in which almost every State in our country was represented. That we had a good old meeting, is true. That many of the "old soldiers," who took an active part in the proceedings of that convention, are conversant now with music supremely loftier in character, and devoid of the chromatic tendencies subjected to here, we'll not deny. We then had our Mason, Hastings, Hooker, Hodge; and, not to prolong the catalogue, a host of others, mighty in influence and power in the control of the musical elements of their day. That we have the men at the present, doing the same, we firmly believe; though, perhaps, the influence exerted is in a different channel, and brought to bear in a different way, still resulting in the accomplishment of the same end. We say, then, give us the convention. Let us talk face to face, and cultivate the fraternal friendship which should ever exist where harmony is the root.—*Ed. Song Journal.*

### The Lookout.

Each week brings its musical and dramatic events. *Incog.* the plans are all concocted, but when perfected, ushered into public notice, to be observed of all or obscured by the more brilliant stars that deck the horizon. This week, and perhaps in the metropolises of our country they appear, and the telescopes of the meridian, and all others, are turned in anxious gaze to witness the oscillations in public atten-

ment there developed. When analyzed, to whom and where are these glasses of observation directed? To the artists of home or abroad? It is to both, and, God forbid a word be said against either, for art nor artists was ever made of such stuff, or in being looked at or looked after. Let us explain.

There are just two classes of men; those who learn and those who are taught; the inquisitive and the quiet, passive spirits, content to stand still in this bustling life. Of this latter class we have nothing to say, save they are like a watch, which may be taken to pieces and put together again in the same way. Like the leek, you may peel them, for they are more vegetable than animal. Not so with the artist, the inquisitive, active class. They remain in one position only so long as available to the gratification of curiosity, energy or ambition, and the conscientious aspirations of usefulness and happiness. The air feeds him, and he sends out energies upon the ambient elements, like the ravens that nourished the hermit in the wilderness, to bring back from all the ends of the earth, the bread and the green fruit of lonely thought.

We wish our description to apply—and we well know it will—to the musical artist. Nine-tenths of those occupying places of distinction in the musical world, we believe to be in sympathy with principles above declared. Are we wrong, then, in saying there are some who learn as well as some who are taught? Are there not spirits that cannot be fostered, frightened or starved? Render them no aid, deprive them of "appliances and means to boot," cast them adrift, alone on the waves of life. Nature will take the world's orphan kindly by the hand, and lead him through with bleeding feet, and with tears, to the high places in the midst of the glory of her majestic school room. Nature's music will teach him in the rippling rill, in the warbling birds' sweet notes, in the thunder of the cataract's roar, at dewy eve, midnight or morn, the divine art, if he will but open his ears, and his heart, to the instructive lessons therein taught.

### A Look at Church Music.

The devices practiced by our churches at the present is, to say the least, very peculiar, if not absolutely ridiculous and absurd. They desire congregational singing, and seek to do away with the "penny-whistle" quartetts which have done, and are still doing, the work of praise. We are not unmindful of the truth that praise can be rendered, where not a "heart is found"; that prayer acceptable is rendered where not a word is uttered; but, after all, who is not convinced beyond doubt, that worship in this direction is found in the combination of hearts, assimilated according to God's laws, fixed and established as the eternal hills. And yet, to get at "congregational singing," the choir is dismissed, all effort for the support of this important part of the service is ignored, and a fife, oboe, or violin in human shape is placed somewhere in the congregation, to lead their devotions. Old familiar tunes are resorted to, to enable the congregation to unite; and, suppose they do sing, where is the controlling influence? Is it in instruments in human shape before alluded to, whose power can control the hundreds striving to worship God? As well blow the penny-whistle under Niagara, and strive to drown its thunders, as expect to control the voices of a large congregation thus. Yet this is attempted, nay, it's preached upon from sabbath to sabbath, by the foolish in relation to congregational singing.

Now there's just one way to make good congregational music. Have a good large choir, combining the musical talent, young and old, and this latter element may be objected to—but we say *old* with emphasis. A leader, conductor, or chorister, no matter what you call him, should be looked upon as the "Pastor" of his end of the house. He must have access to the Sabbath-School, and the children and



youth of the church and congregation; and, if he does his duty, there is no trouble about congregational singing; no trouble about the self-sustaining of a good and efficient choir, and one that can lead the congregation, and make the music of the church what it should be. We could go on and speak of the importance of instrumental music, as an aid, the organ, and other instruments, but we forbear, they are too apparent to need mention.

### To Our Subscribers and Friends.

It is gratifying, and among the most cheering evidences of popularity and success of the SONG JOURNAL, to witness the gradual increase in our subscription list from day to day. We cannot, as some do, boast of our thousands per month, still we are increasing, but not in a ratio satisfactory to the wants in the establishment of a journal for the great State of Michigan. We might go on to speak of the importance of such a journal in our State, the influence of which, like the pebble cast in mid-ocean, would circle its influence beyond its legitimate sphere; but, of this we forbear to speak; and coming up to the busy world, we ask frankly, what will you do with the SONG JOURNAL? We want subscribers, not without an equivalent—not without a full and satisfactory return. Shall our hopes and fond expectations be realized?

To those who have stood by us in the contingencies of the establishment of the journal, our thanks are due, and cordially rendered; and appeal is hereby made to one and all, have contracts to the letter been fulfilled? If violated, we say in scripture language four-fold shall be returned; for, we wish it distinctly understood, the SONG JOURNAL is upon a basis beyond the contingency of failure. "Old Time," with his scythe, may lay low in death the hands that wield the pen, and control affairs financial, but its record for influence in its past, is ineffaceable, and tells potently upon the future.

Now is the time to *renew subscriptions*, and the "set time" for those designing to take the SONG JOURNAL. We want our friends to record this, and we hereby promise from henceforth (October) to give the Journal to all subscribers, new or old, who send in their subscriptions during the month, for the balance of the year, and also for the next—1864—for one dollar. Will our friends, interested in its circulation, please note the proposition here made, and do all you can for the only paper published in Michigan for the promotion of the divine art of music? Will you benefit yourselves and friends by placing in hand a journal containing music which would cost you at least twelve times the subscription, coupled with the latest and most interesting intelligence at home and abroad, pertaining to music in all its phases, to literature developed in story, anecdotes and oddities and fun? Would you? Then send along your subscriptions for the SONG JOURNAL.

### Opposition the Spice of Life.

A cotemporary (and our cotemporaries never lie), says that a family living in a double house in the western part of the city, purchased a piano a few days ago, and that said piano was thumped upon so much after bed time, that the family adjoining (under the same roof) could not sleep. Now sleep, like food, is an essential element to life and happiness. Therefore, for three nights past, the father of the family annoyed, has pounded a drum until midnight, his wife beats on a tin pan, the son blows a horn, and the daughter rattles an old boiler. The other neighbors are going to join in the fun—concert we mean—and get a brass band and a horse-fiddle. Concerts will therefore be the rage in the western part of the city; hence, to say the star of "music" is moving westward, is in perfect keeping with that of "Liberty," and a truth hard to confute.

### American Art Criticism.

All the diverse qualities required to constitute a thorough critic are very seldom, if ever, found united in one man. The gift of a facile eloquence is often in itself a snare to entangle the reason. Nevertheless, a critic, in placing himself before a painting or statue, should be able to take in the entire intent of its author, precisely as it was created in his mind, to feel the full strength of its sympathetic language, and, by a few touches of his pen, to transmit a lively impression of its form and meaning to his reader. And this is only the beginning of his task. Besides interpreting the idea of the artist, and re-depicting it in words, he should understand the material difficulties with which the former has to contend in its expression. He is also required to comprehend the fundamental principles of art at large, its scope and limitations; to be familiar with its history in all times; in fine, to be acquainted with its varied external manifestations and manifold phases of character, as exhibited in the great masters themselves, or the schools which follow their lead. Indeed, his field of observation is co-extensive with the history of humanity, especially in its relations to those religious ideas which have prompted the highest aspirations of art among all peoples. And, even with so solid a foundation of learning, he is liable to be misled in his conclusions, if he cannot restrain his own predilections for special qualities or themes within the bounds of an impartial judgment, which carefully sifts the evidence that goes to establish the positive technical position of the art in question as regards kindred works, and to detect and appreciate its aesthetic aim. The critic, to be complete, in addition to a capacity to investigate as a historian, should likewise possess that analytical and synthetical training of intellect, which is the basis of philosophical induction, taking our minds through forms into the soul of things, and seizing firm hold of their creative germs of thought and feeling.

The bane of American criticism in music or painting, is its want of any complete standard of excellence by which to measure the progress of art at home, to adjudicate their relative position as regards art in the abstract, and its proneness to think more of private interests than of absolute truth. Independently of the difficulty of restraining individual enthusiasms within their just limits, while giving an impartial hearing to opposite tastes, the critic has the still more urgent duty to perform, of not being seduced in his judgments by any personal considerations which might affect their soundness. American criticism, as yet, has no fixed purpose or principle. It is as variable and capricious as the winds. Although there have been a few well-meaning experiments, none have won more than a transient local influence.—*Independent.*

### Milton's Love of Music.

Milton never speaks of music without a peculiar and impressive enthusiasm. The depths and virtues of music are glowing themes under his pen. His soul was full of music. His verses sing, because his spirit sings in them. No poet revels more luxuriously in the swelling waves of music. He soars into the very empyrean of lofty song. Coleridge calls him the "musical poet." "Paradise Lost" throbs with the echoes that rang, in incessant anthem, in his musical soul. Music was his only re-creation. In the intervals of severe study, he gave himself to inspiring song. When he stopped to breathe amid the fierce and acrid controversies of his active manhood, he refreshed himself with the grand harmonies of the organ, or the gentler tones of the flute. He could turn from the "Areopagitica" to a soothing choral; from a State paper of the Commonwealth to an anthem. And when, in his old age, blindness and poverty and royal ban

were on him, and the hopes of a life-time were shattered forever, he felt his way back to the keys of the instrument, and found consolation in the harmony of sweet sounds. And, out from that musical soul, whose heavenly harmonies neither violence nor neglect could destroy, rolled the measures of the immortal epic that will sing its way on to the gates of pearl.—*Echo.*

### To Correspondents.

W. C. S.—To answer your question intelligibly, would require more space than can be devoted to it. You find in substance what we would say, under its legitimate head, in "Marx," "Weber," or "Richter." Consult them. The first you have, and the second, I think—but all three above alluded to agree upon your question.

T. S. B.—Thanks for queries. No matter what is said or thought of your teaching. Teach, lucidly, the principles of music, whether pupils will hear or forbear. The fruit of such labor will develop, ere the gray hairs deck your brow. Do not become discouraged, but teach the principles which underlie progress.

DANIEL.—Would I could enter the den with you, for the lion there engaged is docile and harmless. Do your duty, and leave all bickering and talk with those who think they have the time to devote to it, but don't "mix up" with any quarrels arising from a frivolous affair like that alluded to in your letter.

W. B. C.—Subscribe for the SONG JOURNAL, and read its contents, and you'll find our views of congregational singing clearly defined. But, to answer direct, give me a choir of fifty, and I'll make congregational music that Gabriel would admire.

### The Echo—New Musical Paper.

The first number of the "Echo" is on our table, and we hail it with delight. The "Little Rhoda" has Providentially given us a neat and well-filled sheet, and so truthful in design, we are half inclined to think the spirit of Old Roger Williams, as his "soul goes marching on," has something to do with the inception. Be this as it may, the *Echo* is a neatly printed journal, and its contents are varied and instructive, and we wish it all the success its merits deserve. Suffice to say, the first number argues a success, and a place among the journals of music, art and literature in our country.

### Em Quad Meets an Old Friend.

I was sitting in the office of the hotel, watching the evening shadows as they silently marshaled their hosts to imprison the light of day, when a well-dressed young man seated himself beside me, and says he:

"Your name is—is—is!"

"George Henry Washington," I replied, as he hesitated.

"Ah! ha! I *knew* I knew you!" he said, shaking my hand very extensively; you used to live in—in?"

"In Boston," I put in.

"Ah! yes, that was where I met you," he continued, seeming very happy that I had assisted his memory. And then he went on and told about meeting me in Boston, and of our sitting at the same table, and drinking from the same demijohn, and sitting in the jubilee building together. It was a little queer to me, as I was never nearer Boston than Detroit, and as my name isn't Washington, and as I don't drink from a demijohn. Then he said he was on his way East, and that he had to pay \$50 on some hardware, and that if he could get it of me he would secure me with ten times the amount. Slowly I drew out my wallet; slowly I put it back; and says I:

"Do you see any hay-seed on my hat?"

He said he would see me again; but I don't expect he will.—*Free Press.*

EM QUAD is a "Brick" (used in vulgar sense), and, when analyzed, will be found to combine the essence of a "Danbury man," a Will Carleton, or "any other man," in acumen. The descriptions he cites in daily life are so truthful, we cannot refrain from giving them repetition. Read them, and tell us if we lie, (under mistake, of course).

## Close of Summer.

BY WM. WEBSTER.

The flowers are fading, dying,  
Their petals strew the ground,  
The winds are moaning, wailing,  
Bleak Autumn now is crowned,  
Her barns are full of mellow fruit,  
Rich bouquets on her breast,  
Her throne is raised mid sheaves of grain,  
With plenty she is blest.

The leaves are falling, rustling,  
And trees are getting bare,  
The clouds are flying, showering,  
Though Autumn still is fair,  
Her countenance with ruddy glow,  
Beams happiness on all,  
On man the highest in the scale,  
On worms that meanly crawl.

Insects are sporting, flying,  
They feel their end is near,  
Amid their sporting, dying,  
They end their winged career,  
How short a time Spring's loveliness,  
Adorned the earth with green,  
And summer spread the landscape o'er  
With beauty's varied sheen.

The birds are leaving, going,  
To find more sunny skies,  
In air are circling, wheeling,  
We list their plaintive cries,  
But in that land of flowers they'll find,  
A more congenial home,  
No wonder they their plumes spread,  
And seek from hence to roam.

And thus may we when dying,  
When passing from the Earth,  
Look forward with much joying,  
Secure in that new birth,  
Where Spring time, Summer and Autumn,  
In all their loveliest forms,  
Eternally with beauty reigns,  
Without Earth's withering storms.

## Lager Lines.

LISZT is at Leipzig.

BRIGNOLI is at Geneva.

PATTI is at home again in America.

M'NE NILSSON has arrived and again with us.

FIFTEEN new Italian operas were produced in the first half of the current year in Italy.

The Prince of Wales has had a visit at his house from The South Wales Choral Union.

The aristocracy of England have given Signor Mario a benefit amounting to 150,000 francs. Good for the old man—he deserves it at their hands.

OFFENBACH has made Tizentiali conductor of the band at the Gaite—the chorallists numbers seventy-five.

RICHARD WAGNER is honorary president of the Wagner Society recently organized in Barcelona.

MADAME PICCOLINI although retired from professional life, is always ready to sing for charitable purposes.

MR. SIMMONS, the sculptor, has arrived in Boston from Europe, bringing with him the statue of the mother of Moses which will there be placed on exhibition.

PAULINE LUCIA has purchased a lot on Fifth Avenue, N. Y., with the view of building and making her future residence there.

GOUNOD's new sacred work on "The Redemption" will be first presented at the Birmingham Festival of 1875.

NEWCASTLE, Penn., has organized a musical association of ladies and gentlemen, numbering many fine voices.

LUBECK, the pianist, is still under treatment for insanity, at Paris. But little hope of recovery is expressed.

THE Saxon Band was not a success in England, and London players style the Hungarian Band a "disappointment."

ROSSINI ranked the German composers thus: Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven. His appreciation of Weber was but small.

CARL ZEMERHORN conducted the Oswego Musical Convention, he'd August 26-29th. He is very popular in Oswego, and deservedly.

MR. DALFIELD, the London brewer, who essayed Italian Opera management, lost some £400,000 in two seasons. Ale plays better.

THE Maretzer opera troupe's *repertoire* will include "Lo-hengrin," "Polinto," "Otello," "Le Prophete," "Il Flauto Magico," "L'Etoile de Nord," and the "Flying Dutchman," besides the usual standard works.

MARETZER's opera troupe company will open in Boston Oct. 27, for a two weeks' season. In December they go to Havana for a six weeks' season.

WILL our musical contemporaries give us about "forty bars' rest" on "Luca's husband's Berlin divorce," "The Portland Musical Society's Chants," "Wanted—Clubs for the fighting editor," "Tuneful Lyre," and some others, of which we have seen the original *M.S.* dated B. C. 1611, or thereabouts.THE following operas have been given at Drury Lane London, during the past season: *Faust, Barbieri, Africana, Sonnambula, Don Giovanni, Lucia, Crown Diamonds, William Tell, Huguenots, Muta di Partici, Ballo in Maschera, Trovatore, Anulet, Der Freischutz, Otello, Star of the North, Figaro, Dinorah, Favorita, Elisir, Traviata, Puritani*, and three nights of mixed programmes.

## Oddities and Fun.

## PROGRESS OF THE AGE.

## LIFE IN 1776.

Man to the plow  
Wife to the cow,  
Boys to the barn,  
And all dues settled.

## LIFE IN 1850.

Man a mere show,  
Girls at the pia-no,  
Boys to Greek and Latin,  
Wives infelix and satin,  
And all hands gatted.

## LIFE IN 1873.

Men all in debt,  
Wives in a terrible pet,  
Boys smokers and squirts,  
Girls in hoops and patent skirts,  
And everybody cheated.

A VERY wealthy farmer of Titusville has this "notia" posted up in his field: "If any man's or woman's cows or oxen gits in these here oats, his or her tail will be cut off, as the case may be. I am a Christian man, and pay mi taxes, but dam a man who lets his critters run loose, say I."

## LITTLE MARGERY—(By Sarah L. Joy.)

Kneeling, white-robed, sleepy eyes  
Peeping through the tangled hair;  
"Now I lay me—I'm so tired,  
Annie. God knows all my prayer,  
He'll keep little Margery."

RURAL papers severely condemn the conduct of "the hens" that are standing around barnyard doors doing nothing while eggs are worth fifty cents a dozen," and suggest that, although purely a lay question it is one in which the clergy might well test the efficacy of prayer.

THE other day some ladies were out visiting. There being a little two-year-old present, one of the ladies asked him if he would not kiss her. He answered, "No." "What is the reason you will not kiss me?" "I'm too little to kiss you; papa will kiss you; papa kisses all the big girls." He was permitted to play with his Christmas tree.

"KITTY's going to join our Sabbath school; she's coming with me next Sunday, ain't you, Kitty?" "Oh, I don't know—I've never been to Sabbath school yet—what do you have to do?" "Why, you get saved, of course, and books, and albums, and—" "I mean what do you have to do—have to study anything?" "Oh, it isn't like that—it's like a church, you know. When you first go in you have to put down your head and pray." "But I can't pray," says he—then Kitty; "I don't know how." "Oh, well, do as I do—shut your eyes and count fifty."

THE LITANY—NEW EDITION.—A new edition of the Litany has just come out, considerably improved and enlarged. The following is a specimen:—

From the want of gold, married old, wives what scold,  
and by sharpers "sold"—preserve us!

From foppish sneers, mock-auctioneers, and woman's tears—deliver us!

From seedy coats, protested notes, and sinking boats—protect us!

From creaking doors, a wife that snores, confounded bores, and dry goods stores—protect us!

From modest girls, with waving curls, and teeth of pearls—never mind!

Especially the latter.

A CORRESPONDENT to the Albany Times criticises the music in one of the city churches as follows: The services was marred by the selections of music; the volunteers at the opening of the service and during the taking of the offerings were flippant, and so devoid of merit as they were inappropriate to a sacred service. In playing the accompaniments to the hymns the pedal organ was brought in with a deafening noise that drowned the singing and jarred the building.

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jan-72.

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# JUST TOUCH THE HARP GENTLY, MY PRETTY LOUISE.

Written by SAMUEL N. MITCHELL.

Composed by CHARLES BLAMPHIN.

*PIANO.* *mp*

1. Just touch the harp gen - tly, my pret - ty Louise, And sing me the songs that I  
2. Just touch the harp gen - tly, my pret - ty Louise, And sing me the songs that I

love; . . . . . They will call back the days, when to - geth - er we sat On the  
love; . . . . . They'll re - call the bright days when we play'd in the wood, And . . .

porch 'neath the nest of the dove . . . . . There was one that you sang, my  
 watch'd the birds flit - ting a - bove, . . . . . There was one that you sang, my

pret-ty Lou - ise, It brings fond re - col - lec - tions to me, You re -  
 pret-ty Lou - ise, The words, I re - mem - ber them well, I . . . . .

mem - ber the mock - ing bird mimick'd it once As it perch'd on the syc - a - more  
 lov'd it, and when you had fin-ish'd each verse, I kiss'd you and said: "nev - er"

*ad lib.*  
 tree; . . . . . Just touch the harp gent - ly, my pret-ty Lou - ise,  
 tell; . . . . . Just touch the harp gent - ly, my pret-ty Lou - ise, . . . . .



Just touch the harp gent - ly, Lou - ise, .

Oh! touch the harp gent - ly, my pret-ty Louise, And sing me the songs that I

love, . . . They will call back the days, when to-gether we sat On the porch 'neath the nest of the

CHORUS. *ad lib.*  
dove. .

JUST TOUCH THE HARP GENTLY.

TO MISS ADA MURRAY.

# Sonn Waves.

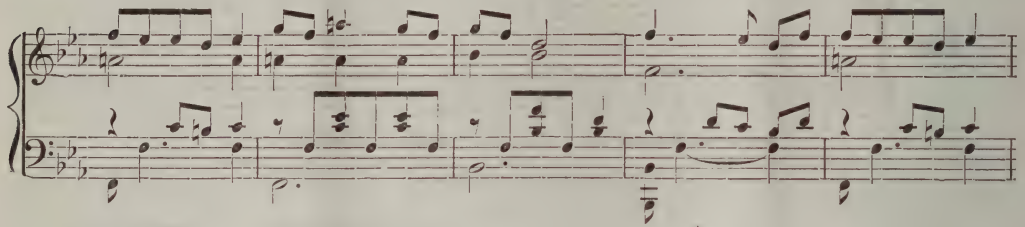
(A REVERIE.)

M. H. MCCHESNEY.

*Andante.*

PIANO. *mp*









First system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a melodic line marked *p legg.* (piano, leggiero). The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. A double bar line is present. The second measure of the treble staff is marked *Ped. legato.* (Pedal, legato).

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with a crescendo hairpin. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is placed between the staves.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. A *p morando.* (piano, morando) marking is placed above the treble staff in the final measure.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with a decrescendo hairpin. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. A *ppp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking is placed above the treble staff in the final measure.

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Dinorah.  
Don Giovanni.  
Dame Blanche.  
Ernani.  
Favorita.  
Fidelio.  
Faust.  
Fra Diavolo. Illustrated.  
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Genevieve de Brabant.  
Grand Duchess.  
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Linda di Chamounix.  
Martha. Illustrated.  
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Perichole.  
Rose of Castile.  
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Rigoletto.  
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**Still So Gently O'er Me Stealing.** Song. G. 4. Bellini..... 30

Still so gently o'er me stealing,  
Mentry will bring back the feeling,  
Spite of all my grief revealing,  
That I love thee, that I dearly love thee still.  
This beautiful melody of Bellini's, from the more popular  
opera of "La Sonnambula," needs no commendation of  
ours to foist it into the celebrity it justly merits.

**Sun and Shadow.** Quartette for male voices. A. 2. Roney..... 50

As I look from the Isle, o'er its billows of green,  
To the billows of foam-crested blue,  
Yon bark, that afar in the distance is seen,  
Half dreaming, my eyes will pursue;  
Now dark in the shadows scatters the spray,  
As the chaff in the stroke of the fall;  
Now white as the sea-gull she flies on her way,  
The sun gleaming bright o'er her sail.  
Oh, let the wind toss, and the billowy sea,  
Let it lull and soothe, and roar,  
For the strong, mighty arm of the God of the free,  
Will land us all safely on shore.

As a quartette for male voices, it would be hard to find a  
better, and as a chorus, when rightly rendered, a pile of ad-  
jectives would fail to describe its effects.

**There's a Smile that Awaits Me at Home.** Ballad. G. 2.....Smith. 35

Troubles, we fancy, are heavy to bear,  
In travelling life's dreary way,  
Some are heart-broken with sorrow and care,  
While others are cheerful and gay.  
The road may be rough, and the journey be long,  
As over its path we are passing,  
Contented I sing, this the theme of my song,  
There's a smile that awaits me at home.

A cheering home song, with chorus ad lib.; a simple ac-  
companied; the whole calculated to please and benefit.

**There's Some One at the Door.** Song and chorus. Bb 3.....Linwood. 30

Sister Allie, won't you listen?  
I have called you twice before,  
Why not answer? I have told you  
Some one's at the door.  
Allie's cheeks grew bright as crimson,  
And she smoothed her dark curls o'er,  
As she turned to go and answer,  
Some one at the door.

An easy and effective little sentimental song; will be sure  
to win friends wherever heard.

**Take Back the Heart.** Ballad. F. 2.....Claribel. 30

Take back the heart that thou gavest,  
What is my anguish to thee?  
Take back the freedom that thou cravest,  
Leaving the fetters to me.  
Take back the vows thou hast spoken,  
Fling them aside and be free,  
Smile o'er each pitiful token,  
Leaving the sorrow for me.  
Drink deep of life's font of illusion,  
Gaze on the storm-cloud and flee  
Swiftly thro' strife and confusion,  
Leaving the burden to me.

Very few of the songs of this gifted writer have attained  
a more extended popularity than the above. It is wonder-  
fully taking in its simplicity, full of pathos and feeling; the  
accompaniment as simple as possible.

**Thinking of Thee.** Ballad. F. 2.....Wood. 30

Only of thee, darling, always of thee,  
This fond heart is thinking of thee,  
At noon of the starshine, at blush of the day,  
When fires of the sunset burn laden and gay,  
By night or by morning, on mount or on lea,  
In thinking of thee, dearest, thinking of thee,  
An attractive little gem, full of affection; is much used.

**Time and Fate.** Duet and chorus, for male voices. G. 3.....Caffinberry. 40

Fate is a fickle and frolicsome jade,  
She hastens Time's sands as they pass;  
And Time is an impetuous, all too brief, old blade,  
Still pushing along with his scythe and his glass.  
But who cares for either? Just let them both pass,  
Fate spinning the thread; Time cutting his grass.  
**Chorus.**—Drink a bumper to Time and to Fate,  
Fill up your glasses with sherry, bright sherry,  
In spite of them all, we'll drink and be merry,  
And laugh, and laugh in old age.  
'Tis never too late to drink and be merry.

A sparkling and witty composition, full of life and vivaci-  
ty, very admirably arranged for piano-forte by McChesney.

**Thy Will Be Done.** Sacred quartette. Eb 3. Lev-  
ring..... 25

"Thy will be done,"  
Oh, it is hard at all times thus to pray:  
But help me, Saviour, all my cares to lay  
Down at Thy feet, and trustingly to say,  
Father, Thy will be done.

A very sweet and appropriate selection for an opening  
place in church service, or a funeral hymn. Though the  
author long since went to his final home, his beautiful com-  
positions have not lost their charm.

**Take Father's Advice, Willie Dear.** Song and  
chorus. G. 2.....McChesney. 30

Take Father's advice, now Willie, my dear,  
Be honest in all that you do;  
In passing through life there's nothing to fear,  
If you are but manly and true.  
No matter if your friends are cast,  
No matter if no one will cheer,  
You'll reap the reward when trials are past;  
Take Father's advice, Willie dear.

Of the same character as "Don't you go, Tommy," and  
destined to become equally popular, we trust; it merits a  
wide circulation.

**Tommy Is Dead.** Song and chorus. Eb 2.....Mussey. 40

Oh, can we bear it? Our Tommy is dead;  
Died a poor drunkard, a bad life he led,  
Billiards and whisky shops, run and bad boys,  
Have robbed us of Tommy, our life of his joys.  
Through the old homestead we silently go,  
Broken and bowed down by this awful blow;  
If Tommy had listened to father and I,  
No grief would compel us in sorrow to die.  
Bitter and many the tears that we shed,  
Tommy, the hope of our old age is dead;  
He who in childhood such bright promise gave,  
Died a poor drunkard, with no one to save.

The ad sequel to the song "Don't you go, Tommy;" the  
touching lament of his broken-hearted parents, who, as the  
picture on the title page portrays, find their son dead near  
the door of his home, the winter's snow his winding  
sheet, and the empty bottle in his hand revealing the sad  
story of his downfall.

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harmonium, cabinet organ, etc.

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C. J. WHITNEY & CO.,

127 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit.

**Three Fishers.** Ballad. C. 3.....Hullah. 30

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,  
Out into the west as the sun went down.  
Each tho't on the woman who loved him the best,  
And the children stood watching them out of the town.  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
Tho' the harbor bar be moaning.

This exquisite ballad has been sung and admired too often  
to admit of a doubt as to its acceptability. We never tire of  
it, and to those whose souls are in their music, we say, get  
it, and sing it.

**Thinking of Old Times.** Song and chorus. O. 2. Stewart..... 30

I'm thinking of the dear old times,  
Of gentle voices gone,  
And hear once more the village chimes,  
The children on the lawn.  
The memory of a golden-haired,  
Ankles of silver lace,  
Comes back, as in the years I dared  
To call her mine, so fond and true.

Mr. Stewart is well known as a young composer, and has  
a happy faculty of meeting the wants of the general public,  
with something pleasing and easy of comprehension.

**There's No One To Welcome Me Home.** Song and  
chorus. D. 2.....McChesney. 50

In the deep twilight I wander alone,  
Thro' the old house as of yore.  
But the dear home friends my childhood has known,  
Are gone to return nevermore.  
Wayward and careless, I left hearts of gold,  
A stranger the more we work to no end,  
Gone are the dear ones who loved me of old,  
There's no one to welcome me home.

Sad in sentiment, but a true index of many a heart; will  
be found profitable and entertaining.

**The Union Banner.** Campaign song and chorus. C. 2.....Nitrano. 35

Behold our Union banner, as it floats upon the air,  
That every freeman in the land may read our record there.  
From north to south, from coast to coast,  
Its folds are gleaming in the sun,  
And tell of many victories  
Our nation's hero, Grant, has won.

Then stand by our cause of right,  
Stand by our banner bright,  
Beneath its folds let freedom fight,  
For Grant, the nation's hero.

No unworthy addition to our list of patriotic songs.

**Under Thy Lattice.** Serenade. D. 3.....Smith. 40

Under thy lattice I touch my guitar,  
Lightly and tenderly, fair one, to thee,  
Soft as the breath of the zephyr from far,  
I waited so dreamily over the sea.  
Wake, lady, wake from thy beautiful sleep,  
Shame with thy dark eyes the heavens above,  
And, as the bright stars look down on the deep,  
List while I sing thee a song of my love.

A charming little song, with an elegantly illustrated title  
page, representing a brave knight singing to his fair lady,  
who is peeping from the lattice above, evidently enjoying,  
as she certainly should, the lay of her minstrel.

**Why Silent Thus So Long, My Love.** Song  
and chorus. C. 3.....Smith. 30

Why silent thus so long, my love,  
Why silent thus so long;  
Arouse thee, be no longer mute,  
And let us breathe a song,  
A song of gentle melody,  
Whose witchery shall impart  
A tide of thrilling memories,  
Within the waiting heart.

A sweet melody, set to an equally beautiful poem. One of  
Mr. Smith's happiest efforts.

**Watching and Waiting.** Song and chorus. Bb 2. Ford..... 40

In the beautiful land of the lost,  
Unshadowed by sorrow and gloom,  
Where the river of life forever flows,  
And thornless roses bloom,  
In a building of light not made with hands,  
By the edges of the crystal sea,  
All glowing with life's ethereal divine,  
My darling is waiting for me.

A song of comfort to those whose loved ones are waiting  
on the other side.

**Where We Went Picking Berries.** Song and  
chorus. F. 2.....Howard. 35

Tho' many years have since rolled by,  
Quite well do I remember,  
The day that Rose and I  
Went berrying together.  
With voice as gentle as the dove,  
With blushes like ripe berries,  
That day she promised me her love,  
As we were picking berries.  
Although the drooping bushes hung  
Loving, full and laden,  
When it came time for going home,  
Our baskets were quite empty.

To learn the whole story you must procure the piece; it is  
worth having and learning.

**Waiting for Thee.** Ballad. G. 3.....Smith. 30

Under the light of the diamond stars,  
In the crystal heavens glowing,  
When the moonlight laughs its silver bars,  
'Mid the crimson roses blowing,  
When the gleaming eyes of the queenly night,  
Thro' her shadowy veil are passing,  
And the world lies wrapt in mystic light,  
Still my tireless watch I'm keeping.

In beauty of imagery this poem greatly excels, and the  
music, so gracefully adapted to it, is worthy of its author.

**Watch and Wait.** Song and chorus. E. 2.....Strauss. 35

Oh, laughing girl of the dancing curl,  
And eye with diamond ray,  
Merry and light as the winged cares,  
Chasing them all away,  
Be not beguiled by the smiles of men,  
Keep thy heart all fresh and free,  
Keep watch and wait; thy soul's sweet mate  
Somewhere is watching for thee.

Let all young girls, careless and fancy free, take heed to  
the above bit of sage advice and be patient, biding their  
time.

**We're Growing Auld Together.** Ballad. C. 3. Caffinberry..... 35

We're growing auld together, Nannie,  
We're growing auld together,  
Yet none a bonnie, bonnie day  
We've had with my an' another.  
When lang sin' aye in youthfu' days,  
We gathered flowers among the brues,  
And sang w' glae lovin' courtin' lays,  
And rambled o'er the heather,  
Nae siller glinted o'er yer brow,  
Sweet smiles adorned yer bonnie mou',  
Ye war nae dearer then than now,  
We're growing auld together.

A beautiful sentiment expressed in the above words—the  
tribute of undimmed affection in declining years, and a life-  
like retrospect of bygone joys.



# C. J. WHITNEY & CO.'S

## Descriptive Catalogue of Popular Music.

**When the Corn Is Waving, Annie Dear.** Song and chorus. Eb 2.....*Blamphin.* 30

When the corn is waving, Annie dear,  
O meet me by the stile,  
To hear thy gentle voice again,  
And greet thy winning smile.  
The moon will be at full love,  
The stars will brightly gleam,  
Oh, come, my queen of the night, love,  
And grace the beautiful scene.

One of the sweetest and best songs published; the chorus abounds in rich harmony.

**Whippwill.** Song and chorus. C 3.....*McChesney.* 35

The sun has sunk beneath the west,  
And dark the shadows fall.  
I'll seek again my forest home,  
And make my evening call.  
The zephyr in the grove is hushed,  
And every leaf is still.  
So I will seek my wild retreat,  
And chant my whippwill.

The song of the whippwill, with a chorus in which one of the parts imitate the note of the bird, while the rest move at variance. It is very pretty indeed.

**Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin?** Ballad. Eb 3.  
*Claribel.* 30

You are not what you were, Robin,  
Why so sad and strange?  
You once were blithe and gay, Robin,  
What has made you change?  
You never come to see me now,  
As once you used to do,  
I miss you at the wicket gate,  
You always let me through.  
It's very hard to open,  
But you never come and try,  
Won't you tell me why, Robin?  
Won't you tell me why?

An old and well tried favorite, but has lost none of its power to please, when well sung.

**Whisper, Sister, Whisper.** Song and chorus. D 2.  
*Crundall.* 30

Dear sister, don't be sighing,  
This near the close of day,  
I know that I am dying,  
And soon will pass away.  
But oh, I'll see the shining angels,  
And join their happy band,  
Oh, come and whisper, darling sister,  
You'll meet me in the angel land.

An affecting little song, with a most effective and beautiful chorus, and an accompaniment combining simplicity with rare taste.

**When You Are Far Away.** Song and chorus. F 2.....*Hevitt.* 30

The perfumed breath of joyous spring,  
Is borne upon the breeze,  
The nightingale and mavis sing,  
Once more beneath the trees.  
Each chestnut branch that blows above  
Is white as hawthorne spray,  
But summer is not summer, love,  
When you are far away.

A pleasant fireside song, which deserves the attention of all lovers of good music; is within the range and comprehension of all who sing.

**We'd Hide a Woo.** Ballad. C 2.....*Claribel.* 35

The pair auld folk at hame ye mind,  
Are frail and failing sing,  
And weel I ken they'd miss me, lad,  
Gin I came hame nae mair.  
The grist is oot the times are hard,  
The kin are only three,  
I canna leave the auld folk now,  
We'd better bid a woo.

One of Claribel's best; just a favorite, on account of its quaint sweetness, purity of thought and expression, and, like all of the productions from this well-known composer, they come from, and, therefore, reach the heart.

**Where Is Darling Winnie?** Song and chorus. G 2.....*McChesney.* 40

I have wandered all the day, and the night is coming on,  
Have you seen my little Winnie, can you tell me where she's gone?  
I have sought her thro' the gardens fair, and by the stream-  
let clear,  
O, pity me, kind friends, and tell if she's been straying here.  
Only yester eve, you say, I breast her golden ringlets lay,  
When the white-winged messengers came in, and bore my  
child away,  
And they do not bring her back to me; I'm wild with grief  
and fear.  
O, pity me, kind friends, and tell if she's been straying here.

The songs of this well-known writer are too universally sought after to need further recommendation from us. This is not behind the rest in point of merit.

**Weeping by the River.** Song and chorus. Bb 2.  
*Crundall.* 40

The river gleamed with silvery crest,  
The waves were passing by,  
The full red sun had sunk to rest,  
Beneath the azure sky.  
'Twas then love's lips were pressed to mine,  
As oft in days gone by;  
But he has left me here to pine,  
Left me to droop and die.  
Weeping by the river I stray,  
Under the evening sky;  
My love left me to weep and pray,  
Left me to droop and die.

This is not a new publication, but possesses merit sufficient to give it a place on any piano.

**When Our Boys Come Home.** Song and chorus. Bb 3.....*Page.* 30

There's a happy time coming,  
When our boys come home,  
There's a glorious day coming,  
When our boys come home.  
We will end the dreadful story,  
Of this treason dark and gory,  
In a sunburst of glory,  
When our boys come home.

One of the many good songs which sprung up during our late war; full of spirit and patriotism.

## THE SONG JOURNAL

### A Repertoire of Music and Its Literature.

The SONG JOURNAL is just what it purports to be, and having been established for nearly three years, commencing without a subscriber, it is now prepared to announce itself upon a basis beyond the contingency of a failure. It contains twenty-four pages monthly, making a volume of two hundred and eighty-eight pages annually; divided as follows: eight pages devoted to musical literature, biography, correspondence pertaining to musical matters the world over, oddities and fun, etc.; eight pages of new and choice music, which, if purchased from any store, would cost ten times that of our price; and eight pages of advertisements, and, as an advertising medium, we say, without dispute, there is none superior. In point of typographical execution, we will leave the JOURNAL beside any in the world for beauty and attractiveness.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY  
**C. J. WHITNEY & COMPANY,**  
127 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit.

Terms—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

**We Have Laid Her in the Garden.** Song and chorus. Ab 3.....*Mussey.* 35

We have laid her in the garden,  
And the voice of blushing spring,  
Bids the long, long silent songsters,  
Break the wintry spell and sing.  
Long have they stayed their coming,  
She hath waited long for them;  
Little thought we their first singing,  
Would be Abbie's requiem.

A valuable addition to the portfolio of song singers; will find its way to the hearts of many who have laid away their treasures in the cold, silent grave.

**Yankee Doodle.** Song and chorus. C 2.....*35*

Father and I went down to camp,  
Along with Captain Goodwin,  
And there we see the men and boys  
As thick as hasty pudding.  
Yankee Doodle, keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle dandy,  
Mind the music and the step,  
And with the girls be handy.

This is one of a set of national and patriotic airs, each accompanied by a valuable historical notice, describing the songs, and giving an extended account of their origin.

**Ye Pretty Birds.** Song. F 4.....*Gumbert.* 40

In greenwoods where soft breezes spring,  
Are happy birds that sweetly sing,  
O'er land and sea they swifter fly,  
Than summer gales or flowers that sigh.  
They soar away on pinions bright,  
Their love tales warbling in their flight.  
Ye pretty birds, so glad and free,  
Oh, let me still more happy be.

An exquisite gem of German song, which has long held a prominent place among standard songs. There is something so wonderfully captivating in its graceful harmonies and flowing melody, that it is no matter of surprise that it still meets with universal favor. It is also arranged for contralto voice in Bb.

**Yes, I'll Remember Thee.** Ballad. D 3.....*Smith.* 30

No other form can fill the heart  
That beats so true for thee;  
No other smile can joys impart,  
Till life shall fade from me.  
The sacred vows thy lip hath breathed  
Shall ne'er be forgotten be,  
For thou hast never yet deceived,  
Then I'll remember thee.

Another pleasant little song, by one whose name is familiar in connection with good and pleasurable music.

### Good Words for the Song Journal.

It has been improved to such an extent that we did not recognize the *Song Journal* of old. It is an excellent work, full of choice reading and new music.—*Fuscola Advertiser.*

The *Song Journal* is one of the very best musical periodicals published. The music is always first class, and the reading matter it contains is of such a nature that every lover of music should give it a place in his library.—*Hastings Republican Banner.*

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The *Song Journal* contains interesting contributions upon topics of interest to the musical profession and amateurs, besides a choice selection of music, vocal and instrumental, in every issue.—*Orid Register.*

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The *Song Journal*—interesting from beginning to end.

The *Song Journal*—the music of any one number is worth the subscription price, while the reading matter is varied and instructive.

The *Song Journal*, published by C. J. Whitney & Co., of Detroit, is a credit to them and to the musical public which are giving it a generous support.—*St. Joseph Co. Democrat.*

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The *Song Journal* is one of the best and cheapest musical publications in the country.—*Republican.*

The *Song Journal* is filled with the choicest gems we have read for many a day, and C. J. Whitney & Co. deserve a liberal patronage for producing such a work.

C. J. WHITNEY & Co., Publishers,  
127 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit.

# C. J. WHITNEY & CO.'S DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

## MARCHES.

- \* **Bouquet March.** C 3.....Lockwood. 50  
A very good march, with beautifully embellished title piece, radiant with some of nature's brightest gifts—a group of flowers. Over ten thousand already sold.
- Essex Grand March.** G 3.....Stewart. 40  
A sprightly, vivacious composition—sure to take wherever well played.
- \* **The Estey Organ March.** C 4.....Naylor. 40  
Although not a recent publication, this march far exceeds in point of real worth, a multitude of later productions; its harmonies are excellent. An elegant colored engraving of the organ itself adorns the title page.
- Columbia Grand Triumphant March.** C 4..... 60  
The author of the above is so well known to the musical public, that anything from his pen is welcomed as being worthy of more than ordinary notice.
- Grand March, Des Dryads.** C 4.....McChesney. 40  
Already a familiar piece to players, this march needs no greater recommendation than its popularity.
- Forest Echoes March.** C 3.....Arranged by Smith. 30  
The "Standard Bearer," simply arranged, appears under the above title; will be welcome to any desiring an easy and pretty march.
- General Custer's Grand March.** C 3.....Thale. 35  
Easy and effective, written in true martial style.
- Champion Banner March.** D 2.....Truax. 35  
These describing the good old Java March with slight variation, will find the Champion Banner March invaluable.
- Java March.** C 2..... 10  
"Things will change," yet this time-worn, but really good march does not vary with the march of years, and is the same, note for note, as it was a half century ago.
- Greeting March.** F 3.....Bendix. 30  
Excellent for band purposes, as it is also good for the piano forte.
- Grand March.** Bb 3.....Leveing. 35  
Nothing from the pen of this departed author ever proved derogating to his reputation as a composer. The above is a valuable teaching piece.
- Hornet March.** F 3.....Wells. 35  
Not difficult, but sufficiently above mediocrity to merit more than passing notice.
- Russian March.** D 2..... 10  
The same that delighted our parents and grandparents before us; is as good as ever.
- Titus March.** D 3.....Hewitt. 10  
Another worthy veteran; has probably endured more hammerings than many a more delicately constructed composition of modern times. The fact that it still lives will prove its solid worth.
- Lyra.** C 3.....Barnhart. 40  
Subtle, diversified and brilliant, qualifications which render it desirable and attractive.
- Young and Loyal March.** C 3.....Mercz. 40  
Original in idea, delightfully varied in harmony; should be widely circulated.
- Sharp Shooters March.** F 3.....Christofferson. 30  
Not abounding in some one else's ideas, or moles of expression, but possessing a freshness and grace which bespeak of it a host of friends.
- Arion March.** For piano or guitar. A 3.....Hewitt. 20  
Something desirable, on account of the beauty of its melody and fine harmony.

## QUICKSTEPS.

- \* **Pony Quickstep.** G 2.....Whitney. 50  
Another lively, dashing, easy piece for nimble little fingers, with an elegantly illustrated title page, representing the ponies themselves.
- Wedding Quickstep.** G 2.....Truax. 30  
Full of life and vivacity; worth having.
- Humboldt Anniversary Quickstep.** C 3.....Bendix. 30  
Like all compositions of this well-known composer, full of merit.

## GALOPS.

- Eagle Hose Galop.** D 3.....Hagedorn. 50  
Both sure to become parlor favorites, if well played.
- Harvest Gathering Galop.** A 3.....Moelling. 35  
Delightfully diversified; pleasing because of its wild and spirited character.
- May Blossoms Galop.** G 3.....Moelling. 50  
Abounds in octaves; good for practice, and is a capital teaching piece, carefully fingered.

- Meteor Galop.** D 3.....Moelling. 50  
Above the ordinary level. The author's name is sufficient guarantee of its worth.
- Le Partic Social Galop.** Bb 3.....Barnhart. 40  
A universal favorite; its harmonies are strikingly pleasing and effective.
- Night Train Galop.** G 2.....La Beum. 35  
The idea of a rumbling, hurrying, driving train, rushing through the dark at lightning speed, is well carried out in this work for "little fingers," which, by the way, must be nimble ones to bring out the composer's intent.
- Who Cares Galop.** D 2.....Mercz. 40  
As the composer indicates, it is "lively," with a spirit of abandon running through the whole which is refreshing and enlivening.
- Qui Vive Galop.** F 2.....Arranged by Smith. 25  
An easy arrangement of a well-known favorite galop; sparkling and sprightly.
- Jolly Brothels Galop.** C 2..... 25  
Rightly named, a lively, dashing piece.

## SCHOTTISCHE.

- Clover Bank Schottische.** F 3.....Barlow. 35  
Every sweet-scented clover blossom in the meadow would not approve of the sprightly melody of the above-named piece. Try it.
- Fairy Footsteps Schottische.** C 2.....Colson. 30  
Both the above-named are of the same grade, and little fingers will find pleasant employment in their perusal.

## THE SONG JOURNAL

A MONTHLY

Repertoire of Music and Its Literature.

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C. J. WHITNEY &amp; COMPANY,

107 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit.

Terms—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

- Faustine Schottische.** F 2.....La Beum. 35  
**Little Star Schottische.** Eb 3.....Lockwood. 25  
Either of the above worthy of its author. The first a very clear and pretty arrangement, suitable for young pupils; a good teaching piece. The second a little more fanciful and elaborate, fit for a pupil more advanced.
- Little Nabob Schottische.** Bb 3.....McChesney. 35  
The name itself asserts its right to a place in your consideration. It is in bold and dashing style, very taking. Young pianists of modest attainments will find it a good study.

## MAZURKAS.

- Twilight Mazurka.** F 3.....Bendix. 30  
A light and graceful little piece, showy and not at all difficult.
- Bright Day Mazurka.** G 2.....La Beum. 20  
Short and easy, a good teaching piece.
- Saginaw Valley Mazurka.** D 3 Horvinski. 30  
Notwithstanding serious discrepancies in the rhythm, this composition is fanciful and pleasing.
- Lily of the Valley Mazurka.** Eb 4.....Smith. 60  
One of the most popular and beautiful productions of the times, widely known and approved. To those wishing an elaborate piece, of moderate difficulty, one would most heartily recommend the above.
- My Beloved Polka Mazurka.** C 2.....Smith. 25  
Light and airy, with pretty theme; easy of execution.
- Response Mazurka.** F 3.....Leveing. 35  
Written in the clear and concise manner peculiar to this lamented author; a good teaching piece.
- Summer Winds Mazurka Caprice.** Eb 3. McChesney. 35  
An elegant little gem, in the author's best style, rippling and fanciful; a very welcome change for the use of amateurs, from music of a more solid character.

**Period Mazurka.** Ab 3.....Miss Rachel Mendelson. 50  
Easy of comprehension, on account of its melodic simplicity; written in keys not beyond relations to the original.

**Star of Hope Mazurka.** Ab 3.....Truax. 35  
Pretty, unassuming little production, within the ability of any ordinary player.

**Salutation Mazurka.** C 3.....Wells. 40  
As the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so a trial of the above will test its power to please; we recommend a trial.

**Dream Land Reveries Mazurka.** F 3. Moelling. 40  
There is something extremely soothing and satisfying about this reverie. The gentle undulating flow of melody which wakes up its strains cannot fail to find a response in every music loving heart.

## POLKAS.

- The Witch Polka Brillante.** F 3.....Hewitt. 35  
Very attractive; as changeful in its melody and diversified in its harmonies as the name would indicate.
- Something New.** Eb 3.....Moelling. 35  
One of an excellent collection called "Home Delights," written in the keys of Eb and Ab. Though not abounding in new ideas, it is sufficiently pleasing to engage the attention of young players.
- Song of the Rain Polka Brillante.** Hewitt. 45  
Very suggestive of the progress of a summer rain, now quick and pattering, then coming with a steady, heavy march, and gradually dying off into a gentle dripping of uncertain duration. Mr. Hewitt has described it accurately.
- Prairie Flower Polka.** F 3.....Hewitt. 35  
Worthy of its author; pretty, and a good study for fingerings.

**Gold Day Polka.** D 3.....Hewitt. 40  
**Bird in the Tree Polka.** Eb.....Hewitt. 40  
Both of the foregoing are eminently inspiring, and free from the humorous monotony which characterizes so much of to-day's publications. The latter contains a beautiful imitation of the supposed songstress in the tree.

**Haben Sie Polka.** F 2.....Simonds. 35  
**Dripping Water Polka.** G 2.....Simonds. 30  
Teachers will find in either of these little compositions a neat and enjoyable study for the little fingers under their care. Only those who daily look in vain for something to please, and also edify, will appreciate the value of teachable morsels.

**Lesbi Polka.** C 2.....McChesney. 25  
**Radni Polka.** Eb 3.....McChesney. 30  
The first just the thing for a scholar's first piece, so simple and well arranged. The second, in the author's own style, suited to more advanced attainment.

**Flowers from the Wildwood.** C 2.....Renwick. 30  
**Brunette Polka.** G 2.....Smith. 25  
Both given in a tasteful, childlike strain; cannot fail to interest and instruct those just starting in their musical career, as also their teachers.

**New Year's Polka.** G 2.....McCaia. 25  
**Funny Polka.** C 3.....La Beum. 30  
The first is a very fair production for a young composer, evincing more than ordinary ability in that direction. The "Funny Polka" will not prove as funny to execute with ease and grace, as it is to listen to, but it is capital practice for fingerings, and for acquiring facility in overcoming various little points of difficulty to youthful pianists.

**Happy Thought Polka.** F 3.....Lockwood. 40  
We should call it a charming succession of happy thoughts, so gracefully combined that they probably formed one beautiful idea in the composer's mind. Be sure to get it.

**Ariel Polka.** Eb 4.....Mattoon. 40  
This is one of the author's happiest little gems, we think, full of melody, smooth and graceful, with a ring and sparkle in its flow that gives it a peculiarly delightful attraction.

**Excursion Polka.** C 2.....Colson. 50  
A modest, pleasing little effort, of slight difficulty.

**Bonnie Boat Polka.**  
A quaint little piece, containing a snatch of the well-known air called "Bonnie Boat."

**Anna Polka.** Eb 3.....Wells. 35  
Of more than ordinary merit; will set many nimble feet tripping to its merry strains.

**Academy Polka.** C 3.....Bendix. 35  
The talented author of this polka evidently understands how to please the music buying portion of our people. His pieces have a zest and freshness about them which always finds preference.



# Brainard's Selected Catalogue of New and Popular Music.

EVERY PIECE RECOMMENDED.

## Select Quartets.

We can recommend all of the following Quartets. They have been selected with great care from our entire Catalogue, and are all Popular Favorites.

|                                                                                              |              |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Song of Washington's Men. Quartet for mixed voices. D. 3                                     | Clark, 30    |
| Starbeams. Quartet for mixed voices. B flat. 3                                               | Rogers, 30   |
| Stars of the Summer Night. Quartet for male voices. A. 3                                     | Baker, 30    |
| Sunset Bird. Quartet for mixed voices. Unaccompanied. E flat. 1                              | Rogers, 25   |
| Sweet and Low. Quartet for mixed voices. C. 4                                                | Barnaby, 30  |
| Sweetly, Softly. Quartet for mixed voices. D. 4                                              | Bliss, 40    |
| Sword of Bunker Hill. Quartet for mixed voices. A. 2                                         | Cover, 30    |
| Tear for the Comrade That's Gone. Quartet and Chorus for mixed voices. A flat. 2             | Murray, 25   |
| Temperance Battle Song. Quartet for mixed voices. A. 2                                       | Stewart, 10  |
| The Beautiful Forever. Quartet for mixed voices. B flat. 2                                   | Rogers, 30   |
| The Glory of Man. Quartet for male voices. G. 3                                              | Rogers, 35   |
| The River and the Sea. Quartet for male voices. F. 3                                         | Rogers, 30   |
| There Never Was an Earthly Dream. Quartet for mixed voices. F. 1                             | Rogers, 25   |
| There's Music in the Air. Quartet for mixed or male voices. A flat. 2                        | Root, 30     |
| Those Other Times. Quartet for mixed voices. D. 2                                            | Rogers, 25   |
| Thoughts of Home. Quartet for male voices. Unaccompanied. E flat. 3                          | Louis, 35    |
| To the Chorus. Quartet for male voices. E. 4                                                 | Baker, 30    |
| Touch the Keys Softly. Quartet for mixed voices. A flat. 2                                   | Root, 60     |
| To Whom Shall We Give Thanks? Song-Recitativo or Quartet. G. 1                               | Root, 30     |
| True Love Can Ne'er Forget. Quartet for male or mixed voices. D. 3                           | Louis, 35    |
| Two Little Pairs of Boots. Quartet for mixed voices. In chant form, unaccompanied. B flat. 2 | Frery, 30    |
| Under the Snow. Quartet for mixed voices. F. 2                                               | Rogers, 35   |
| Unseen City. Quartet for mixed voices, with chorus obligato. F. 3                            | Clark, 50    |
| Very Bad Cold. Quartet. A. 1                                                                 | Taylor, 35   |
| Vesper Song. Quartet for mixed voices. E flat. 2                                             | Allen, 30    |
| Voices from the Spirit Land. Quartet for mixed voices. F. 4                                  | Louis, 50    |
| Voices of the Lake. Quartet for mixed voices. E flat. 3                                      | Root, 30     |
| Water Lilies. Solo and Quartet for mixed voices. D. 3                                        | Hubbard, 40  |
| We are not Far from Those we Love. Quartet for mixed voices. G. 2                            | Rogers, 25   |
| Welcome to Spring. Quartet for mixed voices. A flat. 3                                       | Martin, 40   |
| We Meet Upon the Level. Solo or Quartet. C. 2                                                | Cady, 30     |
| When my Ship Comes in. Quartet and Chorus for mixed voices. F. 2                             | Root, 40     |
| Where are Those Dreamers Now. Quartet for mixed voices. E flat. 3                            | Rogers, 30   |
| Yankee Boy's Glee. Quartet for male voices. Unaccompanied. B flat. 1                         | Marshall, 30 |

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## Sacred Songs and Quartets.

A carefully selected list of Choice Sacred Music. Many of the pieces in this list are admirably adapted for use in Choirs.

|                                                              |                 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Abide With Me. F. 3                                          | Rimbauld, 35    |
| Al! This Life, 'Tis but a Vapor. Quartet. G. 2               | Bradbury, 10    |
| Angels Ever Bright and Fair. F. 4                            | Handel, 40      |
| Ave Verum. Chorus, with Solo for tenor and soprano. G. 5     | Falkenstein, 40 |
| Ave Maria. Soprano Solo and Quartet, with Chorus. E flat. 5  | Falkenstein, 50 |
| Be Joyful in God. Sacred Chorus. C. 3                        | Merz, 30        |
| Be Thou Exalted, O my God. Sacred Cho. D. 3                  | Merz, 30        |
| Blessed be the Lord. (Benedictus.) Sacred Quartet. E flat. 3 | Davenport, 50   |
| Cast Thy Burden on the Lord. Sacred Quartet. G. 3            | Martin, 30      |
| Charity. Song. E flat. 3                                     | Glover, 30      |
| Chorus of Angels. Quartet or Cho. A flat. 4                  | Casta, 30       |
| Christmas Anthem. Quartet. D. 4                              | Davenport, 50   |
| Come, Holy Spirit. Sacred Quar. B flat. 3                    | Work, 30        |
| Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice. Solo and Quartet. G. 2       | Davenport, 25   |

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|                                                                                   |                 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Come Unto Me. Anthem. E. 4                                                        | Fairlamb, 35    |
| Comfort Ye My People. E. 4                                                        | Handel, 50      |
| Consider the Lilies. Sentences. E. 4                                              | Topliff, 35     |
| Daughter of Zion. Hymn-Anthem. G. 4                                               | Kimball, 50     |
| Day Beam Hath Set. (Ave Maria.) Bal. A. 3                                         | Paget, 30       |
| Day is Ended. Sacred Quartet. B flat. 3                                           | Smith, 30       |
| Easter Anthem. A. 5                                                               | Davenport, 60   |
| Easter Anthem. (Christ the Lord is Risen To-day.) B flat. 4                       | Underner, 75    |
| Easter Morning. Cantata for solo voices and chorus. D. 4                          | Buck, 1.25      |
| Evening Hymn. Sacred Quartet. B flat. 3                                           | Merz, 25        |
| Evening Prayer. Solo for soprano. E flat. 4                                       | Kapper, 30      |
| Eve's Lamentation. Solo. G. 3                                                     | King, 30        |
| Fall of Zion. Grand Scene. E flat. 4                                              | Pacastello, 50  |
| Fall, oh fall, ye words of anger. Bal. F. 2                                       | Richards, 30    |
| God is Love. Sacred duet for soprano and alto. E flat. 3                          | Wells, 35       |
| God of Israel. Soprano Solo & Cho. A flat. 3                                      | Mine, 25        |
| God, to Whom we Look up Blindly. Quartet. E flat. 3                               | Merz, 25        |
| Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah. Quartet. C. 3                                     | Zarlina, 25     |
| Hearer of Prayer. Hymn. E flat. 2                                                 | Henningson, 30  |
| He Doeth all Things Well. Sacred Song. E flat. 2                                  | Woodbury, 30    |
| He is Blessed. (Benedictus.) Quartet with solos for soprano, tenor and bass. F. 6 | Falkenstein, 30 |

|                                                                                                                      |                 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| His Love Shines Over All. Ballad. A flat. 3                                                                          | Forbes, 20      |
| Hope on the Unseen Shore. S & C. D. 3                                                                                | Webster, 35     |
| How Beautiful Upon the Mountains. Sacred Duet for soprano and alto, with bass ad lib. F. 3                           | P. J. W. 35     |
| How the Gates Came Ajar. Song and Chorus. E flat. 2                                                                  | Endicott, 40    |
| In the Cross of Christ I Glory. Quar. F. 3                                                                           | Gilbert, 30     |
| In the Upper Fold. Ballad. G. 2                                                                                      | Durk, 30        |
| In Thy Tender Arms, O Saviour. Duet and Chorus. B flat. 2                                                            | McNaughton, 15  |
| In Their Room Among the Angels? Song and Cho. G. 2                                                                   | Gorham, 50      |
| It is Better Farther On. S & C. A flat. 2                                                                            | Murray, 30      |
| Jackson's Morning Service. E flat. 4                                                                                 | Hodges, 75      |
| Jesus, Saviour of My Soul. B flat. 4                                                                                 | Wood, 25        |
| Jesus, Saviour of My Soul. Soprano Solo & Quartet. F. 4                                                              | Perkins, 30     |
| Just as I am, Without One Pen. Soprano Solo and Quartet. B flat. 4                                                   | Frery, 30       |
| Let Zion in Her King Rejoice. Chorus. B flat. 5                                                                      | Merz, 30        |
| Lord is in His Holy Temple. Quartet. E flat. 2                                                                       | Hamilton, 35    |
| Lord is my Shepherd. Quartet. E flat. 4                                                                              | Hamilton, 35    |
| Lord is my Shepherd. Soprano Song B flat. 3                                                                          | Topliff, 35     |
| Lord my Pasture Shall Prepare. Duet for soprano and bass. E flat. 5                                                  | Otis, 35        |
| Lord's Prayer. Quartet. English and German version. F. 3                                                             | Fairlamb, 30    |
| Lord's Prayer. Quartet or Chorus. A flat. 3                                                                          | Gilbert, 30     |
| Lord, thou who call'st us. Choral. F. 3                                                                              | Merz, 25        |
| Let the Day of Rest Decline. Quartet. A. 4                                                                           | Doe, 35         |
| Love Divine, all Love Excelling. Quartet. F. 4                                                                       | Emery, 35       |
| Mercy and Forgiveness Too. Song. A. 3                                                                                | Hutton, 20      |
| Mosaic from Psalm LXXXVI. (Bow Down Thine Ear, O Lord. E flat. 7                                                     | Morgan, 1.50    |
| Mother Dear, O Pray for Me. Song. A flat. 2                                                                          | Woodbury, 30    |
| Mournfully Lay the Dead One Here. Quartet. Unaccompanied. E flat. 1                                                  | Root, 15        |
| My Father's Bible. Ballad. B flat. 2                                                                                 | Root, 30        |
| My Soul Shall Know Things in the Beautiful Land. Song and Chorus. A. 3                                               | Margitt, 35     |
| My Soul to God, My Heart to Thee. Aria. G. 4                                                                         | Chapman, 35     |
| O be Joyful in the Lord, all ye Lands. Anthem. B flat. 6                                                             | Fairlamb, 75    |
| O Come, let us sing unto the Lord. Anthem-Chant. D. 4                                                                | Fairlamb, 60    |
| O Death, Where is Thy Sting? Chorus. C. 4                                                                            | Merz, 30        |
| O God Have Mercy. Bass Aria. B min. 5                                                                                | Mendelssohn, 30 |
| O God, My Gracious God, to Thee. Solo and Quartet. E. 4                                                              | Fairlamb, 70    |
| O God, Thou art My God. Verse-Anthem. D. 3                                                                           | Cutter, 30      |
| O Where is Above all Others. Solo and Quartet. O Mighty Power. Soprano Aria. F. 6                                    | Haydn, 50       |
| O Praise the Lord. Quartet or Chorus for mixed voices. G. 5                                                          | Mendelssohn, 35 |
| O Salutaris Hostia. (Lord, be Thou Gracious.) Solo for mezzo-soprano or baritone, English and Latin words. A flat. 5 | Bissell, 40     |
| O Salutaris Hostia. Tenor Solo. Latin words only. D. K. 5                                                            | Millard, 40     |
| O Teach Me to Love Thee. Quartet. A flat. 4                                                                          | Merz, 30        |
| O Thou who Driest the Mourner's Tears. Quartet for mixed voices. E. 4                                                | Merz, 50        |
| Our Last Grand Camping Ground. Song and Cho. E flat. 3                                                               | Work, 30        |
| Our Soul Hath Patently Tarried. Anthem. G. 4                                                                         | Cutter, 25      |
| Pity, O Saviour. (Stradella's Prayer.) Solo for contralto, baritone, or bass. A minor. 4                             | Root, 50        |
| Prayer of Mary, Queen of Scots. Sacred Song. F. 3                                                                    | Payne, 35       |
| Pray for Those at Sea. Ballad. E flat. 3                                                                             | Norton, 35      |
| Prince of Peace. Quartet for mixed voices. D flat. 4                                                                 | Bird, 40        |
| Psalm of Life. Song. E. 2                                                                                            | Miller, 25      |

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# THE Song Journal

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NUMBER XI.

## Autumn Voices.

BY MARY B. DODGE.

Seemeth the chorus that greets the ear  
A dirge for the dying hours,  
That wake no more for the passing year  
Spring's voices of birds and flowers?  
Or is it a psalm of love unborne  
From this grateful earth of ours?

Unfold us the burden of our song,  
Grasshoppers chirping so  
Tender and sweet the whole day long!  
Is it of joy or woe,  
The music that breathes from each blade of grass  
In undertone deep and low?

Vainly I list for a jarring tone,  
All is so blest to me—  
From the cricket that answers, beneath the stone,  
The brown toad hid in the tree,  
To the tiniest insect of them all  
That helps with the harmony.

Never a pause in the serenade!  
Like the glory of ripened corn,  
It fillets the air through sunshine and shade;  
And from twilight till peep of morn  
Is a rhythmic pulse in the dreamful night,  
That of satisfied life seems borne.

As the gold of the summer about us floats,  
Soft melody crowneth the haze  
Of the yellow ether with choral notes,  
Through these unfulsome autumn days.  
Speak, sphynx of the hearthstone, cricket dear!  
Is the song of sorrow or praise?

Of this I am sure, that you bring to me  
Thoughts the sweetest of any I know;  
Of this I am sure, that you sing to me,  
In minor tones tenderly low,  
Of things the dearest that life has brought,  
And dearest that hopes bestow.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

## The Composer of Faust.

I rang the bell at 24 Leicester Square. It is an elegant mansion which Gounod, who, during the war of 1870—71, took a strange liking for London, has leased for a term of years. A middle-aged gentleman, in a dressing-gown, opened the door. His face was not particularly intellectual. He wore spectacles, and his blonde hair and side whiskers gave him the appearance of a German.

"Is M. Gounod at home?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, hesitatingly. "What do you want of him?"

"I should like to see him," I replied, handing him my card. "Please take this to M. Gounod. I have business with him."

To my surprise the man looked at the card and then at me, but did not move. I could not repress a moment of impatience. Then he laughed, and said:

"I am M. Gounod. Pray follow me."

No one could surely be more astonished than I was upon hearing this. This blonde haired man, with the heavy face, the composer of the ethereal melodies of immortal "Faust!" I had not yet recovered from my astonishment when I was ushered into a large room, most elegantly furnished, but in as picturesque disorder as old Monkton's study in Walter Scott's "Antiquary"—the splendidly carpeted floor littered with books, papers, journals; on the walls, book-shelves; a splendid piano, violins, and other musical instruments; close to the window, in the left corner of the room, a curiously constructed writing table, entirely covered by an immense, open music book; under the table, a small, green tin tub, filled with water—such is the appearance of the room in which Gounod writes his compositions. My business with him was soon dispatched, and I had correctly guessed its effects upon the composer's humor. He became even gay and chatty. I had just returned from Drontheim, where I had attended the coronation of King Oscar, and M. Gounod questioned me eagerly about the coronation music at the Cathedral, and its effects.

"Alfscen," he said to me, "has undoubtedly composed good things for the occasion. I knew him fifteen years ago in Paris, when he was studying at the conservatory. He dedicated a small oratorio to me then, and wrote only the other day to me."

I replied, playfully:

"I hope, M. Gounod, that the homage of your admirers has indemnified you for your recent vexations."

"Ah, talk of admirers!" he exclaimed, almost scornfully. "Do you believe that all of them here in London have deserted me? They told me I was wrong, I was hasty, I was ill-tempered, when I knew I was right. Do you wonder that I was wrought at being taken advantage of by my English publishers when I have remained comparatively poor, while, as everybody knows, I have enriched so many of them? Look here," he said, growing more animated, "this is an only partially complete list of the representations of my operas in the various large cities of the world. Had I been paid my *tantiemes* honestly, I would, undoubtedly, be very rich, and now I am in very indifferent circumstances. My whole fortune consists of a small house in Paris, and a little farm in Auvergne. I believe I am the poorest of operatic composers in Europe. Rossini and Meyerbeer left large fortunes. Auber died very rich. Wagner has all the money he wants, while I cannot even buy this house in which I live, and which I like."

M. Gounod had uttered this in French, and with all the rapidity of an excited Parisian. I said that his new opera, "Francesca di Rimini," was eagerly awaited by the public, and that he could undoubtedly make very advantageous arrangements both with publishers and managers.

"Perhaps," he replied, "and perhaps not. In Paris my profits are cut down by the senseless post-tax upon operatic performances. I count upon very little from Berlin, upon a great deal from St. Petersburg and Vienna, and upon most of all from London." He continued speaking about his pecuniary

prospects. When he paused, I asked him when his new opera would be ready.

"It is almost ready now."

So saying, he conducted me to the large, open music book on the writing desk. It was the manuscript score of "Francesca." The notes were written in a most beautiful hand. Turning over a few leaves, Gounod showed me that the third and last act was nearly finished. I noticed that there were hardly any corrections in the manuscript. When I mentioned this to the *maestro*, he told me that he hardly ever made any alterations in his compositions, and he said, among other things, that the waltz in "Faust" was printed from the original copy without a change.

He noticed my looking at the water tub under the desk: "That is a thing without which I could hardly work," he said. When I have written for an hour, my head grows very hot, and, strange to say, I have to put my feet in very cold water in order to obtain relief."

I observed that that was a very dangerous remedy.

"I know it," he said, "but I cannot exist without working from twelve to fourteen hours a day; and for that I need that tub. Besides, it has not hurt me thus far very much."

I looked at his ruddy face, and it surely did not indicate feeble health. I expressed the hope that he would be well enough for many years to find his working capacity unimpaired. He thanked me with a smile, and I took my leave. I have never beard of a more amiable lion in his den.—*Home Journal*.

## Tamberlik.

The New York *Tribune* has the following regarding Signor Tamberlik, who made his first appearance in this country at the Grand Opera House in New York: "The opera was 'Polauto,' and the role of the hero is understood to be one of Tamberlik's favorite and most congenial parts. What a beautiful picture he presented of the Christian convert, in his flowing hair and loose robes—every gesture simple and majestic, every movement full of grace and life. He was not the meek devotee with bowed head and folded arms, but the ardent disciple, all aflame with the fire of self-sacrifice, and the glorious ambition of martyrdom. How subtly he indicated this character with a few imperceptible touches, how carefully he preserved the illusion in every word, in every look, in every step, we despair of making those who have not heard him understand. It was a magnificent piece of acting, long to be remembered. In his singing, it has always been the custom of Signor Tamberlik to electrify his hearers by superb outbursts of eloquence, in the critical situations of the opera, a custom for which his clear, sonorous, high reaching voice gave him special facilities. But in everything he is a conscientious singer, and he must have been in his time a rival, not perhaps of Mario, but of many another artist who has sung away the hearts of women. Even now his method is an admirable study, and his phrasing is almost perfection. It is just as well, however, to tell the plain truth about his voice—that is sadly decayed."



### The Motion of Sound.

Acoustics is the science of hearing and of sounds. Hearing is the sensation that comes to us through our ears. Sounds flow into them, and give us pain or pleasure, as they may be good or bad. What is a sound? We can neither see it, touch it, nor smell it; yet it really exists, as you all know. We cannot see the air, yet we can feel it. We can pack it away in a tight box, or pump it out of a glass jar. Birds float in it, and when it moves swiftly it overturns trees and houses, and piles up great waves on the sea.

Sound is not like air. It is not a thing at all. It is a motion. Commonly it is a motion of the air. Sometimes sound may be a motion in a piece of iron wood or other substance. To understand such a curious matter, let us try a few experiments. Get a piece of stout thread or fine twine, two tacks, and a strip of board three feet long and two or three inches wide, more or less. Drive one tack part way in at each end. Then stretch the thread from one to the other and fasten it tight. Then place two bits of wood about half an inch wide under the thread near each tack.

Now if we pinch the thread in the middle with the thumb and finger, draw it on one side and let it go, we shall see that it shakes or trembles violently. It loses its sharp outline, becomes hazy and indistinct in the middle, and at the same time we hear a sharp twanging sound. In a moment the vibration or swaying motion stops, and the sound comes to an end. We may repeat this a number of times, and the effect will be the same. Here we have a sound, and we can see what caused it. The thread vibrates or trembles with a quick motion, and we have a sound at the same instant. The thread flies this way and that, and beats the air on both sides. The air beats in our ears, and we call the sensation—sound. The motion really reaches us, though we cannot touch nor see it outside our ears.

To understand how the air carries the motion to us, let us fill a pail or basin with water, or go out to the nearest pond, and drop a lead shot or a pebble into the water. We see the splash, and a wave goes rolling over the water in a ring, spreading wider and wider. Now this splash is a motion. When the pebble fell in it pushed the water under it to one side. The drops that moved to make way for it pushed the drops next to them, and these pushed the next, those pushed the next, and so on. The ring-like wave shows where the motion is moving along from one drop to another. To make this plain, look at these dots:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

We will suppose each is a drop, or particle of water. The pebble strikes No. 1, and it moves on one side and strikes No. 2, in this fashion:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

No. 2 then pushes No. 3. The pebble having gone down, No. 1 moves back to its place, and it looks like this:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Just as soon as No. 2 has pushed No. 3 it returns to its place. So in turn all send the motion along, and fly back to their places again. It is plain that the splash or motion runs along on top of the water while the water stands in the same place. We drop a few small bits of wood on the water, and then throw the pebble in. The wave runs out again in a widening ring. The bits of floating wood bob up and down as the wave passes under them, but do not change their places. This shows that the drops of water receive the wave of motion, pass it along to the next, and then return to their original position. Now the air is like this water. Our stretched thread gives the air a series of blows, and could we see it, we should see rings of motion flying through it as over the water. As the thread beats to and fro it sends the waves through the air, and, striking our ears, they give us a peculiar sensation, and we call it sound. The waves from the thread follow each other somewhat like this:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 E

There is supposed to be a wave at every place where the dots are crowded together. If our ear was placed at E we should feel the waves arrive one after another in a procession.

Get a handful of pebbles or small shot, and come to the water. Let them slip slowly through the fingers and fall one after the other. Each makes a wave, and the rings chase each other over the water. Try another handful, and let them fall quickly. See what pretty ripples flow over the water. Here we have two facts. The waves may follow each other

closely, or wide apart, may move fast or slow. So it is with the waves of sound. They may come to our ears thickly or wide apart; fifty or a hundred, or two hundred, or by thousands in a second. Nor is this all. Take a handful of shot or pebbles, and throw them into the water all at once. A splash, and hundreds of waves, large and small, follow each other in a confused jumble. So it may be with the waves of sound. They may travel in a mixed, tangled mass, near and wide apart, all at the same instant.

To make this still more plain, and to give a little amusement to the subject, let six or more boys or young men stand up in single file, with each boy's hands on the shoulders of the boy in front. The last boy may hold his hands before him. Now let some one give the first boy a good push between the shoulders. All feel the push, and all, save the last, start quickly. He, having no one to lean on, is tumbled over, unless he looks sharp.

So it is with sound. The motion flies through the air, and the last particles of air jump into the ear, and we call it a sound. The boys may form in procession as before, and march slowly around the room, still keeping their hands upon each other's shoulders. If while they walk they have another push, the last boy will tumble forward as before. This shows that it does not make much difference whether the boys are moving or not. So the waves of sound may fly through the air, even while it is moving rapidly. This we know to be so because we can hear sounds in a strong wind, when the air is traveling forty miles an hour.

If we drop a stone into a running brook it will make a splash, but the ring-like wave will be bent out of shape, or lost in the current. So sounds on a windy day will be heard much better in the direction in which the wind is blowing. The ring-like waves are bent by the wind and follow the current. Three boys may stand in a row two hundred feet, or more, apart, east and west, in a strong west wind or in the direction of the wind, whatever it may be. Then, if the eastern boy calls to the others, the middle boy may hear him, while the western boy does not. The wind blows the waves of sound to the east, and the boy's voice only gets half way. Now if the middle boy and the western boy speak, the eastern boy will hear them both, as the wind and sound are traveling in the same direction and do not hinder each other. A sound in a wind is like a wave in a brook. It can run down stream easily, but has hard work to get up stream. This is a very interesting experiment, and one easily performed in the open air.—*Vox Humana.*

### Church Music in New York.

If we mistake not, it is Mr. HOWARD GLOVER who writes thus to the *London Musical Standard*, and will be read with interest by all interested in the promotion of church music:

"It is in no profane spirit that I assert that all the various classes of religionists which exist in the world have their representatives in New York. A more perfect exercise of religious liberty cannot be found; consequently it is open to every one to follow that class of believers or non-believers he thinks most conducive to the quieting of his own conscience, and the furtherance of his hopes of a happy future. As I have no intention of preaching a sermon, I will say no more on this subject, but so much was necessary to explain the extraordinary denomination of worshippers (to be commented on presently), prevails in all the churches which I have visited since I have resided here. From constant practice, it would seem to be the idea that sacred music should be as secular in its character as it is possible to make it. At one of the principal churches (Christ Church, Fifth avenue) it is a usual occurrence that a trio from "Atila," the well-known quartette from "Rigletto," and various airs from Italian operas, are sung to words selected by the organist from the Holy Scriptures. In other churches I have heard the hymn, "New Year, my God, to Thee," sung to the tune of "Robin Adair."

"The other day I read an account of the opening of a new church, in which it was stated that 'previous to the delivery of a most eloquent sermon by the Rev. Dr. —, the talented organist, Mr. —, delighted the audience with a splendid selection from Verdi's Traviata.' Verdi is evidently the favorite church writer of America—can he be a descendant of our old cathedral organist, Dr. Greene? All this takes place in the so-called Episcopal churches; but I need hardly tell you that there is little or no ecclesiastical authority here; consequently each incumbent does as he pleases, and in most cases the choirs are formed by the organists; and, as their payment depends in a great measure upon

the letting of the pews, and the amount of rent they bring in, they are compelled to pander to the tastes of their congregations, lest the main source of their income should fail. The other religious denominations fare no better. I do not believe that in any part of the world a lower class of music is performed than is to be heard in the Roman Catholic churches in this city. Where the composers of the masses performed come from it is hard to say, but the dregs of the worst Italian musicians must have been squeezed to produce the balderdash that Sunday after Sunday is sung to the holy words of the mass. The same may be said of every other denomination; in fact, if the great cities of the world professing Christianity, were searched over, I do not think it possible to find one in which music is so thoroughly debased, both in selection and performance, as it is in this, the 'empire city' of the United States.

"But there is an exception, one ecclesiastical oasis exists even in America—Trinity Parish, New York. The peculiar nature of the constitution of this church corporation renders it totally independent of any influence, or any pressure that could be put upon it by the outside world. In many respects it resembles the organization of an English cathedral establishment. Its revenues are immense, and they are distributed in a manner that, if not beyond caviar, are so managed that the services of the various churches are admirably performed. The salaries of the clergy and other officers are amply liberal, and as these are all paid out of the actual income, there is no letting of pews, no auction of seats, and the whole energies of the excellent rector and vestry are directed to the performance of all things 'decently and in order;' so that there is one spot, at any rate, in this vast city, where the services of the Anglican church are rendered in a manner, both as regards the ritual and the music, which will favorably compare with any similar administration in the mother country. Outside Trinity parish, the service of the clergy and other officers is that of money changers set out by the Saviour in the temple; within it all is done that human skill can do. The organists have mostly had an English cathedral training. A large amount of time is devoted to the practice of the choirs, the best singers are engaged and well paid, and the music used is not only that which time has honored, all composers whose works, written for the church, have found acceptance, are produced here, and give the greatest satisfaction.

"In thus stating what cannot be denied, I have not the slightest wish to impugn the right of any denomination of worshippers to select that music which is most conducive to their views of 'the Praise and Glory of God,' but if America ever hopes to found a school of sacred music, which shall be, centuries hence, pronounced national, such a consummation will never be attained by the course at present pursued. 'Un di si ben' on Saturday night at 11 P. M., and the same music to the words 'Oh praise the Lord, ye Heavens,' at 10:30 A. M. on Sunday morning, augurs but poorly either for the prospects of the musical art, or for decent reverence in performing divine service in this immense country.

### The Claims of Music.

BY S. A. ELIOT.

We must learn in this, as in other things, to distinguish between the use and abuse, the proper and natural connection, and the artificial and unnecessary combination. If there is danger in the character of the public amusement, let the child be interested in the domestic concert; and what more charming picture of innocent and improving relaxation can be presented to the mind's eye, than that of a family, happy enough to have acquired in youth the requisite skill, and combining their several powers and attainment in the production of heavenly harmony? It can hardly fail to produce that harmony of heart, of which that of their voices is a sweet and suitable emblem.

It certainly will not fail; for music has a moral power which, under such circumstances, cannot be resisted by any human heart. Who, indeed, can resist its power under any circumstances? Can we hear animated music without cheerfulness, or sad music without sympathy, or solemn music without awe? Is there any feeling of our nature to which music is not or may not be addressed, and which, when properly adapted, it does not heighten and intensify? One is almost ashamed to state a proposition so like a truism. Its power is, in some degree or other, acknowledged by all, while it is, of course, most felt by those whose sensibility has been improved by cultivation.

Whatever may be said of the power of music over



the emotions and feelings, will be liable to the charge of exaggeration from those who are less sensible to it; and, at the same time, it is so great over the majority of persons, as hardly to be susceptible of exaggeration. If the mind is to be excited or soothed, thrilled with horror or with delight, touched with kindness, or hardened into severity, softened with pity, or filled with awe, or stirred to sudden mutiny against the better affections, what can produce these effects with more certainty or power than music? Even language, unaided by music, has, perhaps, less effect than music without the aid of language. But when they are combined for a given purpose, when melody is wedded to immortal verse, then it is that every feeling is under the control of the musician, and he can rouse or subdue every emotion of the human breast. This must necessarily be stated in general terms, as there is not time to illustrate the position in detail. But I appeal to the recollection of every one. I ask if there is anything which has left upon your memory a deeper impression of tenderness, of reverence, of awe, of beauty or of sublimity, than has been produced by the concerted pieces, the accompanied airs and choruses, of eminent composers.

Does the mother ever fail to soothe the little irritations of infancy by her gentle song? Was ever a soldier insensible to the angry blast of the trumpet? Is it possible to listen without strengthened affection to the voices of those we love? Or is there any doubt that music has given additional power to the seductions of vicious amusement, as well as greater strength to the aspirations of our holier feelings? We must cultivate music of a pure and refined character, not merely to counteract the effect of that which is not so, but that we may give a new power to the better tendencies of our nature, that we may have its aid in raising what in us is low, reforming what is wrong, and carrying forward to perfection whatever is praiseworthy.

#### Love and Music.—A Moral Tale.

She was a music teacher. He played the piano fairly well. They lived next door. It was one of those wooden cities so common in this country, where each house stands alone in its little garden. It was summer time, and evening. All the windows were open, and from every side came scraps and bits of music from sundry pianos, voices and instruments. A flute waivered over the way, where the "engaged man" lived. A voice and a piano duetted where the young married folks lived, and the young thing who was "paying attentions" to the First Baptist soprano was trying the bass of certain touching psalms.

In the midst of it all she, the music teacher, began a slumber song. Then the others paused to listen. When she stopped there was a little pause, and then she played a *Kinder Lied*. Silence all around. Then she indulged in a waltz. She felt better. Then he galoped, musically speaking. She did not seem to be in that mood, and she replied in "A song without words." It was touching. Then he played a bit of the Moonlight Sonata. She took and replied with "Five o'clock in the morning." The flute fellow, the young couple, and all the rest of the neighbors sat up in bed or in their chairs, held their breaths and listened.

It was becoming interesting. Every note could be heard. The moonlight fell through the trees, and it was very calm and still. The firely roamed through the garden, and the doorgs boomed fitfully.

Then he played "Come, rest in this bosom," and some of them stuffed the sheets into their mouths to keep from laughing. When she played as if she did not know what to give next. Then she played "O fair dove, O fond love," or music to that effect. There was a suspicion of laughter in the air, but the two heard it not. When she finished he too paused a moment, and then, in a sweet and tender manner, played "I would that my love."

It was too much. Some one laughed. Then somebody else laughed. Some more laughed. A baby woke up and cried horribly, and somebody "shooed" it. The laughter filled the light with dim. A certain window came down with a slam, and a piano was heard to shut with a bang.

For all that, they were married within a month.—*Succed.*

THE Salt Lake *Daily Tribune* says: "The 4th of July, 1873, will be recorded as a great event in the history of Salt Lake City, on account of the musical Jubilee, which was held in the large Tabernacle on that day, under the auspices of Mme. Anna Bishop and troupe. The array of talent was such as never before was seen in the City of the Saints."

## Correspondence.

### Letter from Boston.

A SUCCESSFUL SEASON IN SPITE OF HARD TIMES—THE OPERA—CONCERTS PART AND PROSPECTIVE—"AN EVENING WITH TENNYSON"—THE MENDELSSOHN AND BEETHOVEN QUINTETTE CLUBS—THE HANDEL AND HAYDN TRIENNIAL—THE APOLLO CLUB—NEW COMERS—PERSONAL, ETC.

Boston, October 16, 1873.

The "Hub" is brushing its claw-hammer coats and smoothing out its kids for the approaching season of Italian opera, and is preparing to do its level best, in the enthusiastic way, over Lucca, Di Murska and Tamberlik. The season begins October 27, and continues two weeks. The Strakosch Troupe comes in the spring, or rather in February. In spite of the "panic," and all that sort of thing, the opera is likely to do well. Chanfrau and Booth have packed the spacious Boston Theatre to overflowing in successive engagements, and \$1,500, \$1,800 and \$2,000 houses have been the rule rather than the exception for a month past. Where all the money comes from is a mystery to those who are in want of the article.

The concerts given thus far have been well patronized. The season may be said to have fairly begun, although the entertainments have generally been of the lighter character. The most important event transpired on the 8th, when the distinguished lady violinist, Camilla Urso, reappeared after an absence of four years, and Miss Adelaide Phillips appeared for the first time since her return from Europe, both at a concert given in the Boston Lyceum course. Madame Urso plays with the same wonderful skill and delicacy which distinguished her performances years ago, and there seems a greater breadth of style, which doubtless results from her study and practice when abroad of classic music. She was received by the audience with great heartiness, and every piece she played elicited much applause. Miss Phillips was in splendid voice, and also gained high honors. Mrs. Anna Granger Dow, another popular favorite, sang on the occasion, but her efforts were marred by a cold, which rendered her very hoarse. Mr. Nelson Varley and Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen also assisted. The latter with marked success, although he had the bad taste to sing Offenbach's "Pif, paf, pouf," in the German made up of much better stuff. The Germania Orchestra, and Mr. Howard M. Dow also took part.

On the succeeding evening a concert was given in the Old Bay State course, by Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mr. H. C. Barnabee, and the Temple Quartette. In this course there are to be several other concerts, one of which will be by Theodore Thomas and his orchestra.

A novel entertainment was given at Music Hall, in the Lyceum course last evening. It was entitled "An Evening with Tennyson." The English reader, Adela D. Maskell, read Tennyson's "May Queen" and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," and the rest of the programme comprised vocal selections in which the music was devoted to the poetry of the English poet laureate. The singers were Mrs. Julia Houston West, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, Mr. W. M. Fessenden and Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, and Mr. J. A. Howard was the accompanist. "An Evening with Longfellow" is promised early next month. Mrs. Louise Woodworth Foss is to read selections from the works of the favorite American poet, and there are to be musical illustrations on a similar scale.

The New England Conservatory of Music, of which the stirring Dr. Tourjee is the director, gave its three hundredth recital on the 10th. Madame Marie Bishop, Mr. C. L. Capen, pianist, Mr. C. N. Allen, violinist, and Mr. Wulf Fries, violoncellist, assisted on the occasion in a programme of great excellence.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave the first of two chamber concerts at the Meisnau, last Saturday evening. They were assisted by Mr. Alexander Heindl, in a sextette by Brahms, and the rest of the programme consisted of a quartette by Schumann, a flute solo by Mr. E. M. Heindl, an andante from a quartette by Schubert, and a solo for violoncello by Mr. Rudolph Hennig. The second concert will be given next Saturday evening, and on the 20th the club start on an extended western tour, intending to be absent until January 1st.

Mr. Frederic Boscovitz, the pianist, has established himself here, and connected himself with the Boston Conservatory of Music. On the 3d he gave a concert at Mechanics' Hall assisted by Mr. Eichberg. Mr. Boscovitz is a very talented player and at once gained the favor of a critical audience. He is a decided acquisition to our growing list of first-class musical artists. On the 14th he assisted at one of the Conservatory concerts with Mr. J. M. Tracy and Miss Persis Bell, the violinist.

Mr. Eugene Thayer is giving a series of free organ recitals at the First Church, corner of Berkeley and Marlborough streets. The forty-ninth took place on the 10th, and the fiftieth on the 14th. Young Willis Sheldon, of New Haven, performed with Mr. Thayer on the 10th, and is also to assist at the next recital, which comes off to-morrow afternoon.

The Hampton colored students gave two of their peculiar concerts at Tremont Temple on the 8th and 10th, to large houses.

The pupils of Mr. Louis C. Elson gave an interesting exhibition concert at Wesleyan Hall, on the evening of the 7th inst.

The Parker Fraternity have established at their meeting-house, a series of Sunday evening concerts and lectures.

The Beethoven Quintette Club returned to Boston a few days ago, from a very successful concert tour through a portion of Canada and Vermont. They were accompanied by Mrs. J. M. Osgood, the well-known vocalist, and visited Montreal, Quebec, St. Albans, Burlington and Montpelier. At Montreal their reception was of the most flattering description, and, although it was their first visit, their houses were large and very fashionable. At Quebec their concerts were under the patronage of their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Dufferin, who requested an introduction to the members of the club, and to Mrs. Osgood, at the close of one of the performances. They received an invitation to a grand reception at the citadel the following night, where they were treated with great courtesy. Mrs. Osgood elicited encomiums wherever she sang.

At the recent annual meeting of the Apollo Club, the following named gentlemen were elected officers of the corporation for the ensuing year: President, Hon. John P. Putnam; vice-president, Charles N. Allen; clerk of corporation and secretary of active members, Arthur Reed; treasurer, Charles T. Howard; librarian, Charles C. Wentworth. The active members chose the following officers: Musical director, B. J. Lang; committee on music, J. H. Stickney, H. M. Aiken and J. R. Lecson.

The Orpheus Musical Society have arranged three musical and social entertainments, to take place at their club rooms in the course of the season. The first takes place to-morrow evening, and the others are assigned for November 24th and January 5th. To-morrow night a fine programme will be performed, with the assistance of Mr. Frederic Boscovitz, Mr. Eichberg and master Van Raalte.

The Boylston Club have resumed their rehearsals, and will give a concert at Music Hall, December 22d.

The Handel and Haydn Society began their rehearsals Sunday evening, the 5th. The president, Mr. Barnes, made a short address, in which he feelingly alluded to the death of several of the oldest members of the organization, among whom was Mr.



George Hews, and Mr. James Sharp. Mr. John K. Paine's oratorio of "St. Peter" was taken up for rehearsal. This work will form one of the features of the triennial festival next May.

The Boston Chorus resumed its rehearsals on the 11th, taking up the oratorio of "The Messiah," under the direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn.

Mr. B. J. Lang has been re-elected director of the Chelsea Choral Society.

Mr. J. W. Tufts has been appointed organist at King's Chapel.

Mr. E. Stanley Felch has gone to Europe to complete his musical studies. Previous to his departure his friends gave him a complimentary dinner.

Miss Gertrude Tucker sailed for Europe on the 14th. She will continue her musical studies at Milan.

Mr. Elliot W. Pratt, organist, returned from Europe recently, after an absence of three years.

Among those who have recently selected Boston as their place of abode, may be mentioned Miss Thea Reese Liebe, the violinist, Signor Operi, Miss Alice Dutton, Mr. John Holloway, Mr. George L. Osgood, Mr. Nelson Varly, Mr. John S. Charles, Mr. Frederic Boscovitz, Miss Lizzie Welch, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Tom Karl. Levy, the cornet player, it is said, is coming.

Mr. Carlyle Petersilea has wedded Miss Nannie C. Kennedy, of St. Louis.

Mr. J. Frank Perry has withdrawn from the music publishing house of White, Smith & Perry.

RANGER.

#### Letter from Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, October 18, 1873.

MR. EDITOR.—Save for the excitement of the recent financial muddle, which still continues, though in a somewhat modified form, and the usual stir of a closely contested State election, we have been somewhat quiet during the present month. With the close of the Exposition, Saturday, October 4th, ended an event of great local interest, and took from our city very many of the faces we were wont to see from day to day. The Exposition of 1873 was, as I have already written you, a perfect success in every particular, and has inspired those having its affairs in charge with renewed zeal and energy for its successor. Already a meeting has been held in the Board of Trade rooms, and a goodly sum raised towards the guaranty fund for 1874.

The executive committee of the May festival have begun their plans for the festival of next year, and soon will be heard, doubtless, the busy note of preparation, as the various forces are marshaled, and the different elements brought into requisition. I learn that this interest will be vigorously prosecuted and we may safely rely upon a festival next May, which shall be found not unworthy that which has preceded it.

Our own societies are hard at work, the Harmonie on some of Mozart's and Bach's glorious "Motets," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and other excellent works, and the Orpheus upon several of Wagner's compositions. This last named society have resumed their bi-monthly, Sunday evening public entertainments, and will continue them through the season. Our excellent orchestra, under the direction of Michael Brand, have also entered earnestly upon their season's labors, and we shall, without doubt, be well favored before winter yields to May. Prof. Otto Ling, and several other of our very best talent, have completed arrangements for a series of classic concerts, of selections from the most classic works of the old masters. This series will be commenced during the present month, and will, without doubt, enjoy the patronage of all our lovers of really excellent work.

During the month there have been several fine concerts, the latest, and best, being that by Mr. Marke Kaiser, a young violinist who has but recent-

ly graduated, with high honors, from the conservatory of Paris, and who comes among us endorsed by Ambrose Thomas. As Mr. Thomas seldom gives letters, and never unless he deems them deserved, we were perfectly safe in accepting Mr. Kaiser as an artist, and subsequent trial fully proved our confidence by no means misplaced, as he is, indeed, an excellent violinist. He is still but little more than a mere boy in years and appearance, and there is no doubt that with added practice, study and experience, he will develop still grander possibilities.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is to give us some readings from her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "The Minister's Wooing," in Pike's Opera House, on the evening of the 23d, and Mr. J. M. Bellew, the greatest living elocutionist without doubt, is to follow her in another series. So you see we are well provided for in that department of instruction, and I have no doubt we shall find both these entertainments entertaining and instructive.

After this comes the glorious Theodore Thomas's Orchestra, in a series of four concerts, and you may rest assured that he will find full and appreciative audiences in our city, as both him and his matchless company are warmly regarded here. Mr. Myron W. Whitney, our great American basso, is with Mr. Thomas, and he also will be welcomed with appreciative enthusiasm.

The Harmonie Society, with Prof. Otto Singu at their head, are preparing for a concert to be given in Pike's Opera House, November 27th, which will be one of the musical events of the season. Miss Emma Cranch, our newly returned mezzo-soprano, is to render the "Orpheus" music, the society giving the choral portions. Mr. Marke Kaiser, the excellent young violinist I have before spoken of, and others, are to assist, and the concert will, no doubt, be an unusually excellent one.

But one of our greatest treats will be enjoyed when we listen to our own Kellogg, in English opera, which we hope to do on the evenings of the week commencing November 3d. I hope that our people will seize upon her present appearance, in English opera, to place an emphatic and final seal upon the slander now so justly visited upon the American people, that they pay their money to patronize and support inferior foreign talent, and neglect their own. If there be a greater artist now living than Clara Louise Kellogg, I do not know of her. Should she visit your city, which is very probable, urge upon your people to turn out and give her a reception worthy her merits.

VIE O. LYNN.

#### Modern Meanings to Old Words.

*Suggestion.*—Advice given by a servant to his employer.

*Young man's best companion.*—He who takes him home when he cannot take himself home.

*Aristocrat.*—One who considers the respectability of his grandfather to be sufficient payment for his own debts.

*Nuisance.*—The disturbance caused by your neighbor in making his fortune.

*Overnight.*—To leave your old umbrella in a news-room, and bring away a new one.

*Science.*—To tie a canister to a dog's tail, and observe whether he run east or west.

*Apprentice.*—A lad learning by experience the tyranny necessary to make him a master.

*Unfortunate Man.*—One born with a conscience.

*Abstemious Man.*—One who never tastes wine or spirits—at home.

*Reflective turn.*—To have your umbrella turned inside out whilst turning a corner.

*Remorse.*—The feelings of a pickpocket caught in the act.

*Precoity.*—The impertinence of your child.

*Balance of Power.*—Common sense.

*Lucas.*—Authority for publicly whipping the wicked—poor.

JOSEPH BILLINGS thus describes the music of the Guinea hen: "They have a voice like a piccolo flute, and for racket too, and then can make a saw that is being filed ashamed of itself."

#### The Cross.

BY WILLIAM WEBSTER.

Thou Lamb of God, I come to thee,  
My sins, my sins forgive;  
Apply thy precious blood, apply,  
My trembling soul bid live.

In agony on Calvary's hill,  
Thy blood was shed for me—  
Thy saving blood, the plea I bring,  
I have no other plea.

The cross, I glory in the cross,  
What wondrous power given,  
That lifts a fallen world from death,  
And opens the gates of heaven.

The guilty soul bowed down to earth  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
That hears thy voice, looks up with joy,  
Beholds a smiling God.

The cross shall be my one great theme,  
While in the race I run;  
I'll firmly clasp it to my breast,  
Until the victory's won.

#### Clara Louise Kellogg and the Mad People.

On the day of one of Clara Louise Kellogg's concerts in Utica, it was proposed to show that young lady the State Lunatic Asylum. While there she kindly sang to a roomful of the more quiet patients, much to their surprise and delight. Not content with gratifying these, however, she begged that she might be allowed to visit the more unbalanced patients.

"Let me sing to the mad people," she pleaded. Winning consent, and accompanied by some of the faculty, their ladies and the matron, she proceeded to the wards where the most noisy and destructive patients were confined. One would think that her voice would have failed her at the dreadful sounds that greeted her entrance, at the glaring eyes turned upon her, and in the indications of wrath in those poor, ungoverned faces.

Not so. The brave hearted girl knew her power. In an instant all discord and tumult was hushed under the spell of that wonderful voice. It rose and floated above the poor distracted creatures like a blessing, then seemed to fall upon their upturned, listening faces in a soft, refreshing shower of musical rain.

The effect was wonderful. Some smiled, some nodded, and some gazed at her with streaming eyes. "She is an angel," cried one. "Yes, she is an angel," echoed others, and they crowded about her, eager to gently touch her hand, her dress, or even her feet, while she, happy and fearless, made no effort to escape.

"She is my girl. My Estelle," screamed an old woman, suddenly. "She looks like her," she sings like her. Let me kiss her." And Louise Kellogg bent and kissed the poor crazed crea ure, almost as if she were indeed Estelle.—*Heath and Home.*

#### The Wonders of the New York Herald.

The New York Herald is a paper of surprises; it stumbles from one absurdity to another with a facility that cannot be too much admired. Especially are its art notes distinguished by a superior stupidity which places them, in that respect, beyond competition. Whether it be opera, concert, painting, or the drama, the same sublime ignorance pervades every line that is printed in its columns. Speaking of Miss Kellogg's singing in Yorkville, one of the half a hundred critics of the Herald says that she sang with "that breadth of expression and thoroughness of artistic style that augurs well for the coming season of English opera, since (why since?) much depends upon the prima-donna's voice." Again, he says, that Miss Kellogg's name "is inseparably associated with the Cavatina from *Linda*." Why not the name of Donizetti instead?

Further on he makes a startling assertion, namely: that the encore, "The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," which she responded to the applause of the audience, was as exquisitely delivered as might be expected from a Catherine Hayes. Lest the Herald readers should be at a loss to know who sang that song, whether it was Louise Kellogg or Catherine Hayes, we assure them that Catherine Hayes departed this life many years ago. Still, everything is possible to the Solons of the Herald.—*Watson's Journal.*

# The Song Journal.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, NOVEMBER, 1873.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."  
 "The man that had no music in himself is fit for treasons,  
 stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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## Duties of Winter.

The long winter nights are fast approaching. Dark, cold and stern as they seem, there is no disguising the fact that they are the friends of wisdom, the true patrons of music, literature, and the nurses of vigorous, patient, inquisitive and untiring intellect. To some, indeed, they come particularly associated, when not with gloom, with various gay scenes of amusement, with lighted halls, lively and fascinating music, and a few (hundred) friends. To others, the "dearest spot on earth" are the scenes that cluster around the hearth-stone in the old home of childhood and youth, many or few, whom the heart and experience acknowledge as such, and now-a-days, the question comes welling up in the mind of the aged, "where are the friends of my youth?" and, looking back to the past, echo answers where are the loved forms of father, mother, brother and sister, that played with us on the green, sat side by side with us in the same school, reciting the same lessons of wisdom from the text-books of long ago, embodying the wisdom of the sciences of to-day, changed only for adaptation to the conventionalism of teaching, without a single new principle in the development of science. Are we old fogies in our view of our subject? Well, let it pass, for the truth will find its level.

Society has claims; social intercourse is profitable as well as pleasant. Amusements are naturally sought for by the young, and such as they may partake of, of an innocent character, are all right. But, it may be asked, when amusements run into excess do they not leave their innocence behind them in the career? Does not light, frivolous social intercourse, when it takes up a great deal of time, fail to pay a return for that time? We say, then, the winter evenings seem to be given us, not exclusively, but chiefly, for instruction. It is our opinion, that a cultivated, intellectual society can find gratification in amusements of an unquestionable character, and far less dangerous to the habits of both young and aged, than many of those now too frequently resorted to. While we say, then, let the dance go on, let music increase her fascinations, let youth enjoy its halcyon days with all that can render life gay, cheerful and happy; but take care that in the excess of your kindness, you do not ruin the animated and lovely beings whom you draw to a bright and shining light, that may destroy them. We would put no obstacle in the way of the enjoyment of everything that wealth and liberality can contribute to divert the spirits, gratify the imagination, and elevate the heart. Ceremonies, parade and decorations, and a pageantry, which it would be difficult to justify by any syllogistic arguments, have ever been found necessary to influence the conduct of mankind. No doubt these are supplements to weakness. Men are stronger and firmer who can do without

them, but they are not wiser who affect to do without them, and fall for want of their assistance. But mankind are not intellectual enough to dispense with all the machinery that moves the mind. The passions, the affections, the imagination, are to be consulted as well as the reason. They are all parts of that complicated contrivance by which the human will is to be influenced; they are the gifts of a Providence that has bestowed nothing in vain; they are not to be eradicated as noxious, or neglected as useless, but directed and controlled, and employed as necessary instruments in the formation of character and the promotion of happiness.

## Miss Anna Barker, of Grand Rapids.

It is ever a pleasant duty, and when judiciously discharged, a precious privilege—at all times to be coveted—to make record of precocity of genius, or attainment in art or science, and especially so in the divine art of music. Hence in speaking of her whose name we place above—a miss of sixteen summers—care must guide the pen, and chosen epithets characterize all said with truthful precision.

Miss Barker is a native of Michigan, and, at a very youthful age, manifested a love and taste for music, which, under the guidance and fostering care of a tender, faithful mother, developed into beauty and excellence, marked by many distinguishing traits, pointed with unerring certainty to talents implanted by a hand which nature alone can form. Under this skillful, truthful and judicious training, she soon developed capacity, which being deemed beyond the scope of her mother's instructions, she was placed under the guidance of J. Dempster Towne, who for five years has been her tutor, and to whose faithful instructions pupil or teacher may add with exultant pride, and unfeigned satisfaction. She has now gone to New York to study under S. B. Mills' guidance, and we confidently predict the time is not in the far future, when as an artist she will appear eclipsed by few at home or abroad. We would like to speak more particularly, and at length, of the technique of her playing, and the mastery execution acquired in the rendition of the works of art she attacks, but these we leave for future development, assured, as we know, they will be ere long revealed.

## Home Matters, Musical and Theatrical.

The musical world with us is agog so far as what may be termed first-class is concerned, and, hence, to boast of the amusement season of fall or winter being inaugurated, would be the announcement of no such things existence. "Down East" may trumpet up attractions, surpassed or unsurpassed, till they are hoarse, and managers of the various parties may blow, and take pains limited or unlimited, still we declare, while we hunger and thirst, there has been no helping hand stretched to our relief. Our musical organizations, both American and German, are delving away and doing what they can to bless the cause, but the sweetness of their delicious music evaporates scarcely beyond the rooms wherein produced. We had a "Grand complimentary Concert" (we quote verbatim for exactness never suffers) given to Miss Ionia Belle Reynolds, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Absence from the city prevented attendance; told it was good, except financially. In the dramatic line we have had John Dillon, America's great comedian; Mr. Joseph Murphy, Baker and Farron, Janauschek, and the Holman English Opera Troupe, who gave Le Grand Duchesse, Bohemian Girl, La Somnambula, Doctor of Alcantara and Cinderella. Of Janauschek's performances in our city, it is quite enough to say they were *here*, and by far too poorly requited in patronage. The roles of her dramatic personations, though old and familiar, were well rendered, and, like old visitants, always welcome.

## Singing Schools.

The season for organizing singing schools has arrived, and the voice of the singing master will soon be heard throughout the land. The work to be accomplished in this direction is a very important one. The great mass of people throughout the country are dependent upon the singing schools for musical instruction, and it is very important that the work should be done effectively and well. Teachers of class singing have not kept pace with the progress which has been made in other departments of musical instruction for the past fifteen years. In fact, notwithstanding the enormous sale of musical instruments—pianos, organs and melodeons—for the past ten years, we doubt if as many people in the country have the ability to sing and to read music as formerly. The church choir as a rule are not as good, and singing schools are not as well sustained. One reason for this may be found in the fact that teachers are more likely to turn their attention to giving lessons in instrumental music. Others, teachers who ought to be in better business, stroll about the country, teaching the children to sing a few songs by rote, and then exhibiting them, with flowers and white dresses, in the concert room, to crowds of admiring parents and friends. We are satisfied that the effect upon the children is very bad; that it demoralizes and unfits them for the thorough application necessary to acquire the ability to read music. The genuine teacher of singing, the man who teaches his pupils to read music, and who does thorough honest work, is engaged in a noble calling.

Just now the times seem to give promise of a great revival of this kind of work. From all parts of the country comes the call, "Send us good teachers of singing." Normal schools of music, for the more thorough instruction of teachers, are springing up; and in our larger towns and cities music is gradually being introduced as one of the regular studies of the course.

Our advice to singing teachers is this: Whatever you do, whether you teach evening classes in the old-fashioned way, or conduct institutes of a few weeks duration in different towns, do thorough, honest work. If, under your instructions, your pupils gain the ability to sing correctly and with expression, and to read music readily, you can look back at your winter's work with a sense of satisfaction at having accomplished a good work, and be sure likewise of gaining a genuine and lasting popularity, which will bring you substantial profit in the end.—N. Y. Musical Gazette.

## Diplomatic Critics.

The Talleyrands of musical journalism to-day are many, and their ways are "mysterious and past finding out." Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" is indeed "lamb-like," when compared with many of them, as "for ways that are dark," they are entitled to assume the very front rank. Just at present, the metropolitan writers are demonstrating the truth of the axiom of the prince of diplomatists, that language was given to aid in the concealment of thought, as the critics and leading letter writers are seemingly engaged in the endeavor to pat both the operative managers on their professional backs simultaneously, and assure each one that his troupe is the best. These endeavors are somewhat amusing to us of the outside world of the journalistic fraternity, as we remember how undeniably the majority of these writers have committed themselves, previously to the unquestioned supremacy of one of the leading donnas. But riding two horses sometimes pays better than single business, and the present aspect of the case demonstrates that ingenious writers can do "double acts" gracefully. But we seem to recall a homely old saying about "falling to the ground between two stools." Awkward position this.—Church's Visitor.



### Canvassers for the Song Journal.

Money tells a big story now-a-days, and, as the saw goes, "covers a multitude of sins." The "*saw*" we can't see in its last clause, but we can see that to any active, energetic man or woman, there's money in hand for those who engage in the circulation of the SONG JOURNAL. We want good, disinterested labor in outside work, for the increased circulation of our paper. We ask this, not in a begging spirit, nor without desire and design to give an equivalent. This is clearly and truthfully set forth in our premium list, published from month to month, which has been adhered to from first to last. Examine it, and then tell us, are there not hundreds of young men, with whom time drags heavily, that might not, to say the least, do something whereby the activities of body and mind are essential to usefulness. We say, then, start out, and though success desirable may not follow the effort first put forth, the end will be crowned with the blessing, "I've done what I could," a contrast with a rusted indolence commendable and glorious.

### Czerney's Etudes de la Velocite.

To the student of music desirous of making easy and rapid progress in style of execution, and best method of fingering, the new and improved edition, with Hamilton's notes, of Czerney's exercises for the piano, needs no commendation of ours. The entire work comprises four books; the first being prefaced by nine new introductory exercises, designed expressly to enable the pupil to attack the main studies with a facility and graceful fingering indispensable to mastering the more difficult, that abound in progressing from book to book. The explanatory notes by Hamilton are concise, and yet sufficiently full as to give all required information—and the metronome movement for each study cannot but help the learner in the acquirement of the exact time. Published by C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson avenue, Detroit.

### Time vs. Musical Journals.

That *time* in music is an important element, that it is closely allied to melodic as well as harmonic interests, none will deny. The choice of singers, the band of players upon instruments, the dancers on the ball-room floor, the company promenading the streets, or the duet of persons engaged in the same, must, if they would confide in easy accord, endorse the truthfulness of the doctrine that *time* is all important. If so, is it less important that the music teacher, in the fulfillment of his engagements with his pupils, should come to *time* in the fulfillment of obligations, thereby teaching, practically, an important element in the science professedly imparted to them? Teachers, look into this matter, and be influenced by a prompt discharge of duty.

### Our Own Song Journal.

We rise to speak upon a subject which has long weighed heavily on the mind, and one of which we have often wished to unburden ourselves. Though it partakes of interests decidedly personal, still we deem it of sufficient *tenor* to justify us in making it the *base* of remark, that the influx to the subscription list of the SONG JOURNAL during the past month, has more than doubled that of any other during its existence. We can account for this on no other hypothesis than that, while the country has been convulsed from center to circumference in its financial interests, the people are bent upon having something good and abiding to fall back upon. Therefore, thanking our kind friends for efforts in our behalf, we say, let the concert go on, for there's music in the world other than that made by the chink of the "almighty dollar."

### Our Exchanges.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY.—The November number of this ever welcome journal comes to us in advance of its time, freighted as usual with its new and popular music, various in character, from sentimental to comic, gay to grave and religious, in vocal, and in instrumental, the light and airy polka, the whirling and fascinating waltz and mazurka. Among the vocal those deserving especial mention for excellence are, "Vanish Not, O Sweetest Dream," by Abt, and the hymn "Softly, now, the Light of Day," by Oliver; and in instrumental, "Pearl of America," by Kinkel, a florid, sparkling composition, in this author's wonted vein, in waltz movement, especially adapted to the popular heart. This number contains nine pieces, five vocal and four instrumental.

THE STAR WEEKLY, No. 2.—A neat little sheet of eight pages, published by Carpenter & Sheldon, of Chicago, printed on tinted paper, in nice brevity type, lies before us on our table. The first page is devoted to a notice of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, together with a very truthful likeness of this distinguished lady. Followed by a letter from Boston, "Sketches of Lecture-goers, No. 2," "Love and Lovers," "The Western Lecture Field," "The Armitage Picture," "Descriptive Music." These comprise the leading articles of the number. We wish to call special attention to the last named article, from the facile pen of Miss Margaret F. Buchanan, who, as a thinker and writer, has acquired an enviable reputation, which multitudes that have wielded the pen a much longer time, may justly covet. In the description, Miss B. classifies her truthful picture to an analysis of five classes: "The Professional Musicians," "Amateurs," "Connoisseurs," and those that "do not understand a note, but are very fond of good music," and the "largest class of all, who have no voice, no taste, no ear." Did our limited room permit, we would gladly extract copiously, feeling assured the readers of the Song Journal would devour the curt and pithy sentiments uttered with a *naivete* that characterizes all her writings, and stamp them with a spell-bound interest of rare merit.

THE MUSICAL ECHO.—This truly neat and deservedly popular magazine, comes laden brim-full of choice reading upon music and literature, for November. It also contains a beautiful portrait of Madam Nilsson Rouzard. Its editorial notes develop acuteness, sometimes bearing the semblance of severity; nevertheless uttered with a grace becoming a truthful and faithful journalist.

CHURCH'S MUSICAL VISITOR.—This truly welcome "Visitor" pays its monthly call upon us a little in advance of time, but none the less acceptable on that account. It contains the third and fourth chapters of "Lena and her Master," "My Vocal Training Class," "Gleanings from Musical History, by F. N. S.," together with a large correspondence from all the leading cities of our country, except Detroit. Its leading editorials are good; embracing an interesting scope in the movements of art and artists, at home and abroad. We say with emphasis, we like the *Visitor*, it is really spicy and good.

God's gifts to man are manifold, and among them not the least is that of music; and all music, sacred or secular, vocal or instrumental, is His. It is the embodiment of God's thoughts, wedded to a language conveyed to man by no other medium so potent. No influence brought to bear upon him is so varied, be it joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain, its magic wand uplifts the veil which reveals its control. Study it, then, in its various phases, and let its benign influence exert its control, and "beyond the river" the fruit will be harvested, in fruition unending and joys unfading.

### Foreign Music.

A nice and elegant stock of foreign music is just received, to which we wish to call special attention, comprising the latest productions of the leading artists of the old world. We also announce that arrangements have been made whereby these works may be supplemented, together with all those of note which may appear from month to month. Teachers, amateurs, and all desirous of keeping posted in the most popular productions of artists abroad, will do well to call and examine, and thereby obtain music desirable to possess.

C. J. WHITNEY & Co.,  
179 Jefferson Ave., Detroit.

THE ORGAN BOY.—"Blow, blow," fiercely whispered the new organist at a city church, on a recent Sunday, to the blower, who, after a number of pumps, leisurely waited the emptying of the bellows, which the new organist, ambitious to show his power, was exhausting faster than the old organist used to. "Blow, blow," he savagely whispered. "I shan't blow, nuther," stoutly replied the blower. "Do you think I've blowed thirty years without knowin' how many strokes it takes to blow an Excelsis?"

A NUMBER of gentlemen of this city have organized an association called the "Orpheus Club." They intend to practice the old English glees, madrigals and choruses. Already there are twenty members, who are all known as fine amateur singers, and the club proposes to increase the number of its members whenever an applicant is found to have a well cultivated voice. The music which the club will practice is to be entirely vocal.

### The Power of Music.

A very modest young gentleman, of the county of Tipperary, having attempted many ways in vain to acquire the affections of a lady of great fortune, at last was resolved to try what could be done by the help of music, and, therefore, entertained her with a serenade under her window at midnight; but she ordered her servants to drive him from thence by throwing stones at him. "Oh! my friend," said one of his companions, "*your music is as powerful as that of Orpheus*, for it draws the very stones about you."

### Handel.

Some folks eat two or three times as much as others. For instance, the incomparable and inspired composer, Handel, required uncommonly large and frequent supplies of food. Among other stories told of this great musician, it is said, that whenever he dined alone at a tavern, he always ordered "dinner for three; and, on receiving an answer to his question, 'Is the tinner retty?'" "As soon as the company come." He said, *con trepito*, "Den pring up to tinner *prestissimo*, I am te company."

A RULE for transposing music written in sharps to flats, or vice versa. The *Star Weekly* gives its readers the benefit of a simple rule, little known, that will prove of value to all amateur musicians. Deduct the number of sharps from seven, and the result will be the key in flats; or deduct the number of flats from seven, and the result will be the key in sharps.

The grand organ for Talmadge's New Tabernacle has so far progressed, that it attracts already our organists, on account of its many new features, among which are the new "Song Trumpet," intended to lead the mighty congregation of 5,000 voices, which the Tabernacle will hold. Great things will no doubt be achieved in this immense organ, when two such experts as Jardine and Morgan unite to accomplish a certain thing. There should be a grand exhibition of this splendid organ, before it is taken to Brooklyn.—*Watson's Art Journal*.





# HUSH.

Words by ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Music by DOLORES.

*Sva.....*

*Leggiero.*

*p*

I can scarce - ly hear, she mur - mur'd, For my

*Sva.....*

*p agitato.*

heart beat loud and fast, But sure - ly in the far, far

*Sva.....*

dis - tance, I can hear a sound at last, It is

on - ly the reap - ers sing - ing, As they car-ry home their sheaves, And the

*dim.*

*f*

*f* *piu lento.*

*ben marc.*

*cres.*

eve - ning breeze has ris - en And rus-tles the dy - ing leaves.

*dim e rall.*

*f*

*dim e rall.*

Sea..... List-en! there are voi - ces

*in tempo.*

*agitato.*

talk - ing! Calm-ly still she strove to speak, Yet, her voice grew faint and

*pp*

*tranquillamente.*

*pp*

*hush.*



tremb - ling And the red flush'd in her cheek. It is on - ly the chil - dren  
*Sea.* *f*  
*f più lento ma con forza.*  
*il basso ben mare.*

play - ing Be - low now their work is done, And they  
*Sea.*

laugh that their eyes are daz - zled By the rays of the set - ting  
*Sea.*

sun.  
*Sea.*

*m*

Faint - er grew her voice, and weak - er, And with anx - - ious eyes she

*Sra.*

*molto agitato ma sempre piano.*

cried, Down the a - - ve - nue of chest - nuts, I can

*Sra.*

*sempre p*

hear a horse - - man ride, It was

*Sra.*

on - - ly the deer that were feed - - ing In a

*Sra.*

*f più lento e ben marc.*



herd on the clo - ver grass They were  
Sca.....

star - tled and fled to the thick - et As they  
Sca.....

*f* *piu lento e ben marc.*

saw the reap - ers pass.  
Sca.....

Sca.....

*ers.*

HUSH.

*p* *tranquillamente e ben legato.*

Now the night a-rose in si-lence Birds lay in their leaf-y

*Sva.....*

*pp* *leggiero.*

nest, And the deer couch'd in the for-est, And the

*Sva.....*

*rall e dim.* *f dolente.*

chil-dren were at rest; There was on-ly the sound of weep-ing From

*Sva.....*

*rall.* *f col canto e sempre legato.*

*dim.* *morendo e molto rall.*

watchers a-round a bed But Rest to the wea-ry spir-it, Peace to the qui-et Dead.

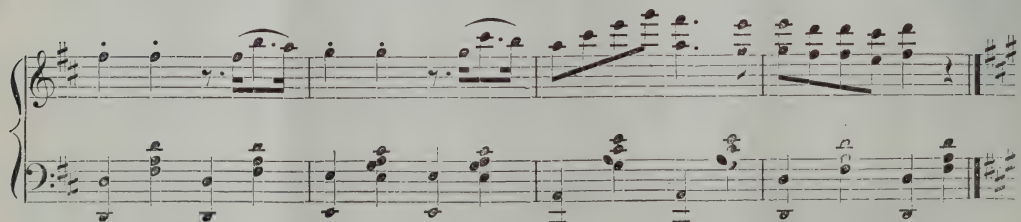
*d i*

HUSH,



# LAPWING SCHOTTISCHE.

CARL SEIFFERTH.



A musical score for a piano piece titled 'LAPWING SCHOTTISCHE'. The score is written for piano (p) and consists of six systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The first system includes a piano (p) dynamic marking. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system includes a piano (p) dynamic marking. The fourth system ends with a double bar line. The fifth system is marked 'TRIO.' and includes a 'Sca.' (Crescendo) marking. The sixth system ends with a double bar line. The title 'LAPWING SCHOTTISCHE.' is printed at the bottom right.

*p*

*TRIO.*

*Sca.*

LAPWING SCHOTTISCHE.



A musical score for a piece titled "LAPWING SCHOTTISCHE." The score is written for piano and features six systems of music. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody in the treble staff is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and includes various ornaments and slurs. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking "8va..." appears in the second system, indicating an octave shift. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the sixth system.

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# C. J. WHITNEY & CO.'S DISCLOSIVE CATALOGUE OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

## WALTZES.

**Answer to the Broken Heart.** Eb 3.....*Truax.* 35  
Very similar in melody and arrangement to the Broken Heart Waltz, which has proved such a favorite. Is smooth, plaintive and full of sweetness.

**L'Alouette (The Lark).** Eb 3.....*Stewart.* 35

A pretty little effort, with no striking harmonies, or technical difficulties, but withal possessing grace and attraction.

**L'Amethyst (Valse Brillante).** Eb 3.....*Fairbank.* 60

Written in a very graceful and pleasing style—possessing all the fascination peculiar to a smooth and elegant waltz.

**Broken Heart Waltz.** Eb 3.....*Truax.* 35

Its charm has not yet vanished, and this little gem still holds a favorite place in the esteem of its friends.

**Borders of Lake Michigan.** G 3.....*Moelling.* 60

The author's name is suggestive of something artistic and harmonious, and the "Borders of Lake Michigan" furnish us with another proof of his powers to please and benefit. It abounds in delightful changes and refreshing harmonies; is an excellent teaching piece, carefully fingered.

**Cornet Waltz.** Bb 2.....*Simonds.* 50

An easy but lively little waltz, suitable for young folks.

**Christmas Gift Waltz.** Eb 3.....*Vandermeer.* 35

A sparkling, joyous production, written in Eb, Ab and Db. Fresh and lively, with much of originality in its composition; is sure to become a favorite.

**Emeralda Waltz.** F 2.....*Bendix.* 35

To all who are acquainted with the writings of this talented composer, the above is but an additional proof of his capacity to adapt himself to the tastes and moods of those who love the light, bright and sparkling in music. If you can keep your feet quiet while listening to its strains we are mistaken.

**Evening Dew Waltz.** A 2.....*Watson.* 30

The whole race of tadpoles and venerable croakers must have been in their merriest and funkiest mood when this frolic took place. It is lively and playful enough to suggest all sorts of happy things.

**Gaite de Cœur (Heart's Joy).** Valse Brillante.

Db 4.....*Smith.* 75

A most happy and satisfying effort from the well known author, Sydney Smith. Although written in Db and Gb, it is not intricate in its progressions, but gracefully portrays some of the most beautiful of musical thoughts.

**Jennie Belle Waltz.** C 2.....*Chesbro.* 35

If Jennie is half as winning as this sprightly little morsel we would like to know her.

**Little Fairy Fingers Waltz.** Eb.....*Colson.* 35

We recommend this to all little fairy fingers as a capital relaxation from tiresome (but necessary) studies; it is full of melody.

**Linden Waltz (Duett).** F 2.....*Dresler.* 20

This well known piece has become quite rejuvenated in its new arrangement. It still possesses a charm unknown to many more modern compositions, which proves its merit.

**Lyceum Waltz.** A 3.....*Post.* 50

An excellent accompaniment for dancing; is vivacious and the time well marked.

**Medallion Waltz.** Eb 3.....*Palmer.* 40

A very meritorious composition; if not abounding in originality of thought, it is not lacking in pleasing variety and good harmony.

**Marius (Valse Caprice).** Db 4.....*Sutter.* 60

An elegant and diversified, somewhat difficult, but worthy of a place in the esteem as well as upon the piano of every player who makes a business of improving himself.

**Maple Grove Waltz.** D 2.....*Truax.* 35

Simple and easy of comprehension. Little fingers will find pleasant pastime in its study.

**Oak Leaves Waltz.** C 2.....*Simonds.* 30

Another excellent teaching piece for very young players. It cannot be too highly recommended; has a few octaves, but otherwise would answer for the most unpretending in musical knowledge.

**On the Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes.**

A 4.....*Straus.* 75

In view of the fact that thousands have listened to and admired these strangely fascinating waltzes, and still they are held in high esteem and meet with renewed approbation daily, it is unnecessary for us to enlarge upon their peculiarities and merits. If you have not already procured them, do so, and test them yourselves.

**Oriole Waltz.** D 2.....*Crandall.* 30

Another welcome addition to the modest collections mastered by little fingers, written in D, A and G, introducing the little runs of five and six notes, grace notes and a few very accidental. It will prove useful practice, and, after acquaintance, pleasing recreation.

**Poet and Penitent.** Bb 2.....*Smith.* 25

A short and simplified arrangement of some of the favorite airs taken from the above will be a welcome relief from music of a more frivolous and short lived character.

**Philopena Waltz.** Ab 2.....*Truax.* 35

This pretty waltz forms one of a collection of brilliant pieces called "Home Delights," suitable for young players of from nine months to a year's practice. It is showy and justly a favorite.

**Pere Waltzes.** F 3.....*D'Alberts.* 50

A long tried and most excellent set of brilliant waltzes, which have outlived a multitude of inferior attempts. It combines good harmony with the ring and sparkle which render the waltz so attractive and bewitching.

**Sunset in the Heart.** G 3.....*Truax.* 35

A really charming little production, fully up to the standard of the author's best.

**Silver Spring Waltz.** G 2.....*Schever.* 35

We are certain that our young friends will draw something refreshing from the "Silver Spring," and with comparatively little ease "Lay it."

**Sail on the Lakes.** D 2.....*Moelling.* 35

If the above named piece were complete, we might come to some definite conclusion as to its real merit, but the second figure comes to an untimely end from some fault of the publisher, printer or other unknown cause, leaving us somewhat in the dark as to the author's intentions.

## THE SONG JOURNAL

A MONTHLY

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**Silver Maple Waltz.** Eb 2.....*Hewitt.* 40

Without any striking individuality of thought, it might divert many whose wants are easily satisfied.

**Sparkling Gem Waltz.** F 2.....*Roberts.* 35

The name might, perhaps, mislead one slightly. We should hardly, with truth, apply this title to the above named composition. In our estimation it is a pretty and easy piece, of ordinary cast, and no extraordinary merit. Others might differ in judgment.

**Times of the Roses.** F 2.....*Bendix.* 40

For orchestral purposes, we should think this an admirable waltz. We do not so greatly admire it as an arrangement for the piano.

**Trifle Waltz.** D 2.....*Kidder.* 40

We enjoy trifles, if they all resemble the above. It is a charming little piece of originality, guileless of borrowed strains, diversified and well calculated to please.

**Thousand and One Nights.** A 3.....*Straus.* 75

The immense popularity which the above named waltzes have attained is a sufficient criterion of their merits. Any encomium of ours in praise of this or any of Strauss' compositions would be useless, as they win their own way in the estimation of music lovers.

**Valse Fantastique.** G 3.....*Moelling.* 40

**Valse de Concert.** D 4.....*Moelling.* 50

Written in the author's best style. Fastidious productions, possessing all of the usual freshness and vigor of style which characterizes his compositions, but deserve general attention.

**Waltz.** C 3.....*Robjohn.* 40

Somewhat out of the common order of progression; is oddly written; not easy to execute. With smoothness and rapidity, as are pieces of that grade generally. Its harmonies are striking and unanticipated, which would render it more desirable than one whose end you can see from the outset.

**Witches' Waltz.** Eb 2.....*Truax.* 35

There is a well-known claim about this little waltz which has won for it many friends.

**Yankee Notions (Grand Waltz)** Eb 3.....*Moeller.* 60

We think the author, in his composition, has carried out to the letter the spirit of the title. If an incongruous and unshapely mass of musical ideas thrown together promiscuously are designed to represent Yankee Notions, he has fulfilled his intention.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**L'Autoum (Polka de Concert).** Db 5.....*Stewart.* 50

A fanciful and brilliant composition—one of the author's best; requires fine execution and good taste to bring out the idea.

**Alexis (Grand Russian Polka).** C 4.....*Sutter.* 50

Opens with the Russian National Hymn; is followed by a crisp, sparkling and exceedingly graceful polka movement; is very greatly admired. Be sure to get it.

**Hunkey Dori Medley.** C 2.....*Mattison.* 35

A very sprightly and vivacious arrangement of a number of well-known airs, interspersed with various appropriate ideas of the author's own, a familiar jig, the Highland March, and one or two popular negro melodies, form the principal part of this very desirable medley.

**The Dewdrop.** Eb 4.....*Faranger.* 30

Exceedingly pretty, cannot fail to please.

**Echoes from the Hudson.** Eb 3.....*Pease.* 40

A well-known popular air with brilliant variations. Mr. Pease has been too long and favorably known as a first-class composer to need further praise from us.

**Floating with the Tide.** Eb 4.....*McChesney.* 10

The beautiful lithograph which adorns the title page is attractive enough of itself, and in going between the leaves we are more than ever astonished, at the author's wonderful conception of the subject. The reverie is beautiful, the melody so smooth, unadulating and dreamy, that in listening to it one can almost fancy themselves with the Highland boatman and happy lovers in the picture "Floating with the Tide."

**La Fontaine D'Amour.** Eb 4.....*Mattison.* 50

One of the author's best, is admirably adapted for parlor playing, and will give delight to both player and hearer.

**Maiden's Prayer.** Eb 3.....*Budarszevska.* 25

A long tried and much admired piece, which has won its way to popularity by its own real beauty. It needs no commendation after so wide a circulation.

**Love's Chase.** Ronde Brillante. D 3.....*Pease.* 50

As diversified and fantastic as one could anticipate from the title. Like all of the author's productions it is irreproachable for its originality, freshness and beauty of expression.

**An Evening Reverie.** F 3.....*Fairbanks.* 30

A smooth, graceful, flowing little melody, very effective if nicely played, and requiring but ordinary ability, combined with a fair appreciation of the subject, to give it an acceptable rendering.

**Album Leaf.** F 3.....*Kirchnio.* 30

One of a large collection of moderately difficult compositions, called "Home Delights," all of which are very pleasing.

**I've Been Dreaming of My Childhood.** (Transcription.) G 3.....*Pease.* 40

Prof. McChesney's beautiful song has been very tastefully transcribed for the piano-forte, by the above well-known author, is written in a very pleasing and taking style, which meets with general approval.

**Lonely Hours.** A 4.....*Norris.* 50

The theme is full of thought and feeling, the melody rich and full of sweetness, variations brilliant and elaborate, yet not intricate.

**Flora's Polonaise.** C 2.....*Spindler.* 25

A little gem, with a beauty all its own; will send thousands of little fingers dancing over the keys, delighted to bring out the harmonies which lie hidden in its chords.

**Andante and Romance.** Db & Eb 3. *Fairbank.* 35

Really a composition of merit, its modulations and harmonies marked and effective. Not at all difficult, but withal sweet and effective.

**Twilight Whispers.** A 3.....*Mattison.* 40

These twilight whispers certainly are calculated to bewitch and captivate the listener; full of light and airy melody and brilliancy. A very fine parlor piece, and held in high favor.

**Song of the River.** Sunatina. Bb 3.....*Pease.* 35

A very suggestive piece, descriptive of the ever changing song of the flowing river; varying from grave to gay, minor to major; now rippling in graceful runs and riegios, then changing to a plaintive dinge-like complaining murmur, or, as the mood changes, giving expression to bolter forthright in grand octave passages and harmonious chorals.

**Fairy Visions.** F 6.....*Wyman.* 75

This is a beautiful melody, arranged with brilliant variations, by this gifted author. The theme is sufficiently wrought upon in its phases of change to make it interesting and yet not too difficult.

**Cradle Song.** Ab 3.....*Moelling.* 35

A sweet, flowing melody, chaste accompaniment in rocking movement, rich in harmony—a perfect gem of its kind. Cannot but please every lover of truly good music.



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 Swallow's Farewell. Duet for soprano and tenor. English and German words. *B flat. 5.*.....Kucken, 50  
 Sweet and Sour of Matrimony. Comic Duet for soprano and tenor. *E flat. 3.*.....Braham, 50  
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 Sweet Visions of Childhood. Duet for soprano and alto or tenor. *A flat. 4.*.....Glover, 35  
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# THE Song Journal

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VOLUME III.

DETROIT, DECEMBER, 1873.

NUMBER XII.

## A Musical Instrument.

BY E. B. BROWNING.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river?  
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,  
And breaking the garden lilies afloat  
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
From the deep, cool bed of the river:  
The limpid water turbidly ran,  
And the broken lilies a dying lay,  
And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,  
While turbidly flowed the river;  
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,  
With hard bleak steel at the patient reed,  
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed  
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,  
(How tall it stood on the river!)  
Then drew the pith like the heart of a man,  
Steadily from the outside ring,  
And notched the poor, dry, empty thing  
In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,  
(Launched while he sat by the river,  
"The only way, since gods began,  
To make sweet music, they could succeed,"  
Then, drooping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!  
Piercing sweet by the river!  
Blowing sweet, O great god Pan!  
The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies, revived, and the dragon-fly  
Came back in dream on the river.  
Yet half a beast is the great god Pan  
To laugh as he sits by the river,  
Making a poet of a man:  
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,  
For the reed which grows never more again  
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

## A New and Startling Theory.

RELATED BY FREDERICK W. ROOT.

Mr. Z is the director of our musical college, an accomplished gentleman and eminently public spirited, especially in cases where it concerns music. I'm public spirited too, but somehow, that evening I could not find the disposition to go with him to Signor X's pupil's soiree.

"They'll struggle for B flats and C's," I remarked cynically perhaps; "they'll stumble through descending scales and flump up again; they'll gasp and distort their pretty faces in their misguided attempts at 'high art,' or lacking spirit, their music will suggest a crank as its motive power."

Z smiled the smile of a man who had taught eight hours that day and "knew how it was himself." "Go and hear them to encourage their studies," said he, lighting his cigar. "Encourage their affections," I amended, getting mildly excited. "If they were entirely ignorant of 'Italian singing,' and would give easy songs a natural rendering, I would listen with pleasure."

"Here," replied he, with undue levity, "I know nothing of 'Italian singing,' let me perform you a"

"Spare me," I cried promptly, retreating towards home; "but come to my room after the performance, and let me see to what extent you have been edified." The fact is, Z's knowledge of the science of music generally, and the piano specially, is somewhat in advance of his gifts as a vocalist; he sings like ———, but that is not to the point. Arriving home I threw myself into an easy chair, and taking up a book, observed to myself that some heavy reading would be required to keep me awake. The work in my hand was a theory of voice culture: I plunged in at the first page and began wading through statements to the effect that the laryngoscope \* was the greatest blessing ever vouchsafed to mortal singers; that on certain tones the arytenoid cartilages should vibrate; that on certain others they should turn half way around and lie still; that the thyro-ary thenoids should not be largely exerted in ascending the scale; that for high tones the trachea should be elongated; that the uvula should do this and the epiglottis do that. "Bless my soul," I muttered, "what exhaustive knowledge of anatomy! I wonder if the writer knew anything about singing."

Took up another work on the same subject. Opened at random. Stumbled upon a terrible bugaboo, which the author had set over certain tones of the voice; the peroration ran as follows: "the use of that horrible sound is ruin, to the voice as well as to the body!" "Mercy on us," thought I, "what an awful thing it is to sing!" And I began to ponder upon the grave consequences which the birds, who were in sad ignorance upon the subject of registers, were bringing upon their race while ——— morning, ——— noon \* \* \* Recovered myself abruptly and picked up my book. Rubbing my eyes I mumbled something to the effect that I would have to find something still more startling. The next one said:

"In all groups of tones rapidly succeeding each other, the vocal membranes have to be set vibrating in short, quick impulses, and after each impulse there is a natural recoil, like that of a gun after the discharge. The breath retreating expands the wind-pipe and thereby draws down the larynx." "Let's see," I mused, "a cloudy pillar once led the Children of Israel a forty years journey to a country that was not far off after all!" Trying to think what should put so absurd a comment into my head occupied my attention sometime; presently I looked up and saw a mysterious looking stranger sitting on the opposite side of the table, gazing earnestly at me. He had long hair, negligence apparel, an unnaturally bright eye, and in his ensemble resembled the class of men

sometimes called sentimentalists or visionaries; men who in the consideration of any topic pass by plain, practical truths and follow fanatically the *ignes fatui* of their imagination.

But I soon discovered how mistaken would be any such estimate of my visitor. Somewhat startled by the suddenness of the apparition, I stared at him about the time of a minute, then recovering myself asserted, "Pleasant evening, sir." My visitor with unusual scarcity of preliminaries, began excitedly, "The piano teachers of the present day are a set of vandals, ignorant vandals, sir!" It was a new thought to me; I really had nothing to say to it.

What do they know about the workings of *flecors*, *extensors* and *lunbricales*? and yet they have the impudence, yes malice to teach piano playing!"

I was wise enough to see that the conversation was still out of my depth.

"Ah," he continued, "rather than have the youth learning the piano as it is taught in our musical colleges and conservatories, I would see them in their graves!"

I shivered a little.

"Understanding that you are connected with one of those murderous institutions which permit the use of the third finger, I have come to warn, and if you are receptive, instruct you."

I expressed my sense of obligation, but remarked, "I have always supposed it to be eminently proper and natural to use in moderation any finger of the hand"

"Just what all other ignorant people suppose! But when they know that branches of the *extensor communis digitorum* bind the third finger to those on either side of it, they must see what havoc it makes with these delicate ligaments to practice for independent action of that finger."

Grasping his hand I thanked him for that statement, and at once accorded him my confidence.

"But what," I asked, "must we do with those notes which have hitherto been erroneously played with the third finger?"

"Play them with the fourth," replied he oracularly.

"But consider how weak the fourth finger is!"

"Long and patient practice will make it strong."

"Suppose the case of a young pupil playing the common 'five finger exercise'; the first, second and third notes are struck with comparative force, while the fourth, being played by a weak finger which is obliged to descend obliquely, is very light; what is to be done?"

"Tone down the stroke of the second finger and strengthen that of the fourth until the third and fourth tones are, so to speak, united."

"How long would it take to do this?"

"About two years I think would suffice a pupil to learn to execute properly the five finger exercise."

"Dear me! And the scale?"

"Oh that would require some time." He was beginning to warm up to the subject. "To execute the scale with safety to the hand, the hand must be kept vibrating laterally; and —"

"Vibrating laterally?" I gasped in bewilderment.

"Yes, because after the first few notes are struck the hand must move with lightning speed to a new

\* An instrument by which, when forced into the throat, the action of the larynx or vocal organ can be observed.



position, and this can be done properly only when everything is already in motion.

"Why not keep the hand more quiet, and let the thumb reach under to strike the first note of the new position?"

"Because it is impossible to accomplish without lacerating the internal tissue of the hand."

"Oh, my dear sir, I've done it thousands of times without getting hurt."

He looked sternly at me. "Investigations show that the *adductor pollicis* being violently contracted to draw the thumb into the position you propose must prevent the action of either the *opponens pollicis* or the *flexor brevis pollicis*, and furthermore, it must so displace the *flexor brevis* that the *flexor longus pollicis* which passes through it is rendered impotent; how then can the thumb strike under the hand without incurring consequences that one shudders to think of?"

"I was forced to acknowledge that it could not. But how," I inquired, did you make these discoveries? What has led you to find that certain muscular action which has been employed for centuries seemingly without pain or inconvenience, was so injurious?"

"A lady pianist who found that her third finger was weaker than the others, tried to strengthen it by striking down a strong iron spring with it, often continuing this practice ten hours a day. She soon lost the use of her hand, and wishing to turn her misfortune to the benefit of mankind, she made investigations and wrote an admirable little book about the hand. Then, too, I have invented an instrument which after being screwed tightly upon the hand and among the fingers, and the skin being made transparent by a certain process, allows one to see the working of the muscles. From these sources principally have sprung the theories which I now warn you and all musical people to adopt." He finished with a portentous frown.

Awed by such deep research and profound wisdom I remained silent.

"There are other vital truths," said he, mysteriously, but evidently pleased with the impression produced upon me, "which all beginners should know before undertaking such dangerous work as the practice of scales; in fact, the action of *extensores*, *flexores* and *lumbricoides* must be carefully guided at every finger-stroke."

I do not remember his exact words, but he proceeded to show that according to anatomy certain fingers should never be raised or brought down independently of each other. I suggested that playing the organ on that plan would do away with the necessity for the *mixture* stop, but he explained that although three of the fingers must always descend together, only one at a time must strike hard enough to produce a tone. In regard to drawing up the fingers, he said:

"The lady of whom I told you contends that the fourth finger should be included in the rule for raising certain fingers together, claiming that if it were raised independently the hand would soon be ruined; but in view of the existence of the *extensor minimi digiti* I do not incline to agree with her."

"How," I anxiously inquired, "can pupils judge for themselves between conflicting opinions from two such learned sources? They might earnestly desire the additional chance of learning to play which an independent use of the fourth finger would afford, and yet fear to avail themselves of it because of the prediction from such high authority."

"People must do as they choose," he replied, "but if they do not pursue the method which I advocate, I have the satisfaction of knowing they are ruining their hands."

I was somewhat shocked at this, and began to wonder how a mind great enough for such important discoveries could yet be small enough to experience such a sentiment.

At length I invited him to play a scale for me, saying, "I have great curiosity to see the practical workings of your compliances."

In majestic composure he arose, went to the piano and began playing the scale of C, explaining as he proceeded:

"You see I place my thumb upon C, making free use of the *flexor longus pollicis* and the *flexor brevis pollicis*, as well as a partial use of the *adductor pollicis*, while the *flexor carpi ulnaris* and other muscles are engaged with the vibratory motion mentioned a moment ago; then, exerting the *extensor communis digitorum* and, the *extensor minimi digiti*, I am prepared to strike D, though before doing so I must see that the first thumb—Why, what's the matter with you?"

You see, my eyes and ears were incompetent to take in the whole of this, so, I suppose my mouth had come to their assistance, and was wide open too. "Never mind," he resumed, "the theory is too

much for you at present. I will play without explaining."

I shall never forget that performance! Such twisting of the hand and arm, such contortions of the body; such haltings and jerkings; such uncertain sounds on some notes and such noise on others! I ventured mildly to criticize, or at least inquire about these points.

"You don't expect a person to learn the great art of piano playing in a few months, do you? said he scornfully. "It is only five years since I —"

Strange to say, he went on playing as he talked—playing with such an impetuous *crescendo* that it entirely drowned his voice, and soon became serious.

"My good sir," I shouted, for mercy's sake stop that noise or you'll have the neighborhood in upon us! "I was trying meanwhile to rise from my chair, but for some unaccountable reason could not move hand or foot. I closed my eyes and sank back in dismay, but the din increased to such frightful proportions that I was driven to another tremendous effort, and this time succeeded in rising. I rushed, in a half crazed condition, toward the piano. There sat Z., executing an impromptu *fantasia chaotique* with his elbows; seeing me raise he paused. I stared idiotically at him.

"Well done, Kip Van Winkle, said he, laughing, "your twenty years are out, are they?"

Without noticing his remark I moved quickly to the door and looked out; seeing no one I glanced about the room, then advanced eagerly to Z. with the inquiry: "Did you meet a stranger on the stairs?"

The smile on his face had faded away and was now replaced by a look of concern.

"There, there, said he, "I didn't mean to frighten you; sit down and you'll feel better presently."

"I wish you could have met him," I continued, "and heard from his own lips those wonderful statements about the hand in playing. You would then have seen plainly what I fear you will now be skeptical about, that we must stop all piano playing at once, collapse until we all know more of *flexores*, *extensores*, *adductores*, *lumbricoides*, etc., and by the light of such knowledge reform some of the terrible abuses now in vogue among us."

The anxiety in Z.'s face seemed actually crowded out by an irrepressible smile.

"I never lost a case in my life," said he. "I beg you won't joke upon such serious subjects," said I piqued. "You only place your ignorance in an unpleasantly strong light."

This touched him.

"Really," he rejoined, "I must be allowed to teach my pupils that if they hold their hand flexibly in right position, upon the keyboard, and practice without nervousness or contortion, they are conforming to Nature's laws, and are ensuring their best progress without running the slightest risk of injury."

"Furthermore," said he, with a sort of quiet obstinacy quite exasperating to me, "all pupils have fully enough to do to keep the right position and insure flexibility, without having the attention diverted to points of anatomy which they cannot fully understand; and as to compelling the fingers to operate in conformity with some fanciful theory, rather than allowing them to act easily and naturally, it is arrant nonsense, and never can result in a graceful and truly artistic rendering of music."

I saw it was no use pursuing the subject with him, so apparently dropped it. But my mind was full of the glorious truths which I had become possessed of, and I fell into a reverie. Finding me rather unsocial and utterly careless of Signor X's concert, Z. soon took his leave, whereupon I seized pen and paper and wrote this account, which I hereby give to the world.

THE NEXT MORNING. I will publish the foregoing as a sort of curiosity. It must be that the anus of sundry prominent books upon musical subjects was allowed to interview me last night in the form of the visitor above described. But I can't account for any ready acceptance of such theories otherwise than that I was so impressed with the man's supernatural profundity that I forgot to use my common sense in judging of what he told me. Now I must hurry to the college and assure Mr. Z. that I am sane.

BULWER'S MORALITY. — Christopher North thus snaps his whip at Bulwer:

"Mr. Bulwer, in his 'pride of place' may by some 'mousing owl be hawked at,' but he is in no danger of being 'killed'; and we have long looked with admiration on his daring flights. Among living novelists he has no equal—among living writers no superior; yet we could upset, we think, some of his moral opinions, correct and qualify others, and tear out a few by the roots."

THE AMENITIES AND MODESTY OF TRUE GENIUS.—Haydn's admiration of Mozart has been recorded in various ways. Upon one occasion these two illustrious men were invited to assist in the musical department of Leopold's coronation at Prague; but Haydn declined attending, and for the following reason: "Where Mozart is, Haydn dare not come." Mozart was accustomed to call Haydn his master; and he inscribed to him a set of quartettes in these words: "The dedication of this work is due to Haydn, since from his examples I learnt how to compose quartettes." He also attributed the subsequent improvement in his style to the conversations he had enjoyed with Gluck while in Vienna, added to his study of the works of that great master. When Sebastian Bach was asked how he succeeded in becoming so eminent an organist he answered,

"I was industrious, whoever is equally diligent will be equally successful." To a pupil who complained that the lesson he had set him was too difficult, Bach, with his recorded sweet smile, said, "Only practice it steadily and you will play it well. You have ten as good fingers as I have; and nature has given me no endowment that she has not as freely extended to you. Judging by myself, application is everything." Another anecdote of Bach, as connected with Handel, raises him still higher in one's admiration as a modest son of genius. So highly did he esteem the talent of the latter, that he expressed the greatest anxiety to become personally acquainted with him; and a point of time had been fixed, when he expected to realize his wish, Handel left Germany for England. At three subsequent intervals he returned to visit his native town of Halle. Upon the first occasion, in 1719, Bach, who was at Coethen, only four miles distant, set off as soon as he heard of his arrival; but Handel had left that very morning. At the time of Handel's second visit, in 1735, Bach was at Leipzig, but confined by illness. He sent his son to him with a polite request that Handel come too to him. The engagements of the latter were too numerous to allow of his accepting the invitation. When Handel made his last visit to Halle, in 1753, Bach was dead. We can scarcely imagine an "engagement" that ought to have interfered with a desired interview on the part of such a man as Sebastian Bach.

ANECDOTE OF CATALINI.—Her want of literary attainments, joined to her vivacity in conversation, sometimes produced ludicrous scenes. When at the Court of Weimer, she was placed, at a dinner party, by the side of Goethe, as a mark of respect to her, on the part of her host. The lady knew nothing of Goethe, but being struck by his majestic appearance, and the great attention of which he was the object, she inquired of the gentleman on her other side what was his name. "The celebrated Goethe, madame," was the answer. "Pray, on what instrument does he play?" He was the next question. "He is no performer, madame, he is the renowned author of Werter." "Oh, yes, yes, I remember," said Catalini; and turning to the venerable poet, she addressed him, "Ah, sir, what an admirer I am of Werter." A low bow was the acknowledgement of so flattering a compliment. "I never," continued the lively lady, "I never read anything half so laughable in my life. What a capital farce it is, sir." "Madame," said the poet, looking aghast, "the Sorrows of Werter a farce?" "Oh, yes, never was anything so exquisitely ridiculous," rejoined Catalini, laughing heartily as he enjoyed the embarrassment. And there, but that she had been talking all the while of a ridiculous parody of Werter, which she had seen performed at one of the minor theaters of Paris, and in which the sentimentality of Goethe's tale had been unmercifully ridiculed. The poet did not get over his mortification the whole evening, and the fair singer's credit at the Court of Weimer was sadly impaired by this display of her ignorance of the illustrious Goethe and the "Sorrows of Werter."

LORD BYRON used to say that a love of music was a sign of effeminacy; upon being asked, however, if he thought Alfred the Great and Martin Luther effeminate men, he was silent. He maintained that lively music was always the best; another undoubted mistake. He has, we believe, eulogized Mozart in his writings, but Rossini and the modern Italians were his real favorites, and of their melodies he invariably preferred the most noisy. For sacred music he cared nothing. A festival concert would have bored him to the last degree of endurance. We have never had the good fortune to hear what are Mr. Moore's musical tastes, but from the native simplicity and strength of some of his melodies, it is probable that he differed widely from his noble friend.



## Correspondence.

## Letter from Boston.

THE OPERA SEASON FINANCIALLY A FAILURE—A NEW PRIMA DONNA—THE HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERTS—THE COLLEGE OF MUSIC—THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC—CAMILLA URSO'S CONCERT COMPANY—THEODORE THOMAS—SOME FLOWERS—THE THEATERS, ETC.

Boston, November 17, 1873.

The Maretzek Opera season opened at the Boston Theater on the 27th of October, and closed November 8th. Maretzek happened along just in time to catch the "panic," and he had it severely. Four dollar opera is rather high for hard times, and although Boston took kindly to Di Murska and Tamberlik, and already accounted Lucca a prime favorite, it couldn't stand the high pressure. Then Lucca was taken ill just after the season opened, and this was another drawback. Altogether it was up hill work for Maretzek and his backers, and a considerable amount of money was lost in the two weeks season. Twelve performances were given, and the only really full house was attracted by "Don Giovanni," in which not only Lucca, Di Murska and Tamberlik and Jamet appeared, but also Madame Lichtmay, the German prima donna, who was engaged expressly for the part of Donna Anna. The cast was a remarkable one, and the conjunction of these great artists was something to be long remembered. The performance would have been good throughout but for the incapacity of Signor Mari, who was the Don Giovanni of the evening, and the fact that Signor Ronconi, who sustained the role of Masetto, was old enough for Masetto's grandfather. Signor Mari sings false with a greater persistency than any singer I ever heard, except Madame Louisa Marchetti, who made her first and only appearance on the 3d, as Violetti, in "La Traviata." Madame Marchetti came from Naples, and this was her first appearance in America. She has a voice of fair quality, though thin and piercing in its upper tones, and she executes with facility, but her intonation is, or it was on this occasion, wretchedly false. The house was the smallest of the season, but quite as good as the performance deserved. After Madame Lucca had been taken ill, Madame Rudersdorff was engaged for two nights, inasmuch as Madame Di Murska was unable to sing every night. The venerable prima donna first appeared as Leonora, in "Il Trovatore," and surprised everybody, not only by the earnestness and dramatic intensity of her impersonation, but by the real excellence of her singing. Signor Tamberlik was also heard to great advantage as Manrico, and no other performance in the entire twelve aroused an equal amount of applause. On the second night Madame Rudersdorff appeared as Pamina in "The Magic Flute." She was not successful in this role. Madame Lucca appeared only four times—once as Margherita in "Faust," twice as Leonora in "La Favorita," and once as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni." In all three operas she won an immense degree of success. Madame Di Murska, whose high notes are truly wonderful, won her greatest success as the Queen of Night, in "The Magic Flute," and as Martha in Flotow's opera. She also appeared in "La Sonnambula," "Lucia," "Il Trovatore," and as Donna Elvira, in "Don Giovanni." Tamberlik, although past his prime as a singer, is still a consummate artist, and his voice retains much of its power. He appeared twice in "Il Trovatore," with great success, and also twice in "Lucia," once in "Martha," and as Don Ottavio in "Don Giovanni." Since Maretzek and his troupe left Boston he seems to have fared even worse than ever, and there are rumors of a disintegration of his forces.

The Harvard Musical Association began its ninth season of symphony concerts, at Music Hall, on the

afternoon of the 6th inst. The attendance was not so large as in past years, but there was still a very good house. The orchestra is composed of about the same material as last year, except that Mr. August Fries takes the part of leader of the violins, in place of Mr. Eichberg. The programme embraced Weber's "Der Freischütz" overture, and Beethoven's second symphony, as purely orchestral number; a piano-forte concerto, by Sterndale Bennett (No. 4 in F minor), played by Mr. Ernest Perabo; and several songs, which were agreeably rendered by Miss Clara Doria. The second concert takes place next Thursday afternoon, the 20th, when the following programme will be performed: Overture to "Egmont," Beethoven; *sinfonie concertante*, for violin and viola, Mozart, performed by Messrs. C. N. Allen and J. Mullaly; song from the "Son and Stranger," "When the Evening Bells," Mozart, sung by Mr. Nelson Varley; Nocturne, from "Midsommer's Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Beethoven's "Adelaide," sung by Mr. Varley; and Schumann's Symphony, No. 1, in B flat. The series includes ten concerts in all, and they will be given fortnightly, closing March 19, 1874.

The New York Glee Singers (Miss Henrietta Beebe, soprano; Miss Louise Finch, contralto; Mr. C. G. Bush, alto; Mr. G. G. Rockwood, tenor; Mr. W. H. Beckett, baritone; and Mr. G. E. Aiken, basso; with Mr. C. Florio as pianist), gave two choice concerts at Mechanics' Hall, on the 11th and 13th, both of which were fully and fashionably attended. These vocalists have acquired great proficiency in rendering the class of music they have taken up as a specialty, and the music itself is well worthy of attention. Some of the productions of the old English glee writers are strikingly beautiful. On account of the marked success of these two concerts, the party have decided to give another at Music Hall, December 29th.

The Camilla Urso Concert Company, which has been making a very successful tour through New England, gave a concert at Rev. James Freeman Clarke's Church, on the 10th, in connection with one of the lecture courses. The charming violinist met with a very cordial reception, and so did the artists of her troupe, Miss Abell, Mr. Tom Karl, Mr. J. R. Thomas, and Mr. August Sauret, a very talented young pianist, and the brother of M. Sauret, the violinist, who recently married Mlle. Theresa Carreno in London. The troupe is an exceedingly good one, and will meet with success everywhere.

The New England Conservatory of Music has recently given some very fine concerts. Its 312th recital took place at Wesleyan Hall, last Saturday. On that occasion Mr. H. G. Tucker, the pianist, who has recently joined the board of teachers at the Conservatory, Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, the well-known baritone, who is also connected with the institution, and Mr. Wulf Fries, the violoncellist, another instructor, were the performers. The programme embraced works by Beethoven, Schubert, Raff, Liszt, Donizetti, and Chopin. The regular quarterly concert of the New England Conservatory occurs to-day, at Music Hall, this afternoon. In this the pupils take part, in a fine programme of vocal solos and choruses, piano solos and organ solos. In addition to Mr. Tucker, Messrs. B. F. Lang and W. F. Apthorp have also recently been engaged as teachers, and Mrs. E. Garrett has returned. The winter term will begin next Monday, the 24th.

The College of Music founded in connection with Boston University, is making good progress, although the number of students is not large. Dr. Tourjee, the dean, has made arrangements whereby the students may attend without extra cost, all the lecture courses of the College of Liberal Arts, and also the Harvard Symphony rehearsals. Professor Cross begins a course of lectures before the College of Music, December 5th, on the subject of acoustics.

The Catholic Choral Union took a prominent part in the great Catholic Festival, which was held at Music Hall, last Thursday night. The music on that occasion was under the direction of Mr. George E. Whiting. Some idea may be had of the elaborateness of the floral decorations, on the occasion of the festival, when it is stated that among the items were 20,000 yards of smilax, 150,000 carnation pinks, 50,000 camellias, 200,000 chrysanthemums, 300,000 rosebuds and 5,000 calla lilies. In addition to these were numerous plants, grasses and ivies. The balconies were festooned with flowers and garlands, baskets of exotics hanging at every loop, and from the center of the ceiling festoons led to every part of the hall. The pillars and front of the stage were concealed by twining plants and flowers, and the lobbies and passage ways resembled conservatories. Over fifty cages of singing birds hung around the balconies.

A series of Sunday evening concerts has been instituted at the new place of meeting of the Parker Fraternity, corner of Berkeley and Appleton streets, with fine success. The old Puritans would have marvelled much at the programmes and performances. Operatic selections, polkas, waltzes, and the like, are frequently played, and the two Children's Symphonies of Haydn and Romberg were among last night's features. A young colored pianist of great promise, named Jamieson, also appeared last evening.

Theodore Thomas is to give seven grand concerts at Music Hall, on the 28th and 29th insts., on December 1st, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th. One is in connection with a lecture course. Mrs. Anna Granger Dow, the soprano, and Mr. M. W. Whitney, the basso, have been engaged to assist. Mr. Louis Luebeck, a violoncellist of high repute in Europe, who has just joined Mr. Thomas' forces, will also appear.

Mr. Ernest Perabo, announces two piano-forte recitals, the first of which takes place next Friday, and the second December 5th. On the latter date he will have the assistance of the Beethoven Quintette Club. Mr. Perabo's programmes are invariably fresh and interesting.

Mr. Frederic Boscovitz gives a concert at Tremont Temple next Friday, under the auspices of the Boston Conservatory of Music.

Miss Henrietta Maurer, a piano pupil of Mr. Petersilea's music school, was the recipient of a complimentary concert at Tremont Temple, on the 7th. She is going to Europe.

The artists of Mr. Petersilea's school gave a concert at the Meionaon, November 1.

The Hampton colored singers gave a concert for the Memphis sufferers, at Music Hall, on the 8th, and the North Carolina colored choristers are to make their first appearance, at Tremont Temple, next Wednesday evening.

The Orpheus Musical Society are to have another musical and social re-union, at their rooms, No. 548 Washington street, next Monday evening.

Master Henry Stephen Walker, a young English pianist who was brought over to this country by Mr. and Mrs. Scott Siddons, is to give a private concert at Mechanics' Hall, to-day.

Mr. C. H. Morse has been appointed in Mr. Petersilea's place as organist at Tremont Temple. This gentleman is giving a series of concerts in Woburn, Mass., with the aid of Boston and local talent.

Mr. W. J. D. Leavitt's oratorio, "The Coronation of David," is to be performed in the neighboring city of Portland, December 18th. Mr. Leavitt studied several years abroad, under Sir Julius Benedict.

The projected concerts by Campanini and others of the Strakosch Troupe, which were to have taken place towards the end of the present month, have been given up on account of "hard times."

Business at the theaters has fallen off considerably of late. The Museum, however, found an elaborate setting of "London Assurance" a paying card, for



between two and three weeks. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence are playing a poor engagement at the Boston Theater. Salvini, the Italian tragedian, follows them next Monday, and then—from the sublime to the ridiculous—we descend to the "Black Crook."

RANGER.

EAST SAGINAW, November 15th.

#### EDITOR SONG JOURNAL:

Mr. H. B. Roney's Organ Concerts, which two years ago we were in the habit of counting among our "institutions," had of late become rare events, so we were not surprised on Tuesday, October 21, to find the large Congregational Church filled, since the public and been notified that they might once more enjoy the long-missed treat. The concert was given for the benefit of Miss Krenkell, the favorite soprano of the Baptist Church, and, as we said above, the attendance was surprising, in spite of a drizzling rain and b. d. streets.

We came just in time to get a seat. Printed placards, posted in the vestibule, politely requested the tardy ones not to enter during the execution of pieces. This precaution, which might (theoretically) seem superfluous among well bred people, all concert goers know to be necessary for the uninterrupted enjoyment of at least the first pieces.

Although we have heard the "Overture to William Tell," which opened the concert, on our organ before, it appeared this time surpassingly beautiful and rich in orchestral effects. The programme was as follows:

1. Overture, "William Tell,".....Rossini  
Transcribed for organ by Dudley Buck.
2. "Ave Verum".....Mozart  
Quartette.
3. Song, "Beyond".....F. W. Root  
Mr. A. A. Day.
4. Duet, "I Heard a Voice".....Glorer  
Miss Krenkell and Miss Avery.
5. "March of the Men of Harlech," Harmonized by J. Barnby  
Quartette.
6. "Theme and Variations," in A flat.....L. Thiele  
H. B. Roney.
7. Aria, "Hernani, Rescue Me," from "Ernani".....Verdi  
Miss Krenkell.
8. "Good Night, Beloved".....Cire Pisauti  
Quartette.
9. Descriptive Song, "The Raft".....Pisauti  
Mr. Tibbetts.
10. "Blue Danube" Waltzes.....Strauss  
Transcribed for organ by H. B. Roney.
11. Song, "Do you think that the Moon could have seen  
Us".....J. R. Thomas  
Mr. Clark.
12. Duet from the fourth act of "Trovatore".....Verdi  
Miss Krenkell and Mr. Tibbetts.
13. "Gypsy Life".....R. Schumann  
Quartette and Solos.
14. Coliseum March.....Toulinin  
Transcribed for organ by H. B. Roney.

The programmes were something quite new and novel, being of eight pages, and containing interesting descriptions of some of the more difficult pieces, together with facts about the composer's life, etc. Descriptions were given of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6, 9 and 13. These descriptive programmes are of excellence, contributing greatly to the enjoyment of the concert, and have an educating influence on concert goers.

The singing was throughout creditable, and in some parts excellent. The aria from "Ernani" was finely rendered. Miss Krenkell's voice is very sweet, and withal strong, and her fine taste and expression contribute greatly to make her the favorite she is.

Mr. Tibbetts, who sang with her the duet from "Trovatore," is a new man to us, but made an excellent impression. He is possessed of a fine and well cultivated voice, and we hope to hear more of him the approaching season. Among the quartettes, we greatly enjoyed "Gypsy Life," which was sung with great spirit and expression.

Mr. Clark's and Mr. Day's songs were well received, and seemed to be enjoyed highly.

The audience cheered repeatedly, but *encores* had been declared a nuisance, and refused beforehand, by the following note upon the programmes: "Owing to

the length of the programme, *encores* cannot be permitted." So we settled down to the enjoyment of a fine concert not drawn out disproportionately by repetitions.

The singing was good, but the playing was better, or at least to us who are partial to the organ. The Thiele "Themes and Variations," with its varied difficulties, we considered at first a doubtful selection for the audience, but the music was so grand and beautiful, and the piece so excellently executed, that it impressed, seemingly, all very much, and delighted all who are admirers of the classical style of organ music. The taste of the public in general has undergone a decided change for the better since Mr. Roney came among us. His organ playing has made us acquainted with some of the most beautiful compositions of the old, as well as modern masters.

Though the idea of the "Blue Danube Waltzes," upon the great organ, may shock some of extremely classical ear, still it was introduced to please the popular taste, and we are sure it had the desired effect with many, for it was the piece of the evening. The variety thereby produced was truly surprising, while it was rich in orchestral effects, and inspiring in the highest degree. As a whole it was a fine concert, and we cherish the hope that this is but the preface of good things to us and many others in the valley of music, where salt has not lost its savor. The financial result we have reason to believe was satisfactory.

N.

[To the musician conversant with the nature of the organ as the king of instruments, there is no mystery in the combination of diapason, reeds, strings or tympanum. There is no mystery connected with the use of the reeds in the instrument at all. Science, in the commodities of which these reeds are composed, has long since developed their vivacious power of speaking quickly to the touch brought to bear upon them, and the effects arising therefrom in instrumentation, developed under the masterly hand of Weber, must flow to him. Hence the organ is *King*. Do you want the string, its in the organ. Do you want the reed, its in the organ. Do you want the tympanum, its in the organ. Do you want the diapason, its in the organ. This latter is the root and foundation of them all, and therefore much of the music of the old masters, as well as that more modern, can be rendered with better effect on the organ than any other instrument.—ED. SONG JOURNAL.]

CHICAGO, November 20th, 1873.

We are dull, very dull, most astonishingly dull. And why is it? Give it up?

Well, we are short of cash, and that makes us dull.

Whether the state of the money market has affected our musical world I do not know, but certain it is we are dull.

This has been the quietest month we have known for some time. A few concerts by home talent, has been our bill of fare for November. The principal event was the concert of the Apollo Club, and Theodore Thomas' orchestra, which was a grand success, and was well attended.

Prof. Louis Talk gave a grand organ recital on the 10th, at which time he introduced Miss Laura Stelzner, who fairly captured her large audience with her singing, and was received at once as a popular favorite.

We are looking forward to next month with very agreeable anticipations, for then comes Max Maretzek and his opera company, Lucca, Di Murska, Tamberik. If we cannot enjoy ourselves with such singers we deserve to suffer.

We have an orchestra here (the Academy of Music) that is fast gaining for itself an enviable reputation, under the baton of Prof. George Leosch. They render music in a style not often heard from a theatrical orchestra.

The monetary crisis had its effect on the theatrical world as well as the musical.

Slim houses were the order until the arrival of the celebrated Vokes Family, then things were changed. To look in at the Academy on one of their nights, no one would suppose that money was scarce. We all regret that their stay was so short, and they may be sure of a good warm reception should they come this way again.

Frank E. Aiken has closed his Wabash Avenue theater, and joined the Morris Comedy Company as "star."

All things must have an end, and so the great Inter-State Industrial Exposition, etc., ended on November 12th. Its end was glorious, for it was a charity day, and all charitably inclined people went, just for sweet charity's sake, of course, not to see the Exposition, for they had all seen that, so it must be for charity, unless, indeed, they went to see what kind of bonnet Mrs. F. or Mrs. D. had on. But it is all over, and our country cousins, who have come from near and far to see our great show, have gone home more impressed than ever with the idea that Chicago is a great city, and who says she ain't.

Echo answers.

Charlotte Cushman and Mrs. Bowers have helped to amuse us.

But this letter is already too long, so, as I said before, all things must have an end, and here it is.

JOHNIE.

#### On Man's Mortality.

AN OLD POEM OF 1562.

Like as the damask rose you see,  
Or like the blossom on the tree  
Or like the daisy flower of May,  
Or like the morning to the day,  
Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,  
E'en such is man; whose thread is spun,  
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.  
The rose withers, the blossom blasheth,  
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,  
The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
The gourd consumes, and man he dies!  
Like to the grass that's newly sprung,  
Or like a tale that's new begun,  
Or like the bird that's here to-day,  
Or like the peared dew of May,  
Or like an hour, or like a span,  
Or like the singing of a swan,  
E'en such is man; who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death.  
The grass withers, the tale is ended,  
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,  
The hour is short, the span not long,  
The swan's near death—man's life is done.

A LARK rises, singing, from her nest, and when she returns she drops, singing, into it. Some men go forth from their homes whistling or singing forth the cheerfulness of their feelings. They return at night, weary it may be by toil, but night, and bright faces and glad hearts wait to welcome them. A great man once said, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." He learned, and what he learned we all may learn.

WHEN I see leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts my friends swarm in abundance, but in the winter of need they leave me naked. He is a happy man who hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy who hath no need of friends.

THE setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone, shadows of the evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection itself—a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night; the soul withdraws itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy.—*Longfellow*.

EUPHONICS.—A German journal speaks of a young authoress who has distinguished herself in the literary world; she is called the Baroness de Klopskaersto and Pieckalkreken.

## The Song Journal.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, DECEMBER, 1873.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."  
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for reasons,  
 stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

### Terms.

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### A Few Words with Our Readers.

The present number of the SONG JOURNAL completes the third volume. Three years ago, we launched our little sheet upon its voyage of discovery, upon the broad and shoreless musical ocean of life's tempestuous sea, without chart, compass, plummet, or theodolite, whereby to measure our bearings, except the pleasant, approving smiles of approbation that have spoken us from patrons and contemporaries. We have pursued our voyage, till the gladdening cry, "Land, ahoy!" greets our ear, and gives heart to the fainting hopes that has caused fear and anxiety during the years past. Without chart or the lights to guide the way-worn mariner in the storms to be encountered, except those that shine out upon us, with effulgent ray, from the headlands of thought, in the master-minds of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Schumann, Wagner, Strauss, and, not to multiply unduly, the artists of our own land (that should be mentioned in the catalogue) when analyzed, will be found to be as smart as the authors above cited. The musical language, like that of the Latin of ancient literature, is replete with the science of the language, and tells upon principles in form, in substance, and design, to influence the mind in all its phases. This we find developed, from day to day, in the progress made in our advancement in music, coupled with an experience which may always be placed on the right side in successful undertakings of the kind.

THE SONG JOURNAL is a musical paper; and its aim is to advance the cause of music; and we point with pride to the course pursued in its past, as a pledge of future development. It is true, it is like a little stone cut out of the mountain of the great State of Michigan, but it is rolling, and its influence is felt in and through both peninsulas of our State; and the sweet songs its pages contain are inspiring the hearts of thousands in their daily toil by day, as well as the evening rest around the hearthstone of home and loved ones by night.

But, while the cheering, happyfying influence of music, presented from month to month, is potent and telling for good, yet we deem it of secondary importance in the control of a musical journal. The time is fully at hand when not only the true interests of musical literature should be discussed, but also information of momentary value, and that tending to future time, as well as all time. Make a *newspaper*, *encyclopedia*, tell us what is going on in the musical world at home and abroad, from the merest tyro that swings the flail in the conduct of a choir, to the artist entrancing his thousands in the opera and concert hall. Tell us of the prodigies arising from obscurities unlooked for, and the scintillations of genius being thrown off, in theory and practice, from the firmament of the musical heavens. Well, dip the pen in colors adorned with jeweled rhetoric, and let its flow be limpid and sweet, is art advanced

thereby, or artists made from such a mill? We answer with emphasis, *no*. It is only by hard, long and persistent study and labor, that the great truths of music are acquired, and when thus obtained duly developed by toil unrelenting, on the part of the possessors, for its general diffusion.

The favorite idea of a genius among us, is of one who never studies, or who studies nobody can tell when; at midnight, or at odd times and intervals, and now and then strikes out, *at a heat*, as the phrase is, some wonderful production. This is a character that has figured largely in the history of music, in the person of many which we might name—"loose fellows about town," loungers in the country, who slept in ale houses and wrote in bar rooms, who took up the pen as a magician's wand to supply their wants. Now, we ask, is it the province of the conductor of a musical journal to chronicle the irregularities and foolish eccentricities of genius of such a type? "The young man," it is often said, "has genius enough, if he would only study." Now the truth is, that genius will study, it is that in the mind which does study. He may not always use books. All study is not reading, any more than all reading is study.

We cannot express, in words of our own, the opinions we entertain, better than that given us by the able editor of *Brainard's Musical World*, therefore we take the liberty of quoting. Here it is:

"We have not much faith in prodigies. Though their performances cause astonishment, and incline the credulous to suspect a miracle, they are immature and have but little, if any, artistic merit. As in Blind Tom, many are captivated by the negro at the piano, forgetting altogether art itself, so do many admire the tender youth of the performer, and cover with the mantle of charity all deficiencies. Very seldom do any of these youthful performers ripen into manhood or womanhood. More than this, they seldom ripen into that artistic activity which the world was led to expect of them. In reading old journals of music one is surprised to find so many prodigies mentioned, of whom great things were predicted and expected, but whose names to this day are unknown in musical history. They caused some ripples on the shore of their career, but did not produce that grand tidal wave which was expected of them. Thus they passed away like the track of a ship, leaving but a momentary mark of their existence.

"Mozart, Mendelssohn and others were prodigies, teaching us the lesson, that they may live to do great deeds, but by far the greater number of the so-called '*prodigies*' die, without reaching that development necessary to make a permanent impression on the art world, while still others live to a ripe old age, but are found to be mere cheats."

### Music.

What is music? A smile, a tear, a glory, a longing after the things of eternity. It lives in all created existence, in man, and every object that surrounds him. There is music in the gentle influence of love, and the sharper pangs of affliction, which stir the quiet broodings of the soul over the memories of early years, and chains it to thoughts of glory and happiness in the spirits' fruitage beyond the golden gates. There is music in the chorus of nature's great orchestra, as it glitters in the wave, sending to us the under tones of God's great orchestra, held in hand by the baton which wields a world's destiny, the master minds of which have in the past caught a faint glimpse, and those of the present are ciphering to decipher the sequences flowing therefrom.

We say, then, there is music in the harmonies of nature. It glitters in the wave, the rainbow, the lightning, and the star. Its cadence is heard in the thunder, in the cataract; its softer tones go sweetly up from the thousand vice-harps of wind, and rivu-

let and forest. The cloud and the sky go floating over us to the rhythm of its sweet melodies, and it ministers to heaven from the mountains of the earth, and the untrodden shrines of the ocean. There is not a moonlight ray that comes down upon the stream or hill, not a pianissimo breeze calling from its blue air-throne to the birds of the summer valleys, or sounding through midnight rains its low and mournful dirge over the perishing flowers of autumn, not a cloud bathing itself like an angel vision in the rosy gushes of autumn twilight, nor a rock glowing in the yellow starlight as if dreaming of the Eden, but is full of the beautiful influence of music. The earth and heaven are quickened by its spirit, and the heavens of the great deep, in tempest and in calm, are but its secret and mysterious breathing.

### A Look at Music as We See It.

Who that has lived in the world of music, by which we mean teachers and professionals, that have watched its progress in the developments of the last decade of years, can fail to have witnessed the mutations which characterize its phases in development. The teacher is not the same, the pupil is not the same. The schools, the conservatories, the teachers all, seem to halt in the march of progress, and inquire with saddened face, where next? We have striven for truth in the instructions imparted to pupils in the past; but this school teaches me wrong in the course pursued; that school declares me heterodox in all my teachings; and hence, while laboring as duty prompted, desirous of doing God's service, I've been serving the devil from first to last. Not a singer nor player made, and why? Because instruction was given on common sense principles, and not in accordance with the rubrics of certain schools, the mention of which would be invidious, and bring down upon us the anathemas unsought by the declaration of truths patent in the existing state of music.

We have said thus much without designing to censure or reproach any school, any teacher, any influences in the world, but, as introductory to the question, propounded with emphasis, why is it, and how account for the fact that readers of music are not made with the facility now-a-days as twenty-five years ago? The experience of the past, the boasted advancement in the teaching of principles, coupled with the physiological control and development of the vocal organs, the largely increased facilities for the proper cultivation of the ear; these, with kindred influences, suggestive to every mind, inquire where are the *readers of music*, where are the students in the analysis of the "art divine."

### Stray Readings—Stray Thoughts.

The Lockport (N. Y.) papers talk in glowing style of Butterfield's "Belshazzar," recently rendered; and Bergen and Batavia, in the same State, are frolicsome over the oratorio of "Esther, the beautiful Queen," and the popularity of Chadwick's "Excursion" is growing daily.

Several choirs in the city of Rochester have recently become demoralized, and some broken up, because of a *panic* in church finances. Just see how Brother BARNES talks about this matter:

"Some churches, doing out the least compensation for their music, unreasonably expect just as fine singing as where largest salaries are paid. As if singers could afford from \$30 to \$60 per quarter for private instruction—devote one or two evenings a week to rehearsals, through all sorts of weather, and then sing for the pleasure and edification of wealthy churches, gratis."

It is strange, yes, passing strange, that such should be the state of things. Go back with me in the history of the music of your city twenty-five years, when Mason, Hastings, Webb, Bradbury, and Root, were around annually with their conventions. Did they have choirs in those days? Did they become demoralized, on account of \$30 or \$60 dollars per quarter for private instruction?



### Something to be Talked About.

A bare glance at the music of the churches of all denominations in our city, will convince the most skeptical opponents of congregational singing that we are returning to the good old ways of our fathers. The Presbyterian, the Congregational, the Baptist, the Methodist and the Episcopal, all, in fine, are coming down (no, we don't like the phrase) *going up* to the good old ways of our fathers in this direction of worship. It is true some of the churches still adhere to the limits of a quartette to lead their congregation in this part of worship, but their exclusive monopoly and control ends with the opening piece, and music familiar, in which all may unite, is thereafter strictly adhered to, as it should be.

Among the influences which have tended largely to bring about this desirable state of things, we may allude to those exerted by the inauguration of what have been termed "Praise Meetings," in which the legitimate service of prayer and preaching have been given to singing by the congregation for an entire evening. Another, the schools established in many of the churches, designed to educate the children and youth; and among the most marked results from this source for good, will be found at the New Trinity M. E. Church. Here we find a school, studying and practicing in principles, on Wednesday evening, and many of the same, together with the church, choir and congregation, on Friday evening, preparing for the Sabbath service to follow, under the able guidance of their teacher and leader, Prof. J. H. Pixley. Now a course judiciously pursued, and carried to its legitimate ends, can but result in the good desired, or aim pursued after.

### We are all Natural Musicians.

Music is a science, as truthful in the revelations of nature's laws, as mathematics, or any other of God's laws, given us for study and practice. The analysis of principles involved in these, are as diversified as are the conventionalisms of nationality, as the schisms in church creeds, or the every-day-life in differences of opinion, upon matters pertaining to weal or woe pecuniary. Hence, to litigate the differences existing in the mind of the Frenchman, the German, the Italian, or the Englishman, involves a difficulty, which, aside from predilections arising from education, there is no difficulty at all, and can be settled in a moment. God has made us alike, essentially, and to ignore this, will not answer for the revelations of the nineteenth century. Let us, then, come up to the truth, that the Norseman of the North, and the favored son of the South, are God's children of song, designed by Him to render the praise due from each, to Him alone.

### The Song Journal for 1874.

#### LOOK AT THIS.

The publishers have perfected arrangements to forward, GRATUITOUSLY, to any and all parties who will send them *Twelve Dollars*, or twelve new subscribers for the SONG JOURNAL for 1874,—and also an extra copy of the same—a beautiful CHROMO, valued at *Six Dollars*. This present is selected, designed and adapted especially for the *ladies*, but none the less valuable or desirable on that account, because it furnishes a lovely *souvenir* from any gentleman desirous of making a beautiful offering to a loved one.

It will also be distinctly understood that the above liberal offer will in no way conflict with those heretofore made in our premium list, as that will be strictly adhered to, in all cases where the requisite number for the chromo are not obtained.

C. J. WHITNEY & Co., 197 Jefferson Ave., Detroit.

### Scientific Lecture by Professor Morse.

Professor J. M. B. Sill, of the Detroit Female Seminary, ever alive to the wants of the public in the advancement science, has engaged Professor Morse, of Salem, Massachusetts, to deliver two lectures on natural history, at the Opera House, Decem-

ber 5th and 6th. We deem this enterprise an important one for the interest of science in Detroit. Professor Morse is a charming and instructive lecturer, and will delight all who hear him. We hope this experiment will show that scientific lectures can succeed in Detroit.

### C. J. Whitney & Co.'s Catalogue of Sheet Music.

During the past year, from month to month, we have examined with unusual care the publication of every piece of music, vocal and instrumental, issued by this house, and hence but reiterate as a whole, the opinions heretofore declared of each singly. No one, however, can go back in the examination, throughout the extensive catalogue, as we have done, without being impressed with the improvement in the character of recent compositions, compared with those of years ago. It may with truth be averred, that there is no house in our land putting forth music of a finer class, and thereby doing more to advance the cause of good music, and, therefore, more richly deserve the large patronage and signal success they are receiving. This catalogue is in press, arranged and classified in such manner as to facilitate reference to any piece, and will be soon issued. Send for it to

C. J. WHITNEY & Co., 197 Jefferson Ave., Detroit.

### The Amusement Season in Detroit.

Since our last issue we have had a variety in musical, dramatic and literary entertainments, characterized in diversity of adaptation to please the connoisseur, and most acute caterer to the wants of the *vox populi*, in all its phases. And, what appears a little remarkable is, the hue and cry of panic and stringency in the money market, and the curtailment of expenses arising therefrom, all of which has not seemed to damp the ardor of desire to patronize and enjoy.

And first, in order of date, the Holman Opera Company gave us "La Sonnambula," "Cinderella," "The Bohemian Girl," "The Debutante," "The Orpheus," and the Miscere scene from "Il Trovatore." Of the merits of the performances of this company, they have so often been ventilated in the daily press of the country, as also our contemporaries of the musical, that we feel it superfluous to enlarge, therefore we dismiss them for the present, as we understand they design to be with us again ere long, by saying their success was popular, and on return will receive a cordial greeting as they deserve.

Theodore Thomas gave us two of his inimitable concerts on the evenings of November 5th and 6th. Mr. Thomas and his orchestra have always called forth that meed of praise, so justly merited, from the appreciative audiences that have ever greeted them in our city, and the only pang of regret is, we are to see him and them in like capacity no more. He contemplates soon entering upon a new field of effort, in which he may be assured the hearty wish of his numerous friends in Detroit will go out after him, for a success commensurate with that which has crowned his labors in the past. That the concerts given have rare intellectual treats to all lovers of music, as well as sources of pleasure and enjoyment to all, is a truth patent to the *artist*, the *connoisseur* and the *tyro* in musical culture. The programmes of music performed have always been made with reference to the entertainment of all, and rendered with a perfection truly marvellous, developing the truth which is beginning to be understood, that the more light and fanciful in music requires a tact and talent in rendition beyond the converse of it in its character.

On the evenings of November 7th and 8th the Selden Irwin Combination gave us Bronson Howard's "Lillian's Last Love." As a play it has points of interest in plot, and also literary merit, beyond a passing notice, but in the hands of the personators of the prime characters, and the cast of the entire parts, we

feel compelled to say it was an abortion in dramatic representation. It is painful to say this, nevertheless, adherence to truth prompts the declaration.

THE VOKES FAMILY have also been with us. Of this quartette of fun-provoking artists, we say, in unqualified terms, they are orthodox in their line and, vastly more truthful in their delineations than anything we have had for a decade of years. No one can witness their rendition of "Belles of the Kitchen," "The Wrong Man in the Right Place," or "One Touch of Nature," without an enjoyment of merriment of a type calculated to divine the *role* they design to represent. They are truthful, and good in their aims, and will, in pantomime or representation in living manner, present to the observer, in truthful form, the ideas they wish to impart. This, we are aware, is saying much, but truth must guide the pen, as well as thought.

THE DETROIT MUSICAL SOCIETY gave their seventh entertainment on the 21st inst., to one of the largest and most appreciative audiences ever assembled in the Opera House. As we were not blessed with the recognition of a card of admission (the tickets were all given away) we did not attend; but, from the well-known character, and abilities of the society to render whatever attempted, after the able drill in preparation from their excellent conductor, we feel satisfied the excellent music embodied in the programme, was given in a manner creditable to the talent combined in the society, and auguring a greater success in the future.

In the lecture-field, we have had quite a number during the month, the most notable of which were those by Rev. Newman Hall, of England, on "The Dignity of Labor," and the introductory to the course to be given by the "Detroit Boat Club," by the Rev. E. H. Chapin, of New York. It is quite enough to announce the above, for the well-known character of the lecturers is an ample guarantee of the merits of both in the handling of their respective subjects.

### A Victim to Steam Whistles.

The following amusing communication from "H. K. O.—r," appears in the Boston *Transcript*:  
At the foot of my garden, in Salem, about five hundred feet from my house, are the lines of railroad, over which, day and night, and all day and all night, "murdering sleep" pass some sixty trains of cars, making "the frame and huge foundation of the earth shake like a coward."

In addition to the above are half a dozen stationary steam engines, which half a dozen times a day give note to workmen, so that we live in the midst of a ceaseless racket of cacophonous screeches, with scarce a "dreary pause between." Sometimes three or four of these wild whistles, on different keys, joined in distressful discords, blow their ear-splitting blasts, prompting the unnumbered millions of those—and many there be thereabouts—who have not a sagacious regard for their spiritual welfare, to most unholy thoughts, and their tongues to savage maledictions. But "*laus Deo*," there is a let-up on Sunday, "blest day of all the week," and somewhat of calmness, doubly welcome from its rarity. Last Sunday—one which saintly George Herbert describes as a "Sweet day, so ool, so calm, so bright" I was strolling among my flower beds, enjoying their fragrance, and the pure, clear air, with its quiet stillness undisturbed by the noisy steam-scrieks of the work-day world, when the words of Dr. Watt's hymn

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,"

came up from my memory. In trying to repeat them, however, they took the paradoxical form below, which I send you, dedicated to the steam-whistle on upper C sharp:

Welcome, sweet day of rest,  
That no steam-whistle hears—  
Welcome to this reposing breast,  
And these rejoicing ears.

No thundering train comes near,  
No rumbling wheels to-day—  
Here we may sit, nor wild whoops fear,  
And muse, or sing, or pray.

One hour in this bliss place,  
Where scream nor screech grates in,  
Is better than ten thousand days  
That tempt to oaths and sin.

My willing soul would stay  
In quiet, such as this,  
And sit and dream herself away,  
In calm, unwhistled bliss.

THE SONG JOURNAL for 1874.

DETROIT, MICH.



Respectfully dedicated to my friend, Mrs. PRESTON BRADY, Detroit, Mich.

# You and I.

(BALLAD.)

CATERINA LAMI.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

1. Come sit be - side me,  
2. And ma - ny years roll'd

dear - est, For cold the night winds blow, While by the pine-wood's cheer - ful blaze I  
ov - er us, Bright springs with sun and show'rs, And sum - mers with their wealth of bloom And

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1873, by C. J. WHITNEY & Co., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

sing of long a - go,  
ple - ni - tude of flow'rs,

'Twas in the mer - ry  
'Twas eve in gold - en

spring - tide, The lark sang in the sky, Two chil - dren played, a boy and maid, Light -  
au - tumn The black - bird whistled nigh, A man and maid sat in the shade, Two

heart - ed— You and I,  
lov - ers— You and I.

*Rall.* *Con Spirito.*

3. And now 'tis win - ter drear - y, The snow lies on the ground, The

*Meno mosso.*



sky is dark and raves the wind Our for - est home a - round.

But light is in our dwell - ing, And sweet the hours go  
*Con energia.* *Dolce.*

*a piacere.*  
 by, ah! . . . . . 'he hap - py life of man and wife, Two lov - ers, you and  
*a tempo.*

1.  
*Con Spirito,*

# THOUSAND ISLAND POLKA.

E. S. KING.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The music includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, triplets, and rests. The word "PIANO." is written at the beginning of the first system. The score is divided into five systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The final system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

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This musical score is for a piece titled "THOUSAND ISLAND POLKA." It is written for piano and features a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, and A-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The score is organized into four systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The first three systems consist of six measures each. The fourth system is divided into two parts: the first part has four measures, and the second part has four measures. The notation includes numerous triplets, indicated by a '3' over a bracketed group of notes. Dynamic markings include *pp* (pianissimo) and *f* (forte). The piece concludes with a double bar line. The word "8va" is written below the first measure of the final system's first part.

8va

*pp*

*f*

8va.....

The first system of musical notation for 'THOUSAND ISLAND POLKA'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody in the treble clef features several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a bracket) and some notes marked with an 'x'. The bass clef accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.

8va.....

The second system of musical notation. The treble clef continues the melody with various note values and rests. The bass clef provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

8va.....

The third system of musical notation. The treble clef melody includes some notes marked with an 'x'. The bass clef accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

8va.....

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef features a '2 x 2' marking over a pair of notes and a '3' marking over a triplet. The system concludes with a double bar line and a 'ff' (fortissimo) dynamic marking. The bass clef accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.

The fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass clef accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.

The sixth system of musical notation. The treble clef melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass clef accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The system concludes with a double bar line and a 'ff' (fortissimo) dynamic marking. The first measure of this system has a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking.



This musical score is for a piece titled "Thousand Island Polka". It is written for piano and features six systems of music, each consisting of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The score begins with a treble staff containing a few notes, followed by a full piano accompaniment in the second system. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, often featuring triplets and slurs. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *ff* (fortissimo). The piece concludes with a final chord in the bass staff. A section of the score is marked "8va" (octave), indicating a change in register for the treble staff.

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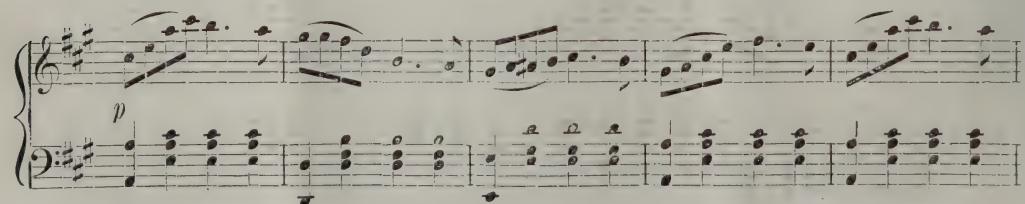
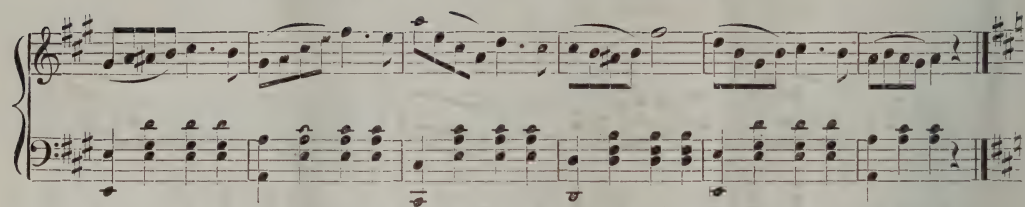
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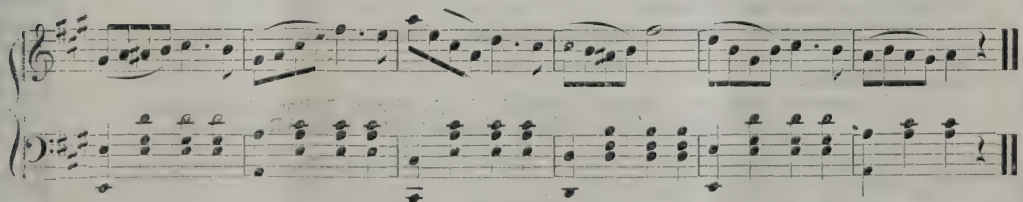
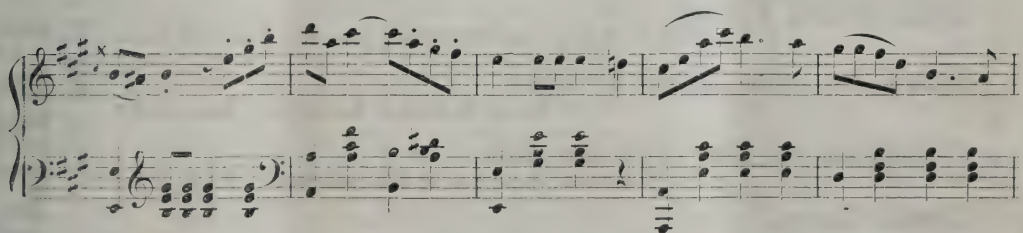
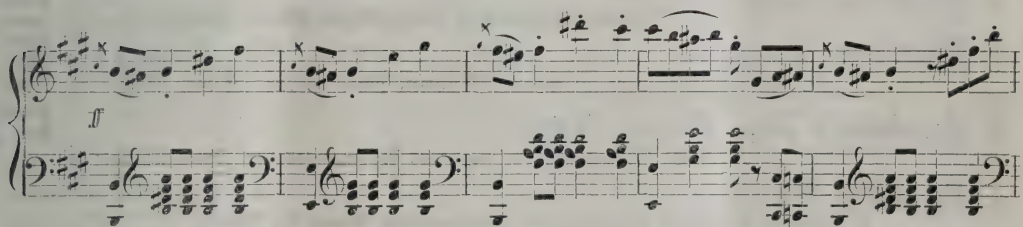
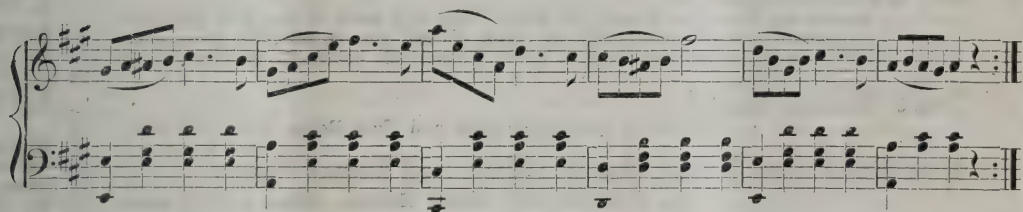
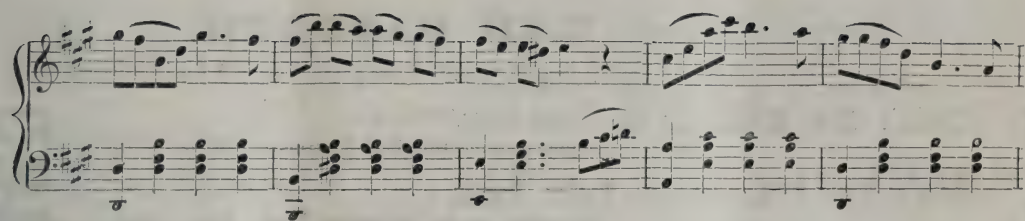
*p*

*f*

*p*









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NUMBER I.

### New Year's Hymn.

The sun takes up his course again—  
A year has passed the line;  
Wax, then, my soul, thy grateful strain,  
To sing of love divine!  
The year that's past,  
From first to last,  
I owned His ruling hand,  
And often found  
That grief profound,  
And ill, how'er distressing,  
Gave way to joy and blessing.

Why should I then court anxious fear,  
Though years do close their pages?  
God's grace, what'er may disappear,  
Outlives all time—all ages.  
In Heaven above  
His boundless love  
Prepared for us a dwelling;  
Those realms are there—  
Unchanging—fair;  
There angels pure His glory sing—  
The Lord, Eternal Sovereign, King!

That self-same King He rules below,  
Directs our fate, our way;  
To Him our praises then we owe  
Who spared us till this day—  
Whose bounteous hand  
Protects our land,  
Our homes, our kindred, altars;  
Even evil He  
So turns that we  
Experience blessing, taste His love,  
Adore His guidance from above.

Oh, Father! with Thy love go on  
To cheer Thy children dear,  
As e'er Thou didst since first the sun  
Shone on our earthly sphere.  
All-blessing hand,  
Let Thy command  
Be ever our delight!  
Then cares nor fear,  
How great, how near,  
Shall never shake our trust in Thee,  
In life, death or eternity.

### Story of a Fiddle.

Some few years ago, a shabby-looking gentleman, carrying in his hand a fiddle, enclosed in green bag, entered the shop of an eminent hosier in Oxford street.

"I want," said he, addressing himself to the obsequious man of hose, "a pair of silk stockings." "Here are a dozen pairs," replied the shopkeeper, "of such a quality as no other house in London can offer. They are cheaper than dirt, and more durable than iron, and when they are worn out, they will cut down into capital socks; but that will not be for many years."

"Excellent qualities!" replied the shabby gentleman with the fiddle, "but what is the price?"

"A trifle," returned the seller; "only twelve shillings a pair."

"Then put up one pair for me," said he of the green bag, "and I'll pay for them." At the same moment his right hand dived into the extreme recesses of his breeches pocket, as though he were endeavoring to select something underneath. He was not successful.

"Gracious heavens!" cried he, "I have either lost my purse or left it at home, and I know not how I can possibly do without stockings; for you must understand, that I am going to play at a celebrated concert to-night, and must have them to wear."

"Well, sir," replied the hosier, "that shall not trouble you; we'll send them to your house."

"Unfortunately," whimpered the man of sweet sounds, screwing up his features to the dimensions of a dried codling, "I am not going home; but I will, by your kind permission, leave my fiddle as a security for the twelve shillings, only requesting that you be careful of it, and hang it up (for it is a valuable instrument) on that nail, which I see disengaged over the chimney of your back parlor."

"With all my heart," replied the hosier; and immediately conducted the musician into the parlor, where he hung up the fiddle, and, having received the stockings, left the shop.

About two days after this event, a person entered the shop, and bought two or three trifling articles. Being suddenly seized with a spasmodic indisposition of stomach, he requested permission to recover himself in an arm-chair of the parlor. The hosier's humanity and civility were equal to his industry. He attended his customer with much assiduity, and by help of a little brandy, rubbing, and chafing, restored the gentleman. As soon as he was well, he began to look about the room, to admire the pictures, to compliment the hosier on his taste, when his eyes rested on the fiddle.

"What! my friend," he exclaimed, "are you a musician?"

"No, sir," said the hosier, "that fiddle belongs to a poor fellow who bought a pair of stockings of me two days back, and probably has not yet been able to raise money enough to pay for them, and redeem his fiddle."

"Allow me," said the gentleman, "to look at it; I am a judge of these matters." The fiddle being delivered to him, he drew it from the bag, and, having examined it, said, as though to himself, "This is really a prodigious fine fiddle!" He then placed it to his shoulder, and negligently passing the bow across the strings, produced a few notes, which appeared to the hosier of such exquisite delicacy, that the passion of gain was for a few seconds suspended.

"The fiddle," said the stranger, "appears to be a Cremona, of the best tone." "Mr. Nottingham," he continued, looking up at the hosier, "I have known you some years, and have dealt always with you, I know you are an honest man, I will not inform you what is my opinion of the worth of this instrument; but here is a thirty pound note, for which you will give me a receipt, and if, when the wretched musician again makes his appearance, you can purchase it for fifty pounds, this note, which I have now put into your hands, shall be your own." When he had thus

spoken, he gave him the note, together with his card, and, having received an acknowledgment for the note, departed.

He had scarcely been gone from the shop above an hour, when the musician, in a great hurry, and much worse clothed than before, ran hastily into the shop, and, putting down the twelve shillings on the counter, requested to have his fiddle.

"Ah," quoth the man of yarn, "I'm delighted to see you; I wish to have a few moments' conversation with you," and, taking him into the back parlor, informed him of the liberal offer which the gentleman had made him who had been there in the morning.

"With respect to the fiddle," said the musician, "I am well aware that it even exceeds in value what you have offered; nor would I think of selling it, but that my distresses are great, and customers are difficult to procure. To tell you the truth, I am now under arrest, an officer is with me outside, and I have only been allowed a few moments to fetch my fiddle, in order to carry it to a friend, who is ready to advance me upon it a sum of money sufficient to relieve me from arrest." The hosier saw that such was the fact.

"I will go with you," said he, "to the gentleman's house, and receive the fifty."

"Impossible," replied the musician. "He may be from home, or otherwise; I cannot take the risk. The person I allude to is awaiting my return." The wily hosier now began to suspect that the fiddle would escape, and that the thirty pounds commission would be lost. He, therefore, resolved on a bold venture, and added twenty pounds of his own.

"Wait one moment," said he to the musician, "and you shall receive the fifty pounds." The musician hesitated, as if reluctant to part with his fiddle for the price; he surveyed it with tenderness, and said: "'Tis my necessities alone which induce me to part with thee, thou cheerful companion of my life—the better portion of my existence! But we must separate, and having been a long time the delight of thy master, thou must now become his support."

Tears were visible in the eyes of the wretched musician, and, with a trembling hand, he delivered the instrument to the hosier, and, having received the fifty pounds, hurried away from the shop in a very distressed state of mind. The hosier almost repented making such a gain from so poor a man. But "business is business."

As soon as the fiddle became the property of the hosier, he ordered a coach, and repaired to the house of the gentleman whose card he possessed. The servants informed him that their master was at home, and he was soon introduced into the library. He found himself in the presence of a gentleman very different in appearance from him whom he had seen in the morning. However, he produced the fiddle, a receipt for the money he had paid, and the card, and begged to know when he could see the owner. The gentleman appeared surprised, and, indeed, the man of stockings very soon became convinced that there must be some mistake. The gentleman acknowledged the card to be his, but declared himself quite ignorant of the transaction.



The hosier was struck with dismay, and returned home in a most disconsolate state, yet not without hopes that the person who had advanced the money would soon make his appearance to claim the fiddle he had so much coveted. At all events, the instrument was valuable, and he might, after all, make a handsome profit. He was relieved from all suspense by the arrival of a customer, who was a musical instrument maker; who, having examined the instrument, declared it to be a Dutch fiddle, value about eighteen and sixpence! The sound of a fiddle ever after, threw the hosier into fits!

### Last Words.

However physiologists may question the importance of the feeble utterances of the dying, it is certain that mankind in general finds a significance in the last words of those who are vanishing into the unknown life.

"He raves!" said the physician, when Dr. Adams, rector of the high school of Edinburgh, was passing away; but as we catch the last words of the raving, our own eyes are dimmed: "It grows dark, boys," stretching forth his hand; "you may go." "All my possessions for a moment of time!" moaned Queen Elizabeth. Wesley, calmer, said as he died, "The best of all is, God is with us." And deaf Beethoven, whose soul had ever been filled with harmony, exclaimed gladly at the last, "I shall hear."

"Is your mind at ease?" Goldsmith was asked by his physicians. "No, it is not," was the mournful reply, and he spoke no more. How different the parting words of Dr. William Hunter: "If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die." Or the assurance of President Edwards, as his dying grasp loosened on hard forms of dogma, "Trust in God and you need not fear."

Byron said wearily "I must sleep now," and Goethe, turning to his wife, called for "Light, more light!"

Dr. Johnson died in a tumult of uneasiness and dread; Cowper sank to rest as peacefully as a child. "I am taking a fearful leave in the dark," cried Hobbes, the deist, and "Now, Lord, Lord, receive my soul!" whispered Herbert on his last "sweet day."

Politeness was no longer a ruling passion, but a chrym, when Chesterfield in dying said, "Give Dayrolles a chair;" and surely something was forgiven of Charles II when he bade farewell to earth's pomp and wickedness in "Don't let poor Nelly starve."

Haller's last words were, feeling his own pulse, "The artery ceases to beat." Petrarch died suddenly and silently in his library, his hand upon a book, and Sir Isaac Newton was winding his watch when he was ushered into that life that hath no end.

Talma, the great actor, exclaimed pitifully as he went, "The worst of all is, I cannot see;" and John Locke murmured, "O, the depth of the riches of the goodness and knowledge of God!" The dying admonition of learned Grotius to his race was, "Be serious." Scarron, the French wit, said faintly to his weeping friends, "Ah! *mes enfans*, you cannot cry as much for me as I have made you laugh in my time;" and Lord Thurlow in reckless wonder exclaimed, "I'm shot, if I don't believe I'm dying."

When poor Robert Burns gasped with his last breath, "Don't let the awkward squad fire over me!" he did but allude to his commentators and critics, yet what a significance should the words have for them! And how little Anne Boleyn thought, when, awaiting the executioner, she clasped her fair throat, that "It is but small, very small," would link her forever to the heart of Christendom!

Yes, we cannot doubt that many of the most eloquent sermons mankind has ever listened to have fallen from dying lips. Caesar's grieved, "And thou Brutus!" John Quincy Adams' "This is the last of earth;" Mirabeau's frantic cry for "Music!" after his life of discord; George Washington's "It is well"—do they not grow richer in meaning every day? And is it not still blessed to remember the last words of Melancthon, the friend of Luther? "Do you want anything?" asked his loved ones eagerly. "Nothing but heaven," he answered gently, and went smiling on his way.

### The Uses of Poetry.

I have heard men ask what is the use of poetry? What does it *prove*? What does it *do*? It does much. It adds not only to the happiness but to the virtue of mankind. In the shape of war-songs, it sometimes rouses an oppressed nation to vengeance

and freedom. It furnishes the lover with correct and beautiful language in which to express his thoughts and feelings. It gives to pure and noble sentiments a garb worthy of their divine nature, and *locks them up*, as it were, in phrases which preserve them, unchanged, for the repetition and admiration of thousands. The poet is obliged to be also, in some degree, a philosopher, penetrating into the hidden resources of language, selecting the words which convey his thoughts not only most strikingly, definitely and correctly, but also most briefly, most attractively and most eloquently. A single word of a skillful author sometimes expresses all that is conveyed, and that peradventure but feebly, in the sentence of another less taught in the mysteries of his profession. In poetry this is peculiarly the case. A good poet must, in two points, possess superiority over common men. In the first place, he must be gifted with noble thoughts, and second, he must know how to clothe them in the most forcible and appropriate language. When once so clothed, a sentiment becomes *embodied*. It has received substance, definite form and a name. It is a visible, tangible, portable treasure, which infinitely survives the mortal state of its author, and goes about the world, wafted on the winds of heaven, convincing and delighting all who meet it. In this way a single phrase becomes immortal, and thus some writers build their own immortality upon writings which have expressed certain ideas in the most proper words, arranged in such an ingenious method that no subsequent person can produce the same thought so lucidly. But the most benign influence of poetry is exercised upon the feelings and the affections. It opposes selfishness, avarice, hypocrisy, and all the lower and more groveling tendencies of our nature. It cherishes courage, disinterestedness, love, friendship, fidelity and truth. The simpler and unobtrusive virtues are dignified by it. Poetry is noble in proportion as it approaches these objects. It is a voice of music more melodious and melting than the tones of harp or lyre, and should utter no sentiment but that of pure truth and god-like virtue. When it panders to the sensual passions of our nature, when it turns parasite and spends its idleness upon unworthy idols, it resembles the banner of some free nation hoisted over the deck of a pirate ship. In the hands of the good it is a beacon-light to guide the mariner through a night of storm. As an instance of the effect which lurks in a few stanzas, let every inconsiderate, and peevish and neglectful husband, who knows in his heart that heaven has blessed him with a faithful and disinterested wife, of whose love he is scarcely worthy, and whom he abandons for the base pleasures of the world, let all such stop and reflect, and unless every spark of gentleness be extinguished in his bosom, he will feel it warm and quicken under their influence.

### Beethoven's Eccentricity.

Beethoven's neglected person, wild appearance, strong and prominent features, rudely energetic eye, and broad bull-like brow, overshadowed with his uncut uncombed hair, together with his not very conciliatory disposition, bespeak a character somewhat consistent with the following specimen of his demeanor. Not long since, in a certain cellar in Vienna, where he was in the habit of spending his evenings, in a particular corner, by himself, drinking wine, eating red herrings, and reading the newspapers, a person took a seat near him, with whose countenance he was by no means pleased. After looking steadfastly at the stranger, he spat on the floor, as if he had seen a toad; then glanced at the newspaper, then again at the intruder, and spat again; his disordered hair gradually bristling into more shaggy ferocity, until he closed the alternations of spitting and staring by suddenly rising from his chair and loudly exclaiming, as he rushed out of the room, "What a scoundrelly phiz!"

### Influence of Dress.

Dress has an effect upon character. Not only may we be sure that an ill-dressed man will never be so much at ease as one who is well dressed, but we are certain that he will not *think* so highly nor so well. A mean and shabby appearance gives a man mean and shabby ways. A slattern in her gown and cap is too often a slattern at home. A finicking, foolish, smart little "gent" of a coxcomb is finicking and foolish in his ways of thinking. A sharp young city clerk, a dapper, tidy, little fellow, is active, dapper and tidy in his manner. Cause runs into effect, and effect becomes cause. What affects one man will do so to thousands.

### Mozart's Requiem.

THIS IS THE WAY THE FRENCH SAY IT HAPPENED TO BE WRITTEN.

One day, as Mozart was seated in his study, in a profound reverie, he heard a carriage stop at his door. A stranger was announced, who asked to speak with him. He was an aged man, very well dressed, of noble and imposing manners. He said to the composer:

"I am commissioned by a great man to come and find you."

"The name of this man, if you please," said Mozart.

"He does not wish to be known."

"Very well; what are his wishes?"

"He has lost a very dear friend, whose memory will be forever precious to him. He wishes to commemorate her death, every year, by a solemn service, and he wants you to compose a requiem for the occasion."

Mozart was deeply impressed by these words, spoken so solemnly, and by the air of mystery that seemed to pervade the interview. He promised to compose the requiem. The stranger continued:

"Put to this work your entire genius, for you compose it for a connoisseur in music."

"So much the better," said Mozart.

"How much time do you want for the task?"

"Four weeks."

"Well, I will come for it in four weeks. What will be your price?"

"One hundred ducats."

The stranger counted out the money upon the table, and disappeared. Mozart remained plunged in deep thought for a few moments, then called for pen, ink and paper, and began to write the requiem. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of his wife, he wrought upon it night and day. But his body, already feeble, could not endure this continual strain, and he finally fell fainting at his task. Then he was obliged to rest. Several days after, his wife sought to divert his mind from its sadness by some playful remark. He replied earnestly:

"One thing is certain; I am composing my own requiem; it will serve to perpetuate my own memory."

In proportion as he wrought, his strength diminished, from day to day, and the requiem advanced very slowly. The four weeks were finally gone, and the stranger returned.

"It has been impossible for me to keep my word," said Mozart, sadly.

"Never mind," said the man, "how much more time do you require?"

"I want four weeks more. The work has inspired me with deeper interest than I supposed, and I have given to it more study than I intended."

"In that case it is right that I increase the price. Here are fifty ducats more for your pay."

In astonishment Mozart asked: "Who are you?"

"That is nothing to the purpose. I will return in four weeks."

As the stranger left the house, Mozart called a servant, and requested him to follow this extraordinary man and find out who he was; but the blundering man soon returned, saying that he could find no trace of him. Poor Mozart had conceived the idea that this stranger was no ordinary mortal, but was one of his friends in the immortal world sent to warn him of his approaching death. He applied himself with redoubled ardor to his requiem, which he regarded as the most enduring monument to his genius. He fainted many times at his toil. Finally, it was accomplished before the expiration of four weeks.

The stranger came for it at the given time; but Mozart was dead.

CENSURE is the tax a man pays for being eminent.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## Letter from Boston.

GREAT SUCCESS OF THE THOMAS CONCERTS—A NEW MUSICAL PROJECT—A NORMAL MUSIC SCHOOL ON A GRAND SCALE—SOMETHING NEW IN THE WAY OF A CHURCH ORGAN—THE HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERTS—THE THEATRES, ETC.

Boston, December 15, 1873.

Nothing finer in the way of concerts ever took place in Boston, than the six entertainments given by Theodore Thomas and his orchestra, about the first of the present month. The orchestra is more complete and better disciplined than ever this season, and the programmes were of an exceedingly choice character. A numerous list of new selections were played, more new music being brought forward, in fact, than has been heard at the Harvard Symphony Concerts in half a dozen seasons. Among the fresh works were the following: Liszt's *Rhapsodie Hongroise*, No. 2 (as arranged for orchestra), symphonic introduction to "Sigurd Slembe," by Svendsen; Scherzo, "La Reine Mab, ou la Fée des Songes," by Berlioz; Trois Danses Allemandes, by Bargiel; overture to "Hunyadi Lázlo," by Erkel; introduction to the opera "The Seven Ravens," by Rheinberger; Symphony No. 5, "Leonore," by Raff (first time in America); Nordish Suite, by Asger Hamerick; Scherzo from a symphony by Svendsen; Overture di Ballo, by Arthur S. Sullivan. The symphony by Raff is a work of the highest order of merit, and by all odds the best thing from his pen yet heard in this country. It made a most favorable impression. It is intended to illustrate Buerger's poem of "Leonore." The compositions of Svendsen, the young Swedish composer, also, made a good impression, and the Nordish Suite, by Hamerick, was also very pleasing, though not to the degree that attached to the music of Raff and Svendsen. Among the standard works performed by the orchestra, were the "Jupiter" Symphony, by Mozart; Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, and Schubert's Symphony in C. Mr. M. W. Whitney, the accomplished basso, sang at all the concerts, and invariably with great success. Mrs. Anna Granger Dow also assisted successfully on two occasions. In addition to the regular series of concerts, Mr. Thomas gave a concert in connection with the Old Bay State course of lectures, at which Mrs. Dow and Mr. Whitney also assisted.

Dr. Tourjee is perfecting arrangements to establish a normal music school, on a grand scale, next summer. It is to be held at the Academy in East Greenwich, R. I., and is to be known as the New England Normal Music School. Some of the most eminent teachers in the country have already been secured, and it is proposed to make the school complete in every respect. The chief purpose of such an institution is, of course, to prepare teachers for their work, but equal advantages are to be offered for those who are pursuing the study of music for self improvement only. Among the instructors already selected are some of the best teachers in America. With so large a list to select from as the New England Conservatory affords, Dr. Tourjee will have no difficulty in equipping every department in the most efficient manner. Mr. Carl Zerrahn will teach oratorio singing; and a class will probably be started under his direction for conductors. This alone will be of great importance to directors of choral societies, orchestras, bands, etc. Mr. Luther W. Mason will illustrate before the school the method of teaching music in the Boston schools, aided by a large force of children. Mr. Mason is one of the directors of music in the Boston schools. There are to be concerts every day, lectures on musical topics, and ample time for social recreation. The membership fee will be only \$15, and board can be obtained at prices not exceeding

\$4 per week. The sessions will begin early in July, and continue five or six weeks. East Greenwich is one of the most charming towns in all New England. Pleasantly situated on the shores of Narragansett Bay, it is a favorite place of summer resort, although it has little of the fashion and frivolity for which Newport, and some other cities by the sea, are so noted. Bathing, boating and fishing are to be enjoyed, and the scenery is unsurpassed. Those who attend the school as students will be enabled to combine pleasure with profit. The academy buildings are three in number, and are admirably adapted to the purposes of such a school. The grounds have an extent of five acres, and are finely laid out. The chapel contains a large pipe organ, and the advantages for study and practice for organ pupils will be unsurpassed.

A gentleman, well known in musical circles, and especially distinguished for his efforts in behalf of congregational singing, has lately perfected a church organ, which has just been exhibited very satisfactorily. It is an instrument small in dimensions, but through increased wind-pressure and ingenious mechanical means, it is quite as powerful as an organ three or four times as large, and three or four times as costly. In brief, it is a small organ upon a large scale, but there are several novel features introduced in the mechanism which renders it unlike other organs. The plan, however, is somewhat similar to that pursued in constructing the original Coliseum organ of 1869, but it has been modified and arranged to render the instrument suited to church use. The organ, although occupying a space only five feet in depth (including the organist's seat), seven feet wide, and thirteen feet high, is designed with sufficient power to fill a church fifty by seventy-five feet, and to sustain a chorus of five hundred voices. It is quite appropriately termed the "choral organ." The following is a list of the stops:

|                                         |                    |
|-----------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Open Diapason, bass.....             | { Metal, 58 pipes. |
| 2. Open Diapason, treble.....           | {                  |
| 3. Melodia, bass.....                   | { Wood, 58 pipes.  |
| 4. Melodia, treble.....                 | {                  |
| 5. Violin, bass.....                    | { Metal, 58 pipes. |
| 6. Violin, treble.....                  | {                  |
| 7. Sub-Bass, 25 pipes (16 ft. tone).    |                    |
| 8. Pedale coupler to manuelle.....      |                    |
| 9. Octave coupler (operated by pedale); | { Mechanical.      |
| 10. Swell Pedal.....                    | {                  |

The main object in view has been to place as adequate an organ within the reach of churches whose pecuniary condition is not such as to enable them to procure a large and costly instrument, and enough has been accomplished to mark an important "departure" in organ making. The exhibition proved highly satisfactory, although a still greater amount of wind-pressure, and a corresponding degree of power, could be attained. The combinations produced by the peculiar method of voicing and connecting, and the fine quality of the bass were much admired. The cost of the instrument is only \$500. The organ exhibited has been purchased for Wesleyan Hall.

The third of the series of Harvard Symphony Concerts took place on the 4th inst. Unfortunately it was sandwiched between two of the incomparable Thomas concerts, and the result was not favorable. The Boston orchestra will not compare with Thomas' well trained forces in any respect, and to make the contrast still more marked, the programme was of the most stupid character. A symphony by Haydn, some well worn overtures by Mozart and Weber, two numbers of Schumann's "Manfred" music, and some musty old songs by Handel, constituted the major part of the programme, the only novelty being a *Pastorale* by Bach, arranged for orchestra. Mr. George L. Osgood sang finely, as he always does. At the fourth concert, to be given on the 19th, Madeline Schiller will perform two piano-forte solos. It was our good fortune to hear Madeline Schiller play at a concert in Cambridge, recently. She is an artist of great merit

and is sure to become a favorite wherever she appears. She is a resident of Cambridge.

The New England Conservatory of Music gave its 316th recital, at Wesleyan Hall, on the 9th inst. The programme included a Mozart trio, for piano, violin, and viola, played by Messrs. B. D. Allen, F. F. Ford and Eichler; piano solos by Mr. Allen, an aria by Verdi and another by Handel, sung by Miss Sarah C. Fisher; and a sonata for piano and violin, by Gade, played by Messrs. Allen and Ford. Another classical concert is to be given at Wesleyan Hall, January 6th.

Mr. Ernest Perabo gave the second and last of his matinees on the 5th inst. Mr. Perabo played several *moreaux* of his own, which were well received, and also a transcription of the first movement of Rubenstein's "Ocean Symphony," and a Fantasia by Beethoven. The chief feature, however, was the performance, by the members of the Beethoven Quintette Club, of a string quartette, by E. F. Richter. The work is full of beauties, and made a very pleasing impression.

The Handel and Haydn Society are to give their annual performance of Handel's oratorio of "The Messiah" next Sunday Evening, under the direction of Mr. Zerrahn. Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, Mr. Nelson Varley and Mr. M. W. Whitney are to be the soloists.

Mr. F. Boscovitz is announced to give a matinee at Wesleyan Hall, on Monday next.

Signor Operti is to give a concert at Music Hall, Sunday evening, the 28th, assisted by an orchestra of sixty-five pieces, and quite an array of soloists, vocal and instrumental.

The Sunday concerts given at Parker Memorial Hall, have become very popular. There is no attempt to whip his Satanic majesty around the stump by calling them sacred, nor is there any pretension that way in the selections performed. Last evening Baldwin's Band (formerly Gilmore's) held forth, and the programme contained, beside several operatic *pot-pourris* and overtures, the "Carnival of Venice," played with variations on a bassoon. The audience laughed immoderately at Mr. Becher's fantastic variations, and the piece was encored. Nearly every concert has drawn a crowded house.

Mr. A. P. Peck has engaged Mr. Thomas to give three more grand concerts in Boston, on the evenings of Thursday and Friday, January 29th and 30th, and Saturday afternoon, January 31st.

At the Boston Theatre we have had, in succession, Salvini, Fechter, and Charlotte Cushman. The great Italian tragedian drew large audiences at high prices, but Fechter failed to draw, even at regular prices. Miss Cushman did better than Fechter, but not so well as Salvini. The spectacle of "The Naiad Queen" is to be brought out this evening, in a style of great magnificence. At the Museum, Mr. George Fawcett Rowe's new play of "The Geneva Cross," has made a great hit. It is now in its fourth week. "Little Em'ly" will be the next production. It is as good as settled that Boston will have a new theatre next season, and perhaps two.

Mr. B. E. Woolfe, the accomplished musical and dramatic critic of the *Globe*, has resigned his position on that paper, but continues his connection in the same capacity with the *Saturday Evening Gazette*.

A new organ, built by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook & Hastings, for the new Brattle Church, corner of Commonwealth avenue and Clarendon street, will be formally opened to-morrow night. Mr. Dudley Buck and Mr. S. B. Whitney are to be the organists.

Two American compositions are to be performed at the Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society in the spring—Mr. J. K. Paine's oratorio of "St. Peter," and Mr. Dudley Buck's setting of the 46th Psalm.

RANGER.

One science only will one genius fit,  
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.



MONTREAL, P. Q., December 2, 1873.

## Editor Song Journal:

Mons. Mazurette, the eminent French solo pianist, vocalist and teacher, well known in Detroit, has just made us a call on his return to your city, from a concert tour of Canada, made under the business management of T. W. Martin. Judging from what the Dominion papers say of him and his wonderful execution upon the piano, he must have created a *furor* during the tour such as no pianist ever before in Canada produced. His *repertoire* embraces nearly all the most difficult and brilliant pieces of the old masters, as well as a goodly number of his own sparkling compositions.

His "Programme No. 1," used upon his Canadian tour, included ten piano pieces, all of which rank among the most classical compositions ever produced by any writer of music, and must make not less than one hundred pages all told. When it is stated that he performed this entire programme from memory each evening during his tour, it will be readily understood how great a task he took upon himself, and what a remarkable memory his must be.

The *Montreal Gazette*, which is the leading daily paper of Canada, in a critical notice of more than a column in length, says that "no such execution upon the piano as Mazurette showed was ever before witnessed in that city," and then predicts "the future will know him as one of the master performers of the nineteenth century." Speaking of his singing, the same journal remarks that "he has a powerful baritone voice of great cultivation, which he used to fine effect in Kucken's 'Maid of Judah,'" and then adds:

"Mons. Mazurette's great success of the evening was the execution of his own variations on the ever beautiful and always popular 'Home, Sweet Home.' The variations are intended to represent the sound of ocean waves during a storm at sea. By some wonderful trick with pedals and keys, the piano was made to give forth sounds like the mad rushing of many waters, and anon like the faint babbling of willow-fringed brooklets. But while these remarkable variations were being executed, the original theme was not lost sight of, but, on the contrary, was played with such a clearness and distinctness, that the least musically taught person present could easily trace the original air. In the execution of this, Mazurette showed the true master-hand. At times the piece is full of the loudest notes the piano is capable of producing, which, in turn, give way to faintest and fairy-like *pianissimo*. And every note he plays with the most exquisite and conscious discrimination, with a correct weighing of power, with every *staccato* as sharp and clean cut, and every trill as distinct and delicate, as full of liquid melody and flute-like sweetness as if a whole life time had been spent in their practice."

While in Quebec, Mons. Mazurette gave a benefit concert in the great University Laval, the first educational institute of Canada, which was attended by his Grace, the Archbishop of the Province of Quebec, the entire faculty of the University, and nearly one thousand students. The archbishop, who occupied a prominent seat near the stage, was so pleased with Mazurette's "Sweet Home" that he insisted upon the author repeating it twice during the evening.

The French and English papers of Quebec appear to vie with each other in their praise of him. *Le Courrier du Canada* says: "Mons. Mazurette is the king of the piano." *L'Opinion Publique*, of Montreal, referring to his execution of Liszt's arrangement of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Lucia di Lamermoor," remarks that Mazurette is the rival of Liszt in the execution of his (Liszt's) own compositions. The entire press of the Dominion give him the warmest praise, both as a vocalist and pianist, and appear to think him one of the most brilliant pianists of the age.

His excellence as a pianist is undoubted, and Detroit may well feel proud of being the residence of one of the first teachers, vocalists and solo pianists of the day.

MARK.

MARRIED.—In Montreal, November 10th, 1873, by Bishop Fabre, Mons. S. Mazurette, of Detroit, to M<sup>lle</sup> Marie Louise Joly, of Montreal.

The announcement of the nuptial ceremony above, may justly be deemed a fitting sequence to the remarkable successes met with by Mons. Mazurette in his late concert tour through the Canadas. We do most heartily congratulate him in all, and welcome him and his again to Detroit. But especially do we rejoice with him in the discovery of the lovely Heliotrope which he captured and has transplanted in the home of their adoption. In prosperity or adversity, through life's journey, may the emblem of which the flower alluded to is a fitting type, characterize the heart of each, and loving unto the end, immortal garlands woven in the gardens above, over which neither Time nor Death has power, be theirs, is the ardent hope of the

ED. SONG JOURNAL.

## Items on the Poets.

Very fast indeed—Swift.  
Worn on the head—Hood.  
A lady's garment—Spencer.  
Belongs to monastery—Abbot.  
An interesting pain—Aken-side.  
A slang exclamation—Dickens.  
A young domestic animal—Lamb.  
Pilgrims kneel to kiss him—Pope.  
The value of a word—Wordsworth.  
To agitate a weapon—Shakespeare.  
A sick place of worship—Church-ill.  
What an oyster ought to be—Shelley.  
A barrier built by an edible—Cornwall.  
Vital part of the human body—Harte.  
Make amends for others—Makepeace.  
A worker in precious metals—Goldsmith.  
Small talk and large weight—Chatterton.  
A French preposition and an enemy—DeFoe.  
Roast beef, what are you doing?—Browning.  
A disagreeable fellow at one's foot—Bunyan.  
Brighter and smarter than other one's—Sparks.  
Depicts the dwellings of civilized men—Holmes.  
A Lyon's home in a place without water—Dryden.  
A chain of hills containing a dark treasure—Col-ridge.  
Which is the greater poet, Shakespeare or Tupper—Willis.  
A common domestic animal, and what it cannot do—Cowper.  
A well known game, and a male of the human species—Tennyson.  
Not one of the points of the compass, but inclines to it—Southey.  
What a rough man said to his son, when teaching him to eat properly—Chaucer.  
Each human hair in turn, 'tis said,  
Will turn to him though he be dead—Grey.  
Mamma is in good health, my child,  
And thus she named the poet mild—Motherwell.

The *New Hampshire Journal of Music* says the SONG JOURNAL has commenced its "backlog studies." That is true, Brother Whitney, and our prayer daily is that some other journals we wot of would do the same by pitching into studies of some sort, it matters little whether *back* or *front*. Then would a life-like prosperity pervade the street, diffusing a healthful influence upon the "art divine," and telling vastly upon its progress. We know they keep their backlogs all aglow up in New Hampshire at this season of the year, for we have been there to see; so, of course, we cast no reflections in that direction. But here in the West our logs are so green, you know, we have to send them East to have the sap taken out before we can burn them. We wish it were otherwise, so we look imploringly to the Eastward, where the wise men of old came from, and say, send us up some good, well seasoned "blacklogs."

## An Item from 'The Musical Echo.'

"Among the oldest music teachers in Chicago is Mr. Nathan Dye. Dr. Geo. F. Root is also a Chicagoan, and Mr. Albert Hoag is a new acquisition to the ranks of teachers in that festive city. Now may the rising musical generation of Chicago take their choice—Root, Hoag, or Dye."

In the above the *Echo* does not tell us what has become of Curry, the Straabs, Tillinghast, Murray, Vining, the Lumbards, Cady or Webster, the latter of whom started the first musical paper ever published in Chicago or the State, the *Flower Queen*, and was succeeded by a change of its name to the *Song Messenger*, under the editorship of C. M. Cady, the author and teacher; and for many years the junior partner in the firm of Root & Cady; and also director of the Philharmonic Society (now extinct.) The presumption is, however, that the *Echo* had no other object in the announcement than play upon the names at the close of the paragraph.

Mr. F. N. Scott, well known to the readers of the REVIEW through his long association with its editorial columns, and more recently from his position as editor of *Church's Musical Visitor*, has been compelled to resign his connection with the *Visitor* for a time, owing to ill health in his family. Mr. Scott is universally conceded to be one of the ablest writers on the musical press, and his retirement from among us, even temporarily, will be keenly felt. We do not believe he will be permitted to remain unattached for any length of time, as his pen is too valuable to be permitted to rust in idleness.

The above is taken from *Benham's Musical Review*, and we heartily add, brother Scott has our kindest sympathies in his affliction, as well as ardent hope for the speedy restoration of the health of his family. He cannot well be spared from the field of labor and usefulness he has so efficiently filled in musical journalism.

AGE OF THE PRESIDENTS.—Gen. Grant is one of three of our Presidents who have passed their fiftieth birthdays in the highest place an American can reach, the other two being Mr. Polk, who entered the office about seven months before he was fifty years old, and Gen. Pierce, who became President in his forty-ninth year. Gen. Washington was in his fifty-fifth year when he became President. John Adams was in his sixty-second, Mr. Jefferson was in his fifty-eighth, Mr. Madison in his fifty-eighth, Mr. Monroe in his fifty-ninth, John Quincy Adams in his fifty-eighth, Gen. Jackson in his sixty-second, Mr. Van Buren in his fifty-fifth, Gen. Harrison in his sixty-ninth, Mr. Tyler in his fifty-second, Gen. Taylor in his sixty-fifth, Mr. Fillmore in his fifty-first, Mr. Buchanan in his sixty-sixth, Mr. Lincoln in his fifty-third, and Mr. Johnson in his fifty-seventh year.

## Origin of Great Artists.

VERDI was the son of a tinsmith.  
GOUNOD's father was a lawyer's clerk.  
AMBOISE THOMAS was born in a peasant's cabin.  
OFFENBACH's parents were poor trading Jews.  
RICHARD WAGNER's father was a farmer.  
PAULINE LUCCA, in her childhood, sung in the streets of Vienna.  
JENNY LIND's parents were poor Swedish peasants.  
CHRISTINE NILSSON used to sing at the village fairs in Sweden.

## The Old Scotch Tune of "Bonny Doon."

The old and well known tune of "Bonny Doon" is said to have originated in this way. The composer, in the presence of other musicians and poets, in a convivial party, expressed an earnest desire to write a Scotch Song, and on being requested to keep to the black keys of the piano, preserving a due regard to rhythm, a truthful Scotch melody would be produced. Acting on this suggestion, "Bonny Doon" was compiled.



## THE SONG JOURNAL.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, JANUARY, 1874.

*"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."**"The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."*

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## A Happy New Year.

*"Twas a happy thought to mark the hours**By the opening and folding flowers;**Yet is not life in its real flight**Marked even thus on earth,**By the closing of one Hope's delight,**Ere another Hope hath birth?"—MRS. HEMANS.*

What a joyous and happy period in the world's history must that have been, when love and beauty kept no other record of time than that found in the opening and closing of the flowers—when the day was measured by the rising and setting sun, and the hours marked in the unfolding and shutting of the blossoms. Morning and evening the village maiden kept no other milking time, than by the waking and sleeping of the Daisy. The mower, as he strode forth, with his scythe over his shoulder, to cut down the summer flowers, hastened his step if he saw that the cup of the Convolvulus had expanded, and his day's labor was marked by the shutting of the Bindweed. The rustic beauty, before she went forth to wake, or feast, or donned her holiday attire, peeped at the scarlet Pimpernel; and if its starry petals were closed, she knew the showers would soon descend, and, sighingly, laid aside her Sunday vestments until she could see the purple spot at the bottom of the expanded flower.

Winter, awaking from his long sleep, was indicated by the appearance of the Snowdrop and the Crocus; and the coming of spring was heralded from the yellow dawning of the Primroses along the banks, and the deep flush of violets which lay like a purple cloud upon the meadow's grass. When the roses and the Honeysuckles were in full bloom, they knew that summer had come in the beauty and loveliness of her broad bloom of flowers; and, when only a blossom was seen here and there upon the bramble, and the blue of the nodding Harebell looked wan and pale, and the crimson flush of the hardy Heath had faded from its cheek, they knew that the solemn autumn was at hand; for a thousand varied hues proclaimed that the funeral pyre of summer was kindled, and all her flowers faded away to the ashy gray, which only remains behind when all her beauty is extinguished. Then childhood and youth sallied forth with merry shout and happy heart, and ran up and down among the unnumbered flowers of Daisy and Buttercup. Young lovers numbered their happy meetings by the days the Hawthorn remained in blossom, and the many times they heard the cuckoo sing while seated beneath its fragrant shade. Old age dotted the years it had lived by the times it had seen the wild roses bloom. The record of marriages was kept by the flowers which then bloomed; and the memory of the dead by the fragrant blossoms showered upon their graves. Joys and sorrows were recalled by the seasons, and success or adversity by the coming in or going out of the flowers.

Such are the lessons taught by the flowers. What time-keepers they are! Days, months and years

marked with unerring certainty and truthfulness by these regulators, guided by the hand of Infinite Wisdom. They come to us from that age when the golden mornings of the early world were unclouded by the smoke of cities, or weeping Eve fled from beneath the angel-guarded gates of Eden. Let the teachings of the flowers, then, inspire the invocation—"A Happy New Year."

## A Plain Talk about Many Things.

THE SONG JOURNAL, let it be distinctly understood, is an independent musical paper, identified with no cabal, but uttering sentiments and truths allied with the progress of music. We disdain all those contemporaries calling into council questions and influences continually arising, in which nothing beyond the support and maintenance of some favorite theory or system is to be upheld, and which, when judiciously canvassed, will be found largely impregnated with ideas, principles and desires entirely foreign to the promotion of the "art divinæ."

It is not pertinent in design to examine in detail the strange contradictions of opinion, and the almost interminable confusion of terms made use of by writers upon music in some of our leading journals, for it would require a very extended analysis, and one, perhaps, not interesting or profitable to the generality of our readers. We do hint, however, that a writer upon any science should understand his subject before he attempts to lead the public taste in it, and without this knowledge he must be a blind guide. As corroborating this declaration, we might refer to Fielding's dialectic chapter, where the author shows that a writer will treat his theme all the better from an acquaintance with it. Dr. Beddoes said that every man knew intuitively three things: politics, medicine, and how to mend a bad fire. Might he not have added a fourth—*music*? Now, while it may seem meet and proper for some to "trim" their sails, and "veer" and "bluff" to the sudden gusts of popular favor and applause, from their direct or indirect identification with artists, so-called (foreign and domestic), we distinctly aver it has ever been our aim to keep clear of all factions, and steer our bark in the broad and safe channel ever found illuminated by the beacon lights of science and truth which shed their resplendent rays for the safety and guidance of all.

Having made a clean breast of what we think proper to declare, at the commencement of our new volume, we simply add that what is already said is uttered without any desire to question the motives of any of our contemporaries, nor impugn their promptings in the conscientious discharge of duties incumbent upon them. We are not unmindful of the position assumed. It is "high ground," nevertheless not too elevated, we think, in the present condition of music, for not only our musical journals, but also every author and teacher in our land to assume. Each and every one of us is, or should be, an independent government, responsible alone to the God-given art, and the blessed ends and aims accomplished through the propagation of its benign influence. And right here is a principle which, at first view, may look circumscribed and egotistical; but it is not so at all. Who in the world, we ask, are the conservators of music, if not those who have made it their study and practice? Why is it that music, the oldest and one of the most profound sciences in the world, and closely identified with almost every other, does not receive the consideration its importance demands? Are you sick, do you send for the blacksmith? Have you an important legal question to be settled, do you send for the carpenter? If you desire the production of a beautiful work of art in a picture, do you employ the whitewasher? Homely illustrations these may appear, but surely akin to those frequently brought to light in the efforts put forth to acquire a knowledge of music. It is growing late in the history of the pro-

gress of music in this country to charge us with the imperfect knowledge which once existed in relation to the abstract science, or the total absence of schools to establish grades of merit in the musical profession as teachers or composers. It is true, we have no national schools like those of Italy, France and Germany, venerable and renowned with age, and fruitful in the production of great artists that have blessed the world with their immortal works.

The cant about "simple music" and "natural music," about which we hear so much now-a-days, is very like talking about simple logarithms and natural finance. Harmony in its very name shows complexity. We saw it stated in a paper the other day that it is identical with melody. This is certainly a strange doctrine. To be able to speak of music critically, requires thought, study and practical knowledge, and, consequently, a thing of which the public at large are not real judges, any more than of an unknown language. Can the man who can neither read nor write lay any just claim to a knowledge of the literature of his own or any age? A person unacquainted with music can say with perfect propriety, "I like such a ballad; it is beautiful, it pleases my ear; but a grand overture, which some people admire, grates on my ear, seems to me chaotic noise, affords me no pleasure, and even puts me to sleep." This is what might be said by the uninitiated in music. It conveys no insane sneer at a higher taste or profound science, but is merely the modest avowal of inability to comprehend something. But if the same person would pretend to say, on his own critical knowledge, that one composition is more correctly conceived than another, that such a person has more exact science than his fellows, that the national taste requires one style of music in preference to another, it would be errant presumption.

Furthermore, this twattle about simple and natural music, according to the usual acceptance of the term, is a nonentity. The poor little ragged sweep who bawls "*Di tanti palpiti*," from the chimney top, has, as far as it goes, to all intents and purposes, a musical education. There is no nature in his tones. Mozart's Requiem is not more the work of art than they. The rude savage could no more relish or sing, as does the sweep, the air in question, than he could trace and feel the mysterious windings of Bach's fugues. The sweep took musical lessons from the band in the street; the savage has not had that advantage, and so remains as ignorant of music as the buffalo which he hunts. The exquisite modern melodies of the present day, which warm the heart, and are called "natural music," and are admired through a "natural taste," are the result of the musical advancement of ages. For nearly eighteen hundred years, Christendom knew them not. A hundred years ago melody was vastly inferior to what it is now. At the time Handel wrote, the rules of harmony were the subject of fierce discussion and bitter feuds. Not so now; they are fixed. Then musical instruments were imperfect and some unknown, and hence orchestral effects were then very limited, compared with the present. Some of Handel's music was redressed by Mozart to suit the improvements of his time. The Grecian music of the long past was probably little more than a succession of simple sounds. There is no evidence whatever that the ancients understood harmony at all, and the right deduction from what is known shows that their peans were chanted in unison. The Scotch and Irish melodies, eminently natural and ancient, and many of them composed by acknowledged practical musicians that knew of tonics, rhythm and cadences, yet the fact that many of their melodies were written without the use of the seventh and fourth, we must infer their ignorance of the eight notes of the scale.

From these facts, hastily thrown together, it will be seen that melody is not so simple and natural as is generally imagined, in fact, the subtle and ethereal



melodies of the present day are consequent to the perfection and refinement of the science. Good, solid harmonies were made three hundred years ago, but melodies were then formed pretty much as a bricklayer builds a wall—first a header and then a stretcher. Besides, then it was a merit to write music so that it could be read straight forwards, backwards, and upside down in one or two ways, and yet be mechanically correct. The music partook of the character of the age. Genius groped in the dark for ages, and by very gradual improvement melody has been perfected, and is now called simple and natural, merely because it is agreeable and refined.

Much more upon this important subject might be said, for our theme is broad and has a high range; it bears upon national music, and also upon a great and beneficial science. The public taste for music is rapidly forming in this country, and, among the potent influences exerted for weal or woe, the musical journals are a power of no mean account. We say, then, let criticism be truthful and just, merit praised and charlatanism rebuked; for thereby her progress will neither be impaired nor retarded.

#### Paine's "St. Peter."

"This work," says the *Metronome*, "can justly claim to be the first American oratorio." We have corrected this error in declaration some months since in the *SONG JOURNAL*. While we would not detract an iota from the glory of the production of Mr. Paine's beautiful and classical oratorio, we say unequivocally it is not the first. CHARLES ZEUNER, though a German by birth, was an adopted citizen of our own country at the time and for years before the completion of that masterly production of his, "THE FEAST OF THE TABERNACLES," completed in 1834, and put in practice the same year, and performed twice in 1835 in the "*Odeon*," by the Boston Academy of Music. That the rendition was a financial failure, is true; and that the hopes of the gifted author were daunted and disappointed by its reception, is a truth beyond dispute. We have said thus much about this matter, though much more might be said developing interests in the history of the author—the venerable "Handel and Haydn" or the "Boston Academy of Music," both of which Mr. Zeuner was identified with conspicuously. He was also author of numerous songs, and also the church collection, "American Harp," containing but four tunes beyond his own compositions; and the "American Lyre," comprising principally the old standard tunes then in use in the church. The copyright of both of these books was purchased by the late Dr. Mason, and much of their music incorporated into the works subsequently compiled and published in the books put forth by him.

The *Metronome's* account of Mr. Zeuner's disposition of the oratorio is true, and the more to be regretted because of the intrinsic merits of the work. We would not be invidious in comparing it with the works of any of the great masters, but we do say there was just as good cause for Handel's making a like disposition of the "Messiah" after its first performance, because of its cold reception, as for Zeuner to have destroyed the beautiful oratorio of "The Feast of the Tabernacles."

#### New Music Books.

THE SABBATH, by C. Everest. Published by Lee & Walker, Philadelphia, Pa. This is "a work containing the most popular psalm and hymn tunes in general use, with a great variety of new tunes, chants, sentences, motetts and anthems, by distinguished composers, making the most complete collection of music for choirs and singing schools ever published." The arrangement is not unlike that of most books of church music, in reference to metrical order, but is sufficiently elaborate in number and

variety for all practical purposes. Its anthems, chants and sentences furnish music meet for almost all occasions and circumstances in public worship, and hence the most desirable of any which has fallen under inspection for a decade of years. It is a book of real merit, the tunes are melodious and vocal, and the harmonies for the most part fresh and good. It would, however, be a little remarkable should there not now and then, in a book of more than four hundred pages, be found a consecutive 4th and 5th, which might escape the author's notice. We are not unmindful that the 4th is employed as the inversion of the 5th, and may thus prove to be available as a concord, and the possibility has arisen of writing two in succession, but the desirability has not come therewith; on the contrary, the bad effect must be obvious to any one. The typographical execution of the book is clear and beautiful, the paper and binding superior to almost any other with which we are acquainted; and as a whole presents an attractive appearance, of which the publishers may justly boast. We commend *The Sabbath* to all desirous of obtaining a truly good book. For sale by C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson avenue.

"THE MORNING STAR," by D. F. Hodges and G. W. Foster. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. For sale by C. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit. This is a collection of new music, designed for choirs, singing schools, conventions, etc. The work is classified in six parts, as follows: 1st. Musical notation. 2d. Vocal culture. 3d. Four-part songs and glees. 4th. Hymn tunes. 5th. Anthems and chants. 6th. Standard church tunes. In the above we discover nothing new in classification or treatment; but all correct in the disposition of the several topics. In addition the work contains quite a full array of dictionary musical terms, beyond that ordinarily found in church books. The glees or secular department, of about fifty pages, comprises a pleasant variety, original and selected; the church music, in both anthem and metrical departments, we judge, from a cursory examination, embody many choice gems in melody and harmony; and the chants, about a dozen in number, are good, and some of them very effective when well rendered. The old standard tunes are consecutively arranged together at the end of the book (between fifty and sixty in number), and thereby easy of access. We hazard not to say "The Morning Star" is a good book.

THE ANTHEM OFFERING—A collection of new anthems, sentences, motetts and chants for opening and closing of public worship; designed particularly for the use of choirs, and adapted to the wants of musical associations, conventions and the home circle. By D. F. Hodges, G. W. Foster, and J. H. Tenney. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, and Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York. For sale to the trade or retail by C. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit. We have examined this new book with the care our limited time afforded, because of a growing impression on our part of the almost imperative demand for one of like character. We do not now propose to enter into a critical analysis of its contents as we may hereafter, but from what we do know of it, and the gifted authors, we hesitate not to recommend it as eminently calculated to answer the ends for which designed.

#### Czerny's Etudes for Piano.

To the fine artist in piano playing, the importance of the study of C. Czerny's Etudes, needs no commendation of ours. The mastering of the six books comprising the course, is an attainment the gaining of which may be ardently sought for, and when accomplished looked upon with just pride and satisfaction. The possessor of ability to do this has a wealth of treasure which he may forever check upon, without fear of exhausting, but ever available and welcome in the rendering of the works of the classic masters. These books, therefore, should find

a place in the repertoire of every player of discriminating judgement and refined taste. Published and for sale by C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit.

#### Musical Record for December.

There is, indeed, very little to record of a foreign character during the past month. But, in spite of this vacuity of eloquent and tender breathings of exquisite melody from the renowned artists from abroad, our own home talent have given a clear and unrefutable argument, that here at home we have the talent, the cultivation, the taste, the sentiment, required; all, in fine, to render the music attempted artistic, save the attempt in accordance with the apeing of somebody's style of rendition, which has been shaped after that of some favorite performer as a model. This we deprecate in music, as in everything else; and that person who attempts to sing a song like somebody else is either a fool or a miserable imitator, and will fail in the end. We have said what we have because we think we discovered, during the past month, evidence of the truth declared in more than one instance, and in each the validity of that said fully attested.

As before remarked, we have had nothing but domestic entertainments during the past month, with one or two exceptions. December 6th, Hookey's Minstrel Troupe gave us a good specimen of "Coal-black music," by which we mean no disrespect, for they are good. On the 10th, a concert in Music Hall, for the benefit of the Fort Wayne Mission Sabbath School, which was good, and netted a handsome sum for the laudable object given. Also, on the same evening and on the 11th, Messrs Pixley and Granis gave musical entertainments for the benefit of Trinity M. E. Church, which were highly successful. The musical concert for the benefit of St. John's Church bible class, on the 15th, at the Opera House, was good, and deserving of more than a passing notice, did space permit. Also, the concert on the 17th, in St. Andrew's Hall, for the benefit of the Protestant Orphan Asylum, was a truly enjoyable entertainment; and the dramatic performance at the Opera House, for the Home of the Friendless, on the 20th, was an enjoyable affair, reflecting the highest praise on all interested therein. The concert of the month, however, was that given by Mr. Thomas at the Central M. E. Church, on the 19th inst. We would like to speak of this performance in detail, of its well arranged programme, and happy carrying out in its performance, but we must forbear. In the retrospect of the past month, who can doubt that Detroit possesses the ability in all respects to do just about what it wishes, in a musical point of view, and may, with just pride, point to its musical organizations, both American and German, and say here we are, weigh us in the balance of any other city of a hundred thousand inhabitants in our land, and see if we are found wanting in the comparison, in our musical advancement.

#### Now is The Time

To subscribe for the *SONG JOURNAL* for the coming year. We have a little space left upon our books for the names of those sent in singly or through clubs formed from the many quarters of our State, as also from beyond. Our acknowledgments for many favors received in this direction during the past month, are hereby respectfully tendered our friends so successfully at work for its circulation.

ONE may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate, but he must die as a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality, to the intense contemplation of that deepest and most solemn of all relations between the creature and his Creator.—Webster.



## LEGER LINES.

HUMPTY DUMPTY in Detroit on the 22d.  
OFFENBACH has composed four new operettas.  
RUBINSTEIN proposes spending the winter in Italy.  
MISS AGNES ETHEL has married and left the stage.  
SUBSCRIBE for the *Song Journal* for 1874. "I'll pay."  
ADELAIDE KENDLE, sister of Fanny, was a fine singer.  
MRS. SIDDONS' first appearance on the stage was as a singer.

A NEW WORK on Mendelssohn is promised by Ferdinand Miller.

The fiftieth musical anniversary of Liszt is to be celebrated in Vienna.

SALVINA, Booth and Fechter have been starring it at the Boston Theatre.

MR. W. S. B. MATHEWS has been giving a series of organ concerts in Chicago.

THE Handel and Haydn Society of Boston gave the Messiah on December 21st.

STROKOSCH will be in Chicago in January, "the Lord willing" and panie permits.

MRS. HENRIETTA SIMON was a singer equally proficient in Italian, French and English.

THEODORE THOMAS has had a most successful season in Boston during the past month.

It is said Theodore Thomas lost two thousand dollars by his last concert in Cincinnati.

A MONUMENT is to be erected to the memory of the composer of "Die Wacht am Rhein."

CINCINNATI did not do a big thing for Theodore Thomas during his last visit, so we are told.

A. B. BROWN, director of music in Olivet College, gave a nice concert recently, aided by his choir.

THE municipality of Marseilles having refused the usual assistance, that city has been without its usual opera.

MR. D. W. REEVES, leader of the American Band, Providence, was recently presented with a splendid gold cornet.

SOME of the New York papers think Gilmore's \$10,000 salary a good joke. Such a joke, indeed, as many would like.

A NEW Cantata on words, from Longfellow's "Evangeline," by George Carter, is meeting with signal success in England.

MISS JOHANNA KRENKILL was the recipient of a complimentary concert in East Saginaw recently. Fine programme.

THE organists of Germany recently held, at Berlin, the first meeting of a society organized by themselves for charitable purposes.

THERE were 178 candidates for the piano class at the Conservatory in Paris. Only seven men and sixteen women were admitted.

BARNET, the English composer, who has been very seriously ill for a long time past, is now reported as in a fair way for recovery.

A MUSICAL prodigy—Master Henry Walker, only eleven years of age, has been astonishing the *dilettante* of Boston with his piano playing.

THE MS. score of the "Creation," with annotations in Haydn's own handwriting, now in possession of Herr Molk, of Peine, is said to be for sale.

SIGNEUR MARCHISE, the well-known composer, had conferred upon him the "Cross of the Crown," by the King of Italy, at a recent visit to Vienna.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, after the fulfillment of present engagements, will retire to his beautiful estate in Louisiana, which he purchased some years ago.

THEODORE FORMES, one of the trio brothers of that name, a brother of the celebrated basso, Carl, has become hopelessly insane, and is now an inmate of Enderich Asylum for the Insane, near Cologne.

AMONG the posthumous works of Schubert, has been found the MSS. of an opera entitled "Des Teufels Lustschloß" (The Devil's County-house), the libretto of which is by Kotzebue. The work has been published in Vienna.

WE think the proposition to hold a convention of musical editors originated with the *Musical Times*, at Rochester, not with *Benham's Monthly*. It is a little strange, however, that the *Times* should so quickly retire from its favorite project.

WE rejoice to learn that our old friend, J. W. Turner, of Boston, is meeting with encouraging success in his efforts toward the erection of a Home for Aged Musicians, in Massachusetts. It is an excellent and exceedingly deserving project.

## ODDITIES AND FUN.

WHY is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

WHEN is music like vegetables? When there are two beats in the measure.

WHY is an oyster asleep in his bed like Lot's wife? Ans. Because he's "turned-in" to-salt.

LOVE, Justice and Fortune are said to have no eyes; but all three make us mortals open our pretty wide sometimes.

A PANIC-smitten Boston paper says: "The fact that Day broke yesterday is no evidence that Time is bankrupt." How does it account for the widely-spread rumor? "We take no note of time?" Isn't the old fellow's paper good?

Two New York "bus drivers, taking a drink on the company's money, discussed a visit one of them had paid to Wood's Museum. "Jim," said one, "I see a mummy there three thousand years old." "Hold hard, brother," replied his friend, "drop a few years; it's only 1873 now."

THE sinking of a Mississippi steamboat is thus graphically described:

"She sot and hove, and hove and sot,  
And high her rudder flung.  
And every time she hove and sot,  
A wusser leak she sprung."

A YOUNG lady in Lancaster, Pa., has the initials Y. M. C. A. engraved on one corner of her visiting cards which she hands to certain gentlemen visitors. At first they suppose she belongs to the Young Men's Christian Association, but it is not long before they rightly construe the letters to mean "You may come again."

A DUTCHMAN in Decatur, Ill., married a second wife in about a week after the loss of No. 1. The Sabbath following, the bride asked her lord to take her out riding; and was duly "cut up" with the following response: "You tinks I ride out mit anoder woman in so soon after the death of mine frau? Nein, nein!"

A WORLDLING was once visited, in his illness, by a well-meaning but dolorous clergyman, who disfigured his countenance and wore a face of perpetual mourning. As his sad visage appeared in the doorway, the sick man started up and exclaimed: "Why, what's the matter with you? You look as if your religion didn't agree with you!"

PROFESSOR MAN—"Ah! it is very lucky that you came to me in time. You see, ma'am you have had inflammation of the bronchial tubes, which, acting upon the flex or longus digitorum pedis, has occasioned an abrasion of the digastric, or, as some call it, the inventor maxillæ Inferiora; delirium tremens, or even premature elephantiasis. However, I dare say," etc., etc., etc. Old lady gasps for breath!

A LOT of minstrels went to a town not far away and advertised to give a performance for "the benefit of the poor, tickets reduced to ten cents." The hall was crammed full. The next morning a committee for the poor called upon the treasurer of the concern for the amount said benefit had netted. The treasurer expressed astonishment at the demand.

"I thought," said the chairman of the committee, "you advertised this concert for the benefit of the poor!"

"Didn't we put the tickets down to ten cents, so that the poor could all come?"

The committee vanished.

THE following is an epitaph written by a schoolmaster, in an inland town in Connecticut, on the death of a favorite child which fell into the water of a saw-mill dam and was drowned:

Just below a Ca Mil dam  
A Child was drown'd Siam,  
Black water white head  
The Child was Kill't stun dead.

The neighbors came down upon the water  
All for to see what was the matter  
They and their parents wept and groan'd  
For their first born child was drown'd.

AN INTERESTING CONFAB.—We once saw a country boy standing 'opposite his father's barn, very particularly engaged in trying to insult the echo of his own voice—as follows:

Boy—Hallo, old snizer! what d'y'e think of the weather?

Echo—The weather?

Boy—Yea, the weather—is it going to rain?

Echo—Going to rain.

Boy—I thought so. How's your ma?

Echo—Your ma?

Boy—No, not my ma, but your ma?

Echo—Your ma?

Boy—I guess you're deaf. Shan't I speak louder?

Echo—Speak louder.

Boy—Well, then—a hog is a hog, and so are you.

Echo—So are you.

Boy—So am I.

Echo—So am I.

"There, darn it," said the boy, turning for home, "we're quits now. I know'd I'd ketch him in the cend."

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| 75  | " " " " " "                                | 75 00   |
| 100 | " " " " " "                                | 100 00  |
| 125 | " " " " " "                                | 125 00  |
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| 200 | " " " " " "                                | 200 00  |
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Music by F. H. PEASE.

*Andante.*

PIANO.

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The vocal melody is written in the treble staff, with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is in the bass staff, marked with a piano 'p' dynamic. The lyrics are: 'The twilight falls, the night is near, I come at eve to pray . . . . To'.

The twilight falls, the night is near, I come at eve to pray . . . . To

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1873, by C. J. WHITNEY & Co., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

kneel to one who bends to hear, The sto - - ry of the day, The

*cres.* *dim.*

old, old sto - ry; yet I kneel to tell it at thy call, And

cares grow lighter as I feel That Je - - sus knows them all,

*mf*

Yes, all the morn - - ing and the night The

*f*



joy, the grief, the loss, The roughened path, the sun - - beam

*f* *p* *mp*

bright, The hour - - ly thorn and cross, Thou knowest all, I

*mp*

lean my head; My wea - ry eye - lids close, Con - tent and glad a

while to tread This path, since Je - - sus knows. *Sva.....*

*×12 42 1 2×1×1 3×1 3 13*

The cares of life are all at rest, As

*pp*

night - ly shad - ows fall, . . . . . And lean con-fid-ing on his breast. Who

knows and pit - ies all Who knows and pit - ies all.



# GLADIATOR WALTZ.

CARL SEIFFERTH.

PIANO.

*p dolce.*

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems. The first system is marked 'PIANO.' and 'p dolce.' The key signature is B-flat major (three flats) and the time signature is 3/4. The notation includes a treble staff and a bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change to B-flat major.

This musical score is for a piece titled "GLADIATOR WALTZ." It is written for piano and consists of five systems of music. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is 3/4. The score begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic. The first system shows a right-hand melody with eighth-note patterns and a left-hand accompaniment of chords. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system features a *cres.* (crescendo) marking and a *ff* dynamic. The fourth system includes a *f* (forte) dynamic. The fifth system concludes with a *cres.* marking and a double bar line. The title "GLADIATOR WALTZ." is printed at the bottom right.

*ff*

*cres.*

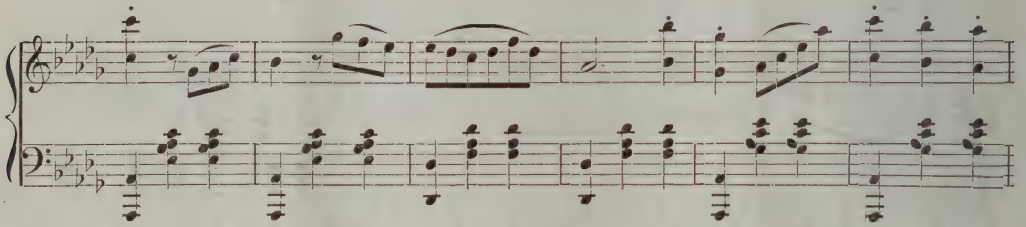
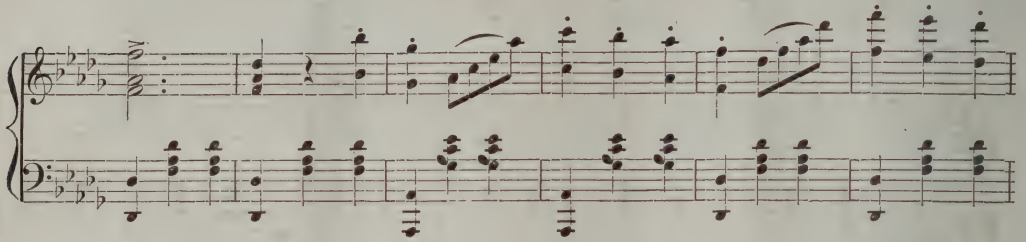
*ff*

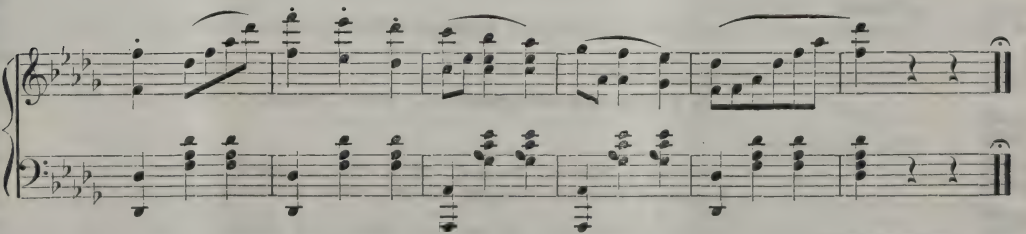
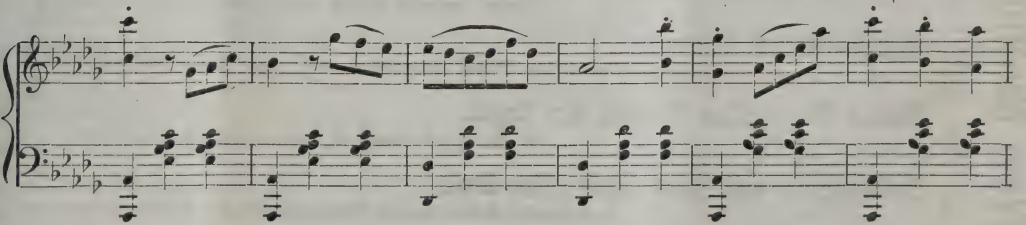
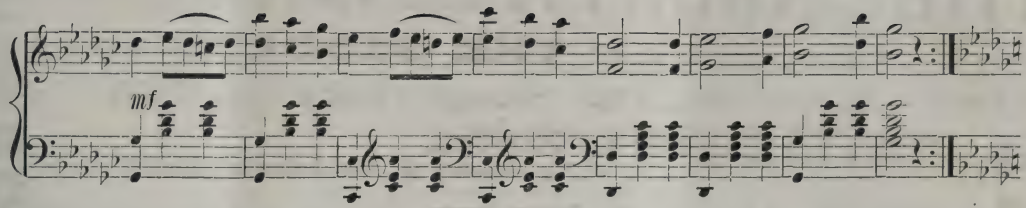
*f*

*cres.*

GLADIATOR WALTZ.









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## FOR 1873.

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A quaint and sweet little ballad; written partly in the minor; is singularly winning.

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Simple and taking, in that guileless, unassuming style, which has rendered the ballads of Claribel so universally admired.

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**Nightfall at Sea.** Eb 3.....*Gabriel.* 35  
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**Just Touch the Harp Gently, My Pretty Louise.** G 3.....*Blamphin.* 30  
A pleasant, affectionate little song, of moderate difficulty. Just the thing to sing to the one you love best. Try it.

**Tired.** Ballad. D 2.....*Lindsay.* 35  
The touching plaint of one nearly through with the long, weary day of life; both music and words combine simplicity with sweetness.

**Only a Lock of Hair.** Ballad. G 3.....*Claribel.* 40  
One of the many rare gems produced by this well known and favorite artist. We think the above is capable of its best interpretation when sung by herself. Although perhaps not below her usual standard, it needs a true musician to bring out its best points, and make it effective; otherwise it would be apt to sound commonplace.

**Hush.** Ballad. D 4.....*Dolores.* 40  
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**I Would That My Love.** E 4.....*Mendelssohn.* 40  
One of the most beautiful of classic duets, so chaste and full of richness that it has never been supplanted by anything which greeted the first. The song in itself is simple, touching, and goes to the heart; the accompaniment rather difficult, but very beautiful.

**When I Know That Thou Art Near Me.** Ad 4.....*Abt.* 30  
A duet for bass and soprano. The author's name is ample guarantee of its intrinsic merit. Its harmonies are very fine and strikingly effective; accompaniment also very good.

**The Two Cousins.** F 3.....*Glover.* 60  
A well known and universally admired humorous duet for soprano and alto. Two cousins, having attended a delightful ball, on returning, indulge in a good-natured badinage of words, at each other's expense, concerning the company made by each during the evening. The words are full of wit, and the music sparkling and lively; accompaniment simple and appropriate.

**O'er the Hill, O'er the Dale.** F 3.....*Glover.* 60  
One of the most attractive duets ever published; indeed, we think Glover never produced a finer composition in the way of a duet. It is sprightly, running over with joyous melody.

**\* Music and Her Sister Song.** D 3.....*Glover.* 60  
There is a characteristic freshness and vigor about the compositions from this gifted author, that individualize them, and keep their memory green, long after the favor of an interior cast have worn threadbare. For purity of thought and expression they stand alone. The solos in the above named are truly beautiful.

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Written in a plain, unassuming style, with a short and taking chorus; is beautifully embellished with a fine lithograph, representing a vision of ministering angels to our "watching and waiting" on this side of the river.

**\* Will You Love Me When I'm Old?** Song and chorus. Bb 2.....*Ford.* 40  
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A well-known Scotch air; very prettily arranged with short variations.

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Short and sweet.

**Nocturne.** Db 5.....*Dohler.* 40  
This exquisite gem will amply repay close study and patient practice. For beauty of thought and harmony it greatly excels.

**Frolic of the Frogs.** Waltz. Bb 3.....*Watson.* 30  
A lively and vivacious little composition, in Bb, Eb and Ab. Playful and sprightly enough to indicate a general rejoicing among the old croakers and little tadpoles. Young players will find enjoyment and profit in its perusal.

**Andante.** Db 3.....*Fairbank.* 15  
A short but quite effective composition if carefully rendered; would be found very appropriate for the organ. Its harmonies and progressions are excellent.

**Romanza.** Eb 3.....*Fairbank.* 25  
This companion to the Andante above mentioned may be had also in connection with it, as the two are also published in one sheet as well as separately. It does not strike us as being particularly notable either in harmony or melody. It is, however, smooth and agreeable, as well as simple.

**La Diabolique.** Grand Etude. C 4.....*Leybach.* 65

A most excellent study for players of some advancement, as a drill in repeating notes for the hand from the wrist; it cannot be too greatly recommended. The composer's name is sufficient to guarantee a just and universal appreciation of its worth.

**Un Song d'une Nuit d'Ete.** E 6. Paraphrase by.....*Sidney Smith.* 75

This elegant paraphrase, from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," abounds in beautiful conceptions of musical thought, and is one of the author's most masterly efforts. He has wrought up his theme in a pleasing variety of forms, still keeping the idea clear and distinct. Amateurs will do well to procure and master this truly beautiful composition.

**Jolly Brothers Galop.** Bb 3.....*Budick.* 30  
Lively and sparkling, with a good many octaves and changeable bass. This arrangement of a well-known and popular air is more desirable and pleasing than others we have seen.

**Bouquet des Fleurs.** Valse Brillant. Ab 4. *Mat-*  
*tee.*.....1 00

This is indeed a bouquet of sweet sounds, a fine showy composition, abounding in life and vivacity. The theme is relieved from the ordinary succession of musical phrases which make up so large a portion of our waltzes. The piece well repays time consumed in acquiring it.

**Le Cloches du Monastere.** Nocturne. Db 4. *Wely.*.....40  
One of the gems in music which never grow dim, so pure and of so great value is it. The Monastery Bell has been singing for years, and its tone is as sweet and clear as ever. We would say to all, learn it, and the more you play it, the more it will please you.

**Air du Roi Louis XIII.** E 3.....*Glynn.* 40  
There is a singular quaintness and odd simplicity about the above-named that, to our mind, is its chief charm. It possesses much of sweetness in its composition; is wonderfully effective when produced by Thomas's magnificent orchestra.

**Come Back to Erin.** Transcription. F 4.....*Kuhe.* 60  
One of Claribel's best songs arranged with brilliant and effective variations for the piano forte. This theme is finely worked up in a pleasing variety of ways, still retaining its individuality throughout. Amateurs will derive much benefit and recompense for their pains, if they procure and learn this delightful production, from one of the best masters.

**Etudes de la Velocite.** New edition.....*Czerny.*  
Every piano player is acquainted sufficiently with the merits of Czerny's exercises, and hence the announcement of a new and improved edition, with Hamilton's notes, may be deemed all required in its behalf. We simply add, therefore, it should be in the hands of every pupil of the piano.

**Columbine.** G 4.....*McChesney.* 75  
Two original themes with variations, the first in G, 7-8 time, the second in Eb, 3-4 time. Both themes are very excellent, the first in the style barcarole, smooth and flowing; the variations quite elaborate, in arpeggio movement, chromatic passages, broken octaves, etc. The second theme is a tango, resembles on old well-known Italian air; is also reproduced with pleasing accuracy in the variations.

**Golden Dreams.** Reverie. Eb 4.....*McChesney.* 50  
This companion piece to "Columbine" is in no way its inferior. It is an elegant and desirable parlor piece for amateurs, combining great diversity of thought with beauty and sympathy of expression. Try it.

**Aladdin Schottische.** A 3.....*Seifert.* 30  
A fresh and sparkling little morsel for little fingers to dissect; abounds in new and pleasing changes without difficult progressions. This with the three following pieces compose a very fine set of little gems, written by Carl Seifert, very appropriately styled "Happy Dreams."

**Gladiator Waltz.** Db 3.....*Seifert.* 35  
A bold and spirited waltz in Db, not intricate, but very entertaining. It changes from Db to Ab, then back through the theme to a figure in Gb; so with little pains a modest performer can master the flat keys.

**Lapwing Schottische.** D 2.....*Seifert.* 30  
Like the rest of this set called "Happy Dreams," this little production seems admirably adapted to the wants of young players whose capacities are limited, and whose taste requires something beyond the hum-drum style of compositions which flood the country at the present day. They are both pleasing and profitable for study.

**Mandoline Waltz.** F 2.....*Seifert.* 35  
Teachers will find this a desirable teaching piece for pupils in second term; has excellent practice in sixths, grace notes and arpeggios. Is full of melody and grace.

**Flying Leaf.** C 3.....*Spindler.* 30

**Hunting Song.** C 3.....*Spindler.* 30  
Above we have two beautiful piano pieces by this popular author, both of which are devoid of difficulties in performance which may not be easily overcome, even while acquiring in the beginning seasons, the fading flower, and the joyous lessons of wisdom taught by them of a bright and happy future.





"Music is an all pervading Science, which elevates and ennobles its votaries."

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NUMBER II.

### The Long Ago.

BY B. F. TAYLOR.

A wonderful stream is the river of Time,  
As it runs through the realm of tears,  
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,  
A broader sweep and a surge sublime,  
And blends with the ocean of years.

There's a magical lile up the river of Time,  
Where the softest of airs are playing:  
There's a cloudless sky, and a tropical clime,  
And a song as sweet as a reaper chime;  
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is *Long Ago*;  
And we bury our treasures there;  
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;  
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!  
There are trinkets, and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,  
And part of an infant's prayer;  
There's a lute unswart, and a harp without strings,  
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,  
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore  
By the mirage is lifted in air;  
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,  
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,  
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be that blessed isle,  
All the day of life, till night!  
And when evening comes, with its beautiful smile,  
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,  
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

### Thoughts on Politeness.

BY GEO. S. HILLARD.

The common notion about politeness is that it is a thing of the body and not of the mind, and that he is a polite man who makes certain motions in a graceful manner, and at proper times and places. We expect the dancing master to teach our children "manners," as well as the art of cutting awkward capers to music; and we pay him on the same compound principle, by which the sage McGrawler was compensated for his instructions to Paul Clifford—"two bobs for the Latin, and a sice for the virtue." But the truth is that we degrade politeness by making it anything less than a cardinal virtue. The happiness of life is made up of an infinite number of little things, and not of startling events or great emotions; and he who daily and hourly diffuses pleasure around him by kind offices, frank salutations and cheerful looks, deserves as well of his species, as he who, neglecting or despising all these, makes up for it by occasional acts of generosity, justice or benevolence. Besides, the opportunity of doing great things but rarely occurs, while a man has some dozens of chances every day of his life to show whether he be polite or not. The value of a thing, too, is great in proportion to its rarity; and

true politeness is a very rare thing, gentle reader, stare though you may. I have seen many graceful men, many agreeable, many who were even fascinating, but very few who were polite, as the word is defined in my dictionary. Sometimes there is a deficiency in certain things; sometimes the quality extends to a certain point, after which you enter into that "kingdom of me," spoken of in one of Dryden's plays, and a large kingdom it is too. Sometimes there is a fault of omission and sometimes of commission; so that, on the whole, the quality is about as rare as greatness, and, indeed, they have many ingredients in common. A truly polite man must, in the first place, have the gift of good sense, for without that foundation, it is idle to think of rearing any, even the smallest superstructure. He must know when to violate that code of conventional forms, which common consent has established, and when not to; for it is equally a mark of weakness to be a slave of these forms or to despise them. He must have penetration and tact enough to adapt his conversation and manner to circumstances and individuals; for that which is politeness in the drawing-room may be downright rudeness in the bar-room or stage-coach, as well as the converse. Above all, he must have that enlarged and catholic spirit of humility, which is the child of self-knowledge, and the parent of benevolence (indeed, politeness itself is merely benevolence, seen through the little end of a spy glass), which, not content with bowing low to this rich man or that fine lady, respects the rights, and does justice to the claims of every member of the great human family. As for the fastidious and exclusive persons, who look down upon a man created and upheld by the same power as themselves, and heir to the same immortal destinies, because he does not dress in a particular style or visit in certain houses, they are out of the question. If they are too weak to perceive the grotesque absurdity of their own conduct, they have not capacity enough to master the alphabet of good manners. If angelic natures be susceptible of ludicrous emotions, we know of nothing more likely to call them forth, than the sight of an insect inhabitant of this great ant-hill assuming airs of superiority over his brother emmet, because he has a few more grains of barley in his granary, or some other equally cogent reason.

Of the gentlemen, young or old, whiskered or unwhiskered, that may be seen on our streets any sunshiny day, there is not one who does not think himself a polite man, and who would not very much resent any insinuation to the contrary. Their opinion is grounded on reasons something like the following: When they go to a party, they make a low bow to the mistress of the house, and then look round after somebody that is young and pretty to make themselves agreeable to. At a ball, they will do their utmost to entertain their partner, unless the fates have given them to some one who is ugly and awkward, and they will listen to her remarks with their most bland expression. If they are invited to a dinner party, they go in their best coats, praise their entertainer's wine, and tell the lady they hope her children are all well. If they tread on the toes of a well dressed person, they will beg his pardon. They never spit on a carpet; and in walking with a

lady they always give her the inside; and, if the practice be allowable, they offer her their arm. So far, very good; but I must always see a man in certain situations, before I decide whether he be polite or no. I should like to see how he would act if placed at dinner between an ancient maiden lady and a country clergyman with a small salary and a rusty coat, and with some distinguished person opposite to him. I want to see him on a hot and dusty day, sitting on the back seat of a stage-coach, when the driver takes in some poor lone woman, with may be a child in her arms, and tells the gentlemen that one of them must ride outside and make room for her. I want to be near him when his washerwoman makes some very good excuse to him for not bringing home his clothes at the usual time, or not doing up an article exactly the style he wished. I want to hear the tone and emphasis with which he gives orders to servants in steamboats and taverns. I mark his conduct, when he is walking with an umbrella on a rainy day, and overtakes an old man, or an invalid, or a decent looking woman, who is exposed without protection to the violence of the storm. If he be in company with those whom he thinks his inferiors, I listen to hear if his conversation be entirely about himself. If some of the number be very distinguished, and some quite unknown, I observe whether he acts as if he were utterly unconscious of the presence of these last.

These are a few, and but a few, of the tests by which I try a man; and I am sorry to say there are very few who can stand them all. There is many a one who passes in the world for a well-bred man, because he knows when to bow and smile, that is down in my tablets for a selfish, vulgar, unpolite monster, that loves the parings of his own nails better than his neighbor's whole body. Put any man in a situation where he is called upon to make a sacrifice of his own comfort and ease, without any equivalent in return, and you will learn the difference between true politeness, that sterling ore of the heart, and the counterfeit imitation of it which passes current in drawing-rooms. Any man must be an idiot not to be polite in society, so-called, for how else could he get his oysters and champagne? Politeness is a national as well as an individual characteristic; and it would be a curious subject of speculation to inquire what degree of cultivation and refinement is most favorable to it, for the extremes both of civilization and savageness do not seem to be propitious. I am inclined to think the Greeks were a more polite people than any of modern times, when we take into consideration the advantage we have in the greater respect which women now both deserve and receive, and the favorable influence exerted upon our manners in consequence. There is something extremely touching in the respect they paid to old age. If I were inclined to display a little learning, I might illustrate my position by examples drawn from their history; but there are many that every school boy is familiar with, and they need not be repeated here for the ten thousandth time. The Jews were a polite people, and the Old Testament (with reverence I say it) contains many striking instances of it. Indeed, it is a striking peculiarity of the Scriptures, that all the graces and embellishments of life may be learned from



them, as well as its most solemn duties and highest obligations, and that they contain everything requisite to form a perfect man. How delicate and feeling is the conduct of Jacob, at his first meeting with Rachel, at the well of Haran, and how unlike what would be expected in our refined times. The self-denial of David, recorded in the eleventh chapter of the first book of Chronicles, in refusing to drink of the water, which his "three mightiest" captains had procured with the peril of their lives, is an instance of politeness sublimed into magnanimity. And, to mention but one example more, how beautiful and touching is the behavior of the three friends of Job, who "sat down with him upon the ground, seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great."

We call ourselves a polite people, and, comparatively speaking, perhaps we are so. It is allowed, I believe, that Americans, both at home and abroad, are remarkably attentive to women, though Captain John Bull, still we cannot resist to ourselves defenses against good breeding. We have a bad trick of staring at strangers, as any one must have noticed, who has been in a country church when any one entered. And then we ask a great many idle, and not a few impertinent questions. The habit we have of cutting and defacing every fixture that is penetrable to steel, is so universal and so abominable, that it deserves to be scourged out of us by a pestilence or a famine. The manners, too, of our common people towards each other, are marked by great roughness, and an entire inattention to all the little courtesies of life. Perhaps we owe this to our English descent, for John Bull thinks that if a man is polite to him, he has a design, and he expects to be repaid. There are a great many little offenses committed against good manners, which people are hardly aware of at the time. It is not polite, for instance, to tease a person to do what he has once declined; and it is equally impolite to refuse a request or an invitation in order to be urged, and accept afterwards. Comply at once; if your friend be sincere, you will gratify him; if not, you will punish him, as he deserves to be. It is not polite, when asked what part of a dish you will have, to say, "any part—it is quite indifferent to me;" it is hard enough to carve for one's friends, without choosing for them. It is not polite to entertain our visitors with our own family history, and the events of our own household. It is not polite for married ladies, to talk in the presence of gentlemen, of the difficulty they have in procuring domestics, and how good-for-nothing they are when procured. It is not polite to put food upon the plate of your guest, without asking his leave, nor to press him to eat more than he wants. It is not polite to stare under ladies' bonnets, as if you suspected they had stolen the linings from you. It is—but let me remember it is not polite to be a bore, especially in print.

It does not seem to me that the world has gained much in politeness during the last two or three hundred years. It is all surplussage to the Utilitarian philosophy. There is a lofty and chivalrous spirit of courtesy that hangs over the age of Queen Elizabeth, and a more colorful atmosphere. What a contrast there is between the warriors, the courtiers, and the statesmen, the Sydneys, the Raleighs and the Essexes, of the court of the Virgin Queen, and the modern fine gentleman, the disciples of Brummel, and the admirers of Pelham! It reminds us of the difference between our rectangular habits and round black beavers, and the silks, velvets and plumes, in which the gallants of that day were wont to ruffle. What a beautiful and touching instance of genuine politeness, is that well known anecdote recorded of Sir Philip Sydney, in the last moments of his life, and how few of the *preux chevaliers* of the nineteenth century are there, capable, I will not say, of imitating it, but even of admiring it, as it ought to be admired. A sublime indifference to the sublunary things, except himself, seems to be the distinguishing characteristic of the fine gentleman now-a-days. But perhaps the progress of society has had the same effect here as in other things; it has made the generality of men more polite, though there are not such splendid individual instances of the quality. But to come nearer home, our own generation does not seem to have the advantage, in this respect, of that which preceded it. I am an admirer of the old school of manners, as it is commonly called. I like the minute attentions, the uniform though formal courtesy, and the mingled dignity and benevolence of manner which characterize it. The few specimens of it that are left among us, appear like Corinthian columns, to which time has lent a touching grace, independent of their intrinsic beauty. They connect us with an age, in which far more stress was laid upon dress and manner, and all external things, than now; to and age of wigs and knee-

buckles, of flowered waistcoats and hooped petticoats, of low bows and stately courtesies; and I shall be sorry when they are all gone.

Let no man imagine that his rank, or station, or talents, excuse him from an attention to those rules of good breeding, which cost nothing but a little care, and which make a great deal of difference in the sum total of his happiness. They are as imperative as the rules of morality, and there is no one, however great or high, that does not owe to society a liberal recompense for what he receives from it. There is now and then a man so weak as to affect to be rough, or forgetful, or absent, from a notion that his deficiencies in these little things will be ascribed to the largeness of the objects with which he is habitually conversant, and that his mind will be supposed unable to come down from the airy regions of contemplation, to such low matters. But such a one should be put into the same state-room of the great Ship of Fools, with those who twist their necks to look like Alexander, or spoke their tongues to resemble Hercules. A man that can do great things and not little ones, is an imperfect man; and there is no more inconsistency between the two than there is in a great poet's being able to write a promissory note, or a great orator's having the power to talk about the weather.

I will only remark, in conclusion, that good-breeding should form a part of every system of education. Not that children should be made to barter their native simplicity for a set of artificial airs and graces, but that they should be early impressed with the deformity of selfishness, and the necessity of thinking of others as well as themselves. Care should be taken of their intercourse with each other be in a spirit of courtesy and union. He, who has been reared in a brawling and ill-mannered nursery, can hardly be expected to ripen into a polite man. The elder members of a family should bear in mind that the influence of their own conduct will encircle the children like an atmosphere. There can be little happiness in that household, in which the minutest offices are not dictated by a spirit of thoughtful courtesy and delicate consideration for others. How many marriages are made wretched by a neglect of those little mutual attentions, so scrupulously paid in the days of courtship. Let it be borne in mind, that the cords of love, which bind hearts so closely together, that neither Life, nor Death, nor Time, nor Eternity, can sever them, are woven of threads no bigger than a spider's web.

### Old Things.

Old associations are the sweetest recollections of the loved and lost of long ago come back to us from the land of dreams, and are the brightest places in the pathway of our lives. We are prone to name this picture of by-gone days "old times," and connect therewith many pleasurable emotions that find a place nowhere else in our hearts. They are so closely entwined around the brittle thread of life as to form a portion of its strength, and if but a single fibre be broken, the whole seems threatened with destruction. One by one, the links in this chain of passing events are revealed, and become the richest treasure of life wearers. Those halcyon days of the past "brighten and brighten as time steals away," and finally, undimmed by change, go down with us to our graves.

Old songs, endeared by the voice of the dead, are the most beautiful. Fashion may bring new songs into life, which are soon lost in the drift, but those to which the heart clings ever remain, and time merely enhances their beauty.

Old friends, tried and tested by adversity, are the dearest. They have withstood the shock of time, supported us when trials grew thick around, and now worship with us at the pure shrine in the temple of friendship. We have confided our troubles to them, and rarely been betrayed; so now as the hand of time sprinkles the frost of age upon their heads, the love of these old friends binds itself still closer round our hearts.

Old books, beloved in childhood's days, are the best. They carry one back to those pleasant hours, untouched by the cares of late years, when the time was passed in joyous play. Where manhood's stern duties have not erased all feeling from the heart, these little volumes awaken many pleasant memories of youthful homes and boyish playmates; of a rustic school and its laughing inmates, and other like remembrances, till the eyes are almost suffused with tears at the thought of those happy days, "now passed away—all passed away."

Old homes, hallowed by the presence of loved ones gone to a better land, are the brightest. Here old friends gather round the cheerful fire, renew old associations, and sing old songs, calling up re-

collections which have long slumbered with the past; and here the heart can find that peace of mind which is found nowhere outside of "home, sweet home."

And then our old mothers! Persons with glowing imaginations may speak of the feeling of a young mother over her first-born baby, but it will in no way compare with the pure love of maturer years. All excitement has passed away, and in the decline of life her mind finds its full work in loving the children of her youthful days. Having some palliating excuse always ready for their petty follies, overlooking their graver faults, and ever striving to lead them into the fold of Christ with that tenderness of affection only known to a mother's heart. Her love seems to grow brighter and more unselfish, is undiminished by its constant outpourings, and its depths can be compared to nothing earthly. How we should reverence these aged forms, taking care no rude blast from the outside world shall blow up on their heads. As they cared for us in our youth, so we must care for them now, and ever strive to make their last days their brightest. —*Amateur.*

### A Strapping Joke.

A French musician has been creating considerable social and public disturbance by his inveterate disposition to play practical jokes. His chief object in life seems to be to worry custom-house officials. Arriving at a place on the frontiers, provided with a quantity of luggage, he would pretend to conceal a huge trunk and a smaller one from the eyes of the officials, only the more to excite their curiosity. At last the larger trunk would be opened. It would be found to contain thousands of second-hand trouser straps—an appendix of trousseaux now perfectly obsolete—which had evidently been packed by hydraulic pressure, for the most frantic efforts on the part of the employes could not put them back again into the trunk. In the meantime, hundreds of passengers storm at the detention, while the practical joker calmly looks on at the bother he is causing. But the second and smaller trunk has now to be examined, and the custom-house people hope there to find him in default. They ask for the keys. The practical joker draws bunches of ponderous keys from every one of his pockets; none will fit, until, at last, their patience exhausted, the custom-house officers threaten to burst the trunk open. Then the possessor of the trunk calmly asks the angry officer if he is married.

"What business is that of yours?" is the early reply.

"Only this: that before you open that trunk I would advise you to go home, shake hands with your wife, kiss your little children, write your will, and call at an undertaker's as you come back. There are rattlesnakes in that trunk. I never travel without them."

Of course the man leaves the trunk instantly, and a messenger has to be sent to the head director, who is shrewd enough to be aware that he has to deal with some practical joker. Presently the official returns and asks reproachfully:

"How many snakes have you, sir?"

"Only six," is the reply, "look for yourself."

"Oh! only six. The head of the department says six snakes can pass, but that seven would have to pay duty. I am also directed to state to you that if you do not leave this office—trouser straps, snakes, and all—in five minutes, you will be forcibly ejected."

"And who is to repack my precious straps, a collection unequalled in the history of the world. The law entitles me to all my goods. You took them out; put them back again. The best period of my life is being devoted to finding pairs for these straps." —*Amateur.*

SHAKESPEARE.—Professor Coit Tyler says it is a characteristic of our time to prefer to read about our great authors rather than read the authors themselves. We revel in critiques upon the text and let the text go. We study English literature by proxy. Such bewitching lectures as Mr. Fields is giving this year, and as Mr. Weiss gave last year, do actually lull into laziness, and into a certain self-complacent content with their small stock of second-hand information about English literature; more persons than they stimulate to read that literature for themselves. And taking Shakespeare as the culmination, and the representative of all that is magnificent and precious in English literature, he perpetrates the following capital epigram:

"Shakespeare! august, resplendent name;  
Rich the race that did but breed him.  
His works we buy; we shout his fame—  
Suppose some day we read him."



## Sing, Girls.

Well, girls, really, I believe you don't sing enough. I never hear you sing; you poke about as glum as eels. Why, this village at the foot of the hill ought to be like a great lark's nest. Your songs ought to come up here to my home, and make me gladder an gladder every day for the joy that wells up from your lips. Sometimes in the evening I hear a mother sing, "By-baby," or "Hush-a-baby," but that's all—a sleepy, droning song, that makes me look longingly over my shoulder at the undented pillows in the bedroom yonder.

Sing, and keep off the wrinkles, and the droop of the eyelids, and the downward tendency of the curving lips; sing, and make the steps in the household trip a little lighter, and make the song so full of magnetism that somebody's merry voice will catch up the refrain.

Only this morning a carriage dashed by containing two gentlemen; the horses went at a spanking rate, and that new old song, the "Star Spangled Banner" rose on the morning air most gloriously. I was clearing a mass of beans out under the cherry-trees, and before I knew it the enthusiastic half of me, Miss Potts, was singing the patriotic song as lively as a boy on Saturday afternoon.

Lily was papering the jelly away up-stairs in a corner room, and Ida was in the old house woodshed renovating some hen's nests, and they both struck up the song in a way that would have made Francis Scott Key feel his immortality, and the weight and worth of his fame.

"What made those men sing, do you suppose?" said Sissy. "Were they drunk?"

"Yes," said I, the least bit nettled; "that kind of intoxication that is good for both soul and body. They were clearing a new way for two miles back, shaded by stately trees—a winding up-and-down hill road—of the mercury ninety-eight and a fraction degrees yesterday in the coolest shade—why, this early, breezy, exhilarating morning ride is enough to bring forth 'Old Hundred,' or the 'Star Spangled Banner.'"

One time last summer the two girls and cousin Hat and I went away to the hills in our buggy to spend the day. Two sat on the seat, and two dangled from the back part of the vehicle. It was very funny and very enjoyable. When I grew tired of dangling, I walked awhile. I was passing a little, low, log cabin—the poor home of a drunkard—bare, bleak, and desolate. My heart was rent with sorrow as I thought of the family—the pretty girl whom he married twenty years before, and of the growing children, whose legacy would be such a bad one.

Just as I passed the house a brown-eyed girl about seventeen years of age, who sat patching on the little back porch, poured forth the melody of that blessed old hymn, claimed and loved by all denominations, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

It was very full and rich, and sweet, sung by that untought country girl. One could not call her voice uncultivated, nor criticise it unkindly, any more than could the marvelously sweet song of the robin be called faulty, or rasping, or incomplete. I passed the house out of sight of the lowly door, and leaned on the smooth rail fence and listened, enraptured.

Oh, I wished that the angels might sing the old tune of "Pisgah" in Heaven!—that all these new songs, full of jumps and starts, and odd quirks and grimaces, would stay on the earth where they originated, and never get up there to make a discord. When she came to the last verse, the highest flight in the song, I had to sing with her. I guess she thought it was only an echo from the woodsey peaked hill across the road.

Well, if there is such power in song, such magnetism, we must remember that a good laugh is full of electricity likewise.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

## Old Hundred.

"Old Hundred" is a tune heard all over the world. A correspondent writing from Switzerland, says he visited the church of the Medeleine, at Geneva: "As the sermon is preached at eight o'clock in the morning, few are present, and the preacher himself, M. Jaquet, reads the bible, prayers, creed, etc., and gives out the psalm and hymn, one of which is sung to the familiar tune of 'Old Hundred.' It seems to the English listener as if that good old melody had also packed up its things and gone traveling with the rest of the world, when he hears it set to French words, and chanted out by a strong voice leading from the desk of a Genevan church."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## Letter from Boston.

THE PURITANS GETTING JOPLY SUNDAY NIGHTS—THE HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION WAKING UP—BOSTON'S MALE SINGING SOCIETIES—THE COLLEGE OF MUSIC—THE CONSERVATORIES—THE DEATH OF "YOUNG AMERICUS"—MASTER WALKER, WIENIAWSKI, MAUREL, MADAME SCHILLER, THEODORE THOMAS, ET AL.—BOSTON SINGERS ABROAD—VARIOUS MATTERS.

BOSTON, January 10, 1874.

There has been a succession of concerts, good, bad and indifferent, since my last communication was forwarded to the *SONG JOURNAL*, and a long list of entertainments are yet to be given. They have been generally well attended, although the patronage has been distributed unequally. Much of this activity in musical matters has been due Mr. A. P. Peck, who has shown commendable enterprise in a variety of managerial undertakings. This gentleman has not only inaugurated a series of Sunday evening concerts at Music Hall, but he has also given us three hearings of the Wieniawski and Maurel concert company, a series of readings by Miss Cushman, with musical adjuncts by Master Henry Stephen Walker, the boy pianist, and in the future entertainments to be given under his management are three concerts by Theodore Thomas and his orchestra.

The Sunday concerts given in Boston this season, mark a new era in amusement matters in this city. There was a time, and not many years back either, when all entertainments where money was taken were prohibited Sunday evenings, and when sacred concerts only were permitted Saturday evenings. Theatrical performances as well as secular concerts, were interdicted on the latter evening. The law was at length repealed, and one by one the theatres dropped into the practice of giving Saturday night performances. The Howard Athenaeum, then devoted to the legitimate drama, was the first to avail itself of the privilege, and the Museum the last. Even now at the latter establishment, if I mistake not, the members of the company are engaged for a certain number of performances a week, exclusive of Saturday night, entertainments on that evening although a recognized feature seldom departed from, being paid for as "extras."

But of the Sunday concerts. Within the past year, a more liberal view regarding Sunday entertainments has prevailed, and this has come not from the German or any foreign element, but spontaneously from the "dyed-in-the-wool" sons of the puritans. Last summer the city authorities tried the experiment of a Sunday afternoon band concert on the common, and it proved satisfactory to a degree which will probably lead to many repetitions next summer. This winter, a series of Sunday entertainments has been started at Parker Memorial Hall, by the religious society worshipping there, consisting mainly of concerts, with an occasional lecture on miscellaneous subjects. At one of these concerts, lately, I listened to an artistic performance of "The Carnival of Venice," on a bassoon. At Music Hall three Sunday concerts have been given, and a fourth is announced. These are under the management of Mr. Peck, and the musical direction of Signor Operi, and are of a more pretentious character than the others. The programmes are about equally divided between *bona fide* sacred selections and popular music, the latter embracing waltzes, operatic *pot pourris*, overtures, etc. Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Barry, the Temple Quartette, Boscovitz and Master Walker, the pianist, are among the artists who have appeared.

The Harvard Musical Association is positively waking up. Only think! It recently listened to a work by a living composer, and it promises as one

of the features of the next concert, a new overture written by an American. The former "departure" by the old fogies who govern the institution took everybody by surprise, and when the announcement of an American work was made in an "underline" in last week's programme, astonished old gentlemen were seen wiping their spectacles as if they had not read aright. The compositions alluded to are a violin concerto, by J. S. Svendsen, the Swedish composer, played by Mr. August Fries, the excellent concert-master of the orchestra, and an overture by Mr. Dudley Buck. It is doubtful if Svendsen would have been heard through the medium of the Harvard concerts had not Thomas first introduced some of his music. Thomas, by his frequent examples of what a symphony concert should be, has evidently instilled a little life into this respectable and conservative old Boston institution. It may be remarked *en passant* that the Harvard orchestra plays much better than it did in the early part of the season. Its rendering of the "Jupiter" symphony at the last concert was one of its best performances of the season. Among the recent soloists have been Mr. J. C. D. Parker, who played Mozart's piano-forte concerto, in B flat (No. 450 of the Köchel edition), and Beethoven's thirty-two variations on an original theme in C minor, at the fifth concert, on the 2d inst., and Madame Rudersdorff, who sang Haydn's cantata, "Ariadne at Naxos," with truly grand effect at the last concert. Mr. B. J. Lang is to play two piano-forte solos at the next concert, which occurs on the 29th inst.

Boston has three fine singing clubs composed wholly of male voices. Two are American and the other, the oldest of the three, is a German organization, with extensive American affiliations. The two former are the Apollo Club, which is under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang, and the Boyston Club, which is under the direction of Mr. J. B. Sharland. Both have about sixty singing members, and the Apollo, the leading organization, includes therein nearly all the best male voices in the city. Both have recently given semi-public concerts at Music Hall. The Apollo Club never sing for money, and the tickets for their entertainments find their way only to associate members and friends. Music Hall was twice packed to repletion to hear them, and the same programme was performed both evenings, consisting of some of Mendelssohn's "Antigone" choruses, and German and English part songs. The club has reached a high state of proficiency, and high praise may also be awarded to the younger but finely drilled Boyston Club, whose single concert was equally well attended. The German organization, the Orpheus Musical Society, has been giving a pleasant series of musical and social soirees this winter, accessible only to members. The closing entertainment came off with fine success on the 6th inst. At the recent annual meeting of this organization, the old officers were reelected, and the musical director, Mr. Julius Eichberg, was complimented by the gift of a costly gold watch and chain.

The College of Music, established by Boston University, has afforded its friends an opportunity to judge something of its merits. A concert was given on the 6th inst., at Wesleyan Hall, by some of its students. The result was highly satisfactory. Miss Annie Plumer played Beethoven's sonata in E flat, in a manner which would have done credit to a professional, and there were also some excellent piano-forte performances by Mr. Alfred Turner and Mr. O. L. Carter. Miss Bella Root, who has a splendid voice, sang several selections with fine taste. Some of the students in the organ department will shortly be heard in a concert at Music Hall. The lectures given in connection with the College, and by its professors, have attracted much attention. Professor Cross is at present delivering a course of eighteen lectures on "Sound," to which the students are admitted without extra charge. Professor Cross is connected with both the College of Music and the



Institute of Technology. On the 8th, Stephen A. Emery, Professor of Harmony and Musical Theory, delivered a very interesting lecture on "The Theory of Music."

A sad incident occurred on the 10th inst., in the death of little Master James G. Speaght, the infant violinist, who was perhaps better known as "Young Americus." He was of English birth, and has appeared at various theatres in different parts of this country for several years past. He was fulfilling an engagement in the spectacular play of "The Naiad Queen," at the Boston Theatre. He played at the afternoon performance, but was quite ill. One of the Vaidis children said he had been eating candy, and it is quite likely that the little fellow was poisoned by eating colored confectionery. Manager Shewell advised the boy's father to keep him at home at night, and he did so. The boy went to bed, but when evening came he was desirous of going to the theatre as usual. His father prevailed upon him to remain in bed. In the night his father heard him murmur "Gracious God, make room for a little fellow." Observing that the child was very quiet, he went to the bed to find him dead. God had made room for him, and the spirit of the little fellow had thrown off its earthly mantle, to mingle with those who had gone before. The funeral was largely attended by members of the dramatic and musical profession. The deceased would have been seven years of age in June next. Although his performances were not distinguished by any great artistic merit, they showed a musical ear and a degree of intelligence really wonderful. It is said he was very ambitious, and longed to "make music," to write it as well as play it.

The New England Conservatory of Music is about to close its winter term. Its regular quarterly concert will occur at Music Hall on the afternoon of the 27th inst. The new term begins February 9th. A classical concert is to be given at Wesleyan Hall, on the 24th, and Mr. George E. Whiting gave a very fine organ concert at Music Hall on the 10th.

The quarterly concert of the Boston Conservatory of Music will occur at Music Hall, on the afternoon of Monday, the 26th of January. The new term at this institution begins on the 9th of February, the same date chosen by the New England Conservatory.

Dr. Tourjee's project of establishing a normal music school at East Greenwich, R. I., next summer, as detailed in a previous letter, meets with very general commendation. The doctor, who is flitting about as usual, delivering his lectures on church music and holding praise meetings in half a dozen different States on as many successive evenings, is perfecting his arrangements, and will surely achieve success if anybody could.

The Wieniawski and Maurel concerts, three in number, came off last week. They were not so well attended as they should have been. In addition to Wieniawski, the violinist, and M. Victor Maurel, the baritone of the Strakosch Opera Troupe, Madame Madeline Schiller, the pianist; Miss Jennie T. Bull, contralto, and the Beethoven Quintette Club appeared. M. Maurel is one of the finest singers who have been heard in this country for years. He has been surpassed by no baritone of late years, except Mr. Santley. Madame Schiller is an accomplished artiste who lives in Cambridge. It was not until recently that she formed the plan of playing in public. Her success was immediate. M. Wieniawski, in addition to playing solos each evening, took the first violin part in several string quartettes and quintettes. Chamber music is out of place in a large hall, or before a miscellaneous audience, and so it proved in these instances, although it was finely played. It served also to prolong the entertainment much beyond the usual time. At the first concert Wieniawski was hissed for delaying the concert twenty minutes, and he deserved it, too.

The Foster Club, a private musical organization, gave their annual concert at Kennedy Hall, Boston Highlands, last Friday evening, under the direction of Mr. George E. Whiting. The programme comprises "Just Judge of Heaven," a contralto song and chorus by George M. Garrett, a part song, "Fairy Song," by George E. Whiting, and Sir Henry Smart's dramatic cantata, "The Bride of Dunkerron."

Master Henry Stephen Walker, the young English pianist, introduced here by Mr. and Mrs. Scott Siddons, has made quite a sensation in musical circles. He is a pupil of Sir Sterndale Bennett and Professor F. B. Jewson, of the Royal Academy of Music, London, and, although only eleven years of age, displays remarkable powers. His teachers advised a professional tour of a couple of years before he continued his studies, as they deemed a continuous course of study injurious to one so young. He was admitted to the institution at the age of seven, five years under the prescribed age. He is not a "prodigy" in the common use of that word, but an artist who is destined to create a great name for himself. He played on Saturday at the Cushman readings, and at the Music Hall concert last evening. Saturday evening he played at the Art Club. He also played on one occasion at Kennedy Hall, the "Midsummer Night's Dream," music by Mendelssohn, the play being read by Mrs. Scott-Siddons. Miss Cushman, by-the-by, is to give two more readings, at both of which young Walker will assist.

The New York glee and madrigal singers (Miss Beebe, Miss Finch, and Messrs. Bush, Rockwood, Beckett and Aiken) have been very successful in their concerts here this season. They have thus far given three, each of which was fully and fashionably attended, and a fourth, for which the tickets have already been nearly all disposed of, is to come off February 25th.

Mr. W. J. D. Leavett's new oratorio, "The Coronation of David," was performed for the first time in Somerville on the 18th ult. The work has many merits and some blemishes, but the former predominate. He has amended it somewhat, and it is to be repeated in this city on the 26th of next month.

The Theodore Thomas concerts occur on the last three dates of the present month. At the first concert Raff's beautiful "Leonore" symphony, which was finely received on the occasion of Mr. Thomas's first presentation of it, will be played, and among the new music promised are the following: Serenade, No. 3, in D minor, by Volkman; serenade in four canons, by Jadassohn; "Ivan IV" (*Der Grausame*), *Characterbild*, by Rubinstein; Theme and Variations, by Brahms, and a new composition by Hoffmann.

There have been several important changes lately in our city bands, and among those in contemplation is a union of Messrs. Henry C. Brown and J. Thomas Baldwin, and the bands under their respective charges. Mr. Brown will assume the leadership, and Mr. Baldwin will act as business manager.

Mr. Eugene Thayer recently resigned the post of organist at the First Church, but at the earnest request of the music committee, withdrew his decision. Mr. H. M. Smith, husband of the vocalist, has been appointed organist and musical director at the Shawmut Avenue Universalist Church, and Mr. Lyman Brackett has accepted the position of organist at the Unitarian Church, Charlestown District.

Camilla Urso has finished her concert season, and is now in Boston. She contemplates giving a series of concerts here, at which chamber music will constitute the chief feature. In London and Paris she played in this class of music with brilliant success.

Mr. Ernst Perabo, the pianist, is to give a Schubert matinee on the 23d, and a Rubinstein matinee on the 29th.

Mr. Carlyle Petersilea is to give a series of ten piano-forte recitals, at which he will play all of Beethoven's sonatas, thirty in number.

The Strakosch Italian Opera Troupe are to begin a three weeks' season at the Boston Theatre, February 3d. M. Maurel will rejoin the company while they are in this city.

Some half dozen Boston concert companies are at present raiding through New England. The Beethoven Quintette Club recently made a visit to Canada. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club returned from the West last week, but start out again on Wednesday for a ten days' tour.

The Boylston Club will have a public rehearsal at Parker Memorial Hall, January 30th.

Some half dozen benefit concerts are in prospect. One of them is in compliment to Miss Alice Dutton, the pianist. It will take place at Mechanics' Hall, February 5, and Miss Adelaide Phillips will assist. Miss Phillips, by-the-by, is to be a member of the Parepa-Rosa Opera Troupe next season.

One of the students of the College of Music recently refused a thousand dollar call from Chicago, where he was wanted as organist, preferring to continue his studies. The offer carried with it perquisites in the way of pupils, etc., to the amount of at least fifteen hundred dollars more. Nearly all the students in the college hold positions as organists or choir singers in or about the city. Their services seem to be in demand.

Good reports continue to be received from the Boston singers in Europe. Mrs. D. C. Hall has been singing with great success at the new philharmonic concerts in London. Miss Matilda Phillips (sister of Miss Adelaide Phillips, and also a contralto), who made her debut nearly a year ago, after a series of successes in Turin and other cities, has been singing with flattering success at Sassari, Sardinia, in "Martha," "Safu," "La Cenerentola," etc. Mrs. Logan has just completed a fine operatic engagement. Miss Mattie Fogg and Mr. Frank Sprague were to come out in opera December 26th.

At the Boston Theatre, "The Naiad Queen" has just been shelved after a five weeks' run, and Frank Mayo appears there to-night in "Davy Crockett." The Museum has made an immense hit with "Little Em'ly."

RANGER.

#### True to the Letter.

"It is time to rebel," says the N. Y. *Post*. Against what? Ask the people. "Against the hat, the flapping ribbons, the superstructure of flowers, the decoration of feathers, and the superincumbent cloud of diaphanous veil," replies the *Post*, and then continues: "Many a time and oft has the unhappy visitor to the opera found his entire view of the stage cut off by one of these atrocious specimens of female adornment. If he be a short man he has no hope of relief whatever, and might as well be hidden in the crypt of the academy for all that he can see of the performance. He may bend his neck until it threatens to break; he may dart with agility to and fro; he may attempt to peer over the shoulder, but all in vain. The hat is as implacable as its wearer, and allows him no glimpse of the sights to be seen on the stage. At such a time he is goaded to frenzy by hearing the applause of that lucky portion of the audience which is not suffering from the thralldom of hat. He knows that Nilsson has come upon the scene. He can hear her voice soaring aloft. He can catch no glimpse of her graceful figure. By and by there is another rustle of applause. It is Campanini; but for all he can see, it might be the Belgian Giant or Tom Thumb. Then, unable to longer endure the tantalizing torment he becomes frantic, and deserting his seat, stands up ruefully by the doorway. Here he can see as well as hear." There is great truth and point in the remarks of the *Post*, and ladies should apply the remedy by omitting light-house hats when they visit places of amusement. They can easily adopt some other head-dress for these occasions, as becoming and better suited for the convenience of others. A man would not be allowed to wear his hat in an opera house, or concert room. Then why will ladies offend in the same manner? The matter can readily be adjusted without a rebellion, if the ladies will come to the rescue of the outraged and trodden-down men. Will they do so?—*The Age*.



## THE SONG JOURNAL.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, FEBRUARY, 1874.

*"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."**"The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."*

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Now is the time to renew your subscriptions for the SONG JOURNAL for 1874, and also to form clubs for the same. Will our friends bestir themselves in the matter, and please forward your own names, together with those you may influence to take it, and thereby help on in the support of the good cause of music? We want your aid and support and hence respectfully solicit it. May we have it?

We would call special attention to our "Boston Letter," in the present issue, for it really seems to us our correspondent has outdone himself. Though a little more lengthy than usual, we can hardly see how he could have been less concise in the embodiment of the many interesting topics therein contained, and so judiciously enunciated; and hence we feel assured it will be read with more than ordinary interest.

## Convention of Musical Editors.

The following we take from an advance sheet of *Benham's Musical Review*, and give it as we find it, verbatim:

Responses to our proposition for a convention of representatives of the musical press still continue to be received, and we note the fact with pleasure. As stated in a former number of the *Review*, it needs that some one should take the lead to insure the success of any enterprise, and we have accordingly ventured to assume an initiative position, in the hope that by so doing the proposition might be put in a way tending to a successful culmination. Our columns have been, and still will be, devoted to this interest, and we shall be greatly disappointed if it should not succeed, believing that its success will tend to the best interests of musical journalism.

Thus far we have heard from the *Musical World*, *Orpheus*, *Musical Echo*, *Song Messenger*, *Visitor*, *Song Journal*, *Musical Times*, and perhaps others whom we do not now recall. We would like very much to hear from the following: *Arcaidian*, *Watson's* (weekly and monthly) *Musical Gazette*, *Vo Humana*, *Folio*, *Metronome*, *Dwight's Journal of Music*, *Echo*, *New Hampshire Journal of Music*, *Loomis' Musical and Masonic Journal*, *Amateur*, *Southern Musical Journal*, *Georgia Eclectic*, *Musical Times*, and in fact all the rest of the brotherhood, in order that the very timely suggestion of Bro. Merz, of the "World," to hold our convention during the ensuing summer months may be carried out.

We shall be pleased to hear from our editorial brethren by mail, in order that we may learn their views upon this question at an early day.

Six months ago the SONG JOURNAL said its say—good grammar—but never mind, it will be understood and duly acknowledged in common parlance, and this' we have ever supposed the ostensible object of the convention. We have never supposed that cabalistic motives prompted the suggestion, for we have too much faith in the originator to believe him competent to support ideas tending in this direction. We believe in the freedom of the musica-

press, though it may contend with a comparatively meager support from so many of the votaries of the art. We believe the glory of the progress, and the best safeguard of its interests, and the high hopes of the world, will be benefited and blessed by the agency, rightly directed, under consideration. The light of the press is like the light of the sun, and its voice is like the sound of many waters; and hence the results arising from a harmonious meeting and friendly converse face to face, we would liken to the rising into existence of a new creation.

## Chit Chat About Art and Artists.

It is strange, very strange, that the world is as it is. Yet, when ciphered in the arithmetic of interests existing and controlling, there is nothing very mysterious at all. With few (and no rare exceptions) the "Almighty Dollar" controls. The day of work for honor and renown seems a myth now-a-days, and he that strives in this direction is, to all intents, a misanthrope, belonging to a race fogistical in ideas, and should have lived in an age of the world when the great developments of the nineteenth century had not transpired. We would emphasize the declaration made above, as it regards the *Operatic* or *Dramatic* enterprises of the artists (so called) in our country at the present time. Can *gold* or *silver* make an artist? Can either of these (important as they are in the carrying on of measures) make an artist? The answer comes in tones unmistakable, no. What, then, makes the artist, musical or dramatic? We answer, *study and practice*. Labor—assiduous, persevering LABOR, counts upon the page of the artist. We live in an age when analysis is applied to everything; and every phenomenon of intellectual life suggests the question, what is its share in the general development of the human mind. Before examining the result of investigation to which music may be submitted, it must be premised that this art is divided into two parts, each entirely distinct from the other; viz, *Composition*, which may be called the poetry of sound; and *Execution*, or the organ more or less intelligent of this poetry.

To speak of the present state of musical art, we must revert to the classical epoch, and to the men whose genius prepared the way for the glorious sunlight we now enjoy—stars in the musical firmament, bright and effulgent, Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. The first of these seemed to have dipped his pen in inspiration dyed from fountains unfailing and eternal, glowing in beauty and loveliness unfading.

With Haydn, *form*, in his first works, seems the controlling influence. Every thought and deed adheres closely to the established rules which the sport of a calm spirit yields to the impulses of grace and serenity, coupled with magnificence and dignity; while, not unfrequently, an unaffected melancholy, mild and plaintive, is clearly manifest without violence.

Mozart combined *form and science*. The structure of his compositions is generally symmetrical; his means are *contrasts and repetition*, but melody, harmony and rhythm, form in them a sublime whole. His music expresses the deepest melancholy, as well as the most exalted joy, and it is truthful to say of him, as Laertes said of Ophelia:

"Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,  
She turns to favor and to prettiness."

Besides all these qualities, what caused Mozart to be the very center of the classical musical period, is the happy union of song with instrumental music. In corroboration of this, we refer to his *Don Juan*, one of the sublimest creations of opera the world possesses. Passing over all other works of his (excepting, perhaps, his "Requiem," when visions melodic and harmonic were vouchsafed to him by influence celestial), the opera above alluded to is the crowning glory of his productions.

In Beethoven, *science* in melody, harmony or counterpoint, gains the ascendancy; his thoughts reach the last limits striven for by the power of sounds. From the height upon which he placed himself, by the study of nature in its mysterious problems, he surveyed it in its every charm, in its struggles, in its horrors. Freeing himself from all the shackles of symmetry, he seems to disdain *forms*, and strikes out into new paths, persistently pursued by him to the end of life's journey. Combining (so to speak) all the virtues of predecessors, as well as contemporaries in instrumental or vocal music, the result of his efforts is, in artistic independence, the acknowledged sovereign of both.

Around this quartette of geniuses arose other masters, who, animated and instructed by their example, propelled the car of music onward, and still nearer to perfection. Among them, we could name the Romberg Brothers, Reis, Kalliwoda, Spohr, and Onslow, the latter of which combined with a lively imagination the talent of *technicality* with naturalness of *idea*. Mozart effected a great change in the instrumental concerts. Before him, the orchestra played but an insignificant part, but he raised it and imparted to it a prevailing interest. The part of the piano having been deprived of its supremacy, received at his hands more of accompaniment and simplicity. After him, Beethoven excelled in the concerto; then Clementi, Dussek, and then Hummel, the master of combination; and finally the talented Moscheles. F. Reis and Kalkbrenner were in this style more brilliant than profound.

Bach, Haydn and Clementi created the sonata, which was perfected by Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Kalkbrenner, Schmidt, etc., but never advanced beyond a low level; and being abandoned by the amateurs, was neglected by the composers. It still exists, however, transformed into the "duo" and "trio."

One of the branches of musical composition which has been the most abused is, perhaps, the "variation." Formerly it had at least the merit of being scientific, but, subsequently, it became only a superficial interchange of melodies and accompaniment, without any character. This insipid mass of sounds is commonly attended by a pathetic introduction, which reminds one of the "mountain in labor."

For several years past solo instrumental music seems to have a tendency to keep beyond the limits of a simple play of forms and sounds, without being enlivened by brilliancy of spirit, or by any rational signification. In the piano-forte especially, the more or less mechanical difficulty seems to be the only aim which the composer or player has in view; and it is certain that an individual, with ten quick and powerful fingers, will always overcome all technical difficulties, and end his or her troublesome task by being able to play (perchance in time) a great number of notes. The piano has thus become an indispensable instrument, and the playing of it a universal mania. This fashion causes the production of an enormous quantity of compositions for performers of all ages, all powers and all tastes. It is this which has seduced many of talent and genius from his serious and inspired labors, to vary and scribble without relaxation, that he may satisfy the demands of publishers, and replenish his pockets with the brilliants so indispensable to artificial accomplishments and general fayotism.

C. J. WHITNEY & Co., can furnish any BOOK or piece of SHEET MUSIC in print and advertised. Their stock in both will be found among the largest in the West, and they are constantly receiving accessions to it; besides everything in the line of musical merchandise from a *pitch-fork* to an "Eatay Organ," or "Chickering Grand." Send on your orders and see.



### The Chromatic Scale and its Divisions.

In replying to the polite and tersely written letter by J. L. B., received a few days ago, it would appear almost a waste of time and remarks, were it not a notorious fact that much confusion does exist with some, in the terms used with regard to the scale. That every term made use of in connection with so divine a science ought to be definite, is obvious enough, but that it is not so, is a truth patent to any careful observer that witnesses the false conclusions often promulgated.

In our reply to J. L. B., we begin by giving authorities which will show, at once, that there is no need for the least misunderstanding or confusion in a matter so well defined, and so easy to be understood. It is true, however, that some give to the octave thirteen semitones, while others only twelve. Rodwell, in his "Rudiments of Harmony," says "a minor second includes two semitones." Cook, in "Singing Exemplified," tells us "the difference between a major and minor third is, that the major includes five semitones, and the minor only four." Now, the confusion (was half disposed to say nonsense) made by the above, arises from the confounding the terms *sound* and *interval*. Let us now see how other authors manage this scale.

Dr. Calcott, in his grammar, says: "*The chromatic semitone* is the distance or interval between any note, and that same note elevated by a sharp, or depressed by a flat. The Chromatic scale consists of thirteen sounds, which contain *twelve intervals* between them. Dr. Crotch, in his "Practical Thorough Bass," says: "From A to B are *two semitones* (or one tone); from B to C is *one semitone*," etc. "A minor second is equal to one semitone; a minor third to three semitones; a major third equal to four semitones," etc. Albrechtsberger tells us truthfully, "a semitone is either a major or a minor; minor, if the two sounds that form it are on the same degree," etc. Catel, in his "Treatise on Harmony," says: "*An interval is the distance from a note to another. From C to C sharp is a minor semitone.*" "Hummel's Piano-Forte School," page 57, tells us, "The gradual progression through all the white and black keys of an octave forms what is called the *chromatic* or *artificial* scale, consisting of five minor and seven major semitones."

From the above quotations of authority, which, perhaps, may be deemed ancient by some of our modern writers on harmony; still, we deem them truthful, and none the less so on account of age or antiquity. We could go back of these even, were it desirable to do so, or come down to Weber or Marx, acknowledged authority by all writers in the analysis of this important scale; but this is needless. I think there will be no disagreement in the following statement or mode of reckoning by all respectable authorities, therefore we will conclude what will be said for the present by its announcement.

If we take a monochord, or the string of a violin, and tune it to C, then press the string down with the finger, at, say, an inch (or at eight-ninths of the whole string) from the *nut*, we shall then have the sound of D. Now the space, or the distance between the *nut* and the finger is the *interval* between C and D, so that D is, as from C, *one inch*, or, as it is in musical science, one tone. Should the finger be pressed down at only half the distance from the *nut*, it will produce, not D, but C sharp, or D flat; i. e., a *semi* or *half* tone. Thus it will be seen that C is a *mere sound*, and that D is a *mere sound*, but that when we compare the defined difference between the one and the other, D is, by acuteness, *one tone from or higher* than C.

The relation *one sound bears to another* must ever be our guide. Definiteness in terms used, and in conformity to the authorities above cited will always lead to their conclusions. Now, if you speak of the *degrees* of the scale, we don't call them tones, as two of the authors above quoted do; if so, why then all

would be *tones*, and there would be no distinction. If the word *tone* means a *musical sound*, say so. In this sense all musical sounds are called tones, as the tone of the bell, the organ, the voice, etc. A pure tone, a reedy tone, a round tone, a thin tone, all terms which are familiar, and cannot be misunderstood, quite another thing from that of notes or degrees of the scale.

### Grand Classic Concert.

MONS. MAZURETTE.—It is with real pleasure that we announce that this eminent solo pianist and baritone vocalist is to give a grand classic concert, at the Opera House, on the evening of SATURDAY, the 7th ultimo. Although the concerts heretofore given by M. Mazurette in this city have been of a high order of merit, we are assured the one he is now arranging will be more brilliant than any of its predecessors.

The programme selected is strictly a classical one, the performance of which cannot fail to prove an exceedingly enjoyable entertainment. Prominent among the selections stands a grand instrumental quintette, by the celebrated Jacques Herz, of Paris, never before performed in this country. Among those set down for Mons. Mazurette are the following:

|                                                |            |
|------------------------------------------------|------------|
| Lucia de Lammermoor (Fantaisie).....           | Liszt      |
| La Galante (Larghetto, Cantabile e Rondo)..... | Hummel     |
| Grande Tarentelle Op. 165.....                 | Henri Herz |
| Mon Ame a Dieu (baritone solo).....            | Clappisson |

Mrs. C. D. Bliss, the popular Michigan soprano, Mr. Charles H. Thompson, a brilliant young tenor, lately arrived in this city, Mr. J. A. Beecher, the well known tenor of the city, Mr. Rudolph Speil, a distinguished violoncellist, late from Germany, and other vocal and instrumental professional talent will assist in the concert. Mme. Mazurette, who, by the way, is a pianist of no mean accomplishment, will, with Mons. Mazurette, perform a grand four-hand piece, L'Orient, composed by the latter.

Judging from the programme, and Mons. Mazurette's well-known superior abilities, the concert will probably be scarcely second to any ever given in this city. The prices of admission have been made low—fifty cents and twenty-five cents, and no extra charge for reserved seats—at which figures we shall expect to see the Opera House filled on the evening of concert.

### Monopoes.

The Boston Transcript coins the above word to designate that numerous class of writers who have given utterance to but one memorable poem, and it enumerates the following:

"One Henry Carey is supposed to be the author of 'God Save the King,' but who remembers the name of the young Lieutenant to whom is attributed the 'Marseillaise,' or has heard that of the inspired private soldier who conceived the 'Wacht am Rhein?' Is it on record that Hopkinson and Key ever made any other verses than 'Hail Columbia' and the 'Star Spangled Banner' respectively? John Howard Payne did compose some unsuccessful and now forgotten dramatic pieces, but, so far as we know, 'Sweet Home'—thrown off hurriedly to fit some music—was his only poetic effort. Edgar A. Poe was almost a monopoe, but the 'Bells' and 'Annabel Lee' will be remembered nearly as long as the 'Raven.' David Everett's 'You'd scarce expect one of my age,' Edward Everett's 'Alaric,' Charles Wolfe's 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' Joseph Rodman Drake's 'When freedom from her sure heights,' and Albert G. Greene's 'Old Grimes' are monopoes; so are Charles Kingsley's 'Three Fishers,' and those wonderful lines of Charles Dickens on England's 'Rare old plant'—so replete with tender and genuine sentiment, and so free from the morbid fancies and distorted outlines which mar the prose works—at least the later ones—of this brilliant author. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's 'Battle hymn of the Republic,' that soul-stirring strain, is the only one of her poems which even now can be called to mind."

### Euphrosyne Parepa Rosa is Dead.

"Shadow your brows and weep," for another of the sweet sweetstresses of the age has fallen. This we learn by telegram from London (England), January 23d. "Parepa Rosa died last night."

We had been apprised of her illness, but hopes of her speedy recovery mollified the afflictive tidings to her friends in America.

A little less than eight years ago (the autumn of 1866) the musical public of America welcomed this richly gifted and very remarkable musical artist, Parepa Rosa, to our country. From the beginning of her career she awakened the liveliest interest, not only for her extraordinary talents, but also for her uncommonly genial temperament. Time has confirmed the impressions made of her upon the American heart, and her noble career has deepened into a lively interest and an affectionate esteem.

Euphrosyne Parepa Rosa was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1839. Her father was a Wallachian nobleman, Baron Georgiades de Boyesker, of Bucharest. Her mother, Miss Seguin, was sister to the once eminent basso of that name. Their married life lasted but a little while, being terminated by the sudden death of the baron, whereby his widow, only twenty-one years of age at the time, was left in poverty. To support herself and her infant child, Euphrosyne, the bereaved baroness adopted the lyric stage as a profession, and soon began the education of her daughter for the same pursuit. In her musical studies she made rapid progress, and also acquired with rare facility five modern languages, English, French, Italian, German and Spanish.

In 1855, at the age of sixteen, she made her first public appearance in opera, in the city of Malta—*Amina*, in "Sonnambula"—with marked success, which speedily became a theme of praise with European connoisseurs of music. At Naples, Genoa, Rome, Florence, Madrid and Lisbon her first success was repeated and increased. In 1857 she made her debut in London, in the same company with Ronconi, Gardoni and Tagliafico, in "Il Puritani," and thereafter ever took a high place in the favor of the British public, which lasted nine years, in the course of which period she became the wife of a British officer, whose death, however, left her in widowhood at the end of sixteen months.

In the autumn of 1866, as above stated, she came to New York, in company with Levy, the well known cornet player, and Carl Rosa, the distinguished violinist, and H. L. Bateman. Her debut in New York was made in concert, September 11th, but she has achieved honors in oratorio and opera in most of the principal cities of our country. In 1867 she became the wife of Carl Rosa, with whom she has happily lived and labored. Her rank in the musical world is high and honorable, and rests upon solid merits. In oratorio and the concert room she had no equal. In social intercourse she was agreeable and winning, by virtue of her simple kindness and constant, sunny good-humor. The world of artists may appropriately drop the tear of regret and sorrow over the grave of one sustaining the character of her whose demise we herein record.

A PATHETIC INCIDENT.—A touching story comes from Poughkeepsie. A lady was walking along the street when she met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. Taking her by the hand the lady asked her where she was going. "I'm going down town to find my papa," was the reply, between sobs, of the child. "What is your papa's name?" asked the lady. "His name is papa," replied the innocent little thing. "But what is his other name?" queried the lady; "what does your mamma call him?" "She calls him papa," persisted the baby. The lady then took the little one by the hand and led her along, saying,







# OLD SONGS OF OUR LAND:

## SONG AND CHORUS.

M. H. McCHESNEY.

*Con express.*

PIANO. *p*

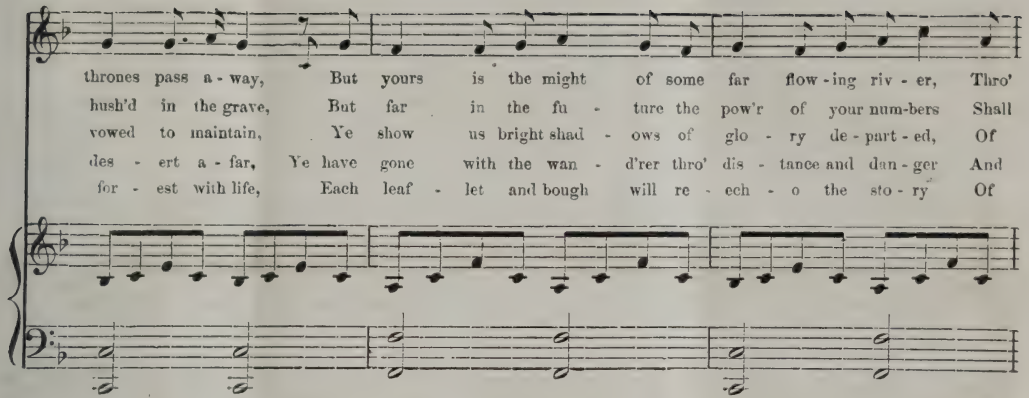
The piano introduction is written for a grand piano in 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a tempo marking of *Con express.* The bass line provides a steady accompaniment. The introduction concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking.

A single vocal melody line in 4/4 time, one flat key signature. It begins with a rest followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

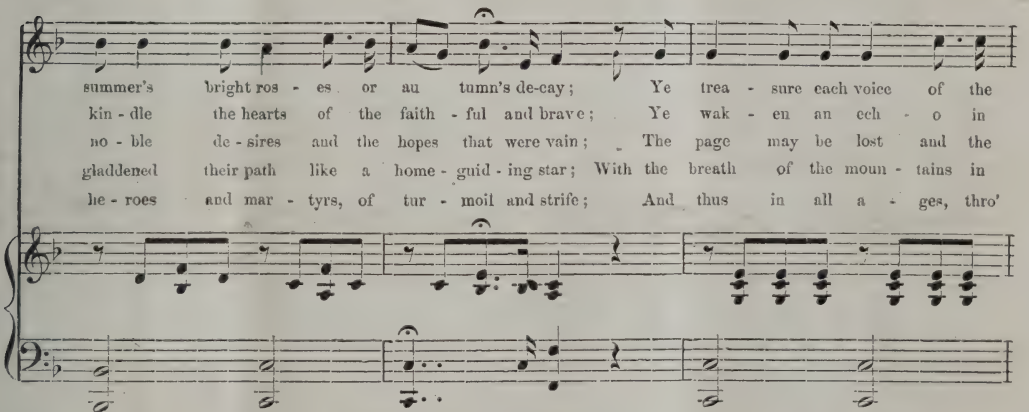
1. Sweet songs of our land, ye are with us for-ev - er, The pow'r and the splen dor of
2. The bards may go down to the place of their slumbers, The lyre of the cham ber be
3. Ye still keep a re - cord of those, the true hearted Who fell for the cause they had
4. Sweet songs of our land ye have fol - lowed the stranger, Like friends; o - ver o - cean and
5. The spring - time may come with the song of her glo - ry To fill the green heart of the

*a tempo.*

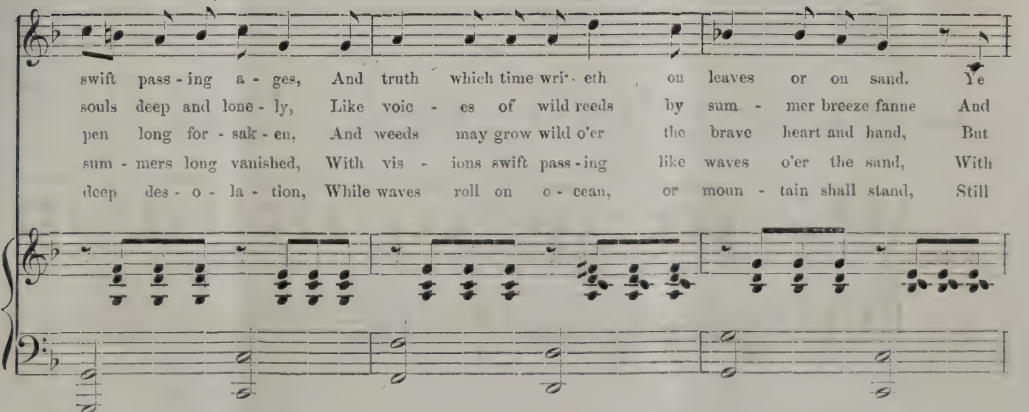
The piano accompaniment for the chorus is written for a grand piano in 4/4 time, one flat key signature. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is marked with a tempo marking of *a tempo.* The bass line provides a steady accompaniment.



thrones pass a - way, But yours is the might of some far flow - ing riv - er, Thro'  
 hush'd in the grave, But far in the fu - ture the pow'r of your num - bers Shall  
 vowed to maintain, Ye show us bright shad - ows of glo - ry de - part - ed, Of  
 des - ert a - far, Ye have gone with the wan - d'rer thro' dis - tance and dan - ger And  
 for - est with life, Each leaf - let and bough will re - ech - o the sto - ry Of

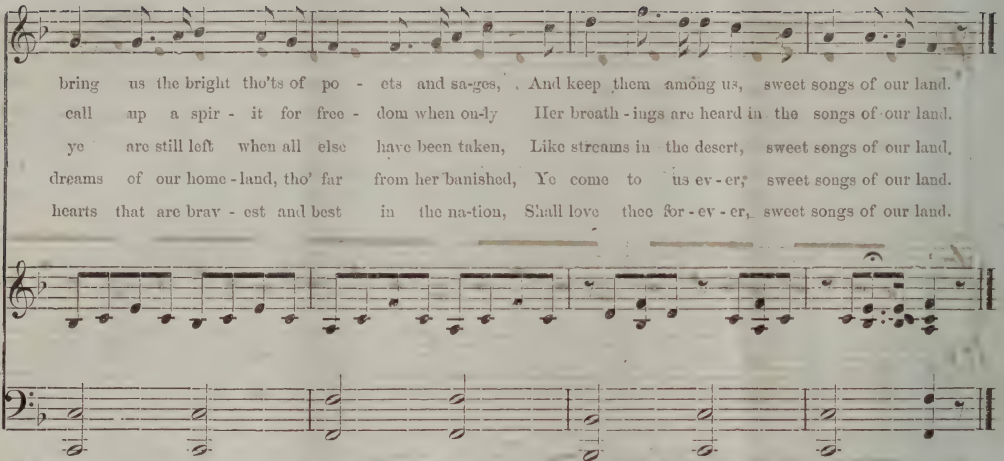


summer's bright ros - es or au - tumn's de - cay; Ye trea - sure each voice of the  
 kin - dle the hearts of the faith - ful and brave; Ye wak - en an ech - o in  
 no - ble de - sires and the hopes that were vain; The page may be lost and the  
 gladdened their path like a home - guid - ing star; With the breath of the moun - tains in  
 he - roes and mar - tyrs, of tur - moil and strife; And thus in all a - ges, thro'



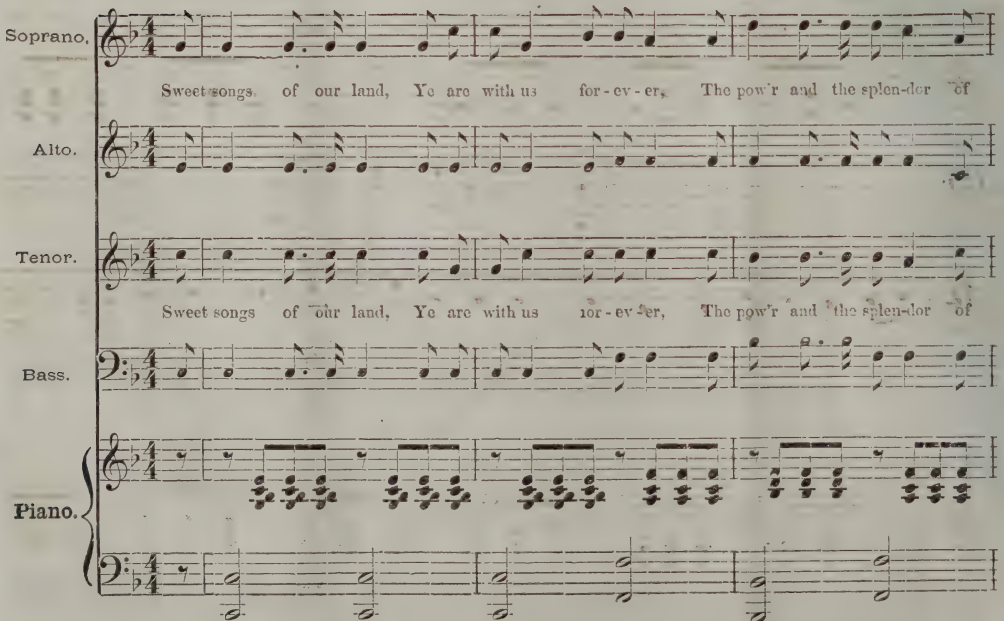
swift pass - ing a - ges, And truth which time writ - eth on leaves or on sand. Ye  
 souls deep and lone - ly, Like voic - es of wild reeds by sum - mer breeze fanne And  
 pen long for - sak - en, And weeds may grow wild o'er the brave heart and hand, But  
 sum - mers long vanished, With vis - ions swift pass - ing like waves o'er the sand, With  
 deep des - o - la - tion, While waves roll on o - cean, or moun - tain shall stand, Still





bring us the bright tho'ts of po - ets and sa-ges, . And keep them among us, sweet songs of our land.  
 call up a spir - it for free - dom when on-ly Her breath - ings are heard in the songs of our land.  
 ye are still left when all else have been taken, Like streams in the desert, sweet songs of our land,  
 dreams of our home - land, tho' far from her banished, Ye come to us ev - er, sweet songs of our land.  
 hearts that are brav - est and best in the na-tion, Shall love thee for - ev - er, sweet songs of our land.

### CHORUS.



Soprano. Sweet songs of our land, Ye are with us for - ev - er, The pow'r and the splen - dor of  
 Alto. Sweet songs of our land, Ye are with us for - ev - er, The pow'r and the splen - dor of  
 Tenor. Sweet songs of our land, Ye are with us for - ev - er, The pow'r and the splen - dor of  
 Bass. Sweet songs of our land, Ye are with us for - ev - er, The pow'r and the splen - dor of  
 Piano. OLD SONGS OF OUR LAND.

thrones pass a-way, But yours is the might of some far flow-ing riv-er, Through

thrones pass a-way, But yours is the might of some far flow-ing riv-er, Through

*rit.*

summer's bright ros-es or au-tumn's de-cay, Sweet songs of our land.

summer's bright ros-es or au-tumn's de-cay, Sweet songs of our land, Sweet songs of our land.

*rit.*

*a tempo. p*

*f*



# MANDOLINE WALTZ.

CARL SEIFFERTH.

The musical score is written for mandolin and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble staff (mandolin) and a bass staff (piano). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major), and the time signature is 3/4. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system features a forte (*f*) dynamic. The third system returns to a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fourth system concludes the piece with a double bar line. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff, often using chords and arpeggios.

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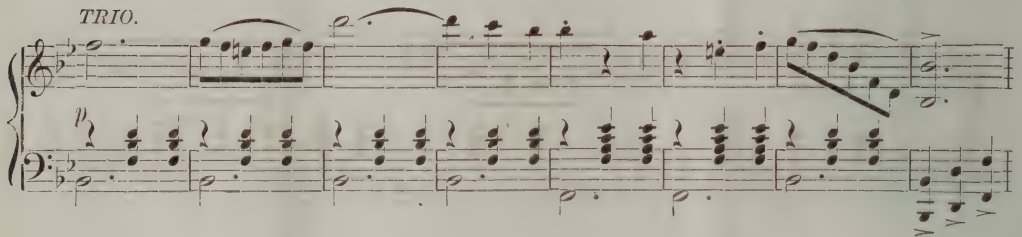
*Sea*.....

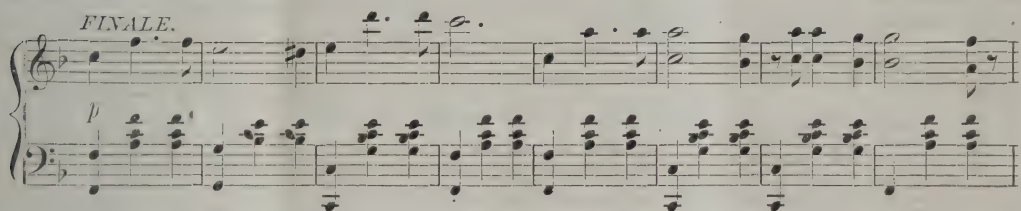
A musical score for a piece titled 'Sea'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with a slur over the first two measures, a sharp sign above the third measure, and a forte 'f' dynamic marking above the fifth measure. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamics.

*Sra* .....

ff









# C. J. WHITNEY & CO.'S Descriptive Catalogue of Popular Music.

## ADDENDA.

### SONGS AND BALLADS.

**O, Fair Dove, O, Fond Dove.** Ballad. F. 2. *Gatty.* 30  
A quaint and sweet little ballad; written partly in the author; is singularly winning.

**Janet's Choice.** Ballad. D. 3. *Claribel.* 30  
Simple and taking, in that guileless, unassuming style, which has rendered the ballads of Claribel so universally admired.

**Strangers Yet.** F. 2. *Claribel.* 35  
Like all of the songs of this favorite composer, it combines simplicity with grace and beauty of melody; the accompaniment is very easy.

**Nightfall at Sea.** Eb 3. *Gabriel.* 35  
A beautiful air song, ranging from C, below the treble clef, to F, fifth line. The melody is smooth and flowing, beautifully wedded to a beautiful poem. As really good air songs are rare, this will certainly be eagerly sought for.

**Looking Back.** Song. D minor 3. *Sullivan.* 40  
One of the finest contralto songs extant: runs from A, below the treble clef, to D, in the staff. There is a world of pathos and deep feeling pervading every note of a melody which wonderfully reveals the sentiment embodied in the poem.

**Just Touch the Harp Gently, My Pretty Louise.** G. 3. *Blamphin.* 50  
A pleasant, affectionate little song, of moderate difficulty. Just the thing to sing to the one you love best. Try it.

**Tired.** Ballad. D. 2. *Lindsay.* 55  
The touching plaint of one nearly through with the long, weary day of life; both music and words combine simplicity with sweetness.

**Only a Lock of Hair.** Ballad. G. 3. *Claribel.* 40  
One of the many rare gems produced by this well known and favorite artist. We think the above is capable of its best interpretation when sung by herself. Although perhaps not below her usual standard, it needs a true musician to bring out its best points, and make it effective; otherwise it would be apt to sound commonplace.

**Hush.** Ballad. D. 4. *Dolores.* 40  
The author of the "Brook" has given us another composition similar in style, and equally worthy of the wide popularity which greeted the first. The song in itself is simple, touching, and goes to the heart; the accompaniment rather difficult, but very beautiful.

**Spring, Gentle Spring.** Glee. B. 3. *Pratt.* 30  
Very suitable for clubs and gentlemen's quartettes; is in good waltz movement; light, easy and effective.

### VOCAL DUETS.

**I Would That My Love.** E. 4. *Mendelssohn.* 40  
One of the most beautiful of classic duets, so chaste and full of richness that it has never been supplanted by anything since written. It has and will occupy a favorite place in the repertoire of every lady musician of culture and taste.

**When I Know That Thou Art Near Me.** A. 3. *Ad.* 30  
A duet for bass and soprano. The author's name is ample guarantee of its intrinsic merit. Its harmonies are very fine and strikingly effective; accompaniment also very good.

**The Two Cousins.** F. 3. *Glover.* 60  
A well known and universally admired humorous duet for soprano and alto. Two cousins, having attended a theatrical ball, on returning, indulge in a good-natured badinage of words, at each other's expense, concerning the conquests made by each during the evening. The words are full of wit, and the music, sparkling and lively; accompaniment simple and appropriate.

**O'er the Hill, O'er the Dale.** F. 3. *Glover.* 60  
One of the most attractive duets ever published; indeed, we think Glover never produced a finer composition in the way of a duet. It is sprightly, running over with joyous melody.

**Music and Her Sister Song.** D. 3. *Glover.* 60  
There is a characteristic freshness and vigor about the compositions from this gifted author, that individualize them, and keep their memory green, long after songs of an inferior cast have worn themselves. For purity of thought and expression they stand alone. The songs in the above named are truly beautiful.

**Listen! 'Tis the Woodbird's Song.** Eb 4. *Glover.* 60  
Scenes and voices from nature seemed but fitted for a theme for whom Glover took his pen to glorify the world with sweet strains. The accompaniment to this duet contains a beautiful imitation of the bird.

**Greeting.** Duet. Eb 4. *Mendelssohn.* 35  
Another of this gifted author's charming duets, wherein he seems to have dipped his pen deeply into nature's inspiring fount, and brought therefrom the combined beauty of both prey and song, blending with a sweetest truth enchanting.

**Autumn Song.** Duet. A. 4. *Mendelssohn.* 50  
A classical composition, lovely and beautiful, depicting in touching evidences the alternations of joy and sorrow, emblemized in the changing seasons, the fading flower, and the joyous lessons of wisdom taught by them of a bright and happy future.

### INSTRUMENTAL.

**Suavita Mazurka.** Eb 3. *Roubier.* 40  
Written in a light and graceful style, combining a sprightly, sparkling melody with most excellent harmony; is easy of comprehension, yet sufficiently slow to attract and captivate.

**Grand Rapids Rondino.** F. 3. *Ivan Horn.* 35  
A very pleasant and lively composition; well adapted to the wants of busy little lingers.

**Song Waves.** Reverie. Eb 3. *McChesney.* 35  
A smooth, unalloyed melody, carrying in its flow a song of grace and sweetness; is written in the author's best style.

**Kinlock of Kinlock.** Eb 3. *Moran.* 20  
A well-known Scotch air; very prettily arranged with short variations.

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**Nocturne.** Db 3. *Dohler.* 40  
This exquisite gem will amply repay close study and patient practice. For beauty of thought and harmony it greatly excels.

**Frolie of the Frogs.** Waltz. Bb 3. *Walton.* 30  
A lively and vivacious little composition, in Db, Eb and Ab. Playful and sprightly enough to indicate a general rejoicing among the old croakers and little tadpoles. Young players will find enjoyment and profit in its pursuit.

**Andante.** Db 3. *Fairbank.* 15  
A short but quite effective composition if carefully rendered; would be found very appropriate for the organ. Its harmonies and progressions are excellent.

**Romanza.** Eb 3. *Fairbank.* 20  
This companion to the Andante above mentioned may be had also in connection with it, or the two are also published in one sheet as well as separately. It does not strike us as being particularly notable either in harmony or melody. It is, however, smooth and agreeable, as well as simple.

**La Diabolique.** Grand Etude. C. 4. *Jayback.* 65  
A most excellent study for players of some advancement, as a drill in repeating notes for the hand from the wrist; it cannot be too greatly recommended. The composer's name is sufficient to guarantee a just and universal appreciation of its worth.

**Jolly Brothers Galop.** Bb 3. *Budick.* 30  
Lively and sparkling, with a good many octaves and changeable bass. This arrangement of a well-known and popular air is more desirable and pleasing than others we have seen.

**Un Songe d'une Nuit d'Été.** E. 6. Paraphrase by *Sidney Smith.* 100  
This elegant paraphrase, from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," abounds in beautiful conceptions of musical thought, and is one of the author's most masterly efforts. He has wrought up his theme in a pleasing variety of forms, still keeping the idea clear and distinct. Amateurs will do well to procure and master this truly beautiful composition.

**Nocturne** from above, separate. 35

**Bouquet des Fleurs.** Valse Brilliant. A. 4. *Matcel.* 100  
This is indeed a bouquet of sweet sounds, a fine showy composition, abounding in life and vivacity. The theme is a relief from the ordinary succession of musical phrases which make up so large a portion of our waltzes. The piece well repays time consumed in acquiring it.

**Le Cloches du Monastere.** Nocturne. Db 4. *Wely.* 40  
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**Air du Roi Louis XIII.** E. 3. *Glys.* 40  
There is a singular quaintness and odd simplicity about the above-named title, to our mind, is its chief charm. It possesses much of sweetness in its composition; is wonderfully effective when produced by Thomas's magnificent orchestra.

**Come Back to Erin.** Transcription. F. 4. *Kuhn.* 60  
One of Claribel's best songs arranged with brilliant and effective variations for the piano forte. This theme is thoroughly worked up in a pleasing variety of ways, still retaining its individuality throughout. Amateurs will derive much benefit and recompense for their pains. If they proceed to learn this delightful production, from one of the best masters.

**Columbine.** G. 4. *McChesney.* 75  
Two original themes with variations, the first in G, 7/8 time, the second in Bb, 2/4 time. Both themes are very excellent, the first in style is barcarole, smooth and flowing; the variations quite elaborate, in arpeggio movement, chromatic passages, broken octaves, etc. The second theme is a hargheto, resembles an old and well-known Italian air; is also reproduced with pleasing accuracy in the variations.

**Golden Dreams.** Reverie. Eb 4. *McChesney.* 50  
This companion piece to "Columbine" is in no way its inferior. It is a elegant and desirable parlor piece for amateurs, combining great variety of thought with beauty and sympathy of expression. Try it.

**Aladdin Schottische.** A. 3. *Seifert.* 50  
A fresh and sparkling little melody for little fingers to dissect; abounds in new and pleasing changes without difficult progressions. This with the three following pieces compose a very fine set of little gems, written by Carl Seifert, very appropriately styled "Happy Dreams."

**Gladiator Waltz.** Db 3. *Seifert.* 35  
A bold and stirring waltz in Db, not intricate, but very entertaining. It ranges from Db to Ab, then back through the theme to a figure in Gb; so with little jumps a modest performer can master the flat keys.

**Lapping Schottische.** D. 2. *Seifert.* 30  
Like the first of this set called "Happy Dreams," this little production seems admirably adapted to the wants of amateur players whose fingers are limited, and whose taste requires something beyond the hum-drum style of compositions which flood the country at the present day. They are both pleasing and profitable for study.

**Mandoline W. 1/2.** F. 2. *Seifert.* 35  
Teachers will find this a desirable teaching piece for pupils in the early stages of the mandoline, as it contains grace notes and arpeggios. Is full of melody and grace.

**Flying Leaf.** C. 3. *Spindler.* 30  
Above are three beautiful piano pieces by this popular author, both of which are devoid of difficulties in performance which may not be easily overcome, even while a quivering acquaintance with their beauty and excellence. We recommend them to those teaching pupils that have fallen to notice for many a day.

**Hunting Song.** C. 3. *Spindler.* 30  
Above are three beautiful piano pieces by this popular author, both of which are devoid of difficulties in performance which may not be easily overcome, even while a quivering acquaintance with their beauty and excellence. We recommend them to those teaching pupils that have fallen to notice for many a day.

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## DUETS.

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 equal voices, and for Children's voices. (Eb.) 40  
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 (Ab.) 35  
*Hope Beyond.* Tenor and bass, or soprano  
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\* *The Cup of Woe.* Tenor and bass. (Eb.) 60

## TRIOS.

- \**Deep in this poor Heart.* Soprano,  
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(E.) 50

## QUARTETTES.

- |                                                                                  |          |
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| The Night Birds whisper soft and<br>light. Mixed Voices. (Eb.)                   | 50       |
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| Moonlight on the Lake.<br>Male Voices. (F.)                                      | 60<br>60 |
| Moonlight on the Lake.<br>Mixed Voices. (F.)                                     | 60       |
| O'er the dark Blue Sea.<br>Male Voices. (Ab.)                                    | 50       |
| They died for you and me.<br>Memorial Hymn. Mixed Voices. (B.)                   | 33       |
| Dancing o'er the Waves. Barcarole.<br>Male Voices. (D.)                          | 65       |
| Dancing o'er the Waves. Barcarole.<br>Mixed Voices. (C.)                         | 65       |
| Whip-poor-will's Call. Serenade.<br>Male Voices. (Bb.)                           | 60       |
| Whip-poor-will's Call. Serenade.<br>Mixed Voices. (G.)                           | 50       |
| The Bugle Horn. Hunting Chorus.<br>Male Voices.                                  | 60       |
| My Gondola now awaits thee.<br>Spanish serenade. Male Voices. (G.)               | 40       |
| Queen of the Beautiful.<br>Male Voices. (G.)                                     | 40       |
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| The Sleigh Ride. Mixed Voices. (F.)<br>The Farmer and his Boys.                  | 60       |
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| The Farmer and his Girls.<br>Mixed Voices. (Eb.)                                 | 75       |
| Blow on your Horns, Yachting Chorus.<br>Male Voices. (Eb.)                       | 50       |
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## Sacred Quartettes.

- |                                                         |    |
|---------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Over the Crystal River. (G.)                            | 15 |
| Oh! Our God. (C)                                        | 35 |
| Life is like the Troubled Sea. (F.)                     | 49 |
| Christmas Anthem. Angels bring to us great joy.<br>(G.) | 40 |
| Almighty God, Thon knowest best. (Ab.)                  | 33 |
| Be Thon Faithful. (G.)                                  | 35 |
| Guide us in the Path of Right. (Eb.)                    | 36 |
| God in Mercy, hear our Prayer. (G.)                     | 35 |
| Shed on our W. Christmas Carol. (G.)                    | 10 |
| Lead us not into Temptation. (D.)                       | 40 |
| It is all of Life to Live. (F.)                         | 25 |
| Let all Rejoice. Christmas Carol. (Bb.)                 | 10 |

## INSTRUMENTAL.

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| Frou Frou Schottische.              |                     | 35 |
| Myrtle Waltz.                       |                     | 35 |
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10. Father, pray with me to-night.
11. Come before.
12. Kissing Sunbeams.
13. That little Church around the Corner.
14. Little Footsteps.
15. Save the Boy.
16. Minnie hear the blue birds sing.
17. Twas Milking time.
18. Will you meet me by the stile, Anno.
19. Near this bridge.
20. Hear thy sweet voice calling.
21. Poor Drunkard's Child.
22. Oh whisper that you love me, darling.
23. Riding on a load of hay.
24. Kitty May.
25. Mother's with the angels there.
26. The old Home aint what it used to be.
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| Allie. Song and Chorus. B flat. 3. Pease. 30              |  |
| Angel Music. Ballad. D. 3. Pease. 30                      |  |
| Angel of Glory. Ballad. E flat. 3. Lillian. 30            |  |
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| Angels Call Me, Mother Dear. S & C. G. 3. Baker. 30       |  |
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| At the Beautiful Gate. Song & Cho. C. 3. Hackelton. 35    |  |
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|                                                                              |  |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| Beyond the Blue Skies. Song & Cho. F. 3. Maywood. 35                         |  |
| Bingen on the Rhine. Ballad. E flat. 3. Hutchinson. 35                       |  |
| Bird of Beauty. Ballad. A flat. 3. Scott. 30                                 |  |
| Birds of Spring. Ballad. A. 3. Stein. 30                                     |  |
| Blanche Alpen. Ballad. B flat. 3. Kreutzer. 30                               |  |
| Blue Eyed Bell. Ballad. F. 3. Bishop. 30                                     |  |
| Blue Eyed Violets. Song & Cho. E flat. 3. Jackson. 30                        |  |
| Blue Eyes. Ballad. E flat. 3. Molloy. 20                                     |  |
| Blushing Roses. Song & Cho. A flat. 2. Rogers. 30                            |  |
| Bonnie Dundee. Ballad. F. 3. Kimball. 30                                     |  |
| Bonnie New Moon. Ballad. A flat. 3. Linsley. 30                              |  |
| Break! Break! Break! Bass Song. A min. 3. Smith. 30                          |  |
| Bridge. Ballad. A flat. 3. Lindsey. 30                                       |  |
| Building Castles in the Air. S & C. D. 3. Gilmore. 30                        |  |
| By and By. Ballad. A flat. 3. Mildred. 30                                    |  |
| By and by the Roses Withers. Ballad. D flat. 3. Gerdler. 30                  |  |
| By the Sad Sea Waves. Aria. E flat. 3. Duedick. 30                           |  |
| Call Me Thine Own. Ballad. C. 3. Linsley. 35                                 |  |
| Calmly the Day is Dying. Ballad. G. 3. Linsley. 35                           |  |
| Can you Tell me Where they Laid Him. Song and Chorus. A flat. 3. Ballard. 30 |  |
| Chase Among the Roses. Ballad. G. 3. Irma. 30                                |  |
| Childhood Songs. Song and Chorus. G. 3. Howard. 40                           |  |
| Child's Vision. Song and Chorus. G. 3. Grandison. 30                         |  |
| Christmas Cheer. Song and Cho. A. 3. Murray. 30                              |  |
| Columbia's Call. B flat. 3. Root. 30                                         |  |
| Columbia's Guardian Angels. S & C. G. 3. Work. 30                            |  |

|                                                                                   |  |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| Come Again, Sweet Heart. Ballad. F. 3. Seall. 30                                  |  |
| Come Back to Eden. Irish Ballad. C. 3. Claribel. 30                               |  |
| Come, Disappointment, Come. Ballad. E flat. 3. Mathias. 36                        |  |
| Come Home, Father. Song & Cho. A flat. 3. Work. 30                                |  |
| Come into the Garden, Maud. Ballad. D. 3. Balf. 50                                |  |
| Come to Me, Dearest. Song and Cho. E. 3. Webster. 35                              |  |
| Come to the Forest. Ballad. E. 3. Bricker. 30                                     |  |
| Come to this Heart so Lonely. Ballad. English and Italian words. C. 3. Sarril. 30 |  |
| Come Walk with Me. Song & Cho. D flat. 3. Ickes. 30                               |  |
| Come where the South Wind Wanders. Ballad. D. 3. Hackelton. 30                    |  |
| Counting Baby's Toes. Ballad. B flat. 3. Harrison. 30                             |  |
| Cottage in the Wood. Song & Cho. C. 3. Webster. 30                                |  |
| Cottage of My Mother. G. 3. Ware. 35                                              |  |
| Crab Apple Tree. Ballad. A. 3. Clark. 35                                          |  |
| Croquet. Ballad. G. 3. Von Loche. 30                                              |  |
| Crossing the Brook. Ballad. B flat. 3. Blomphing. 30                              |  |
| Daisy Lee. Song and Chorus. E flat. 3. Kiefer. 35                                 |  |
| Daisy of the Mountain Side. Song and Chorus. A flat. 3. Dixon. 30                 |  |
| Darling Little Blue Eyed Nell. Song and Chorus. G. 3. Webster. 35                 |  |
| Darling Little Blue Shoes. Bal. E flat. 3. Mildred. 30                            |  |
| Darling, Take me Back Again. Song and Chorus. E flat. 3. Gabriel. 35              |  |
| Dear Old Songs of Home. G. 3. Abadie. 35                                          |  |
| Dearest Maiden, Dance with Me. Vocal Waltz. B flat. 3. Merz. 30                   |  |
| Dearest Place is Home. Ballad. G. 3. Kreisemann. 30                               |  |
| Dearest Spot of Earth to Me is Home. Ballad. B flat. 3. Wrigton. 30               |  |
| Dear, Sweet Bells of Memory. Song and Chorus. E flat. 3. Webster. 30              |  |
| Deep Blue Sea. Ballad. G. 3. Perkins. 30                                          |  |
| Deported Dave. Song and Chorus. F. 3. Root. 30                                    |  |
| Dermot Astore. Ballad. A flat. 3. Crouch. 40                                      |  |
| Distraught Me Not. Ballad. E flat. 3. Abel. 30                                    |  |
| Don't Stay Late To-night. Song and Cho. A flat. 3. Lockwood. 30                   |  |
| Don't you See me Coming. Ballad. D. 3. Root. 30                                   |  |
| Dorabel, my Darling. S & C. B flat. 3. Gorham. 30                                 |  |
| Do they Think of Me at Home. Ballad. G. 3. Glover. 30                             |  |
| Down by the Brook at the End of the Lane. Song and Chorus. C. 3. Howard. 30       |  |
| Down by the Low Whispering Sea. Song and Chorus. E flat. 3. King. 30              |  |
| Down by the River Side. Ballad. A. 3. Knake. 30                                   |  |
| Down by the Sea. Bass Song. E flat. 3. Knowlton. 30                               |  |
| Do you Really Think He Did? Ballad. F. 3. Ritter. 30                              |  |
| Dreaming, Ever Dreaming. Ballad. C. 3. Root. 35                                   |  |
| Eagle of Freedom. Song and Cho. D. 3. Root. 35                                    |  |
| Ella Bell. Song and Chorus. E flat. 3. Lockwood. 30                               |  |
| Ere we Parted at the Mill. Ballad. A. 3. G. Z. 30                                 |  |
| * Evangeline. Song and Chorus for Soprano or Tenor. B flat. 3. Hays. 50           |  |
| Evening Darling. Ballad. E. 3. Casfield. 30                                       |  |
| Evening, Bal. English and German words. G. 3. Ad. 30                              |  |
| Ever in Dreams. Song. D flat. 3. Hackelton. 30                                    |  |
| Ever of Thee. Ballad. A flat. 3. Hall. 30                                         |  |
| Exile. Ballad. D. 3. Keller. 20                                                   |  |
| Faces I see in my Dreams. Ballad. D. 3. Malandaine. 30                            |  |
| Faces to Memory Dear. Song and Cho. C. 3. Root. 30                                |  |
| Faded Flowers. Ballad. A. 3. Porter. 35                                           |  |
| Faded Rose Leaves. Ballad. E flat. 3. W. H. S. 30                                 |  |
| Fairies of Dreamland. Ballad. D. 3. Perring. 20                                   |  |
| Fairy Hells. Song. E flat. 3. Norton. 30                                          |  |
| Fare Thee Well, Jamie. Ballad. A flat. 3. Kimball. 30                             |  |
| Farewell, Jennie. Song and Cho. G. 3. Blomphing. 30                               |  |
| Farewell, Kathleen. Ballad. G. 3. Linsley. 30                                     |  |
| Farewell to the Mountain. Bal. E flat. 3. Barnett. 30                             |  |
| Farewell to the Old House. Ballad. F. 3. Glover. 30                               |  |
| Farewell, We Part Forever. Bal. E flat. 3. Ryder. 30                              |  |
| * Father will Settle the Bill. Serio-Comic Song. G. 3. Lockwood. 40               |  |
| First Love Dream. Ballad. G. 3. Work. 30                                          |  |
| First Rose of Summer. Ballad. D flat. 3. Porter. 30                               |  |
| Five o'clock in the Morning. Ballad. G. 3. Claribel. 30                           |  |
| Fly, Pretty Bird. Ballad. G. 3. Ledham. 30                                        |  |

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VOLUME IV.

DETROIT, MARCH, 1874.

NUMBER III.

## Oh! the Spring, Bright Spring is Coming.

Oh! the spring, bright spring is coming,  
Soon the insect's gentle drumming,  
Soon all teeming Nature's humming  
Will vibrate on the air;

Soon the happy days of dreaming,  
When the grassy meadow's teeming,  
And the skies with beauty beaming,  
Shed their sunny smiles so fair.

Soon the vines, so softly creeping,  
And the wild flowers, gently peeping  
From the sod where they were sleeping,  
In their beauty soon will bloom.

And the brook's soft murmur greeting  
The fair spring with cheerful meeting;  
Be ye happy, time is fleeting,  
Beauty passes to the tomb.

Soon the buds will be revealing,  
And the leaves come gently stealing,  
Where by nature's God concealing,  
They slept in soft repose;

Soon the trees, their shadows lending;  
Soon the cattle's steps be tending  
Neath the shade, where wild flowers, blending,  
Greet the sweet and climbing rose.

Oh! sweet thoughts come gushing o'er me,  
Spring's bright beauties gleam before me,  
And my dreamy mind transports me  
To the bright and happy hour

When the lovely flowers are springing,  
And our happy voices ringing,  
And the birds are sweetly singing  
On the May Queen's fairy bower.

When we'll trip along so sprightly,  
Where the zephyrs float so lightly,  
With sweet thoughts of doing rightly,  
As the blissful moments fly.

Oh! the spring, bright spring is coming;  
Soon we'll hear the insect's drumming;  
And all teeming Nature's humming  
With the feathered songsters vie.

## The Village Prize.

A TALE OF WASHINGTON.

In one of the loveliest villages of old Virginia there lived in the year 175—, an old man whose daughter was declared, by universal consent, to be the loveliest maiden in all the country round. The veteran, in his youth, had been athletic and muscular above all his fellows; and his breast where he always wore them, could show the adornment of three medals, received for his victories in gymnastic feats when a young man. His daughter was now eighteen, and had been sought in marriage by many suitors. One brought wealth—another a fine person—another this, and another that. But they were all refused by the old man, who became at last a byword for his obstinacy among the young men of the village and neighborhood.

At length the nineteenth birthday of Annette, his charming daughter, who was as amiable and modest as she was beautiful, arrived. The morning

of that day, her father invited all the youth of the country to a haymaking frolic. Seventeen handsome and industrious young men assembled. They came not only to make hay, but also to make love to the fair Annette. In three hours they had filled the father's barns with the newly dried grass, and their own hearts with love. Annette, by her father's command, had brought the malt liquor of her own brewing, which she presented to each enamored swain with her own fair hands.

"Now, my boys," said the old keeper of the jewel they all coveted, as leaning on their pitchforks they assembled around the door in the cool of the evening, "Now, my lads, you have nearly all of you made proposals for my Annette. Now, you see, I don't care anything about money or talents, book learning nor soldier larning. I can do as well by my gal as any man in the country. But I want her to marry a man of my own grit. Now, you know, or you ought to know, when I was a youngster I could beat anything in all Virginy in the way o' leaping. I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the Eastern shore, and I have took the oath and sworn it that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping for it. You understand me, boys? There's the green, and here's Annette," he added, taking his daughter, who stood timidly behind him, by the hand. "Now, the one that jumps the furthest on a 'dead level,' shall marry Annette this very night."

This unique address was received by the young men with applause. And many a youth, as he bounded gaily forward to the arena of trial, cast a glance of anticipated victory back upon the lovely object of village chivalry. The maidens left their looms and quilting frames, the children their noisy sports, the slaves their labor, and the old men their armchairs and their long pipes, to witness and triumph in the success of the victor. All prophesied and many wished that it would be young Carroll. He was the handsomest and best humored youth in the country, and all knew that a strong attachment existed between him and the fair Annette. Carroll had won the reputation of being the "best leaper," and in a country where such athletic achievements were the *sine qua non* of a man's cleverness, this was no ordinary honor. In a contest like the present he had, therefore, every advantage over his fellow athlete.

The arena allotted for this hymeneal contest was a level space in front of the village inn, and near the centre of a grass plat, reserved in the midst of the village denominated the "green." The verdure was quite worn off at this place by previous exercises of a similar kind, and a hard surface of sand, more befitting for the purpose to which it was to be used, supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and withal happy prize, (for she well knew who would win,) with three other patriarchal villagers were the judges appointed to decide upon the claims of the several competitors. The last time Carroll tried his skill in this exercise, he "cleared," to use the leaper's phraseology—twenty-one feet and one inch.

The signal was given, and by lot the young men stepped into the arena.

"Edward Grayson, seventeen feet," cried one of

the judges. The youth had done his utmost. He was a pale, intellectual student. But what had intellect to do in such an arena? Without a look at the maiden he left the ground.

"Dick Boulden, nineteen feet," Dick with a laugh turned away, and replaced his coat.

"Harry Preston, nineteen feet and three inches."

"Well done Harry Preston," shouted the spectators, "you have tried hard for the acres and homestead."

Harry also laughed, and swore he only jumped for the fun of thing. Harry was a rattle brain fellow, but never thought of matrimony. He loved to walk and talk, and laugh and romp with Annette, but sober marriage never came into his head. He only jumped for the fun of the thing. He would not have said so, if he was sure of winning.

"Charley Simms, fifteen feet and a half. Hurrah for Charley! Charley'll win," cried the crowd, good humoredly. Charley Simms was the cleverest fellow in the world. His mother advised him to stay at home, and told him if he ever won a wife, she should fall in love with his good temper, rather than his legs. Charley, however, made the trial of the latter's capabilities and lost. Many refused to enter the lists altogether. Others made the trial, only one of the leapers had yet cleared twenty feet.

"Now," cried the villagers, "let's see Henry Carroll. He ought to beat this," and every one appeared as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success.

Henry stepped to his post with a firm tread. His eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers and rested, before he bounded forward, upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit and assurance which the occasion called for. Returning the encouraging glance with which she met his own, with a proud smile upon his lip, he bounded forward.

"Twenty-one feet and a half!" shouted the multitude, repeating the announcement of one of the judges, "twenty-one feet and a half. Harry Carroll forever. Annette and Harry." Hands, caps, and handkerchiefs waved over the heads of the spectators, and the eyes of the delighted Annette sparkled with joy.

When Henry Carroll moved to his station to strive for his prize, a tall gentlemanly young man, in a military undress frock coat, who had rode up to the inn, dismounted and joined the spectators, unperceived, while the contest was going on, stepped suddenly forward, and with a knowing eye measured deliberately the space accomplished by the last leaper. He was a stranger in the village. His handsome face and easy address attracted the eyes of the village maidens, and his manly and sinewy frame, in which symmetry and strength were happily united, called forth the admiration of the young men.

"Mayhap, sir stranger, you think you can beat that," said one of the bystanders, remarking the manner in which the eye of the stranger scanned the arena. "If you can leap beyond Harry Carroll, you'll beat the best man in the colonies." The truth of this observation was assented to by a general murmur.

"Is it for mere amusement you are pursuing this



pastime," inquired the youthful stranger, "or is there a prize for the winner?"

"Annette, the loveliest and wealthiest of our village maidens, is to be the reward of the victor," cried one of the judges.

"Are the lists open to all?"

"All, young sir!" replied the father of Annette, with interest, his youthful ardor rising as he surveyed the proportions of the straight-limbed young stranger. "She is the bride of him who outleaps Henry Carroll. If you'll try you are free to do so. But let me tell you, Henry Carroll has no equal in Virginia. Here is my daughter, sir, look at her and make your trial." The officer glanced upon the trembling maiden about to be offered on the altar of her father's unconquerable monomania with an admiring eye. The poor girl looked at Henry, who stood near with a troubled brow and an angry eye, and then cast upon the competitor an imploring glance.

Placing his coat in the hands of one of the judges, he drew a sash he wore beneath it tighter round his waist, and taking the appointed stand, made, apparently without effort, the bound that was to decide the happiness or misery of Henry and Annette.

"Twenty-two feet and one inch," shouted the judge. The announcement was repeated with surprise by the spectators, who crowded around the victim, filling the air with congratulations, not unmingled, however, with loud murmurs from those who were more nearly interested in the happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached, and grasping his hand exultingly, called him his son and said he felt prouder of him than if he were a prince. Physical activity and strength were the old leaper's true patents of nobility.

Resuming his coat, the victor sought with his eye the fair prize he had, although nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

The lover stood aloof, gloomy and mortified, admiring the superiority of the stranger in an exercise in which he prided himself as unrivalled, while he hated him for his success.

"Annette, my pretty prize," said the victor, taking her passive hand, "I have won you fairly." Annette's cheek became paler than marble; she trembled like an aspen leaf, and clung closer to her father, while the drooping eye sought the form of her lover. His brow grew dark at the stranger's language.

"I have won you, my pretty flower, to make you a bride—tremble not so violently—I mean not myself, however proud I might be," he added, with gallantry, "to wear so fair a gem next to my heart. Perhaps," and he cast his eyes inquiringly, while the current of life leaped joyfully to her brow, and a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd, "perhaps there is some more favored youth among the company who has a higher claim to the jewel. Young sir," he continued, turning to the surprised Henry, "methinks you were victor in the lists before me. I strove not for the maiden, though one could not well strive for a fairer—but from love for the manly sport in which I saw you engaged. You are the victor, and as such, with the permission of this worthy assembly, you receive from my hand the prize you have so well and so honorably won."

The youth sprang forward and grasped his hand with gratitude, and the next moment Annette was weeping from pure joy upon his shoulders. The welkin rang with the acclamations of the delighted villagers. And amid the temporary excitement produced by this act, the stranger withdrew from the crowd, mounted his horse, and spurred him at a brisk trot through the village.

That night, Henry and Annette were married, and the health of the mysterious and noble-hearted stranger was drank in overflowing bumpers of rustic beverage.

In process of time there was born unto the married pair sons and daughters, and Henry Carroll had become Colonel Henry Carroll of the Revolutionary army.

One evening, having just returned home after a hard campaign, he was sitting with his family on the gallery of his handsome country house, when an advance courier rode up and announced the approach of General Washington and suite, informing him that he should crave his hospitality for the night. The necessary directions were given in reference to the household preparations, and Col. Carroll, ordering his horse, rode forward to meet and escort to his house the distinguished guest, whom he had never yet seen, although serving in the same widely extended army.

That evening, at the table, Annette, now become the dignified, matronly, and still handsome Mrs. Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of

her illustrious visitor. Every moment or two she would steal a glance at his commanding features, and half doubtfully, half assuredly, shake her head and look again to be still more puzzled. Her absence of mind and embarrassment at length became evident to her husband, who inquired affectionately if she were ill.

"I suspect, Colonel," said the General, who had been some time, with a quiet, meaning smile, observing the lady's curious and puzzled survey of his features, "that Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognizes in me an old acquaintance." And he smiled with a mysterious air, as he gazed upon both alternately.

The Colonel stared, and a faint memory of the past seemed to be revived as he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively from her chair, and bending eagerly forward over the tea urn, with clasped hands and an eye of intense, eager inquiry, fixed full upon him, stood for a moment with her lips parted as if she would speak.

"Pardon me, my dear madam, pardon me Colonel, I must put an end to this scene. I have become, by dint of camp fare and hard usage, too unwieldy to leap again twenty-two feet one inch, even for so fair a bride as one I have met."

The recognition with the surprise, delight and happiness that followed, are left to the imagination of the reader.

General Washington was indeed the handsome young "leaper," whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers, is still traditionally—and whose claim to a substantial body of *bona fide* flesh and blood, was stoutly contested by the village story tellers, until the happy denouement which took place at the hospitable mansion of Colonel Carroll.

Musical charms to win the heart of savage.  
To lure the threes or crack the head of chieftain.

Will those vagabond tune peddlars never leave us in quiet? Two of them—a male and female bird, are now in sight, ten o'clock; the one has been turning the crank for a good half hour, and the other beating the tambourine more violently than Satan ever beat his wife of a rainy sunshine, and squalling louder than would his wife under such discipline; there is no getting rid of them. We resolved neither to listen or to look, but spite of resolution, in the very midst of a paragraph, fell to *peddling* time to "I'll be a butterfly born in a bower." They stand in the midst of a crowd of idlers, men and women, boys and girls, of all colors, sizes and ages, ragged urchins with hats and caps of all shapes, and some with neither hat nor shoes. They all press forward with eyes, ears and mouth wide open, to devour every note. The windows are up, and heads appear in each, just as it used to be in old times in the college, when Jim Doodrick "heads out." These vagrants are not only unproductive themselves but interrupt others in their occupations. The seamsters and stressers over the way drop the needle, the brokers below miss a figure, the editors throw down the quill, and boys sent to the post office stop by the way. These drones ought to be taken up as common vagrants.

A CONVERSATIONAL PIECE.—Well, I was told off to conduct to the "festive board" one of those creatures in whose likeness, Congreve says, angels are made. I hate this particular ode so much that I won't describe her personal peculiarities, which were repulsive, sir, repulsive, lest I should unconsciously be unfair. We sat at meat together. I tried that woman during dinner with every subject I could think of. I dragged indefatigably fancy flies of every hue and shape to and fro before her nose; but all in vain, all in vain, she wouldn't rise to them in the college, when Jim Doodrick "heads out," of the fashions, of the royal marriage, of conic sections, of the rights of women, of female doctors, in short, I touched upon every topic of the hour. I melted into pathos, I brightened into wit, I slid delicately into compliment, I told anecdotes, I touched upon scandal, I tried everything; but nothing would do. She wouldn't say anything but a mere "Yes" or "No." Between the courses she pensively munched bread, looking like a monkey with the toothache. She wouldn't answer, absolutely wouldn't or couldn't talk at all. It was awful.

NOTHING on earth can smile but human beings. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond flash compared with an eye flash and a mirth flash? A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, more bewitching than either.

## Coming Musical Stars.

BULOW, MENTER, POPPER, SCHUMANN, JOACHIM, WATCHEL, ABT AND LISZT.

Last week's number of Watson's *Art Journal*, a number illustrated for Christmas, contains a letter from Leipzig, which contains some important musical news. The writer says:

"The future of the United States concerning virtuosity is splendid. You may expect first the lion piasts, Dr. Hans von Bulow, ex-on-in-law of Liszt. It is pretty sure that Bulow comes under the management of Ullmann. It is also probable that the charming pianist, Sophie Menter, who married recently the well-known violoncello virtuoso, Popper, who resigned his place as first violoncellist of the Vienna Opera Orchestra, for traveling purposes with his wife, will visit the United States. Sophie is known as the best female pianist of the present day, and Popper as violoncello player is immense.

"Abt, the chapel-master in Brunswick, is working hard to finish an opera for the United States. As soon as the work is done he will send it immediately thither for study, and he himself will follow a short time after.

"The tenor, Watsche, enjoys the best health; he told me, with a smiling face, that he will visit New York again; that he has not decided exactly the time, but you may expect him at any time, for he is very fond of American dollars. Frau Dr. Clara Schumann wishes to come also, but she wants somebody who will guarantee her for six months \$20,000 net for her part. That amount will not be too much, but the difficulty is she wants to come only with her friend, the well-known violinist, Joachim, in company with his wife, a very great songstress, who also wants \$20,000, making \$40,000. Where is Barnum or somebody else?

Six years ago Liszt got an offer for \$100,000 guaranteed by his friend and publisher, Julius Schuberth. Liszt replied, 'Not yet, my dear friend; let us talk about the matter in latter time, after Rubinstein and Bulow have been there.' Of course, after the visit of Bulow, Schuberth will remind his friend of his promise. But, alas! it is yet an unsettled question, if the gray-haired hero feels still in the same mind as he felt six years ago. Money don't play a part with Liszt, even if he could have guaranteed to him 1,000,000 francs.

"The fame of your Thomas Orchestra is so advanced here in Germany that Liszt, Raff and Wagner wish to have their works performed by this society; even more, for Raff has recently composed for Thomas a suite in five numbers, for solo violin and grand orchestra. What a triumph for Mr. Thomas; also for Listman and the members of that society."

## Parepa Rosa's Funeral.

The London *Telegraph*, of Jan. 26th, tells us the remains of Madame Parepa Rosa were entered in Highgate Cemetery, and also furnishes in a more recent issue the following particulars of the funeral:

"The procession left Warwick Crescent shortly before 11 o'clock, and consisted of three mourning carriages. In the first of these was Mr. Carl Rosa, Mr. James Howell, Mr. Edward Howell, and Mr. E. Hogarth; in the second were Dr. Bruce, Mr. Cowen, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Jackson; and the third coach was occupied by the faithful companion of Madame Rosa for many years, and by the household servants, the cortege being brought up by private carriages.

"At Highgate a very large assembly awaited the arrival of the mournful procession, and the scene both in the chapel and round the grave during the solemn service was touching in the extreme, a large proportion of those present making no attempt to conceal their great sorrow. Prominent among those on the spot were Sir Michael Costa, Mr. Santley, Mr. Ganz, Mr. Patey, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Grunstein, Signor Travanti, Mr. Chatterson, Mr. C. Lyall, Mr. Nordblom, Mr. W. D. Davidson, Mr. Randegger, Mr. Hersee, Mr. Maybrick, Mr. Pearson, etc.

"The widely-spread affection with which Madame Parepa Rosa was regarded by all classes of her profession was further evidenced by the number of members of the chorus, who by their presence testified their deep regret for her loss. The heavy oaken coffin—on which the words 'Euphrosyne Parepa Rosa; born May 7, 1836; died January 1, 1874,' were inscribed—was, on being lowered into the grave, covered with rare and costly flowers, amongst which was a beautiful wreath of Camellias, azaleas and violets, sent as a special tribute from the opera company, with whose provincial career the name of Rosa had been identified."



## A Musical Prodigy.

In a small Polish village there resides a Jewish minister named Eleazer Steirer, who possesses an extraordinary baritone voice. His fame reached Vienna, and Messrs. Rokitsanski and Neumann, two of the performers at the opera house in that city, invited him to visit Vienna at their expense. One fine morning Steirer presented himself to his hosts in the Vienna capital, a Polish Jew, with flowing ringlets on both sides of his face, and enveloped in a huge fur cap. Steirer's singing displayed a voice of rare quality, and the two enterprising men above mentioned determined to give him a musical education. Some financiers declared their readiness to maintain him during his studentship, and, the preliminaries being thus satisfactorily settled, it only remained for the director of the opera to test his musical powers. Herbeck, the director, expressed his willingness to give him a hearing, and for the purpose Steirer shortly made an appearance. "What can you sing?" asked Herbeck. "I know nothing," mourned Steirer, "for I am only a Chazan." "That matters not," enjoined the genial impresario, "sing us one of your Jewish melodies." There was no occasion to repeat the request. Steirer sang a *Kadish* from the atonement service in so effective a manner that it moved his audience to tears. All present were enraptured with the purity of his sympathetic voice. It was unanimously agreed that Steirer should forsake the ministry for the operatic stage. To this he assented, stipulating a condition that he should retain his ringlets and his muft. This condition defeated their project, for it was impossible for Count Luna to be decorated with flowing locks, or Nelusko to appear in Polish garb. The conscientious man preferred to abandon the good prospect held out to him rather than infringe the scruples of his religious opinion; so he returned to his inadequately-paid post in the Polish village.

## Church Music.

We admire the music of a fine quartette, especially when accompanied by the king of instruments in the hands of a skillful organist; but while listening to the modern church music, at once so fine, so fashionable, and, we regret to say, so expensive, we frequently find ourselves sighing for the "good old days," and even thinking, sometimes, that there was more of genuine worship of God in the music to which we used to listen when Betsey Ann, and Matilda and Jonathan, and Jeremiah, and other commonplace folks sat in the singers' gallery, and sang as though their souls were lifted nearer to heaven while their voices raised in song. How the chords of old "China" used to warm our hearts! How "Coronation" sent the blood tingling to our fingers' ends! and, when the tenor and soprano voices soared aloft like birds on wing in the beautiful duet of sweet old "Arie!," our little heart (for we were young then) fluttered up with the voices, nor ceased to throb with delightful sensations until the last notes of the sacred song were heard no more. People sang in the days as though they felt it, and we believe they did. All over the church might be heard the voices of worshipful hearts moved to "jine in" by the sentiment of the hymn or the love of God that pervaded their souls. We liked it then; we remember it with pleasure now; and we believe that the most fashionable hymn, rendered in the most artistic manner, by the most fashionable choir, will die away and be forgotten in an hour, while one of the old hymns of which we have spoken, sung in the spirit in which they used to be sung, will stir men's souls to their deepest depths with the genuine spirit of a revealed religion. —*Echo*.

In New Jersey, many years ago, a good-hearted man and his long-tongued, style-talking wife attended a social party. Almost every three minutes his wife would check him thus:

"Now, William, don't lean back in your chair in that way."

"Now, William, don't talk so loud."

"Now, William, don't get quite so noisy over there."

"Now, William, let the girls alone and come and set by me."

At last forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and the husband, who was really pitted by all in the room, arose and said:

"I beg pardon of the company, but as my wife insists on being boss all the time, it is right she should have all of these."

And deliberately he took off his pants and handed them to his wife, and then sat down in his boots and drawers.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## Letter from Boston.

HOW THE "HUB" PATRONIZES OPERA—NEARLY FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR ELEVEN PERFORMANCES—NILSSON'S PROFITS—THE HARVARD CONCERTS—THE HANDEL AND HAYDN FESTIVAL—INTERESTING ORGAN RECITALS—A BATCH OF CHAMBER CONCERTS—OPERA AND MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

BOSTON, February 16, 1874.

Of course the most prominent musical topic to write upon from Boston just now, is the recent season of Italian opera, given at the Boston Theatre by the Strakosch company. Eleven representations were given, commencing on the 3d inst. and closing on Saturday last. Of the merits of the artists I need not write, for Detroit has had an opportunity to judge for themselves in that matter. Indeed, the troupe came directly from Detroit to Boston. Suffice it to say Boston looks upon the company as the best it has heard for many years, and in many particulars the best it has ever heard. Manager Strakosch does not base his claims for patronage on the possession of a single great singer, but there is an even excellence throughout his company. It is a double company, in fact, with the single exception that Miss Cary is the only *prima donna contralto*. Nilsson, however, was the great attraction in Boston, and the greatest houses were drawn when she appeared. The receipts for the eleven performances reached the extraordinary sum of \$46,021. Not only is this unprecedented in the operatic annals of our own city, but the amount far exceeds anything ever before reached in America in the same length of time. It is interesting to note the results in detail as disclosed by the following figures which give the gross receipts at each performance:

|                          |             |
|--------------------------|-------------|
| Feb. 3—"Huguenots" ..... | \$3,396 00  |
| 4—"Mignon" .....         | 4,512 50    |
| 5—"Aida" .....           | 1,954 50    |
| 6—"Lucia" .....          | 2,613 00    |
| 7—"Faust" .....          | 6,093 50    |
| 8—"Travatore" .....      | 4,833 50    |
| 10—"Ernani" .....        | 2,114 50    |
| 11—"Martha" .....        | 6,319 00    |
| 13—"Don Giovanni" .....  | 5,678 00    |
| 15—"Aida" .....          | 2,831 00    |
| 14—"Lucia" .....         | 6,175 50    |
| Total .....              | \$46,021 00 |

Madame Nilsson sang in the "Huguenots," "Mignon," "Faust," "Travatore," "Martha," "Don Giovanni," and in "Lucia," when it was given the second time.

Any one who has not an intimate knowledge of the cost of opera giving would form an idea that Max Strakosch must have realized a large amount in profits from this handsome exhibit, but this is not the case. After paying the theatre managers, Madame Nilsson, and his company, he had left only \$5,000 or \$6,000. In the first place, the only terms upon which the theatre could be had was for a percentage of 234 per cent. on the gross receipts, and this arrangement paid the managers the nice little sum of \$10,354.71 for the occupancy of the house. Meanwhile two dramatic performances were given Saturday nights, and on the other evenings the company played elsewhere. Madame Nilsson's terms are even more exacting. Owing to the panic which overtook Strakosch in the midst of his New York season, Madame Nilsson consented to a revision of her contract. In place of receiving a certainty of 5,000 francs (\$1,000, gold) per night, she agreed to take a certainty of 2,500 francs (\$500, gold) per night, together with an equal share of all receipts above \$3,000. By means of this change, she pockets a much larger sum than she would have made by the original terms, inasmuch as the business has improved. Her share on the nights in which she appeared in this city ranged as follows:

|                      |             |
|----------------------|-------------|
| "Huguenots" .....    | \$682 50    |
| "Mignon" .....       | 1,340 75    |
| "Faust" .....        | 2,131 25    |
| "Travatore" .....    | 1,261 25    |
| "Martha" .....       | 2,344 00    |
| "Don Giovanni" ..... | 1,950 90    |
| "Lucia" .....        | 2,179 65    |
| Total .....          | \$11,860 30 |

The theatre share and Madame Nilsson's share deducted, there remained only \$23,805.99 with which Mr. Strakosch had to pay the salaries of eighty or ninety people and all incidental expenses. Considering the great risk the manager runs in giving opera, the compensation in this instance was certainly small. It will be seen that the first week's receipts were \$18,569.50, and average of \$3,719.90 for each of the five performances, and the second week's \$27,451.50, with an average of \$4,575.25 for each of the six representations, the average for the whole number of eleven representations being within a fraction of \$4,184. One singular fact is disclosed by the above figures, viz: that Mr. Strakosch actually nets a larger sum from a \$2,800 house when Madame Nilsson does not sing than he does with a \$4,500 when she does appear.

Among the members of the opera company who won particular favor, aside from Madame Nilsson, were Mlle. Torriani, Miss Cary, M. Capoul and M. Maurel. Signor Campanini was very successful when he was in good voice, but this only happened once or twice. Last evening a concert was given at the Boston Theater, at which Mlle. Torriani, M. Capoul and M. Maurel appeared with great success. Next Wednesday evening Madame Nilsson, M. Capoul and M. Maurel are to sing at a concert to be given at Music Hall by Mr. Peck. The ticket sale for this latter entertainment has already reached a sum in excess of \$5,000 and the probabilities are that the receipts will be larger than any of the opera nights.

The Harvard Symphony concerts are drawing to a close. The eighth concert of the series took place on the 13th, and only two more remain to be given. These will occur February 26th, and March 19th. On the 13th Mr. George L. Osgood sang some German songs, and Mr. Hugo Leonhard, the pianist, played solos by Mozart and Chopin. The concert overture in A by Rietz, and Schumann's E flat symphony constituted the orchestral pieces. Camilla Urso is to play a violin concerto in D, by Mozart, at the next concert. At the seventh concert, which took place January 29th, a new overture by Dudley Buck was played with fine success. It is a composition of rare merit. It deserves further notice from the fact that it is the first American work ever performed at the Harvard concerts. The Harvard Musical Association has never done much for native art, and the public at large will be pleased as well as surprised at this new departure. Now that Buck's music has been heard, there is no reason why other American composers should not receive some consideration.

The Handel and Haydn Society are busily engaged in rehearsing for their Third Triennial Festival, which occurs in May next. The affair will be on a more elaborate and satisfactory scale than any of the previous festivals. It will open Tuesday evening, May 5th, and close Sunday evening, May 10th. The Theodore Thomas orchestra, augmented from among our own musicians to the number of not less than eighty, has been engaged for the entire festival. The solo department will include such names as Miss Edith Wynne, of London, well remembered as the prima donna of the Dolby company of two years ago; Miss Adelaide Philipps, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Mr. Nelson Varley, Mr. George L. Osgood, Mr. Winch, Mr. M. W. Whitney, and others of our best resident vocalists. Among the works to be performed are the new oratorios, "St. Peter," by John K. Paine, the new Forty-Sixth Psalm, by Dudley Buck, a portion of Haydn's "Seasons," Mendelssohn's "Christus" and "Hear my Prayer,"



the Ninth or Choral Symphony of Beethoven, the "St. Matthew Passion" of Bach, Handel's "Judas Maccabreus" and "Messiah," with several new compositions for the grand orchestra. Carl Zerrhan and Theodore Thomas are to be conductors. Altogether the festival promises to be of great interest. Subscription books for a guarantee fund of \$40,000, are now being circulated for signatures. Season tickets, admitting to all the concerts and rehearsals of the week, are to be sold for \$15.

Mr. George E. Whitney, the well known organist, has begun a series of organ recitals, under the auspices of the New England Conservatory of Music, which promise to be of much interest to organ students and others. They take place at the Conservatory Hall every Saturday, and the present series will number twenty recitals. The object is to give the auditors an opportunity to listen to the best music of all styles, from Bach to Wagner. Separate programmes will be devoted to each composer, and in case of the best known names, Bach, Handel, Haydn, etc., several performances to each. The opening recital, last Saturday, was of a general character, and embraced compositions by Bach, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven and Mozart. The announcements for the future concerts are as follows: Programme 21st, Handel, first programme; February 28th, Haydn, first programme; March 7th, Mozart, first programme; March 14th, Beethoven, first programme; March 21st, Schubert, first programme; March 28th, Spohr, first programme; April 4th, Rossini, first programme; April 11th, Weber; April 18th, Mendelssohn, first programme; April 25th, Mendelssohn, second programme; May 2d, Mendelssohn, third programme; May 9th, Schumann; May 16th, Meyerbeer; May 23d, Gounod; May 30th, Bach, first programme; June 6th, modern composers for the organ, first programme, representing Moritz Brosig, of Breslau, W. T. Best, of Liverpool; Christian Fink, pupil of the Leipzig Conservatory; and Lefebvre Wely, of Paris; June 13th, Handel second programme; June 20th, Haydn, second programme; June 27th, Mozart, second programme.

Camilla Urso is to give a series of classical concerts, at Horticultural Hall, commencing on the evening of the 23d, and continuing on successive Monday evenings, to the number of four. She has organized a fine string quartette from the members of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with herself as first violin, and among the other artists engaged are Mr. George L. Osgood, tenor, and Mr. Ernest Perao, pianist, for the first concert; Miss Clara Doria, soprano, and Mr. J. B. Lang, pianist, at the second concert; Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, baritone, and Mr. Richard Hoffman, of New York, pianist, at the third concert; and Mr. Nelson Varley, tenor, and Mr. S. B. Mills, of New York, pianist, for the fourth concert. The programmes are fresh and entertaining.

The coming month will be filled with concerts of all kinds. In addition to the Urso concerts and the organ recitals of Mr. Whiting, the following deserve mention:

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club are giving a series of Saturday evening concerts of chamber music, at the Meionaon, having commenced on the 7th inst. Mr. Carlyle Petersilea is engaged in giving a series of ten piano-forte recitals, at Wesleyan Hall, and is to perform all the Beethoven Sonatas, *in seriatim*. Two of the concerts have already been given, and the series will run until May 29th. Mr. Frederick Boscovitz gave the first of three classical piano-forte recitals, at the hall of the Apollo Club, on the 12th. The other entertainments of the course occur March 5th and 27th. Mr. J. B. Lang is to give four concerts at Mechanics' Hall, Thursday afternoons, February 19th, and March 5th, 12th and 26th. Among the artists who are to assist him are Miss Therese Liebe, the violinist, Miss Clara Doria, Messrs. Nelson Varley, George L. Osgood, Charles R. Hayden, August Fries, Wulf Fries, and members of

the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Madame Madeline Schiller is to give three piano-forte recitals at Mechanics' Hall, Friday afternoons February 27th and March 13th and 27th. Messrs. George L. Osgood, the tenor, and Hugo Leonhard, the pianist, are to give four weekly recitals at Mechanics' Hall, Wednesday afternoons, March 11th, 18th, 25th and April 1st.

Then there is a long list of benefit and miscellaneous concerts which would occupy too much space to enumerate.

The New York Glee and Madrigal Singers are to give several other concerts this season. The next one occurs on the 25th inst.

Caroline Richings-Bernard, and her Old Folks concert company, are to give a series of six concerts at Music Hall, commencing March 23d.

Mr. A. P. Peck's benefit concert in April will be an affair of unusual interest. The Thomas orchestra will assist, and several eminent artists.

The Kellogg English Opera Troupe were to have opened a two weeks' season at the Boston Theatre, March 9th, taking the time allotted originally to the Aimee Opera Bouffe Troupe, but now that the latter has left Mexico earlier than was anticipated and will probably be here in time, the English opera season will probably be given up. So in place of "Martha" we shall have "La Fille de Madame Angot."

Miss Abby Noyes's annual benefit concert occurs at Tremont Temple, next Thursday evening. Miss Noyes is the popular and obliging cashier at Ditson & Co.'s music store, where she has faithfully served the public, and the musical profession particularly, more than twenty years.

Mr. W. J. D. Leavitt's oratorio of "The Coronation of David," will be performed at Tremont Temple, Wednesday evening, March 4th.

Dudley Buck has composed an andante and Scherzo Fantastique expressly for the Beethoven Quintette Club.

Boston will have a new hall for concerts, next season, and in all probability a new opera house and a new theatre.

#### RANGER.

#### A Novel and Ingenious Invention.

Mr. Granville Wood, of this city, has recently invented, and applied for a patent, upon what he calls an automatic music desk. This little device is readily attached to the ordinary desk, or book rack of a piano or organ, or in fact to any music stand; and by an ingenious arrangement of metallic arms the leaves of music are held nicely in place, and by simply striking a lever or key that projects forward just above the key board of the instrument, they are quickly turned over, one by one, as the performer desires without the slightest inconvenience. We have no doubt this improvement will be hailed with great joy by all who have felt the great inconvenience and annoyance occasioned by being obliged to stop in the midst of a piece of music and turn the leaves, thereby materially marring the beauty of it, and often destroying it altogether.

Mr. Wood has produced this unique piece of workmanship at the suggestion of one of our prominent music teachers here, and we congratulate him in so successfully meeting the wants of all players of music. We have seen the automatic music desk in operation, and can truly say we believe it to be a success, inasmuch as it does all the inventor claims for it. It is gotten up in a neat and tasty style, and by the convenient method with which it is secured to the instrument without disfiguring it in the least, it is highly ornamental as well as useful.

There is nothing purer than honesty, nothing sweeter than charity, nothing warmer than love, nothing richer than wisdom, nothing brighter than virtue, and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, and the most steadfast happiness.

#### A Pun Too Good To Be Lost.

Early in the present century, two distinguished divines in England—Jay and Fuller, both noted for love of fun and dry jokes, as well as for erudite wisdom in things pertaining to the heavenly and divine, were traveling in a stage coach through a rural part of England. In passing on their way, busily engaged in the *recherche* conversation which would naturally arise and be kept up by two great minds thus brought in close proximity, Fuller, with upturned eye through the window of the coach, espied an owl, perched on the branch of a tree by the road-side. With a twinkle in the eye, and a smiling, bland countenance, he exclaims:

"My dear brother, what a beautiful Jay!" the index finger pointing to the bird on the tree.

Jay, in a demure, thoughtful manner, surveyed the bird in his perch on the tree, and replied:

"Brother Fuller, that's not a Jay, it can't be a Jay, for it's Fuller in the head, its Fuller in the eye, its Fuller all over."

**PRAYING BY MUSIC.**—Prayers need not always be expressed in words. Profound emotions and yearnings of heart may go up to God without clothing themselves in language. Henry Ward Beecher gives a fine illustration in the experience of John Zundel, one of the best organists in America. When he was converted and united with the church, he said to Mr. Beecher:

"It seems that everything in the world is new. Last night I prayed, but not as you do."

"Mr. Beecher asked him what he meant, and he answered, 'I do not speak my prayers.'"

"Well, how do you pray?"

"On the piano always," was the reply.

Mr. Beecher says he would sit down at the piano when in a prayerful mood, shut his eyes, and pray with his fingers; and then adds, "I did not wonder at it when I heard his music."

#### Consecration of Art.

Says Hans Christian Andersen of Jenny Lind, in his "Story of My Life": "On one occasion only did I hear her express her joy in her talent and her self-consciousness. It was during her last residence in Copenhagen. Almost every evening she appeared either in the opera or at concerts; every hour was in requisition. She heard of a society, the object of which was to assist unfortunate children, and to take them out of the hands of their parents, by whom they were misused and compelled either to beg or steal.

"Let me," said she, 'give a night's performance for the benefit of these poor children; but we will have double prices!'

"Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds. When she was informed of this, and that by this means a number of poor children would be benefited for several years, her countenance beamed, and the tears filled her eyes.

"Is it not beautiful," she said, 'that I can sing so?'

"Through her I first became sensible of the holiness there is in art; through her I learned that one must forget one's self in the service of the Supreme."

**NOTHING GOOD THAT IS FORGOTTEN.**—Dickens wrote: "There is nothing beautiful and good that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child dying in a cradle, will live again in the bitter thoughts of those who loved it—play its part, though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that love it here. Dead! Oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear; for how much charity, mercy, purified affection, would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves."

Music as an agent for promoting health is of high value. If invalids would devote an hour or two daily to practicing vocal music, it would often restore them to health. Persons with weak lungs may thus ward off fatal lung disease. The effect on both body and mind is excellent.



## THE SONG JOURNAL.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, MARCH, 1874.

*"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."**"The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."*

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## Opera in America.

Disguise it as we may, plaster it over with all the tinsel and trumpery thrown at random into the performances of the artists that are going through our country, giving, as they profess to do, the operas of the great masters, when analyzed, will be found in a large majority to consist of the weakest incongruities, and basest absurdities of the operatic stage. We are not unmindful of the truth that this is a humiliating concession, yet it is, nevertheless, true; and a fearless expose of this evil, we deem the axe at the root of the tree in the renovation of the opera and drama of the future, which we cannot but believe is grand and ennobling.

That a reform in this direction is sorely needed who can deny? Who can shut his eyes, as he surveys the condition of the drama or the opera, to the fact that the houses are nightly opened only to show the peculiar qualities of this or that popular actor, this or that favorite singer, and especially those whose celebrity has been fashioned and nurtured on a foreign soil, and by import from "foreign climes" commands the greatest respect. Who cannot see that the operas of the present are written with a distinct view to the exhibition of the powers of particular "stars," and that it has become a matter of indifference with a vast majority of opera goers, what particular work of art may be submitted to their senses? Here in the west, perhaps, we should go back to the days when the opera was in its swaddling garb, and its cradle, for the works which can be justly appreciated. Yet, even here in the west, we fail to know something of the grand old operatic airs of Handel, Gluck, Mozart, and a Beethoven, as held up to us in his *one* great dramatic work, the ideal of human grandeur and purity, to which alone he thought his music capable of being wedded on the stage. What, then, is the conclusion to which we are driven from the above? Simply, and unmistakably, that our Italian opera houses have degenerated into mere fashionable lounging places for the lazy rich, and those who have as little regard for art (outside the fashions of society in which they move) as they have of the air that sustains them along the pathway of a life that does nothing for God, or a world they are obligated to sustain in the sphere called to move.

The analysis of the whole then, as we view it from the standpoint we occupy, as to the opera or drama, is in the hands of the "mercenary undertakers," who bury their artists on the approved plan of disposition in the conventionalisms of society. If rich, and can pay for talent, all right. So when criticism is brought to the test, the same potent influence of the pen, well paid for, can buy the brains of the greatest artist living, and push him into public favor. The truth is, the opera is nothing more, in the main, than a tragic poem recited in musical sounds. This is clearly revealed in its origin and original use; and we cannot close what we have to

say so well as by quoting from the *London Musical Times*, which says:

"That in spite of the shallowness of popular tastes the musical art does advance; that it will eventually reconquer that vast field for the display of its highest qualities, the stage; that, in fact, there is a future and a great future for the musical drama, we do not for a moment doubt. The progress of all art, between one phase of its development and another, may be slow, nay, almost imperceptible. It is during these more or less protracted hazy intervals, that the critical police are busiest, going their rounds and turning their dark lanterns that way and that, in the often vain attempt to show us whither we are going. And while criticism is still thus engaged, the rising sun of creative genius will, sooner or later, scatter the fogs before it, till we are standing once more in the glorious light of a new day. We are now in a state of transition; but beyond the somewhat labyrinthian strivings of the day, we look with the eye of faith to the fulfillment of the prophecies, the legacies of Mozart and Beethoven, contained in 'Don Giovanni' and 'Fidelio.'"

## Home—Country—All the World.

We love our natal home, our native place, our native land. Though humble the cot where born, and far removed from the pomp and splendors of the rich and opulent of the "city's gay throng" and pageantry; yet, after all, there is a peculiar and distinct link of attachment belonging to each of these relationships. But patriotism is the bond of the whole, and he who loves his country loves his home and all between. That love of country is as potent as ever, that pure unalloyed patriotism is as strong and controlling a principle as ever, we believe, and its truthfulness is stereotyped and indelibly fixed in the hearts of the survivors of those who imperiled their lives in the late struggle for the perpetuity of our government.

But at home and in our country this sentiment, like the light of heaven and the air we breathe, is so familiar, that we are scarcely conscious of its presence unless reflection be powerfully awakened to it by the return of some national or domestic occasion on which we are wont to felicitate ourselves and those who are dear to us, on this course of so much of our mutual felicity. Let us, then do all we can to perpetuate the love we bear for the "dear old home"—the dear old country—and the precious associations clustering around them.

## Mons. Mazurette's Classic Concert.

Since our last issue the musical pool has been repeatedly troubled by the stepping in, from home and abroad, of those, who, from prevalent assumption of artistic merit assumed, or feigned efforts to obtain a healing balm which for a time past has riven, on account of financial trouble. Scarcely a day passes without seeing the city flooded with flaming hand bills, announcing some musical entertainment for the evening. And scarcely an evening passes without seeing the multitude pour forth to listen in raptures to everything that is offered them, whether good, bad, or indifferent. Indeed, if we do not have concerts and opera ten evenings to the week, the reason is obviously because the week does not contain so many evenings. There seems to be a perfect mania in regard to this subject. On one evening we have the Strakosch Opera Company, comprising four of Europe's best artists, together with the choicest of our own, whose rich tones and charming harmony have delighted every ear that has heard them. Then we have a concert from our own "Detroit Musical Society," which bids fair to gain a musical immortality in the superior rendition of music of a classical character, and in a manner reflecting the highest praise upon our home talent.

The Scotch Musical Association gave an entertainment consisting of many fine selections from Irish and English ballads, together with a few numbers from opera and oratorio. The Howard Dramatic Club played "Old Phil's Birthday," and the farce "Ici on parle Francais." There was also a musical interlude, of quite pleasing character, between the pieces.

Mons. Mazurette's concert opened by his performance of "La Galante," by Hummel, "Marche du Nuit," by Gottschalk, and "Lucia de Lammermoor" (fantasia), by Liszt. In the rendition of these, as also all the numbers performed throughout the concert by Mons. M., the physical power displayed was truly astonishing. His wrist, hand and fingers have acquired a variety of positions, and a facility of execution, perfectly marvellous; and in the performance of octaves, reiterations of the same note, extending and sweeping arpeggios, florid legato and staccato passages, in short, all known difficulties which have successively arisen from the great masters, in every variety of style, he seems to have conquered.

His touch is not the least surprising feature in his mechanical acquirements. It is elastic, equal, varied, and so entirely under control that he can develop no fewer than four distinct kinds of tone at one and the same time. Thus, while with one hand he plays a simple air, accompanied with full harmonies, the former standing out from the latter like the human voice, with the other he plays a base, and at the same time fills up the intervals between the notes with most beautifully contrasted roulades and arpeggios. Mrs. Bliss delighted the audience with a charming rendition of the song "Light of My Soul," receiving, as it deserved, a hearty *encore*. Her voice is rich and powerful, partaking somewhat, we think, of the contralto in its upper register; but her care in cultivation, and skillful management, does much towards covering up this element of tone. The quintette for piano, violin, alto, violoncello, and contra bass, was a clever performance of this beautiful quintette by the celebrated J. Herz, the eminent French composer. We can scarcely see where in this could have been improved, except in one or two slight discrepancies in time, and when in like number of instances the piano was a little too loud for the other instruments. The singing of Mr. Thompson, in both his songs, as also in his *impromptu* assumption of Mr. Beecher's part in the vocal duet, was good. Seldom have we listened to the rendering of the beautiful song, "Sleep Well, Sweet Angel," with greater satisfaction and delight. The grand duet, by Madame and Mons. M., "L'Orient," was a masterly exhibition of skill in execution, dexterity and power seldom met with in a lady performer. The violoncello solo, "Le Desir," piano, violin, alto, contra bass accompaniment, was assuredly the best performed number of the choice programme. That Mr. Spiel is an artist there is no question, indeed it is not too much to say he has few superiors. His tone is of exquisite sweetness, yet full of fire and power; his intonation is most accurate, his bowing is very effective, his style of playing neat and finished, and his power of expression very great. His theme he gave with great pathos and beauty, his adagios and singing passages are full of feeling and passion; his double stops in thirds, sixths and octaves are highly finished and effective, and he exhibits many of the difficulties of his instrument in a way showing himself to be a perfect master of it. We have said thus much of Mr. S. under the conviction that the true capabilities of the violoncello are not understood or duly appreciated as one of the effective musical instruments in use. It seems to us to be an instrument lost sight of under the shadow of the piano, and violin, and some other instruments, and what is wanted to place it in the light its importance demands is frequent exhibitions of its merits like that given by Mr. Spiel at Mons. Mazurette's interesting concert.



### Politeness.

How often is the fact declared that true politeness is an offspring of benevolence and modesty, and that true refinement has its seat only in the heart. And yet how few, who wish to give their children "accomplishments," realize the fact? A boy or girl may be turned off for the training of the dancing-master and the boarding-school—may be refined and re-refined by the tailors and mantau-makers—join the gayest companions in the most fashionable places of resort for the genteel—in short, may be "brought out" with all the aids of wealth and of every rule and ceremony that can be taught, and yet remain destitute of politeness. Whereas, the individual who has a kind, benevolent and noble disposition—has this cultivated and fostered by parents and associates, and becomes acquainted with that only which is pure truth and virtue, may, with the most superficial knowledge of conventional customs, be truly polite and genteel. And the former, by proper cultivation of the heart, may be made polite and amiable—as the latter, by being taught to be kind by rule, and to feel according to fashion, may become genteel in manner. The heart is that which governs the *limbs*; and the former must be sound to direct aright the latter.

In proof of this, we often see children, literally brought up "in the woods," who are barbarous in the drawing-room, but who, for associates, for modesty and generosity, are preferable to tens of thousands of the gayest and most fashionable belles and beaux. One have *hearts*—the others *starch*. And when your true dandy gentleman of starch and gilding comes into the country, even clever people have a disposition to avoid the whole tribe and lock the doors.

### Raymond's Reed Organ Gems.

We have before us a book of 104 pages for the Reed Organ, Cabinet Organ, and Melodeon, consisting of music in variety, from the simple waltz, polka, schottische, mazurka, marches, nocturnes and choice operatic selections. The author in his preface says—"It has been my aim to make the music of a bright pleasing character as most of the music published for the Reed organ is in the form of voluntaries, or pieces for church service, which, however, meritorious they may be, is not what the majority of the people want or care for."

We have in the book before us one whose difficulties will not exclude it from the use and study of the amateur and performer of the most modest pretensions, while they are sufficient to give zest to its study, and make those engaged in the performance of its varied contents feel that they have something to accomplish. Its merits will stimulate and gratify the interests of the practitioner, being easily appreciable and fully satisfactory. The selections of the music are judiciously made, comprising some of the choicest from the leading operas, popular waltzes, marches and polkas, together with some of the author's own compositions, making a choice collection and one of the most desirable books of the kind which has fallen under our inspection. We commend it to those desirous of obtaining a good book for the organ, or a good collection of music. For sale wholesale and retail, by C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson avenue, Detroit.

### Grammatical Exquisite.

A bright little Miss, who was "being taught" grammar to perfection by her parents and friends, and who strove with them to accomplish the object in conversing with another about a flower, asked her, "Am you ever *sawen* it?" Much as we may laugh at her expression, its doubtful whether we can deny that, upon regular principles, it is correct. The tyranny of "custom" and the usages of "the most popular writers," have put it out of our power to follow nature in the choice of words. Our lan-

guage is very irregular, and perfection in it is a point to which the most extravagant ultraist will never climb. For example, children ignorant of the irregular declensions of verbs will decline them all regular. Teach them the word *see* and they will learn that of *se-ed*; teach *saw* and they will add *saw-ed*; when connected they will say, like my heroine, *sawen*; teach them *go* and they will learn *go-ed*; teach them *went* and they will teach you *went-ed*, *did* *did-ed*, etc.

### New Music.—On Our Table.

MESSRS. C. J. WHITNEY & Co. have sent us the following new and popular pieces, just issued: "I've Gathered Them In; or, The Old Grave Digger," "O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove," "Homeless To-Night," "You and I," "Dare I Tell?" and "Thousand Island Polka." The above publications are all of superior worth, and fast winning their easy way to popularity with the lovers of really good and available music. The "Old Grave Digger," by C. A. White, a song for bass or contralto, is one of the finest and most effective we have ever heard, and will doubtless attain a popularity equal, if not beyond its predecessor of the same name. Its melody is rich and dignified, set chastely to the old man's soliloquy, and made doubly effective by the accompaniment, in which the tolling of the church bell is strikingly imitated. "Homeless To-Night," by the same author, is a touching and sweet little ballad, elegantly embellished. "You and I," by Madame Lami, is a pretty and very attractive ballad, for soprano voice, and since the authoress sang it in our city, its being sought for with an avidity surprising. "Dare I Tell?" It is commendation enough to say is a song finding a conspicuous place in the *repertoire* of Mlle. Nilsson, and we predict it will soon find its way to the pianos of all desiring a beautiful song. O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove," a lovely song of a loving swain in quest of his love far away. We do not exaggerate in saying there is love enough in this song to supply a large neighborhood of lovers; and yet we could scarcely wish it less, the sentiment of words and music are so happily united. "Thousand Island Polka,"—a nice instrumental piece of moderate difficulty. Already quite popular.

S. BRAINARD'S SONS, of Cleveland, Ohio, the extensive and justly popular music publishers, send us the following, some of which were received too late to notice in our last number, but which we now gladly commend to our readers:

THE MUSICAL OFFERING is the general title of a collection of popular songs comprising ten numbers by S. K. Whiting. The titles are, "My Dear Old Home," "The Dear Old Cottage," "Evelyn Lee," "Meet Me, Maggie May," "The Love of Katy Din," "Sweet Bessie Brown" (duet), "The Name of One I Love," "Sweet Annie Lee," "Am I Dreaming?" "If my Kate Offended Be." The above are all pleasant, easy songs, with simple accompaniments, evidently designed for home use, and will doubtless wend their way into many a family, enabling it to pass the happy hours in singing over and over their sweet melodies, thereby carrying joy and gladness to many hearts.

Also, from the same, "Belle, The Beautiful Blonde," song and dance, "Drop One Bright Tear for Me," ballad, and "Down Amongst the Daisies," all of which will be found attractive with those desiring music of a popular character requiring little study in its rendition.

"The Fun of the Fair,"—comic fantasie—for the piano. In this piece we have introduced, in medley form, a number of old familiar melodies happily wrought together. Among them will be found "The Man with the Indian Drum," "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," and "Pretty Jennina," arranged in a manner, requiring the overcoming of no severe difficulties in rendition, but just enough to make it interesting and full of "fun" to master. All the above music may be obtained of C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

There is a sea beach at Manchester, near Cape Ann, Massachusetts, which is remarkable for its "musical tone." As you step briskly over it, a distinct and somewhat clear, shrill note is heard which seems to be upon the key of C of the treble scale. By scraping or shuffling the foot over the sand the notes may be prolonged, and it is loudest when the sand is driest. Hugh Miller mentions a similar phenomenon on a beach upon the coast of Scotland.

"DO THEY?"—A wager was laid on the Yankee peculiarity to answer one question by asking another. To decide the bet, a Down Easter was interrogated. "I want you," said the bettor, "to give me a straightforward answer to a plain question." "I kin do it, mister," said the Yankee. "Then why is it New Englanders always answer a question by asking one in return?" "Du they?" was Jonathan's reply.

### OLD AND YOUNG.—

The old folks sent the boys to bed,  
But out of the window, over the shed,  
They went to the ground for a little spree—  
But it's the same as it used to be.

The damsels old they fume and fret;  
They say they never saw such a set  
Of girls as these—"they make so free;"  
But they're just like the girls that used to be.

POSITIVELY THE LAST.—The Worcester Evening Gazette thus disposes of "Mary's Lamb:"

"Mary had a little lamb,"  
We've heard it o'er and o'er,  
Until the little lamb's become  
A perfect little bore!  
So I propose there shall be dug,  
A grave both deep and wide,  
In which that lamb and all its bards  
Be buried side by side.

SOUND ADVICE.—When you are living be very kind, generous, and do as much good as you can to your relations, but leave them nothing when you die, and you will be sure to be missed by them.

THACKERAY tells of an Irish woman begging of him who when she saw him putting his hand in his pocket, cried out:

"May the blessings of God follow you all the days of your life"—but when he drew out his snuff box, immediately added—"and never overtake you."

"NOTHING reminds me so much of Balaam and his ass," exclaimed an irate gentleman, "as two women stopping in church to indulge in their everlasting talk stopping the way for those who wish to get out, and make themselves the subject of criticism."

"But you forget my dear," replied his wife, meekly "It was the angel that stopped the way, and the ass spoke afterward."

"JAMES JENKINS," said a school-master to his pupil, "what is an average?" "A thing sir," answered the scholar promptly, "that hens lay on." "Why do you say that you silly boy?" replied the pedagogue. "Because sir," said the youth, "I heard a gentleman say the other day as a hen would lay, on an average, a hundred and twenty eggs a year."

FREDERICK LOCEVER, of London, wrote the pithy verse:

"They eat and drink, and scheme and plot,  
And go to church on Sunday:  
And many are afraid of God,  
And more of Mrs. Grundy.

WILSON, the celebrated vocalist, was upset in his carriage near Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the incident said: "We are happy to state that he was able to appear on the following evening in three pieces."

## LEGER LINES.

LIZET has composed a wedding cantata for the son of the Duke of Saxe-Weimer.

RUBENSTEIN is spending the winter in Italy.

The churches in Boston pay \$142,000 per annum for their choir music.

A new theater is to be built on Fifth Avenue, New York, to cost \$2,000,000.

CAMPANINI, the tenor, receives 20,000 francs per month from the Messrs. Strakosh.

It is proposed to unite all the musical societies in America at the celebration *Centennial*, in Philadelphia.

MOZART'S MSS. recently purchased for the Royal Library Berlin, number 681 pieces.

ROBERT FRANZ has received \$46,000 from his friends and admirers.

AN exchange, speaking of a concert, says: "Miss T. Deum sang a very nice song."

MADAME ERARD offers two grand pianos as prizes to the best players, lady and gentleman, in the Paris Conservatory.

A GUARANTEE fund of \$40,000 is to be obtained for the Handel and Haydn triennial festival.

MISS KELLOGG's English opera closed in New York last week.

P. S. GILMORE is giving Sunday evening concerts in New York.

MISS COLVILLE, the American *prima donna*, is winning magnificent triumphs in Italy.

MADAME ANNA BISPOF was complimented with a benefit in San Francisco recently.

MAREZEL, who invented the metronome, was born in 1776 and died in 1855.

MOZART composed a symphony for a full orchestra when only eight years old.

WEBER'S "Der Freischutz" has been performed 250 times in Leipzig, and 389 times in Berlin, in the last fifty years.

RICHARD WAGNER has made more money out of his opera of "Tannhauser," than Mozart made by all his glorious works which have rendered his name immortal.

It is 130 years since Handel brought out the Messiah in Dublin for the first time.

The first music book published in this country was a church psalm book, by Rev. John Tufts, of Newbury, Mass., in 1712 or 1714. It contained forty-eight tunes. Prior to its publication not more than six tunes were known in any congregation.

A WRITER in the *New England Chronicle*, in 1723, says: "If we once begin to sing by note, the next thing will be to pray by rule, and preach by rule, and then comes popery."

GOUDAUD says he has composed most of his operas after midnight, and has seldom written a line of music in daytime.

THEODORE THOMAS has commenced a series of matinee concerts in New York, connecting, with his full orchestra, a number of distinguished vocal and instrumental soloists. They will be a success, no doubt.

FRANZ ART calls the new opera he is writing for America "The Sharpshooter."

TAMBERLIK did not sing with Lucca and Di Murska at Havana, and \$25,000 were withdrawn from the subscription in consequence.

MLEE SCHNEIDER has purchased a lot in Paris for nearly \$50,000 francs, and intends to build a house costing 1,000,000 francs. Opera buffe pays.

The King of Bavaria has conferred on Wagner the order of Maximilian for science and art.

PATTI cleared 9,323 roubles and a diamond and pearl breast-pin at her recent benefit in Moscow.

GOBATTI, the Italian composer, whose opera, "Les Goths," has been so successful, is only twenty-three years old.

The Duke of Edinburgh recently played the violin at a concert in aid of the soap fund of the East London baths and wash-houses. How Americans would rush to see a "real Duke" fiddle for soap.

Two American compositions will be performed at the Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society. J. K. Paine's oratorio, "St. Peter," and Dudley Buck's setting of the 46th Psalm, "God is our refuge."

The Harvard Musical Association is really waking up. It recently gave a composition by an American composer.

HANDEL'S "Messiah" has been produced at the Cirque in the Champs Elysees for the first time in Paris. It was very successful. It has taken one hundred and thirty-two years for the work to reach the French capital.

## ODDITIES AND FUN.

A WIDOW of the name of Rugg having taken a Mr. Price for her second husband, and being asked by a friend how she liked the change, replied, "O, I have sold my old Rugg for a good Price."

We notice in a North Carolina paper the marriage of a Mr. James Playne to Miss Rebecca Plank. If that plank don't get the rough edges played off, we are no judges of human nature.

THAT Dutchman's apprentice had a dreadful hard time of it—he never got up early enough for breakfast, always got flogged for dinner, and then what was left of dinner was warmed up for his supper.

"ARE you going west next week, Mr. T.," said a lady. "Yes, I think I shall," was the reply. "Well, if I knew where to write and who to write to, I would write to my uncle in Ohio."

"MA, ain't Joe Smith a courtin' our Meley?" "No; what makes you think so."

"Why, always when he comes near her she sorter leans up to him like a pig to a warm jamb."

"There, Alley, go and bring in some chips."

AN Irishman sold a horse, warranted "without fault." The buyer found him stone blind, and complained accordingly. "By me sowl," said Pat, "but that's not his fault, it's only his misfortune sure."

CHILDREN are inquisitive little bodies; for instance: "What does cleave mean, pa?" "It means to unite together." "Does John unite the wood when he cleaves it?" "Hem, well it means to separate." "Well, pa, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?" "Hem, hem, don't ask so many foolish questions, child."

CONSOLATION.—Piron, the celebrated French wit, had foretold the fate of a stupid pupil of his author, and the event justified his prediction. "I have at least one consolation," said the author, "the audience did not miss my play." "I believe you," said Piron, "for it is impossible to hiss and gape at the same time."

A RED-CHEEKED, golden-haired scholar of four, runs home from school, and running first to mother, earnestly asks, "Ma, did you ever thee my theool-marm?"

"Oh yes, once."

"Wal," says he, slapping his hands, and jumping triumphantly, "wal, don't you with you went to theool, tho'st you could thee her every day, ath I do?"

DESCRIPTION OF A YANKEE.—"We are born in haste," says an American writer, "we finish our education on the run, we marry on the wing, we make a fortune in a stroke, and lose it in the same manner; to make and lose it in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is a locomotive, going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour; our soul a high pressure engine; our life is a shooting star; and death overtakes us at last like a flash of lightning."

"WILL you keep an eye on my horse, my son, while I step in and get a drink?"

"Yes, sir."

[Stranger goes in, gets his drink, comes out and finds his horse missing.]

"Where is my horse, boy?"

"He's run'd away, sir."

"Didn't I tell you to take care of him, you young scamp?"

"No sir, you tell'd me to keep my eye on him, and I did till he got clean out o'sight."

OVER caution and over preparation not unfrequently defeat their own object. Washington Irving tells us of a Dutchman who, having to leap a ditch, went back a mile that he might have a good run at it, and found himself so completely winded when he arrived at it again, that he was obliged to sit down on the wrong side to recover his wasted breath.

SISTER NANCE AND THE AGER.—We were traveling, not long since, in Illinois, and called at a house near the road side to solicit a drink of water, when the following conversation occurred:

"Well, my boy, how long have you lived here?"

"I don't know, sir, but mother says ever since I was born."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes, a few."

"How many?"

"Ten or eleven, I reckon."

"All living?"

"Was when I counted 'em last."

"Pretty healthy here, isn't it?"

"Yes, but sometimes we have a little ager."

"Any of you got it now?"

"Yes, a few on us is going to have the shakes this afternoon."

"How many?"

"Why, all on us except sister Nance, and she's sick a darn cross critter, the ager won't take on her; and if it did she is so cussed contrary she wouldn't shake, no how you could fix her."

## FRESH IMPORTATION.

We have just opened a very large invoice of

Violins,

Violin Cases,

Violin Bows,

Violin Trimmings of all kinds,

Violoncellos,

Violoncello Trimmings,

Guitars,

Guitar Trimmings, &c.,

Which are now ready for sale, and we invite every one's attention to our stock before purchasing for the Spring trade.

We also expect on or about the 6th of this month 1,000 bundles of the very finest quality of Gut Strings for Violin, which, taken in connection with stock now on hand, will make the most complete assortment of Musical Goods in the West. Call on us and see for yourselves. *No trouble to show Goods.*

C. J. WHITNEY & CO.,

197 Jefferson Ave., Detroit.

## SONG JOURNAL

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The right to add to clubs will expire one year after the date of the first subscription.

Should any parties fail to secure the necessary number of subscribers for the desired premium, they can remit the balance in cash, and the premium will be forwarded.

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Will not some enterprising person in every town in the country, upon reading this list of splendid premiums, resolve to obtain one within three months, and thus promote the true interests of musical culture in his or her neighborhood, as well as secure a handsome prize.

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# NIGHTFALL AT SEA.

Words by ARTHUR MATTHISON.

Music by VIRGINIA GABRIEL.

*Andante Sostenuto.*

*PIANO,*

*cres. L. II. dim.*

*p* *cres.* *f*

*p Legato,*

Sleep the great wa - ters, Sha - - dows fall round us,

*p* *dim.*

Night in her mys - tic folds . . . Soft - ly hath bound us,

*p*

Through the still dark - ness, O'er the sea's deep caves,

*p*

Float - - ing se - rene - - ly, Crest - - ing the dim waves,

*p* *cres.* *f* *dim.*

Spi - rits, home spi - rits. An - - gels now move. . .

*p*

Whis - - p'ring, breath - - ing, bear - - ing us love!

NIGHTFALL AT SEA.



*p* *cres.* *f* *dim e rit.*

An - gels! An - gels Breath - ing love, . . . . .

*p*

Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Peace fall - eth on us,

*p*

Gone the dark sha - dows, Fair stars shine up - on us;

*p* *Con Espressione.*

Ten - der - ly, soft - ly Peace fall - eth on us.

*cres.*

Gone the dark shad-ows, Fair stars shine up-on us,

*mf* Ten-der-ly, soft-ly, *pp* Peace full-eth on us, . . . . .

*p* *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p*

Gone the dark shad-ows, Fair stars shine up-on us,

*p ritard.*

Peace . . . . . Peace full-eth on us.

*p ritard.*



# FEU FOLLET.

("WILL O' THE WISP.")

CAPRICCIETTO.

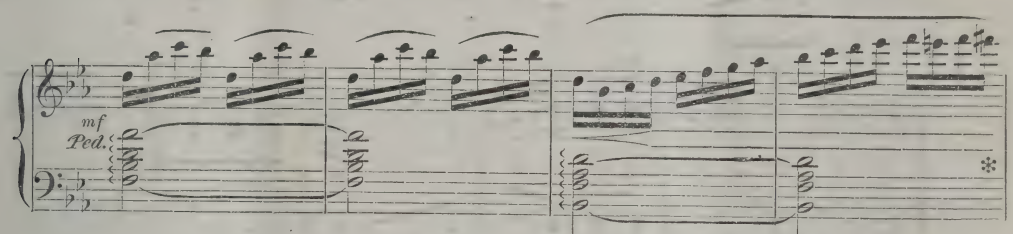
By ALBERT JUNGSMANN.

*Piano.*

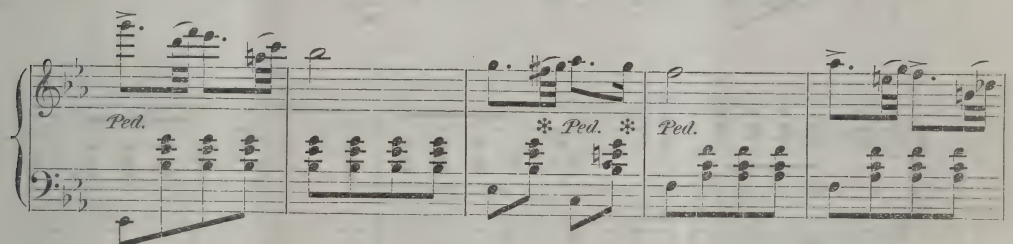
The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The second system features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic followed by a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system includes piano (*p*) and pianissimo (*pp*) dynamics. The fourth system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The score is written for piano with treble and bass staves.



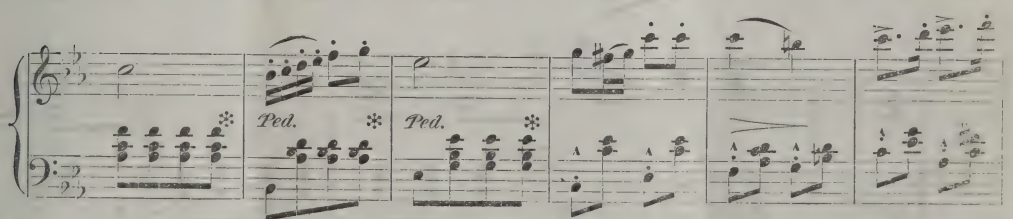
The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The right hand plays a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.



The second system continues the piece with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The right hand features a rapid, ascending scale-like passage. The left hand plays a series of chords, with a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking indicating a sustained bass line. The system ends with a decorative floral ornament.



The third system features a 'Ped.' marking at the beginning. The right hand plays a melodic line with some grace notes. The left hand continues with chords. The system includes two more 'Ped.' markings, one of which is preceded by a decorative floral ornament.



The fourth system begins with a 'Ped.' marking. The right hand has a melodic line with grace notes. The left hand plays chords, with 'Ped.' markings appearing in the second and third measures. The system concludes with a melodic flourish in the right hand.



The fifth system starts with a 'Ped.' marking. The right hand plays a melodic line. The left hand has a series of chords, with 'Ped.' markings in the second and third measures. The system ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.



The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of grand staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

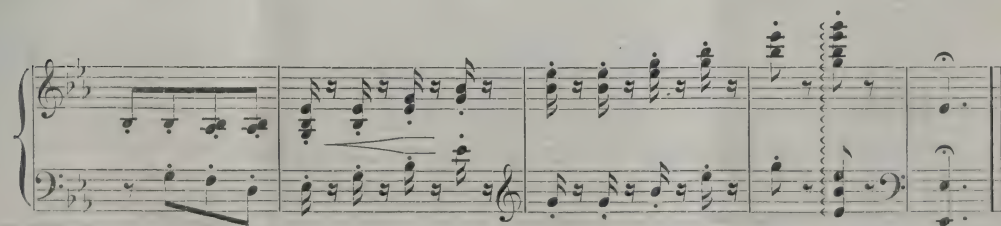
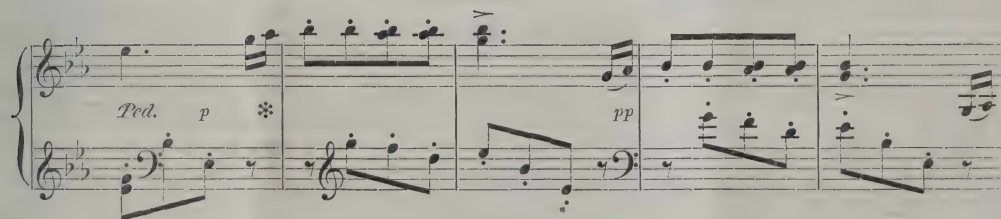
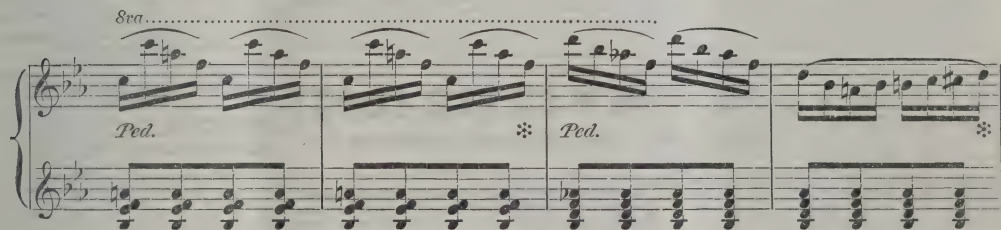
System 1: The first system shows a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The right hand features eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The system concludes with a *cres.* (crescendo) marking.

System 2: The second system introduces a *Sva.* (Sustained) marking above the right hand. The right hand plays a series of chords, while the left hand continues with eighth notes. Dynamic markings *mp* (mezzo-piano) and *p* (piano) are present.

System 3: The third system features a *pp* (pianissimo) marking in the right hand. The right hand plays chords, and the left hand has a simple bass line. The system ends with a *pp* marking.

System 4: The fourth system begins with a *Ped.* (Pedal) marking and a *f* (forte) dynamic. The right hand plays a series of chords, and the left hand has a simple bass line. The system ends with a *Ped.* marking and a *f* dynamic.

System 5: The fifth system continues with *Ped.* markings and *f* dynamics. The right hand plays a series of chords, and the left hand has a simple bass line. The system ends with a *Ped.* marking and a *f* dynamic.





## C. J. WHITNEY &amp; SONS

## Descriptive Catalogue of Popular Music.

**Our Old Clock.** Song and chorus. C 2.....Burton. 40

The old clock stands on the mantel,  
Swinging to and fro,  
Its busy wheels still rotate,  
As they did long years ago.  
Its time-worn face so yellow  
Now peeps through the broken pane,  
Its tones so sweet and mellow  
Ring out on the air again.  
Tick, tick, ticking away,  
A year after year, as time rolls on,  
Just as it did in childhood's days,  
Singing the same old song.

A simple, but truly beautiful picture of an old heirloom, which is ticking off the minutes in many a family. The song will be justly prized for its real merit and truthful sentiment.

**Our Heroes.** Song and chorus. Eb 2.....Sage. 30

Three cheers for our heroes,  
Not those who wear the stars,  
Nor those who wear the eagles,  
The leaflets and the bars.  
We know they are gallant,  
And honor them too,  
For bravely defending  
The Red, White and Blue.

A fitting tribute to the memory of the "boys in blue," who asked no higher honor than to fight as privates under the old flag.

**Patriotic Hymn.** Song and chorus. D 3.....Drake. 30

Dear native land! we sing to thee,  
Our own Columbia, great and free.  
O, mine! harp, awake, awake!  
And in the joyous music make.  
And thou, fair banner of the brave,  
Wave in thy glory, proudly wave!  
I lift my thyself, old flag, and be,  
Revered by all, on land and sea.

The above words, by Mrs. M. A. Green, embody the noblest and most lofty expression of true and fervent devotion to our country and the dear old flag. Mr. Drake has admirably adapted this excellent composition, rendering the whole a most desirable piece for any patriotic occasion.

**Roll On, Tippecanoe.** Song and chorus. D 2.....Straub. 40

In fancy I sit in the old oak canoe,  
That furrowed the waves of the Tippecanoe,  
When light-hearted sports, childhood's fondest of themes,  
Awoke into being my infantile dreams.  
I hear it again, as in the days that have flown,  
The murmuring wave, with its low, gentle tone,  
And dreamily wander when I'm away,  
Who lists to the murmur that's borne on thy spray.

This song will carry many a one in fancy to the home of his childhood, and its rural surroundings, the cot, the orchard, the little brook, etc., and most of all, the friends who made that home most dear.

**Robin Sweet Robin.** Song and chorus. Bb 3.....Lockwood. 30

Oh, bury me, dear mother,  
In the vale where I was born,  
Where the whispering brook runs gently by,  
And the lark pours forth his song,  
And where the rose's sweet perfume  
Will wait above my grave.  
There, dear mother, bury me,  
Beneath the willow shade,  
For the robin sings so sweetly, sweetly,  
For the robin sings so sweetly,  
Beneath the willow shade.

Like all the sweet songs left us by the departed Lockwood, this breathes a spirit of purity and true genius, ever admired and appreciated by all lovers of worthy music.

**Rose of the Valley.** Song and chorus. G 2.....Thomas. 35

Down by the river,  
Dawns her sweet face,  
Where she has wandered,  
Flowers you may trace.  
Sunbeams and blossoms,  
Music of birds,  
Live in her laughter,  
Wake in her words.  
Come, come, never to part,  
Rose of the valley, bloom in my heart.

Cooper and Thomas, the one in poetry and the other in song, have, with their combined talent, favored the musical world with some of the choicest gems published. The above is a worthy ensample of all the rest.

**Making It In.** Song and chorus. G 2.....McChesney. 35

This world's a great work-shop, wherever we go,  
In which all mankind may find something to do,  
And the lazy man has no excuse for his sin,  
If he live to threescore, and has nothing raked in.  
The farmer well knows if he ploughs not his field,  
That nature refuses to treat him as a friend,  
Whilst the thistles and thorns fill his cup to the brim,  
And he lives like a beggar, with nothing raked in.

A dozen homely truths told in a humorous way make up the verses of the above song. The music weaves in so nicely that you're told the whole story in a very short time, considering its length.

**Rose of Springwells.** Song and chorus. Ab 3.....McChesney. 35

How sweet is the spring, when the soft winds are blowing,  
When the cold blasts of winter have fled from the scene,  
When our white-bosomed river in beauty is flowing,  
And nature is decked in her mantle of green.  
How grand are thy banks, O, thou clear-winding river,  
When bespangled with lilies and bonnie blue bells,  
How oft 'mong thy groves I have wandered with Jeannie,  
My own darling Jeannie, the Rose of Springwells.  
A very pretty melody set to musical words.

**Saturday Night.** Song. A 2.....McChesney. 30

'Twas Saturday night in the old farm house,  
The work of the day was all o'er,  
And Katie, a sweet little girl of sixteen,  
Was eagerly waiting the door.  
The farmer was smaking his cud of clay,  
The time looked so happy and bright,  
For Katie, her darling, was watching for one,  
Who said he'd come Saturday night.

Mr. McChesney has given us a very delightful picture of rural home comfort and "Love's young dream" realized. It is simple and pleasing.

**Sunny South.** Song and chorus. Bb 2.....McChesney. 30

From the cold north I have wandered so weary,  
Once more to visit my old cabin home;  
All the wide world seems so cheerless and dreary,  
Since all my friends have departed and gone.  
Here is the pathway I often have taken,  
Leading close down by the bright river side,  
Here are the cabins now lone and forlorn,  
Here is the place where my old father died.

This little gem will at once assert its right to a place on every pianoforte, from the beauty and simplicity of both words and music. How many of us will find a responsive chord awakened in our own hearts as we return to a childhood home, once everything to us, but now devoid of aught but sad reminders of former pleasures.

## NEW SILVER SONG!

## FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY W. A. OGDEN.

It wears better than any other book of the kind published. The fact that over four hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold is sufficient proof of its merit. Price, single copies, thirty-five cents; \$3.00 per dozen. Specimen pages free.

PUBLISHED BY

C. J. WHITNEY &amp; COMPANY.

**Star Spangled Banner.** Song and chorus. C 3.....25

O, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming.  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there,  
O, say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

This well-known national song needs no eulogium from our pen to recommend it to the love of every patriotic soul. This arrangement is one of a set comprising six well-known national airs, each one of which is accompanied by a valuable historical notice of the origin of all the songs in the set.

**Sweet Nannie Lee.** Song and chorus. Bb 3.....McChesney. 35

Bright beamed the sunlight on that rosy morning,  
Dim in the distance of boyhood life to me,  
And gay were the moments in youth's early springtime,  
When I first beheld the maiden, sweet Nannie Lee.  
Wild waved her dark hair in the balmy breezes,  
Joyous her laughter, with heart so light and free,  
And sweet as a bird-song, carols ever flowing,  
From the lips I loved so well, of sweet Nannie Lee.  
Hark, the bells sadly toll their parting blessings,  
Mournful the sound echoes loud and drear,  
Gently we breathe her name, where 'mid the roses blooming,  
Song birds will chant the praise of sweet Nannie Lee.

Anything from this favorite author claims favorable attention, and "Nannie Lee" will certainly meet with favor.

**Strew the Flowers.** Song and chorus. Ab 2.....Scribb. 30

Here upon this hallowed ground,  
We bring our offerings rare,  
While holy incense, breath of flowers  
Is borne upon the air.  
Here we come in memory  
Of the honored and the brave,  
Who fought, our dear and lovely land  
From tyranny to save.

A memorial song, a beautiful tribute to the sleeping heroes, who died in defense of our country.

**Spirit of Light, Love and Beauty.** Duet and chorus. Eb 2.....Whiting. 20

Spirit of light, love and beauty,  
Bid for me thy golden bow,  
Teach my heart to know its duty,  
Guide me to your glorious land.  
A chaste and pleasing production; not at all different.

**The Shy Little Maiden.** Ballad. Ab 2.....Sherwood. 20

A secret I've got, would you all like to know,  
It is of myself, shall I tell it to you?  
Ah, yes, I would like to, where'er I'm seen,  
They call me the shy maid of sweet seventeen.  
Only just seventeen, sweet seventeen,  
Surely but seventeen, sweet seventeen.

We advise all young ladies of sweet seventeen and thereabouts to procure this captivating little ballad, and find out the secret which proves the little maiden not only "shy," but shy.

**Sweetly Thine Eyes Are On Me Beaming.** Song and chorus. Ab 2.....Wheat. 25

Sweetly thine eyes are on me beaming,  
Winning my soul with their brightest ray,  
While 'neath their glow my heart lies dreaming,  
And softly float the hours away.  
Sweet hours that no sadness sorrow  
From the bright moments of to-day,  
Nor let me fear the coming morrow  
Will steal the hours that round me play.  
This is an excellent sentimental song, uniting technical skill to grace and beauty.

**Sweet Alena Bell.** Song and chorus. Bb 2.....McChesney. 35

Beneath the waving pines, where the shadows come and go,  
In a moss-covered cottage in a dale,  
There dwelt an interesting story, whose heart is pure as snow,  
And they call her sweet Alena Bell.

**Chorus—**

May every joy so rare linger with our darling fair,  
May life's shadows never round thy heart enchain,  
Oh, sweet Alena Bell, may angels guard thee well,  
In that cottage underneath the waving pine.  
This is a very taking piece; would be good for a gentleman's quartette. The chorus, especially, is excellent.

**Somebody's Darling.** Song and chorus. Ab 3.....Moore. 30

In a ward of the whitewashed hall,  
Where the dead and the dying lay,  
Wounded by fatal Minnie ball,  
Somebody's darling was borne one day.  
This is a very familiar song, as sweet as any that came out after and at the time of the war.

**Sweetly Dream, Vileta.** Song and chorus. D 2.....Wheat. 40

O'er the tropical seas, on a beautiful isle,  
Vileta is dreaming 'neath the angels' soft smile,  
Where the hyacinths of the breeze, with murmuring streams,  
All mingled in one, like the sunlight's soft beams.  
There the song birds at noon from the thick shadows start,  
Like music thoughts from the poet's full heart,  
There the seraphs at noon wait in silence alone,  
And sing while she sleeps; yet all is unknown.

The words in themselves seem to breathe a song, and have been made doubly musical by Mr. Wheat's happy effort in wedding them to a fine flowing melody.

**Softly Now the Light of Day.** Hymn. F 3.....Pease. 55

Softly now the light of day  
Fades up on my sight away,  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Long I have dreamed of thee.

This favorite hymn has been beautifully arranged, as solo and quartette, by Mr. Pease. Is just what every quartette choir should have at hand as an opening piece.

**Serenade.** Ballad. G 3.....Robjohn. 35

I arise from dreams of thee,  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright.  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
I lie down, as thou dost know,  
To thy chamber window sweet.

Shelley's exquisite poem has been invested with a double charm since so nicely wrought up by Mr. Robjohn. For grace and beauty of thought and feeling this serenade is unsurpassed.

**School Parting Song.** Duet and chorus. G 3.....Jackson. 40

While gathered here with classmates dear,  
And talking day by day,  
The golden hours, 'mid sun and showers,  
Have quickly passed away.  
And in our flight, these accents so bright,  
Too soon have brought the day,  
When we must part with saddened heart,  
And bid farewell to all we see.  
Although our paths may lie apart,  
And here we meet no more,  
We'll hope to meet some future day,  
Upon a happier shore.

Written for and sung by the class of 1873 in the Detroit High School.

# C. J. WHITNEY & CO.'S DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

## MARCHES.

\* **Bouquet March.** C. 3.....*Lockwood.* 50  
A very good march, with beautifully embellished title page, radiant with some of nature's brightest gifts—a group of flowers. Over ten thousand already sold.

**Essex Grand March.** G. 3.....*Stewart.* 40  
A sprightly, vivacious composition—sure to take wherever well played.

\* **The Estey Organ March.** C. 4.....*Naylor.* 40  
Although not a recent publication, this march far exceeds, in point of real worth, a multitude of later productions; its harmonies are excellent. An elegant colored engraving of the organ itself adorns the title page.

**Columbia Grand Triumphant March.** C. 4.....*Malton.* 60

The author of the above is so well known to the musical public, that anything from his pen is welcomed as being worthy of more than ordinary notice.

**Grand March, Des Dryads.** C. 4.....*McChesney.* 40  
Already a familiar piece to players, this march needs no greater recommendation than its popularity.

**Forest Echoes March.** C. 3. Arranged by *Smith.* 30  
The "Standard Bearer," simply arranged, appears under the above title, will be welcome to any desiring an easy and pretty march.

**General Custer's Grand March.** C. 3.....*Thale.* 35  
Easy and effective, written in true martial style.

**Champion Banner March.** D. 2.....*Triax.* 35  
Those desiring the good old Java March, with slight variation, will find the Champion Banner March invaluable.

**Java March.** C. 2.....*Malton.* 10  
"Things will change," yet this time-worn, but really good march does not vary with the march of years, and is the same, note for note, as it was a half century ago.

**Greeting March.** F. 3.....*Bendix.* 50  
Excellent for band purposes, as it is also good for the piano forte.

**Grand March.** Bb. 3.....*Levering.* 35  
Nothing from the pen of this departed author ever proved derogating to his reputation as a composer. The above is a valuable teaching piece.

**Morocni March.** F. 3.....*Wells.* 35  
Not difficult, but sufficiently above mediocrity to merit more than passing notice.

**Russian March.** D. 2.....*Malton.* 10  
The same that delighted our parents and grandparents before us, is as good as ever.

**Titus March.** D. 2.....*Heuss.* 10  
Another worthy veteran; has probably endured more hammerings that many a more delicately constructed composition, of modern times. The fact that it still lives will prove its solid worth.

**Lynx.** C. 3.....*Barnhart.* 40  
Spirited, diversified and brilliant, qualifications which render it desirable and attractive.

**Young and Loyal March.** C. 3.....*Merz.* 40  
Original in idea, delightfully varied in harmony; should be widely circulated.

**Sharp Shooters March.** F. 3.....*Christofferson.* 50  
Not abounding in some one else's ideas, or motives of expression, but possessing a freshness and grace which bespeak for it a host of friends.

**Arlon March.** For piano or guitar. A. 3.....*Hewitt.* 30  
Something desirable, on account of the beauty of its melody and fine harmony.

\* **Pony Quickstep.** G. 2.....*Whitney.* 50  
Another lively, dashing, easy piece for nimble little fingers, with an elegantly illustrated title page, representing the ponies themselves.

**Wedding Quickstep.** G. 2.....*Triax.* 30  
Full of life and vivacity; worth having.

**Humboldt Anniversary Quickstep.** C. 3. *Bendix.* 30  
Like all compositions of this well-known composer, full of merit.

## GALOPS.

**Eagle Hose Galop.** D. 3.....*Hagedorn.* 30  
**Harvest Gathering Galop.** A. 3.....*Moelling.* 35  
Both sure to become parlor favorites, if well played.

**Helter Skelter Galop.** G. 3.....*Faust.* 30  
Delightfully diversified; pleasing because of its wild and spirited character.

**May Blossoms Galop.** G. 3.....*Moelling.* 50  
Abounds in octaves; good for practice, and is a capital teaching piece, carefully fingered.

**Meeter Galop.** D. 3.....*Moelling.* 50  
Above the ordinary level. The author's name is sufficient guarantee of its worth.

**Le Partie Social Galop.** Bb. 3.....*Barnhart.* 40  
A universal favorite; its harmonies are strikingly pleasing and effective.

**Night Train Galop.** G. 2.....*La Beum.* 35  
The idea of a rumbling, hurrying, driving train, rushing through the dark at lightning speed, is well carried out in this work for "little fingers," which, by the way, must be nimble ones to bring out the composer's intent.

**Who Cares Galop.** D. 2.....*Merz.* 40  
As the composer indicates, it is "lively," with a spirit of abandon running through the whole which is refreshing and enlivening.

**Qui Vive Galop.** F. 2.....Arranged by *Smith.* 25  
An easy arrangement of a well-known favorite galop; sparkling and sprightly.

**Jolly Brothers Galop.** C. 2.....*Smith.* 25  
Rightly named, a lively, dashing piece.

## SCHOTTISCHES.

**Clover Bank Schottische.** F. 3.....*Barlow.* 35  
Every sweet-scented clover blossom in the meadow would not approve to the sprightly melody of the above-named piece. Try it.

**Fairy Footsteps Schottische.** C. 2.....*Colson.* 30  
**Iron Bridge Schottische.** G. 2.....*Klein.* 30

Both the above-named are of the same grade, and little fingers will find pleasant employment in their perusal.

## THE SONG JOURNAL

A MONTHLY

### Repertoire of Music and Its Literature.

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**Faustine Schottische.** F. 2.....*La Beum.* 35

**Little Star Schottische.** Eb. 3.....*Lockwood.* 35  
Either of the above worthy of its author. The first a very clear and pretty arrangement, suitable for young pupils; a good teaching piece. The second a little more fanciful and elaborate, fit for a pupil more advanced.

**Little Nabob Schottische.** Bb. 3.....*McChesney.* 25  
The name itself asserts its right to a place in your consideration. It is in bold and dashing style, very taking. Young pianists of modest attainments will find it a good study.

## MAZURKAS.

**Twilight Mazurka.** F. 3.....*Bendix.* 30  
A light and graceful little piece, showy and not at all difficult.

**Bright Day Mazurka.** G. 2.....*La Beum.* 20  
Short and easy, a good teaching piece.

**Saginawian Polka Mazurka.** D. 3 *Horwinski.* 30  
Notwithstanding serious discrepancies in the rhythm, this composition is fanciful and pleasing.

**Lily of the Valley Mazurka.** Eb. 4.....*Smith.* 60  
One of the most popular and beautiful productions of the times, widely known and approved. To those wishing an elaborate piece, of moderate difficulty, one would most heartily recommend the above.

**My Beloved Polka Mazurka.** C. 2.....*Smith.* 25  
Light and airy, with pretty theme; easy of execution.

**Response Mazurka.** F. 3.....*Levering.* 35  
Written in the clear and concise manner peculiar to this lamented author; a good teaching piece.

**Summer Winds Mazurka Caprice.** Eb. 3. *McChesney.* 35  
An elegant little gem, in the author's best style, rippling and fanciful; a very welcome change for the use of amateurs, from music of a more solid character.

**Period Mazurka.** Ab. 3.....*Miss Rachel Mendelson.* 30  
Easy of comprehension, on account of its melodic simplicity; written in keys not beyond relations to the original.

**Star of Hope Mazurka.** Ab. 3.....*Triax.* 35  
Pretty, unassuming little production, within the ability of any ordinary player.

**Salutation Mazurka.** C. 3.....*Watts.* 40  
As the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so a trial of the above will test its power to please; we recommend a trial.

**Dream Land Reveries Mazurka.** F. 3. *Moelling.* 40  
There is something extremely soothing and satisfying about this melody. The gentle undulating flow of melody which wakes up its strains cannot fail to find a response in every music loving heart.

## POLKAS.

**The Witch Polka Brillante.** F. 3.....*Hewitt.* 35  
Very attractive; as changeable in its melody and diversified in its harmonies as the name would indicate.

**Something New.** Eb. 3.....*Moelling.* 35  
One of an excellent collection called "Tone Delights," written in the keys of Eb and Ab. Though not abounding in new ideas, it is sufficiently pleasing to engage the attention of young players.

**Song of the Rain Polka Brillante.** Hewitt. 45  
Very suggestive of the progress of a summer rain, now quick and patterning, then coming with a steady, heavy march and gradually dying off into a gentle shower of uncertain duration. Mr. Hewitt has described it accurately.

**Prairie Flower Polka.** F. 3.....*Hewitt.* 35  
Worthy of its author; pretty, and a good study for fingerling.

**Gala Day Polka.** D. 3.....*Hewitt.* 40  
**Bird in the Tree Polka.** Eb.....*Hewitt.* 40

Both of the foregoing are eminently inspiring, and free from the humorous monotony which characterizes so much of to-day's publications. The latter contains a beautiful imitation of the supposed songstress in the tree.

**Haben Sic Polka.** F. 2.....*Simonds.* 35  
**Dripping Water Polka.** G. 2.....*Simonds.* 30

Teachers will find in either of these little compositions a neat and enjoyable study for the little fingers under their care. Only those who daily look in vain for something to please, and also edify, will appreciate the value of teachable morsels.

**Lesbia Polka.** C. 2.....*McChesney.* 25  
**Radiant Polka.** Eb. 3.....*McChesney.* 30

The first just the thing for a scholar's first piece, so simple and well arranged. The second, in the author's own style, suited to more advanced attainment.

**Flowers from the Wildwood.** C. 2.....*Renwick.* 30  
**Brunette Polka.** G. 2.....*Smith.* 25

Both given in a tasteful, childlike strain; cannot fail to interest and instruct those just starting in their musical career, as also their hearers.

**New Year's Polka.** G. 2.....*McCatn.* 25  
**Funny Polka.** C. 3.....*La Beum.* 30

The first is a very fair production for a young composer, evincing more than ordinary ability in that direction. The "Funny Polka" will not prove as funny to execute with ease and grace, as it is to listen to, but it is capital practice for fingerling, and for acquiring facility in overcoming various little points of difficulty to youthful pianists.

**Happy Thought Polka.** F. 3.....*Lockwood.* 40  
We should call it a charming succession of happy thoughts, so gracefully combined that they probably formed one beautiful idea in the composer's mind. Be sure to get it.

**Ariel Polka.** Eb. 4.....*Malton.* 40  
This is one of the author's happiest little gems, we think, full of melody, smooth and graceful, with a ring and sparkle in its flow that gives it a peculiarly delightful attraction.

**Excursion Polka.** C. 2.....*Colson.* 30  
A modest, pleasing little effort, of slight difficulty.

**Bonnie Boat Polka.**  
A quaint little piece, containing a snatch of the well-known air called "Bonnie Boat."

**Anna Polka.** Eb. 3.....*Wells.* 35  
Of more than ordinary merit; will set many nimble feet tripping to its merry strains.

**Aesculap Polka.** C. 3.....*Bendix.* 35  
The talented author of this polka evidently understands, how to please the music-loving portion of our people. His pieces have a zest and freshness about them which always find pre-eminence.







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VOLUME IV.

DETROIT, APRIL, 1874.

NUMBER IV.

## Life's Sunny Spots.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

Though life's a dark and thorny path,  
Its goal the silent tomb,  
Yet it some spots of sunshine hath,  
That smile amidst the gloom;  
The friend who weal and woe partakes,  
Unchanged whate'er our lot,  
Who kindly soothes the heart that aches—  
Is sure a sunny spot.

The wife, who half our burden bears,  
And utters not a moan;  
Whose ready hand wipes off our tears—  
Unheeded all her own—  
Who treasures every kindly word,  
Each harsher one forgot,  
And carols lightly as a bird—  
She's, too, a sunny spot.

The child that lifts at morn and eve  
In prayer its tiny voice;  
Who grieves when'er its paren's grieve,  
And joys when'er they rejoice;  
In whose bright eye young genius glows,  
Whose heart, without a blot,  
Is fresh and pure as summer's rose—  
That child's a sunny spot.

There's yet upon life's weary road  
One spot of brighter glow,  
Where sorrow half forgets its load,  
And tears no longer flow;  
Friendship may wither, love decline,  
Our child dishonor blot,  
But still undim'd that spot will shine—  
Religion lights that spot.

## Raff's Lenore.

This great orchestral work, which has been made familiar to us by repeated performances of it by the grand orchestra of Mr. Theodore Thomas, is now being publicly rehearsed by the Philharmonic Society, and will be inserted in the programme of the forthcoming concert.

The poetical work which led Raff to write this, his fifth Symphony, and which has also been illustrated by painters and other artists, is by G. Burger.

The chief points in the ballad are as follows: Lenore, waking from dreams which bring deep forebodings and fearful thoughts respecting her lover's safety and his truth in absence, cries:

"Art faithless, William mine, or dead?  
How long wilt thou delay?"

He had left her to join the armies at the seat of war, and she had failed in all attempts to learn his welfare. At last the armies return, but the soldier-lover is sought for among them in vain, nor could any information respecting him be obtained. Lenore is driven to hopeless despair, and even open blasphemy.

The approach of a horse is heard at midnight, and the bell at the gate is sounded. She rises as if spellbound at the voice of her lover, who bids her

ride with him to their distant home without delay. The spectral ride is commenced, and, as the ghostly steed rushes rapidly along, the conversation between the spectre and his bride is given:

"Love, fearest thou aught? The moon shines bright.  
Hurrah! the dead ride quick by night.  
Dost fear the dead?" "Ah no,  
But love, O speak not so."

They meet a train of mourners bearing a corpse to burial, chanting a dirge. William invites them to the wedding:

"Come, sexton, bring the choir along,  
And chant to me our nuptial song.  
Speak, priest, thy blessing, ere  
We to our couch repair!"

The corpse disappears; the mourners cease their dirge and follow the steed, whose pace becomes more and more accelerated. The specters dance around the wheel, seen dimly in the moonbeam's pallid light.

"So ho, ye rout, come here to me,  
Ye rabble rout, come follow me!  
And dance our wedding reel,  
Ere we to slumber steal."

They reach an iron gate, which bursts open before them, and, on entering the grave yard, William's skeleton form is revealed; the ghostly steed sinks and vanishes.

"And howl on howl ran through the sky,  
From out the pit a whining cry;  
Lenore's heart was wrung,  
'Twixt life and death she hung."

Now in the moonlight danced the train  
Of phantom spirits round  
In giddy circles, like a chain;  
Thus did their howl resound:

Forbear, forbear, tho' hearts should break,  
Blaspheme not, lest God's wrath thou wake.  
Thy body's knell we toll,  
May God preserve thy soul."

The Symphony commences with introductory movements; the first of which has the well recognized character of an "Allegro," in E major, entitled "Liebesgluck," or "Joy in Love." It is remarkable for its felicitous orchestration, the freshness of the ideas elaborated, and their exuberance.

The second movement, signed "Andante quasi Larghetto," is in triple time and in the key of A flat. This slow movement is more intense, and exhibits warmer passion and deeper feeling than the preceding. Yet the transition from one to the other is so managed that it appears a regular psychologic progression.

The third movement is a march in C major, marked "Trennung" or "Separation." It commences very softly, as though heard from a distance, creating anticipation that ere long it will spread forth in a grand *crescendo*, to a magnificent *forte* or overwhelming *fortissimo*; but throughout it is repressed, and treated in a thoroughly artistic manner; refined in conception and expression.

It is a manly, military march, full of life and vigor, though subdued in tone, and made particularly interesting by the characteristic treatment of the soft wind instruments, drums, etc.

During the progress of the march, a short episode occurs which is intended to illustrate the fact that the lovers must part, that the necessities of the war

demand a separation, that the soldier's farewell must be hurriedly made, and that he must join at once the departing armies.

This episode will be known by its strongly marked contrast with the march in which it appears. Being agitated and flurried, and in the minor key of C.

These three movements are preparatory to the fourth, which the composer has expressly marked as being founded on the poetical ideas contained in the ballad, and entitled it "Wiedervereinigung im Tode," or "Reunion in Death."

Herein are depicted Lenore's gloomy surmises and fears, despair and blasphemy. The spectral ride, the dirge, a reminiscence of the "happiness in love," the dance of spectres round the wheel, the onward rushing of the charger, the final catastrophe, and the choral strain, "May God preserve thy soul."

Modern orchestral symphonies may be roughly divided into two great classes. The first includes compositions known as *characteristic*; the second consists wholly of *abstract music*.

Characteristic music is in two styles; the realistic and the idealistic.

Abstract music is also subdivided into two orders, viz: one in which the feelings and emotions are of a personal, *instinctive* kind; and the other in which they are of an impersonal, *universal* nature.

Spohr's celebrated Symphony, "The Power of Sound," forms a good illustration of realistic art. Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" is a representative work of idealistic art.

Mozart's orchestral compositions belong almost exclusively to the first order of abstract music, and Beethoven's to the second.

With this classification, it is obvious that Raff's Symphony must be placed side by side with Spohr's.

In each we have a poem which forms the basis or ground plan for the music; and the composer does his utmost to render his meaning as clear and well defined as possible, both in the music and by verbal illustrations.

He appears to leave his high position for once, to cease constructing psychologic enigmas, and to approach the multitude with something definite and tangible, intelligible and familiar. There can be no longer any doubt of his aims; we are fully informed on all points, and are thus enabled to criticise at once from the standpoints given.

The very titles or the works produced challenge criticism. There is no attempt at mystification when a symphony appears with such an elaborate explanation.

But the question immediately arises, "Is not this calling in the aid of language without which the musician's idea would remain completely unintelligible?"

Music appears to touch its natural boundaries very soon in attempting descriptions of external objects, and is compelled to have recourse to foreign aid—to auxiliaries which do not honestly belong to the art itself.

Those who witnessed the wonderful painting illustrative of the spectral ride, with the mourners following, bearing torches, at the instant immediately preceding the transformation scene—which was exhibited at the Royal Academy four years ago for



the first time—gained a clearer view of the externals than can be given by any music; indeed, it is only fair to confess candidly that the most wretched sketch or daub would give a better description of objects than the most drastic effects in sound. For it is not the special province of music to depict, but its high and grand prerogative is to give the moral impressions that are made by the contemplation of objects.

When Rubinstein wrote his "Ocean" Symphony he gave us a record of the feelings which rose unbidden, and were cherished by his artist-soul when he saw, subjectively and objectively, that sublime immensity. In the quiet, pensive retreat of the soul within itself, in the mystic light of wonderful dreams, in the internal twilight of consecrated fancies, discover we deep spiritual experiences, which remain incomprehensible to those who dislike solitude or introspection.

It is asserted that the tramp of horse-foes, neighings and snortings, etc., are indicated by violas, cellos, and flutes in "Lenore." Those who look for these imitations no longer seek music, still less "high art," but for something wholly extraneous.

Realistic symphonies, however, have a better chance of becoming favorites with the general public than high abstract works; for an additional source of pleasure is offered by the ideas contained in the poem, which also assist in making an impression on the memory.

The persistent works of musicians in all schools demand our sympathy and veneration. Their minds, so rich in energy, fertile in expedients, brilliant in imaginings, are impelled onward as by an irresistible power to produce new works. Some reflecting on the past and appearing as echoes of former times; others heralding a still brighter future and destined to live long in that future.

Are the works of realistic art among these? Who can tell?

By attempting to penetrate as far as possible into the sphere of definite forms, in the hope of enlarging the boundaries of musical art and discovering within it the germs of a new power, with a sincere desire for real progress and a genuine love of art, and aided by the richest intelligence, much may be done; but unless the unalterable laws of reason direct every step, if the laws of art are not deeply pondered the results may be vitiated.

Under the able conductorship of Herr Carl Bergmann, the grand orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, with its enlarged stringed band (76), will perform Raff's Symphony with a wealth and magnificence of tone equal to that displayed at a recent rendering of Rubinstein's Symphony in F, and will vindicate its rights to be considered one of the most important musical organizations in New York.

S. AUSTIN PEARCE.

### The Oldest Organist in the World.

THE oldest organist in the world is, almost undoubtedly, Samuel Priestly Taylor, who lives with his surviving children in the cozy wooden house No. 48, Carlton avenue, near Atlanta, Ga. He was born in London, England, in 1779, and is therefore in his ninety-fifth year. He is the eldest son of the late Rev. James Taylor, who was an English clergyman of considerable popularity in the latter part of the eighteenth century. He received instruction in music from the celebrated Whittaker, and also from the renowned Dr. Russell, of Oxford. He was regarded as a musical prodigy in early childhood, and when only seven years old, during the temporary absence of the regular organist, he played a hymn with wonderful precision, in Cumberland Chapel, in which his father occupied the pulpit at the same time. Soon afterward he entered the boy choir of Surrey Chapel, of which the late Rev. Rowland Hill was then pastor, and in which the Rev. Newman Hall now officiates. When twenty-one years old he became organist of the Silver Street Chapel, and was subsequently appointed organist of Islington Church. He was married in 1804 and had nine children, of whom five still survive. His wife died only last year, at the advanced age of eighty-six, having been married to him in her seventeenth year, and dwelled with him for seventy years.

#### HE CAME TO AMERICA

in 1806, intending to embark in mercantile business, but he was persuaded to continue his vocation as an organist, and to become a teacher of vocal and instrumental music. After boarding for a short time in New York, he moved to Brooklyn, and began housekeeping near the Fulton Ferry, the present third city of the United States being then only a mere hamlet. Soon after his arrival, he became organist of St. Ann's Church, New York, of which the late Rev. Dr. Lyle was pastor. His salary, con-

sidered large in those days, was \$150 per year, but he materially increased his income by giving lessons in singing and instruction on the organ, piano, violin, violoncello, and clarinet, with all of which he was familiar. While organist, in St. Ann's he introduced chanting into the church, despite a strong protest on the part of many of the congregation, who appealed against the innovation to the bishop, who, however, approved of it, and caused it to be continued. Subsequently he was appointed organist of Grace Church, New York, and soon afterward he became organist of Old St. Ann's Church, Sands street, Brooklyn, of which the Rev. Dr. Feltus was then pastor. He enlisted as a musician in the American army in 1812, and played the clarinet and kettledrum in a military band stationed at New York. He was

#### PRESIDENT OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

of Brooklyn, in the same year, and he conducted the music at the funeral service of General Montgomery in Old St. Paul's Church, New York. Subsequently he was organist of St. George's Church, Beekman street, New York, of which the Rev. Dr. Milnor was the pastor; but he was induced to return to Old St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, of which the Rev. Dr. Henshaw had meanwhile become pastor. His salary was then increased to \$250 per year, which was regarded as a most liberal compensation. He gave a Handel and Haydn oratorio, with 150 voices, at St. Paul's Church, New York, in 1818, but in this and other musical ventures he lost considerable money. He therefore sought a new field of operation in Boston, where he became organist of the old West Street Church, in 1819, at a salary of \$250 a year. Afterward he became organist of the historic Old South Church, and meanwhile he gave instruction in various branches of vocal and instrumental music in Boston and its vicinity, and compiled a popular organ instruction book. While giving music lessons to the daughter of the late Mayor Quincy, of Boston, in her father's house, a few days before July 4, 1820, he attended the mayor of the near approach of the fiftieth anniversary of American independence and suggested its formal observance. His suggestion was promptly and gratefully adopted by the mayor, who had overlooked the subject, and who made him conductor of the musical part of the celebration. He sold the first Chickering piano after the late Jonas Chickering separated from his first partner, Mr. Osborn, and he gave harmony lessons by mail to the late Dr. Lowell Mason, then in Savannah, Georgia.

#### HE RETURNED TO BROOKLYN

in 1826, in response to an urgent invitation, and, at an increased salary of \$300 per year, he resumed his old position as organist of St. Ann's Church on the first Sunday after his return, the late Bishop McVane becoming pastor at about the same time. He afterward became organist of St. Paul's Church, New York, of which the late Rev. Dr. Cox was pastor. Subsequently he became organist of the Henry Street Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. Broadhead, pastor; also, of the First Reformed Church, in Joralemon street, Rev. Dr. Dwight pastor, and was likewise organist of a church in Newburg at one time. He gave many concerts for charitable purposes in Brooklyn during a period of nearly sixty years, and was esteemed as a public spirited and benevolent citizen. His last performance in public was at a choral festival in Trinity Church, in 1864, in which many of his old pupils participated, and when he played an organ accompaniment to Luther's Judgment Hymn, a chorus of one hundred male voices being included in the programme, which was under the direction of Dr. H. S. Cutler, now organist of St. Ann's on the Heights, who played an organ fantasia with pedal obligato, which was enthusiastically received on the same occasion. He last played upon an organ, only three years ago, at the age of ninety-two, in St. Peter's Church, at State and Bond streets, he manipulating the keys and the pedal accompaniment being performed by his pupil, Miss Mary Butler, who is now organist of the Church of the Reformation. He continued to give instruction on the organ till 1870, when loss of sight compelled him to give up his three remaining pupils and to abandon his profession, after eighty-five years' constant practice, dating from the time above mentioned when at the age of only seven years he temporarily supplied the position of organist at Cumberland Chapel, London.

#### THE VETERAN WAS VISITED

at his home by a *Union* reporter a few days ago, when the foregoing data were gathered, partly from himself and partly from two of his surviving daughters, by whom he is affectionately and constantly attended. Upon arriving the reporter was ushered into a plainly furnished but very neat parlor by

one of the ladies of the family, and left alone for a few moments. An old fashioned piano, in addition to other antique articles, attracted particular attention. A hymn book upon the music rack of the instrument was suggestively open at the hymn beginning "Great God, as seasons disappear," and concluding with a supplication for Divine direction how to live. The lady, returning after a brief absence, invited the reporter to the basement, where she said her father had stayed a great deal lately, as he liked a good fire. The venerable musician was found sitting in a softly cushioned armchair, near a window into which the winter sunlight was shining pleasantly. He was apparently somewhat below the ordinary middle stature, and though thin he was not strikingly emaciated. He wore a comfortable wrapper of blue cloth, trimmed with head of velvet, and his smoothly brushed gray hair, though sparse, was yet more profuse than might have been naturally expected. He gave a cheery greeting as he turned toward the reporter, with a motion as if to arise, while his dark though sightless eyes seemed to peer inquiringly through his gold laced spectacles. His mouth was toothless but his voice was tolerably full and his hands remarkably steady. His general appearance and deportment seemed rather of an infirm man of not more than sixty-five or seventy years old than of a person who had been living well nigh a century. His matronly and attentive daughters, two of whom were present, said he had never been troubled with headache or rheumatism, and they attributed his surprising vitality to his past simple habits, saying that he had rarely attended public dinners, seldom used wine or liquor, and never indulged in excess of any kind.

#### HIS REMARKABLE REMINISCENCES

were extremely interesting, as blithely narrated by himself in response to occasional suggestions by his daughters and questions by the reporter. "Yes," said he, though not mournfully, "I've been spared a good many years, but now I'm lame and deaf and blind, and can't expect to stay much longer." One of his daughters, interrupting him, explained that while he was still able to move around the room a little, his inability to walk out of doors was simply from loss of strength rather than from ordinary lameness, he said, laughingly, "Oh, yes, I've had my three warnings. I remember how my father used to tell me, when I was a boy, about the old farmer who had to go after the three warnings." He recited, in substance, the old poem entitled "The Three Warnings," and then said that he recollected having heard Wesley preach, and having attended his funeral. He could also plainly recall the appearance of Wilberforce, Pitt, and other eminent English statesmen of the past, to whose speeches he had frequently listened in the neighborhood. He said he had heard Madame Mara sing at a Lenten performance of the Messiah in Drury Lane, when she was eighty-six years old, and he doubted if there was a dry eye in the house at the conclusion of her rendering of "He was despised." He was intimate, he said, with all the leading organists of London of seventy years ago, and being often called upon by them as temporary supply, he early became familiar with the best instruments then known. In speaking of one organ which had three open diapasons—a remarkable feature at that time—he said, "I am told that some organs built of late have no stopped diapason. A builder or organist who approves of that omission cannot understand the first and most important use of that stop, which is to assist the open diapason to a quick response to the touch."

#### SPEAKING OF OLD BROOKLYN,

he said, with a merry laugh, "When I came here, sixty-eight years ago, Front street was the only street in Brooklyn, and Hicks street was nothing but a cow path; but he's been a good deal of change since then." When I was organist of St. Ann's Church, in New York, in 1806, you know I had the choir chant the *Gloria in Excelsis*, and such a time as the congregation made you never saw. They ran to the bishop, and said they'd never heard such a thing in this country, and they wouldn't stand it. But it just pleased the bishop, and he said he was glad of it, and that he didn't know before that there was an organist in America that could do it. So you see," said the old organist, with a sly chuckle, "I carried my point, and it was a common thing for the *Gloria in Excelsis* to be chanted after that." Returning to the reminiscences of Brooklyn, he said, "Afterward I was organist of St. Ann's Church here in Sands street. You know Sands street was named after the Sands family, and the church was named after Mrs. Ann Sands, who gave it to the congregation. I gave a concert once for the benefit of St. Ann's Loiston School. Mrs. Sands presided, and we raised \$137, which was considered a large sum in those days." Speaking of



the time when he was president of the old Philharmonic Society, in 1812, he said, "We used to have our concerts in the old Military Garden, where the new Court House stands. It wouldn't be thought a very fashionable place nowadays, but it was the best we had then. There used to be a good deal of fault found because some of the audience smoked, and didn't behave well, but they got some pretty snarls about it in the old Long Island Star, which was published by Mr. Spooner, you know."

#### OF THE WAR OF 1812.

of which he is a pensioner, drawing only \$96 per year, in quarterly payments, from the United States government, he said, "You know they were going to send all the Englishmen up the North River, but as I enlisted in a band and played the clarinet and kettle drum for them, wasn't molested. I remember playing in the band at the head of General Montgomery's funeral procession, and when the procession halted on Broadway, before the remains were taken into St. Paul's church, I had to leave the band and run like a good fellow in my regiments, to get into the church in time to play the organ while the pall bearers were bringing in the body. While I was organist of the Beekman Street Church, I had to play the organ one cold night when the river was full of ice. We had nothing but scows for ferry boats then, you know, and there was so much ice in the river that I told my wife that I guessed that I'd better stay in New York all night, and not try to come home to Brooklyn. I often had to do that, like a good many others, for we couldn't get through the ice as we can in these times. Well, just as I stopped playing the organ, I heard a great noise of people shouting in the streets, and I stepped out and saw everybody rushing about and shouting 'Peace, peace, peace,' at the top of their lungs. In imitating the rushing and shouting of the people, the aged narrator spoke loudly, and while swaying his body from side to side, also waved his hands emphatically. 'I asked the people what was the matter,' he continued, 'and they told me a British sloop of war had arrived with news that peace had been declared, and such a happy set I never saw before. Then I started for Brooklyn with the news right away. When I got near the ferry I found the tavern keeper hadn't heard of it, and when I told him he treated everybody to a glass of wine, and said no one must sleep in Brooklyn that night. So he helped me get through the ice, and when I got across I went to the tavern with the news, but nobody would believe me. I told them it was true, and they said if it was they would hear guns. 'Well,' said I, 'you'll hear them quick enough,' and I took the folks outside, and almost as soon as I had spoken the words, the guns began to go bang, bang, all around New York, and the whole city was illuminated—but New York wasn't very big then, and it didn't take much to illuminate it, you know."

#### OF HIS BOSTON EXPERIENCE

he said, "After I had lost a good deal of money in New York, I went to Boston, and taught music there. While I was organist of the Old South Church, in 1826, I was teaching Mayor Josiah Quincy's daughter to play on the piano. One time when I was in the mayor's parlor, in his private residence, giving lessons to his daughter, it occurred to me that the fiftieth anniversary of American independence would happen in a few days. The mayor was present at the time, so I turned around and asked him if he wasn't going to have some kind of celebration. He was very much surprised and thanked me for reminding him of it, but said that as he never had talked about business in his house he would have to see me about it in some office. So we went to the old State House, and he spoke about it there and remarked how strange it was that I, an Englishman, should remind the mayor of an American city like Boston of such a thing. It was agreed on the spot that we should have a celebration, and, although I was a Britisher, the mayor asked me to make out and conduct the musical exercises. I hurried off and engaged the best band the first thing, for Boston didn't have many bands then, and so we had a grand celebration and Mayor Quincy delivered the oration." The veteran organist in speaking of some of his old concerts, mentioned the name of Mr. Ingleton as a solo vocalist, and also that of Mr. Gillingham as an orchestra conductor, and who was the father of Mrs. Emma Gillingham Bostwick. He also remembers his debates with the musical ones of early times, who, though they belonged to the Handel and Haydn Society, could see no good in the music of Handel. He told them that they liked Haydn because they could sing him, and that they disliked Handel because they could not sing him. "Now," said he to them, "which like you best roast beef or roast veal?" "Why, we like both," they replied. "Just so, exactly," said he, "and the

difference between Handel and Haydn is this: Handel wrote, making the voices express the words, and Haydn wrote making the violins do that duty." In reverting to his last public performance in Trinity Church, ten years ago, he gratefully described how his old pupils had clustered around him, and he said three or four times, with emphasis, "Dr. Cutler played his organ fantasia in a most masterly manner, as I well remember." In conclusion he said, with seeming pride, that he had played the organ in eleven of the United States, of which, he remarked, there were only thirteen when he came to America, nearly three score years and ten ago.

#### HIS RECENT EXPERIENCE

was mainly related by his daughters and a grand-daughter who had entered during the interview, and whom he greeted with evident affection. They attributed his loss of sight to injuries he received eight years ago, in being knocked down by a pair of spirited horses, which, becoming frightened at a military band, suddenly sprang upon the sidewalk, at Fulton street and Fort Greene place, where he was walking. He would, according to the opinion of oculists, they said, undoubtedly have been able to read now, had it not been for the accident, which had injured his optic nerve. He walked from his home to the Church of the Messiah on last Good Friday, and at about the same time he walked to the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, which he had regularly attended for several years, and by whose pastor, the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, he is frequently visited. He has not walked out since then, though he was often taken to ride by a friend last summer. He is always cheerful, and enjoys the company and conversation of his family and friends. When in his parlor he seats himself at his piano several times a day, sometimes playing old tunes from memory, but oftener improvising new voluntaries, etc. Fully impressed with the approaching termination of his long and well spent life, he may, in view of his remarkable biography, be fairly regarded as having been a prodigy in early childhood, and as now being a marvel in extremely ripe old age.—*Brooklyn Union*.

#### Authors Not Generally Known.

The mystery that still lies buried in the papers of "Junius" has hitherto defied the most earnest investigation. Whether the writer of those rigorous essays will ever be forced to reveal his identity, remains yet one of the problems of literature. Where an author has so successfully and with deliberate intention, concealed himself from the public eye, it is almost a hopeless task to tear from him the veil of his self-imposed obscurity.

But there are other writers, hidden for a time from the public view, who by persistent effort, are led out into the daylight, and become invested with the honor which properly belongs to them. Among these are the authors of some of our most popular hymns. Indifferent, in some cases, to the fame of authorship, and, in others, robbed of their due by unscrupulous compilers, they are gradually coming forth to take their rightful places in the galaxy of song.

"There is a happy land."

There is probably no Sunday-school in our country in which this hymn has not been sung. It was written before most of us were born, by Andrew Young, of Scotland, who still lives in Edinburgh, and listens to this simple melody as it floats around the world.

"I think, when I read that sweet story of old."

This is the production of Jemima Thompson, who was born in the suburbs of London, in 1813. It was written in a stage coach, in 1841, and used in a village school. Miss Thompson became the wife of Rev. Samuel Lake, a congregationalist minister, in 1843.

"I am but a traveler here."

Rev. Thomas R. Taylor, the author of this well-known hymn, died in 1835. He was pastor of the Howard Street Chapel, Sheffield, England, but was obliged to relinquish his post by reason of ill-health. The hymn is the expression of suffering and hope.

"Holy Bible, Book Divine."

This is one of many hymns written by John Burton, of Nottingham, England. He was a very earnest teacher in the Baptist Sunday school, and enjoyed the friendship of the eminent Robert Hall, at Leicester. He died in 1822.

"We speak of the realms of the blest."

This is the composition of Elizabeth Mills, who was born in England in 1805, and who, at the early age of twenty-four years, was permitted to know "what it must be to be there."

"There is life for a look at the crucified One."

This was written in 1860, by Miss Amelia M. Hull, a native of Exmouth, England.

"Just as thou art, without one trace."

This is frequently found in connection with Charlotte Elliott's hymn, "Just as I am." It was written by Rev. Russell Sturgis Cook, a Congregationalist minister, who died at Pleasant Valley, New York, in 1864. It first appeared in the *American Messenger*, 1850.

"Go when the morning shineth."

This hymn has been erroneously attributed to the late Earl of Carlisle, but Dr. Rogers, in his "Lyra Britannica," 1867, gives the true story of its origin. It was contributed by Jane Cross Bell to *The Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 1831, of which her brother was editor. Miss Bell, afterwards Mrs. Simpson, was a native of Glasgow.

"Lord, I hear of showers of blessing."

The writer of this sweet hymn courts obscurity, but has recently been discovered in Elizabeth Codner, of England. She has also written a companion piece expressive of grateful praise.

"Around the throne of God in heaven."

Millions of children have sung this hymn without knowing anything of its author. It was composed by Mrs. Anne Shepherd, who was born in Cowes, Isle of Wight, and died in 1857.

"When shall we meet again?"

This came from the pen of Alaric Alexander Watts, who died in London, 1864. It was written when the author was very young, and at first printed for private circulation.

"My hope is built on nothing less."

The author of this hymn, Rev. Edward Mote, is a Baptist minister in Horsham, England. He relates that the chorus of the hymn flowed into his mind as he was walking up Holborn Hill, London, about forty years ago. He wrote six stanzas, which met immediately with hearty acceptance.

"Breast the wave, Christian."

This stirring hymn was contributed many years ago to a small serial, by Joseph Stammers, an English barrister, now over seventy years of age.

"Tell me the old, old story."

"I love to tell the story."

These favorite hymns come to us from over the Atlantic, and were written by Kate Hankley.

"Jesus loves me; this I know."

"One more day's work for Jesus."

These well-known hymns have almost always been used without a knowledge of their distinguished authorship. They are from the pen of Miss Anna B. Warner, known in American literature under the pseudonym of Amy Lohrop, and who, in conjunction with her elder sister, Miss Susan Warner, wrote "The Wide, Wide World," "Dollars and Cents," "Say and Seal," and various other works, which, a few years ago, attained a world-wide popularity.—*College Herald*.

#### "The Sword of Bunker Hill."

The following interesting account of one of the most popular songs of the last half century, we take from the *Musical Guest*, the transcript of which we know will be read with interest, as it furnishes a link of history in the chain of the patriotic songs of our country, and placed side by side with "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," or the "Star Spangled Banner," will not pall in comparison.

Nineteen years ago, a man apparently fifty years of age, called at my room in the Quincy House, Boston, and said to me:

"Clark, I have just composed a patriotic song, and want you to arrange it for me."

"What is the name, and who are the words by?"

I answered: "It is 'The Sword of Bunker Hill,' by William Ross Wallace."

I then asked him to sing it, and he instantly struck a graceful attitude, and in a rich, full voice, sung that stirring lyric that has since been whistled and sung more than any other American song of its class, except the "Star-spangled Banner."

The war spirit was at a discount then, and though I liked the song, yet I was not enthusiastic over it. But I wrote down the melody as it came from the composer's lips, promising to arrange it as a quartette and requesting him to call for it the next day.

The following morning he came, and after a few moments' inspection of the MS., said,

"Clark, will you give me five dollars for that song?"

I declined purchasing it, and suggested that he might offer it to Geo. P. Reed, who would doubtless pay that sum for it.

Right there is where I missed making a thousand dollars for every dollar invested. But I failed to foresee it then, and MS. of 'The Sword of Bunker



Hill" was sold to Geo. P. Reed, then doing business on Tremont street, for the small sum of five dollars.

Doubtless many of my readers have already discovered that the individual referred to in the foregoing narrative is Bernard Covert. The history of this erratic musical genius would form a large and interesting volume. His first musical enterprise of any note was a co-partnership with Ossian E. Dodge. For many years the concerts of "Covert & Dodge" were the most popular entertainments of the kind ever given in the country.

After a long period of prosperity, during which Dodge saved money, while Covert scattered and lavished it on every object that appealed to his fancy, or to his generous sympathies, the firm dissolved.

Dodge, always with an eye single to business, and to personal notoriety, took advantage of a new sensation, and by purchasing the highest priced tickets to Barnum's Jenni Lind concert in Boston, acquired a fleeting fame that led to fortune.

Covert, with far more genius and heart, but with less executive talent and money "saving grace," drifted along in public life, without rudder or compass, sometimes singing in one concert troupe, and sometimes with another, but more frequently alone. And occasionally "afoot and alone." There was a genuine friendship between him and Horace Greeley, at whose reform and political meetings he often sung.

Bernard Covert never writes poetry, but he is the author of the music of many songs, among which are "Sword of Bunker Hill," "Leap for Life," "Lake of the Dismal Swamp," "Jamie's on the Stormy Sea," etc. He has given more than nine thousand concerts—more by far than any other living man. He sings over a hundred songs, and recites one hundred and fifty poems, without referring to notes of any sort. He was seventy years old last March, and yet, when he called at our sanctum in the Syracuse Sunday Herald office a few weeks ago, his vitality seemed as irrepressible as when I first met him in Boston nearly twenty years ago, before "The Sword of Bunker Hill" was committed to paper. What is most remarkable, his voice is as flexible and strong as ever. He is now the chief card of the "Alleghanians."

JAMES G. CLARK.

### The Romantic in Music.

What is the romantic? This question, which, for several years past, has been the object of such lively discussions, which has excited so much animosity, and mixed itself up with every conversation, is, after all, less new than is generally believed. Under different names, it is found in all times connected with the history of the arts, and it will last as long as they, and as time itself. Have not, in every period, timid and plodding persons been found to shrink aghast from whatever had the name of invention; and to repel all infraction of the rules which they had been accustomed to regard as inviolable? In the habit of proclaiming some artists inimitable, to whom they have accorded their admiration, they cannot understand that it is because they are so, in fact, that it is in vain to attempt to copy them. Such genius are to be found now-days, and will be found in every succeeding generation. One of our weaknesses is a refusal to entertain the idea that we can grow old; and such, among the generality of men, is this love of youth, that they arrive at an advanced age with the tastes and opinions of young men, precisely because they regret the time that flies them. They have assisted at the triumph of works, which have brought about a revolution in the arts; and they cannot conceive that anything else should be admissible, nor remember that they themselves once sought for fresh enjoyments in fresh productions. Thus, how many do we not hear declaiming against the bad taste of the century which has substituted Rossini to Grotty, Beethoven to Haydn; and also censuring Lamartine, Byron and Hugo, because their genius has emancipated them from the trammels of a system. Those who thus reject all idea of creation, are then ignorant that the idols, to whom they offer incense, did not imitate.

Another motive, no less powerful, contributes to strengthen, among certain individuals, the ridiculous opinion, that we should not go beyond a circle which has been rendered too confined by our tastes and manners; this obstacle originates with the artists. In literature, painting, music, we must expect to meet, among those who live by productions in these arts, a strong and obstinate opposition to progress which, if their utility were known, would deprive those persons of a certain portion of their income, and force them to enter on a new path,

which is incompatible with the age of the greater number; and while we see them defending their art with a show of disinterestedness, they have good reasons for acting so. Forced to continue in a career beyond which they have not the power to advance, and which has no longer any relation to the wants of the period, they strive to stem the torrent, adhere to what they themselves have been accustomed to, and make unceasing efforts to retain and uphold the doctrines which they profess.

The divers revolutions, which take place in the arts, form one of the necessary consequences of the movement and advancement of the human mind; each epoch has wants corresponding to its position, manners, and the state of civilization. The music of the most ancient nations was at first confined to a small number of sounds; the scale, which to us appears so limited, was sufficient for them, because music was with them but the accessory of poetry. It was not till long after, that other sounds were added to the primary ones, and against each of these additions to the musical system, contemporary croakers were inclined to exclaim extravagantly; new means were thought superfluous, because they had been till then dispensed with. If we search the annals of music, we shall find that each musical innovation was the object of violent attacks. When the simple melodies of Alexander Scarlatti were succeeded by the more varied and complicated chants of Leo and Pergolese, a yell was raised about the declining state of music. The idols of actual taste will be equally sacrificed, for art cannot retrograde—it may be for a moment stationary—but, let a man of genius present himself, and it resumes a rapid march.

### Damascus.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore Baalbec is a ruin, Palmyra is buried in a desert. Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a center of trade and travel—an island of verdure in the desert, a presidential capital, with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun. The street which is called Strait, in which it was he prayed, still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago. The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter, "because it was given to man to have but one paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have it in this world," is to-day what Julian called the "eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah "the head of Syria." From the city of Damascus came the blade, so wonderful the world over for its keen edge and elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the artist into Persia, and the beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, and a kind of mosaic engraving and sculpture united, called damasking, with which boxes, bureaus, swords and guns are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams of Lebanon and the river of gold still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of the Syrian gardens.

### Women as Hymn Writers.

If theology, as is sometimes asserted, is an exclusively masculine production, hymnology, which is really the vital expression, the very flowering of religion, is largely indebted to feminine inspiration and genius. Rev. Dr. Armitage, who has been reviewing the subject, is surprised to find so many of the finest hymns of the church the contributions of women. He thus notes the authorship of some well-known productions. Anne Steele was the daughter of Rev. William Steele, a most devout and simple Baptist pastor in the village of Broughton, in Hampshire, England, more than a hundred years ago. She was a member of her father's church for forty-six years, and died in 1778, in her sixty-second year. She published two volumes of her writings under the name of Theodosia, and another was published after her death. She is the author of

"Father, what o'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign joys denies."

She also wrote

"Almighty maker of my frame,  
Teach me the measure of my days;  
Teach me to know how frail I am,  
And spend the remnant to thy praise."

Also,

"Father of mercies in thy word."

And

"When I survey life's varied scene,  
And the darkest hours."

She wrote many other well-known and highly prized hymns.

Mrs. Anna Letitia Barbauld was the daughter of Dr. Aiken, a minister at Warrington, England, and the wife of a French pastor. As a hymnist, she was a great favorite with Charles James Fox. How often have her holy words soothed the broken hearts of bereaved ones as we have sung:

"Sweet is the scene where Christians die;  
When holy souls retire to rest,  
How mildly beams the closing eye,  
How gently heaves the expiring breast."

Again, we have from her the hymn:

"Praise to God, immortal praise."

Charlotte Elliot was another sweet singer in Israel. She sang her enchanting lyrics at Torquay, in Devonshire, and seems to have been much given to solitude and prayer.

Those words of hers:

"My God, my father, while I stray."

Again, she strikes the sympathetic chord in every praying soul in the words:

"Just as I am, without one plea."

Sarah Flower Adams, of Dorsetshire, England, seems to carry us with her in the arms of her faith when she ascends to her God and our God in a bold, confiding, courageous love, singing:

"Nearer my God, to Thee."

It is said that, as she died, her last breath gasped out a song of love to God. She died in 1849.

Mrs. Helen Maria Williams, of London, seems to have been one of the modest and almost unknown hymnists who, like Jane Taylor and others, have contributed one or two well-known offerings at the altar of praise, and then disappeared forever. She left us one of the most precious hymns in our language when she died, in 1837, after a brief imprisonment in Paris in the days of Robespierre—a hymn which is becoming dearer to our hearts every year:

"While Thee I seek protecting Power."

Coquerel, the great French preacher, was her nephew. He is said to have been religiously educated by her.

Few of the daughters of Jerusalem have swept the hand over the lute so softly and touchingly as Mrs. Felicia Hemans, and few of her sisters have passed through a life of such delicate but intense trial as she did. I never can think of her without keen sympathy, and a wish that I might have stood by her side to have taken a blow with her now and then in the battle of life; for she had many a blow, and the strife was terrific. She struggled along till 1835, and her monument in St. Ann's Church, Dublin, tells us how she sustained the unequal contest and what followed on her release. While she lived, she sang of another, and we now sing it of her in her own words:

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair spirit, rest thee now;  
E'en while with me thy steps tread  
His seal was on thy brow.  
Dust to its narrow house beneath,  
Soul to its place on high,  
Till that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die."

These, her own words, were chiseled on her tombstone; and none could be more appropriate.

We are indebted to Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown for the favorite hymn:

"I love to steal awhile away  
From every cumbering care."

To Maria De Fleury for the lay:

"Thou sweet gliding Kedron."

To Frederika Bremer for the soul-stirring words:

"Cheek grow pale, but heart be vigorous;  
Body fail, but soul have peace."

Anne Brontë wrote the words:

"I hoped that with the brave and strong."

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney wrote:

"Laborers of Christ, arise."

and many other hymns.

We owe much to Phœbe Cary for her precious

"One sweetly solemn thought."

And much to Caroline Southey, the wife of the poet laureate, for her appeals to Christian hope:

"Launch thy bark, mariner."

And

"Down from the willow bough."

Maria, Queen of Hungary, her husband having been slain by the Turks, was compelled to fly for her own life because of her devotion to the Reformed faith. Under her crushing desolations she composed her celebrated "Song of the Cross," in the year 1526. A similar story might be told of Elizabeth, daughter of James I, afterward Queen of Bohemia; of her bitter tribulations for over forty years, and of her stout heart which withstood it all for Christ's sake; yet she sang:

"This is joy; this is true pleasure."



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## Letter from Boston.

THE ENGLISH OPERA—NEW THEATRES AND NEW CONCERT HALLS—AN ECHO FROM THE WORLD'S PEACE JUBILEE—THE NORMAL MUSICAL INSTITUTE AT EAST GREENWICH—CLASSICAL CONCERTS BY THE SCORE—MR. PECK'S ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT—GENERAL ITEMS, ETC.

BOSTON, March 17, 1874.

In my last letter I introduced some statistics tending to show that Boston has a decided fondness for opera, as evidenced by the unprecedented amount of patronage lavished upon the Strakosch troupe. The English season given by the Kellogg company is also proving a gigantic success. The aggregate receipts will be much less than at the Italian opera, for the reason that the prices are much lower—about one-half—but the house has been crowded to overflowing on the Kellogg nights. The company is very good so far as the female talent is concerned, but the male department is lamentably weak. Mr. Carlton, the young English baritone, who is the best of the lot, has a good voice but it has not much power. Maas is a passable tenor, but the others are hardly up to the mark. Habelmann has been a most agreeable artist, but he sings out of tune, and he is compelled to transpose much of his music on account of his inability to reach the high notes. Clarke is a fair second tenor. Peakes, the basso, has improved, but his voice is harsh and grating. Hall has done some things with a fair degree of success, but is hardly entitled to hold the position of first baritone. Miss Kellogg is singing better than ever notwithstanding her hard season's work. Mrs. Van Zandt has won much favor, and Mrs. Seagun, who was always a favorite, has won new laurels. Miss Annie Starbird, who has appeared with the company, is also a pleasing artist. Miss Kellogg and those who are associated with her in the management of the opera enterprise, have done as well as they could be expected to do with the means they had at command. Another season will witness, doubtless, worthier efforts still. Miss Kellogg's whole soul is in the work of establishing a national opera, and every American who loves music will be delighted to see her succeed.

The Handel and Haydn Society are busily engaged in rehearsing the music they are to sing at their Triennial Festival in May. I gave last month a list of the most important works to be sung, together with the names of the prominent soloists. The following is the order of performances for the festival week: *Tuesday, May 5th*, evening, opening performance, Handel's oratorio, "Judas Maccabæus." *Wednesday, May 6th*, matinee by the Thomas orchestra and the vocalists; evening, Beethoven's Ninth or Choral Symphony, and "The Seasons," by Haydn. *Thursday, May 7th*, Oratorio matinee, Mendelssohn's "Christus," Dudley Buck's 46th Psalm, etc. *Friday, May 8th*, matinee by the orchestra and vocalists; evening, Bach's "Passion Music." *Saturday, May 9th*, matinee by the orchestra and vocalists; evening, J. K. Paine's new oratorio, "St. Peter." *Sunday, May 10*, evening, closing performance, "The Messiah," Handel.

There is a strong movement in Boston just now towards the erection of a new opera house. The Boston Theatre is run as a "star" establishment, and this season it has had no opposition. The Museum is a comedy theatre, and the Howard Athenæum is devoted almost wholly to the variety business. The Globe Theatre was burned last May. As there was no other house for the opera companies to go to, they had to accept whatever terms the managers of the Boston Theatre chose to offer them. From Max Maretzek the theatre took twenty-five per cent of the gross receipts, from Strakosch twenty-two and a half per cent, and from the Kellogg English

opera troupe they extract forty per cent. The Aimee troupe cannot come, for there is no time left for them. The *opera bouffers* originally had the time now being filled by the Kellogg Troupe, but telegraphed from Mexico giving it up, and Mr. Hess gladly availed himself of the opening it afforded for the Kellogg company. These and other circumstances have set many people to thinking that a house without a stock company, which can be available for opera, etc., like the academies of music in New York and Philadelphia, would not only be a paying investment, but a most desirable thing to have. Opera pays better in Boston than anywhere else, but the managers are unwilling to give more than two or three weeks at a time, on account of the heavy exactions of the Boston Theatre managers. It is not unlikely that the new Globe—if Mr. Arthur Cheney concludes to rebuild, and it is now pretty well settled that he will—may become an opera house instead of a stock and star theatre. Mr. Crosby, formerly of Chicago, is anxious to invest in such an enterprise, and Max Strakosch and many others are desirous of helping the project along. While an opera house is extremely probable, another new theatre is also likely to arise. Mr. Wyzeman Marshall will build one if Mr. Cheney does not, but if the latter gentleman goes ahead he will resist. Rumor has it that Mr. Sheridan Shook, of New York, will join Mr. John Stetson, one of the present managers of the Howard Athenæum, in erecting a new theatre on Tremont street, opposite Hollis street. Mr. Marshall has had the same site in view, and also one at the junction of Columbus avenue and Berkeley street. Other locations have been examined in various parts of the city, but the Tremont street estate will probably be utilized.

There is almost as much interest in regard to new concert halls, or in regard to halls to be devoted to public purposes, as there seems to be on the question of new theatres. A new hall which was hinted at in one of my recent letters is now actually in course of erection. It is situated in the rear of the corner of Washington and Boylston streets, with an entrance nearly opposite the Globe Theatre site. It will be made to accommodate from 1,200 to 1,500 persons. The Young Men's Christian Union have arranged to build a new edifice on Boylston street, near the Common, and this is to contain a hall with a seating capacity of about 700. The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association have voted to sell their present estate, at the corner of Bedford and Chauncy streets, which embraces Mechanics' Hall, and to rebuild west of Tremont street. Their plan contemplates a large building with a series of halls suitable for their triennial exhibitions, and one of these apartments it is intended, shall seat five thousand persons. This it is contemplated will be brought into requisition for the large musical festivals, and other great gatherings. There was a strong prospect not long ago that Music Hall would be lost to us. There were in fact several enterprises on foot looking to that end. One was a heavy real estate speculation which had in view of the extension of Hamilton place through the estate, and the erection of a large hotel on adjacent property. In that case the organ would have been sold. Efforts were also made to buy the hall for a free church. All these undertakings were futile, and the hall is likely to remain as it is for the present.

The World's Peace Jubilee left behind it a long train of litigations. Some of these are yet in progress. A hearing before a referee on the bill of the artillerists who burned the powder on the festive occasion, was recently concluded, and another is now going on to determine whether Mr. Carl Zerrahn earned \$5,000 or not in conducting some of the concerts. It seems that Mr. Gilmore made a private contract with Mr. Zerrahn to pay this amount in case the thing was a financial success; but it was not, inasmuch as nearly \$300,000 were sunk. Zerrahn seeks to break the contract as it was dated on

Madame Guyon was a woman of wonderful powers, hated, feared, haunted, thrown into prison again and again for religion's sake. She became a disciple in 1668, and she filled every prison in which she was immured with praise, for she said, "the stones of my prison looked to me like rubies." She sang:

"Nor exile I, nor prison fear;  
Love makes my courage great;  
I find a Saviour everywhere,  
His grace in every state."

Louisa Henrietta, Electress of Brandenburg, in the troublous times of 1649, could sing on the death of her son:

"Jesus my Redeemer lives."

The first poem ever written, though not by woman, was written about her. It is the address of Lamech to his wives, in Genesis iv.

When John Wesley was single he wrote:

"I have no sharer of my heart  
To rob my Saviour of a part."

But after he became acquainted with Mrs. Vizzelle he left that verse out of his pilgrim hymn. So Dr. Watts fell in love with Elizabeth Singer, afterward Mrs. Rowe. He was rejected. He was a man of very large soul, but of small stature and not attractive in person; she told him, "she loved the jewel, but could not admire the casket." The good little doctor was quite grieved, and a little spunky, and said:

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with my span,  
I must be measured by my soul,  
The mind's the standard of the man."

After a while you hear him mourning out:

"How vain are all things here below,  
How false and yet how fair."

I have not found a first-class poem from woman on the birth of Jesus, nor a first-class cradle hymn.

I find them from Ephrem Syrus, a monk, from Martin Luther, another monk; from Watts, Wesley, and that loving old bachelor, James Montgomery. The best cradle hymn was written by a monk and not a mother. But women have given few, if any, hymns of dread and terror. Watts writes us:

"My soul on awful subjects roll,  
Damnation and the dead."

I don't suppose he intended it to be sung. I believe in perdition, but it is not a subject to be sung about. The hymn,

"I want to be an angel,"

has been sung for the last twenty years in Europe, England, as well as America. I received a letter from the author's sister in Newark, saying that it was written by Mrs. Sydney B. Gill, in Philadelphia. She was teacher of an infant class in Dr. Joel Parker's church there. She had been teaching a lesson on angels; one of the children said, "I want to be an angel;" in a few days that child died; and under the strong impression of the circumstances, the teacher wrote the hymn for the Sunday school to sing, and it has struck a chord in every child's heart since 1854.—*Home Journal*.

## A Prima Donna's Troubles.

Madame Lucca has been frowned upon by the fickle goddess Fortune, of late. She broke with Maretzek, and has been mulcted in the sum of \$16,000. Her former husband threatens to prosecute her for bigamy. The doors of the Italian opera are closed against her, and she is compelled to appear in German opera or to remain idle. She went to Havana with Di Murska and Vizzani, and failed to make the season profitable. When all was over and she was ready to return to America, the chorus, orchestra and troupe sued her for back salaries and passage money. She refused to pay her share of it, and the court issued an order prohibiting her departure until the people were paid. On the 19th ult., Madame Lucca attempted to leave clandestinely on the steamer "Columbus" for New York. Her husband, baggage and servants were on board, and, shortly before the sailing of the steamer, a lady closely veiled, was seen to approach. A committee of the chorus discovered her to be Lucca, and informed the police, who compelled the entire party to return ashore. There she remained under surveillance until she succumbed to the demands of the company. She was permitted to leave on the 21st. The *Saturday Evening Gazette* thinks that if this sort of thing continues, the German opera when it is ready to open, that there is no Lucca 'bout the house.—*Orpheus*.

"TAM O'SHANTER."—Mr. Howard Glover, the celebrated British composer and musical critic, now located in Boston, will give a grand concert at Tremont Temple early next month, when his famous setting of Burns's "Tam O'Shanter" will be produced with full band and chorus. For the first time in America, "Tam O'Shanter" has been performed with the greatest success by the London Philharmonic Society, and at all the great Musical Festivals of England.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*.



a Sunday, and to fall back upon the committee who managed the affair, claiming that the understanding was that he should receive \$5,000 any way. A large number of witnesses, mainly musicians and musical people, have been examined in the case.

Dr. Tourjee is fast completing his arrangements for holding a Normal Musical Institute at East Greenwich, R. I., the coming summer, opening Wednesday, July 15th, and closing Thursday, August 20th. The fine buildings and extensive grounds of the Academy at that place have been placed at his disposal for the purpose. The aim will be to provide strictly first-class facilities to students in music, and to those who desire to spend a portion of their summer vacation in perfecting themselves for the position of teachers of music. Provision will be made for every department of musical culture, and the best teachers connected with the New England Conservatory of Music, and other eminent instructors, will be engaged. Among the departments of instruction will be vocal culture and the art of singing, piano-forte playing, organ playing, theory of music and harmony, composition, normal instruction for teachers of music in public schools, conducting (choral and orchestral), oratorio practice and the direction of choirs and choruses. Especial facilities will be had for learning the best method of teaching music in schools. Mr. L. W. Mason and Mr. H. E. Holt, two of the gentlemen who have charge of music in the Boston schools, will be connected with the Institute as teachers. There will be concerts every day, occasional classical concerts, organ recitals on the large organ in the chapel, by Mr. George E. Whitney and others, daily classes in general musical instruction and harmony, frequent lectures on harmony and miscellaneous musical topics, oratorio practice under Mr. Zerrahn, etc. A large number of organs and pianos will be brought into use, the resources of the New England Conservatory of Music being at command, and there will of course be rare opportunities for organ and piano practice, as well as for the cultivation of the voice. Among the teachers already engaged (and the list is by no means full) are Messrs. Carl Zerrahn, George L. Osgood, S. A. Emery, George E. Whitney, J. C. D. Parker, L. W. Mason, H. E. Holt, L. F. Snow and E. Tourjee. East Greenwich is delightfully situated on the borders of Narragansett Bay, and is one of the most healthful and beautiful places in New England. It is twelve miles south of Providence, on the New York Railroad, and within easy distance of Newport, Rocky Point, Bristol, Warren and other places, which like East Greenwich are much resorted to in summer. There will be ample facilities for bathing, sailing and fishing, and the prices of board will be placed at the lowest possible rates, so that teachers and others may spend their summer vacation in a healthful location, profitably in the way of acquiring musical instruction and at the same time economically. The New England Bureau for obtaining situations for teachers organists and singers, will be connected with the Institute.

A large number of classical concerts have been given in Boston during the present month, and many more are promised. The first in order of importance have been a series of evening concerts given at Horticultural Hall by Camilla Urso, the distinguished lady violinist. Three concerts were given, when the series was interrupted by a distressing accident to Madame Urso, which will prevent her from playing for some weeks to come. At these concerts Madame Urso herself took the position of first violin in the quartettes, quintettes and trios, and nothing finer has ever been heard in Boston than the quartette playing thus furnished. Members of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club assisted in the string department, and Messrs. Ernest Perabo, B. J. Lang, and Richard Hoffman have assisted at different concerts as pianists. Mr. George L. Osgood, Miss Clara Doria, and Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen,

have assisted as vocalists. Mr. S. B. Mills, the New York pianist, and Mr. Nelson Varley, tenor, were to have appeared at the closing concert, on the 16th, but this had to be postponed. Madame Urso contemplates giving two popular concerts at Music Hall, April 11th and 12th, but it is doubtful if she recovers in time.

The accident alluded to occurred on the 10th inst., and was caused by the ignition of a bottle of kerosoline. The inflammable liquid flew over her clothing, and one hand and wrist—her left, so essential to a violinist, were severely burned.

Among the other classical concerts have been a series by Mr. B. J. Lang, at Mechanics' Hall, in which the popular pianist has had the assistance of some of our best instrumentalists and vocalists; Madame Madeline Schiller's, at the same hall, in which some fine piano-forte playing by Madame S., and some excellent singing by Miss Clara Doria, have constituted the main features; Messrs George L. Osgood and Hugo Leonhard's, also given at Mechanics' Hall, and consisting in about equal parts of singing and piano-forte playing; Mr. Carlyle Petersilea's ten recitals of Beethoven Sonatas, at Wesleyan Hall; and Mr. Boscovitz's piano-forte recitals at the hall of the Apollo Club. In consequence of illness Mr. Boscovitz has been compelled to postpone his remaining recitals until the 10th and 17th of next month. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club closed their series of Saturday night concerts at the Meionaon February 28th. The Beethoven Quintette Club have announced two *soirees*, one of which takes place this evening at Mechanics' Hall. Mrs. J. M. Osgood, Mr. Ernest Perabo, and Mr. J. C. D. Parker will assist the Club.

Mr. George E. Whiting's series of organ recitals, given under the auspices of the New England Conservatory of Music, at Conservatory Hall, are progressing finely. March 7th his programme was devoted to Mozart, and last Saturday's programme was made up from the works of Beethoven, Schubert Spohr, Rossini, Weber and Mendelssohn (twice), will appear in the recitals of the coming six weeks.

The tenth and last of the Harvard Symphony concerts takes place on Thursday next, the 19th. Miss Terese Liebe, the violinist, and Mr. Nelson Varley, the tenor, are to assist.

Mr. W. S. D. Leavitt's oratorio, "The Coronation of David," was repeated at Tremont Temple, March 4th, under the direction of the composer.

The Sunday concerts at Parker Memorial Hall, continue to be well patronized.

Mr. A. P. Peck is making great preparations for his annual benefit concert, which takes place at Music Hall, Wednesday evening, April 1st. He has engaged Madame Christine Nilsson, M. Victor Capoul and the Theodore Thomas orchestra.

At a classical recital to be given by the New England Conservatory of Music, at Wesleyan Hall, to-morrow, a new piano and string quintette, by Carl Gloggnier Castelli, will be performed.

There is a whole crop of concerts at the various halls, this evening, to commemorate St. Patrick's Day.

The New York Glee and Madrigal Vocalists are to give two concerts at Music Hall—their fifth and sixth in this city the present season—April 2d and 4th.

The annual musical festival of the public schools will take place at Music Hall, Wednesday afternoon May 20th, and there will be the customary repetition Saturday afternoon, May 23d, for the accommodation of the parents of the pupils who take part in the exercises.

The Apollo Club will give a concert at Music Hall, Thursday evening, May 21st.

The Hampton Colored Singers are to sing in Boston about the middle of next month.

The Boston Highlands Musical Association, of which Mr. J. B. Sharland is the director, gave a very

fine concert at Kennedy Hall on the 5th inst. Mendelssohn's cantata, "Landa Sion," was sung on the occasion, and in a most excellent manner.

The Orpheus Musical Society gave another of their enjoyable musical and social soirees at their rooms on Washington street, last Friday evening, the 13th inst. Mrs. Amalie Dietrich Strong, the pianist, took part in the musical exercises, together with the society, which is under the direction of Mr. Julius Eichberg. Mr. Carl Schraubstadter, one of the most esteemed members of the society, is to be made the recipient of a complimentary concert at the Town Hall, Brookline, to-morrow evening.

Miss Maggie Mitchell, who is a great favorite in this city, begins an engagement at the Boston Theatre next Monday evening, appearing in the drama of "Jane Eyre."

Boucicault's new drama, "Led Astray," has had a fine reception at the museum and bids fair to have a long run.

The Vokes' closed a two weeks' engagement at the Howard Athenæum, last Saturday. The first week's receipts were \$10,807, and the second week's \$10,421.50—a total of \$21,228.50. The regular company took from \$600 to \$900 out of town meanwhile.

RANGER.

MARSHALL, MICH., March 19th, 1874.

Editor of the Song Journal:

The first of a proposed series of "*soirees musicales*," which have been in contemplation for some time past, was given last evening at the music room of C. N. Colwell, over Mr. White's store, and resulted in a highly enjoyable and pleasant entertainment. We subjoin the programme, consisting of music of acknowledged merit, which was rendered in a manner reflecting great credit upon the several performers, and was duly appreciated by the select audience in attendance:

PROGRAMME.

1. Overture—Le Domino Noir.....Auber.  
(Miss Ida Phelps, Mr. Colwell.)
2. Oh, As Fair as Poet's Dreaming.....Donizetti.  
(Miss Downs.)
3. Piano Solo—Von Weber's Last Waltz (Var.).....Cramer.  
(Miss Nellie Earle.)
4. Clarinette Solo—Theme (Var.).....Baerman.  
(Mr. Charles Bradley.)
5. Here, Take My Heart.....Colwell.  
(Miss Lacey.)
6. Piano Solo—Midsummer Night's Dream (Fantasia).....Smith.  
(Miss Ida Phelps.)
7. Duo for two Pianos—Themes (Var.).....Pixie,  
(Miss Hyde, Mr. Colwell.)
8. Cavatina from "Robert".....Meyerbeer.
9. Violin Solo—William Tell (Potpourri).....Rossini.  
(Mr. William Phelps.)
10. Piano Solo—a. L'Elsire D'Amore, Fantasia Caprice.  
b. Last Rose of Summer (Var.)  
Mr. Colwell.

DECORAL, Iowa, March 5th, 1874.

Editor Song Journal:

The great musical event of north-eastern Iowa has just passed, and has realized all, and more than its friends and supporters anticipated, culminating in a grand triumph for the cause of music in the west. The total membership of the institute was over one hundred and sixty, and a more earnest set of workers was never thrown together, comprising the lovers of music, and singers from six counties of this section of the state. The interest which Professor Town, as instructor and conductor has elicited, not only, with the old and well trained singers, but also with the young and less experienced is truly an enviable one, and he leaves them, carrying with him the warmest and kindest feeling from all, being well deserved. The Institute was a grand success in all respects, and the singers were invited to come and have another grand jubilee, which was heartily responded to, of which you shall be apprised in the future.

PAOLI.

# THE SONG JOURNAL.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, APRIL, 1874.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."  
"The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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## The Convention of Musical Editors.

Most enterprises resulting in lasting benefit, usually originate with a few, and often in an obscure, unostentatious manner. We have several times spoken in the SONG JOURNAL of the desirableness of holding such a convention—a meeting which one of our contemporaries styles "*The Proposed Pow-wow*"—(not a very classical epithet) and have only to reiterate the belief that such a convention properly called, and rightly conducted, would result in great good, not only to those controlling the musical press of our country, but tend vastly to the interests of music in many ways. It is a truism undisputed, that there is strength in unity, and vastly augmented in concerted action. Hence, were the editorial fraternity brought together face to face, and led to confer as they would do under these circumstances, upon those topics of interest, not only to themselves, in the responsible position they occupy, but also to the relation existing between them and the publishers of their journals, much of importance would be accomplished for both. The *Musical Echo*, of Milwaukee, in speaking on the subject, says, "A few good and popular musical journals, that are doing good service, have signalled their readiness to take part in the pow-wow," and adds, "if any plan of action conducive to the good of musical papers, or the work of the musical writers, has been proposed, we have not heard of it, and do not believe that any profit could result from a meeting such as is now proposed and managed." That there is a "little ice" in the above quotation, which seems to begin to thaw in the next sentence, in which he declares if "some orderly plan tending to the advancement of the cause of musical journalism is proposed, the *Musical Echo* will be the first to second it," we deem it not difficult to discover. And in another part of his paper he very modestly suggests that "if the boys decide to come together, we don't know of any place better suited for the gathering than Milwaukee."

Now we have one suggestion from the *Echo*—the Jerusalem to worship in is found. Go on, brother, you have done well. Give us another like it.

## Old Folks' Concerts.

These concerts seem to be all the rage, as indicated from all quarters, east, west, north and south. Buffalo and Cleveland have recently experienced the thrilling excitement arising from several of these entertainments; and a number have been given in

the south and west with like results. In our own State we can boast as loudly of "Ye love of ye musick of olde" as elsewhere—demonstrated by those given last month, the 20th and 21st, in Coldwater, as also those given in the Scotch Presbyterian Church of Detroit. In the concert given in Coldwater, we are informed the costumes were excellent copies of the quaint ones of olden times, and many of them elegant. We subjoin the names of some of the performers, which we think in keeping with the antiquity of the costumes:

## GREATER CONCERTS.

TIMEST: TIMOTHY TIBBLES.

HARPISCHORDERS—Sophia Shuffles, Hans Gladden-Huysen, Priscilla Graves. YE WOMEN SINGERS—Delirance Biggins, Love Sparks, Experience Billings, Mistress Jerusha Cooper (she that was a Bumpus), Charity Standish, Cousin Karoline Dusenbury (she was a Perkins), Temperance Porter, Prudentia Holdfast. YE MEN SINGERS—Uncle Amos Lookout, Praiseworthy Tenney, Deacon Shuffles, Melancthon Armstrong, Goliath Spragueen, Grey Peck, Epaphroditus Bigelow, and certain other Men and Women folks.

Many of our modern writers and composers laugh and jeer at the works of the old masters, and some go so far as to assert that no such orthography ever existed as that displayed in the bills and programmes of the old folks' concerts. As proof of this error, we quote from Bird, an old English author of acknowledged talent, wherein he gives his reasons why every one should learn to sing, the spelling of which is given *verbatim* in the manner of his day.

1. It is a knowledge easilie taught, and quicklie learned.
2. An exercise delightfule to nature.
3. It dothe strengtheen all partes of ye breaste, and dothe open ye pipes.
4. Good remedie for stuttringe.
5. Best means to make a good orator.
6. It is the onlie waye to knowe where nature hath bestowd ye benefyte of a good voyce.
7. There is not anie musickie of instruments comparable to yt whiche is made by the voyce.
8. The better ye voyce is, the meeter it is to honor and serve God therewith.

Since singynge is soe goode a thinge,  
I wish alle men would learne to singe.

## Baxter University of Music.

Thanks for kindly invitation to attend the anniversary of the founding of this old and well-tried school of music, established at Friendship, N. Y., just twenty-one years ago. We must, however, forego the pleasure of meeting the students, patrons and friends of the institution, at their reunion on the 25th and 26th of March.

We congratulate President Baxter, the founder of the University, in his happiness upon arriving at the legal age of citizenship; and though we have no fault to find with the discharge of duty during his minority, look forward in fond anticipation to still greater results in the good cause of music, now that he has become a full-fledged man, after twenty-one years efficient labor in its control.

## Books and Music.

LISZT'S "PROMETHEUS"—*Vocal Score, with English and German Text.* Cincinnati: John Church & Co., publishers. In the work before us we have the combined product of the inspirations of poetry and music, blending in real beauty and glorious triumphs; where genius, however fascinating and extraordinary, invests itself with a loftiness and purity of sentiment, a luxuriance of fancy, a picturesque conception, a power as touching as it is extensive and irresistible. The poem of PROMETHEUS was written by *Johann Gottfried von Herder*, one of Germany's most gifted and learned men. He was born in 1744, and was for many years first preacher at the court of Weimar, and the author of

numerous writings of poetic beauty and power, together with several relating to music.

FRANZ LISZT, the world-renowned pianist, and author of the exquisitely beautiful and artistic work before us, was born at Raedding, Hungary, October 22, 1811. Occupying, as he has for many years, the enviable position of king of the piano, as also with those possessing but a limited knowledge of the many works which have preceded this from his fruitful mind, we were prepared, ere the slight examination bestowed upon it, for the excellencies of one of the greatest of earth's living classical scholars. We cannot better convey to our readers the difficulties of giving truthfully the intense and varied passions of gods and men, expressed in this grand story of Herder's, upon which Liszt, the great composer, has built his superb work, than by quoting from the argument which prefaces the music he has so wonderfully and beautifully expressed with a display of methods and perfect adaptation, musically, to the sentiments contained in the text.

In the poem the author has followed the well-known story which makes Prometheus to have stolen fire from Heaven. This was a serious offense to the Olympian deities, and Jupiter punished Prometheus by chaining him to a rock, and sending an eagle who daily preyed upon his vitals, which were at night renewed. According to some of the renderings of this fable, Prometheus suffered this punishment for thirty thousand years, when he was rescued by Hercules. Herder accepts, in the fullest sense, the idea that Prometheus was a benefactor of men, and that in bringing fire to them he was altogether an educator and an author of good.

The poem also depicts Prometheus in his captivity of suffering, but animated all the while by his love for the race of man. To him come spirits of the ocean, complaining and shouting wild and threatening cries. The harvesters and other workers of the soil offer thanks for light and heat and the other bounteous gifts that have been given to the earth by great Prometheus. Ceres, Bacchus and the other deities who protect the earth and its fruits, pay homage to Prometheus, because he brought to man the blessing of fire. After Prometheus has endured great and long-continued pain, Hercules comes, and with a bolt from his bow kills the eagle preying upon his vitals, and with his club breaks the chains that bind him to the rock. Finally Prometheus is brought before Themis, who assures him that his long punishment has appeased the anger of Jupiter and the gods; that he is forgiven, and that the benefactions he brought to earth shall become eternal blessings."

As before intimated, we have not had opportunity to give this work the examination and study its merits demand. It will, however, be seen, even upon a cursory look at its pages, that there will be found very little milk designed for babes in music to drink, but strong meat, bracing and hearty to be digested by the hale and robust musician to eat and fatten upon. At every step throughout the work, we are astonished and enchanted at the boldness, freedom and beauty developed in the general carrying out of his design; the almost endless variety he effects in the treatment of each and all of his subjects; the graceful flow of his melodies, and his unrivaled skill in that various combination. Those charming sequences, too! with what grace do they flow out from his master mind, never tedious, but ever interesting. Page after page could be easily cited in a critical enumeration of the beauties scattered throughout Liszt's "Prometheus," and the result would be the oft-repeated corroboration that he stands foremost among the most extraordinary musical geniuses of the age.

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# FRIDA POLKA MAZURKA.

*Introduction.*

H. HERRMANN, Op. 70.

PIANO.

*rall e dim.*

POLKA MAZURKA.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of two main sections: an Introduction and a Polka Mazurka. The Introduction is in 3/4 time and is marked 'PIANO' and 'rall e dim.'. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The Polka Mazurka section is also in 3/4 time and is marked 'p'. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with triplets and accents. The score is written for piano with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs).



First system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melody with triplets and slurs. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. A fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking is present in the bass staff.

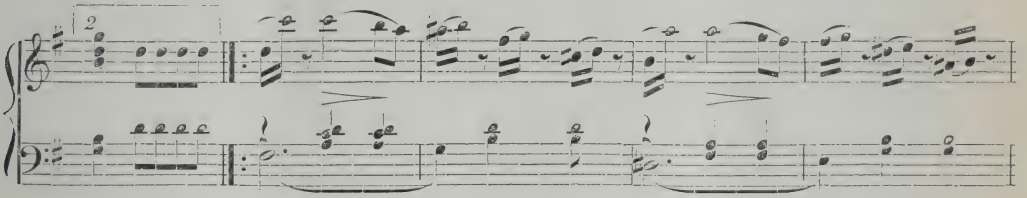
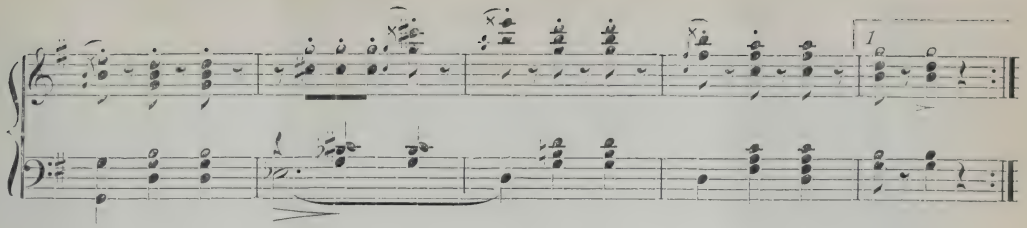
Second system of musical notation. The treble staff includes first and second endings, marked with '1' and '2'. The bass staff has a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking followed by a *f* (fortissimo) and then a *p* (piano) marking.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with slurs and accents. The bass staff includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking and a *f* (fortissimo) marking.

## TRIO.

Fourth system of musical notation, beginning the Trio section. The treble staff has a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The bass staff features a steady accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the Trio melody. The bass staff maintains the accompaniment.



Introduction and Polka Mazurka D. C.  
al.





# C. J. Whitney & Co.'s Price List of Musical Merchandise.

OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE AND IMPORTATION.

For the convenience of Retail Buyers, we give below the prices at which we sell our Musical Merchandise.

Parties ordering by mail will please state what priced articles they wish, and the best that can be offered for the sum named will be sent. Parties leaving the selection to us can rely upon being honestly served; in fact it has been the settled policy of OUR HOUSE during the last twenty-five years to do better by this class of customers, if possible, than by any other.

We keep none of the cheap and worthless imported goods; on the contrary, our musical merchandise is of the best make, and in all cases made from well-seasoned stock.

ALL GOODS WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED. DEALERS, TEACHERS, ETC., SUPPLIED AT THE LOWEST TRADE RATES.

## Accordeons.

Purchasers can rely upon getting the best French make. They come direct from Paris, and are warranted to be unequalled in tone and finish. We keep none of those cheap, trashy instruments with fair exterior but poor reeds.

| PRICES:                          |                     |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|
| 8-Keyed Accordeons, plain finish | \$ 3 to 4           |
| 10 - - - - -                     | 4 to 5              |
| 12 - - - - -                     | 5 to 6              |
| 14 - - - - -                     | 6 to 7              |
| 16 - - - - -                     | \$ 8, \$10 and \$12 |
| 18 - - - - -                     | 12, 14 and 16       |
| 20 and 24 Keyed, fancy finished  | \$20 to 30          |

## German Accordeons.

|                                  |              |
|----------------------------------|--------------|
| 8 and 10 Keys, without Stop      | \$ 3 to \$ 5 |
| 8 and 10 - - extra finish        | 8 to 12      |
| 8 and 10 - semitone and one stop | 16 to 20     |
| 10 and 12 - - - - -              | 25 to 30     |

Also on hand a complete assortment of Accordion Reeds, Pearls and Trimmings.

## Banjos.

|                                                        |                            |
|--------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Small size for boys                                    | \$2.50, \$ 3.50 to \$10.00 |
| Medium size, back head                                 | 3 to 5                     |
| Large sizes with brass screws & Calf Heads             | 12 to 20                   |
| Frass Hoops                                            | 12 to 20                   |
| Rosewood Hoops                                         | 12 to 20                   |
| Patent Heads                                           | 20c 30c                    |
| Banjo Tail Pieces                                      | 20c 30c                    |
| Banjo Bridges, plain 10c; rosewood 15c, ebony, 20c     |                            |
| Banjo Trimbles                                         | 1 to 1.50                  |
| Patent Heads for Banjos                                | \$1.50 to \$1.75           |
| Banjo Heads, Sheep-skin, 50c to 75c; calf, 1 to 1.50   |                            |
| Banjo Pegs, 10c to 50c each. Also all other trimmings. |                            |

## Bones or Ratles.

Cocos, Rosewood and Ebony, 75c to \$1.50 per set.

## Brass Instruments.

We keep none but the best quality of Brass Instruments and warrant them to be equalled in tone and well finished. Cheaper Instruments can be furnished to order, but we will in no case guarantee them.

| Piston Valves. Rotary. German Silver. |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| F. Flat Cornets                       | \$2.50, \$ 3, \$ 4, \$ 5, \$ 6, \$ 7, \$ 8, \$ 9, \$ 10, \$ 11, \$ 12, \$ 13, \$ 14, \$ 15, \$ 16, \$ 17, \$ 18, \$ 19, \$ 20, \$ 21, \$ 22, \$ 23, \$ 24, \$ 25, \$ 26, \$ 27, \$ 28, \$ 29, \$ 30, \$ 31, \$ 32, \$ 33, \$ 34, \$ 35, \$ 36, \$ 37, \$ 38, \$ 39, \$ 40, \$ 41, \$ 42, \$ 43, \$ 44, \$ 45, \$ 46, \$ 47, \$ 48, \$ 49, \$ 50, \$ 51, \$ 52, \$ 53, \$ 54, \$ 55, \$ 56, \$ 57, \$ 58, \$ 59, \$ 60, \$ 61, \$ 62, \$ 63, \$ 64, \$ 65, \$ 66, \$ 67, \$ 68, \$ 69, \$ 70, \$ 71, \$ 72, \$ 73, \$ 74, \$ 75, \$ 76, \$ 77, \$ 78, \$ 79, \$ 80, \$ 81, \$ 82, \$ 83, \$ 84, \$ 85, \$ 86, \$ 87, \$ 88, \$ 89, \$ 90, \$ 91, \$ 92, \$ 93, \$ 94, \$ 95, \$ 96, \$ 97, \$ 98, \$ 99, \$ 100 |
| E. - Alto                             | 20 32 70                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| E. - Tenor                            | 30 52 70                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| B. - Baritone                         | 38 64 85                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| B. - Base                             | 45 64 85                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| E. - Tuba                             | 92 150 180                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |

Mouth Pieces, brass, 75c to \$1.50; German silver, \$1 to \$2  
Cornets: Bell Front, Orchestra and Circular Styles.

|                       |                                       |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------------|
| F. Flat Cornet, brass | \$1.50; German Silver, \$2.00         |
| B. - - - - -          | 45; 65; 85                            |
| Cornet Boxes          | \$3 to \$5. Music Holders, 75c to \$1 |

## Cymbals.

|                    |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Small size Turkish | \$2.50 and \$3.00 |
| Large - Chinese    | 35 and 40         |
| Initiation Turkish | 15 and 20         |

Bugles, Stage & Boat Horns.

Various sizes. \$1.25, \$3, \$4, \$5, \$6, to \$10

## Castanets.

Cocos, Boxwood and Ebony at \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50 per set.

## Clarinets.

| (A, B, Flat, C, D, E flat and F.)          |              |
|--------------------------------------------|--------------|
| 6 Brass Keys (different letters) each      | \$ 8 to \$11 |
| 10 - - - - -                               | 12 to 15     |
| 11 - - - - -                               | 15 to 18     |
| 12 German Silver Keys (different letters)  | 18 to 25     |
| 13 Clarinet Heads (different letters) each | 25 to 50     |
| 14 Mouth Pieces                            | 1 to 1.50    |
| 15 Claps for Reeds                         | 75c          |

## Concertinas.

|                                   |                   |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------|
| Initiation Rosewood 10 to 20 keys | \$2 to \$4.00     |
| Rosewood 10 and 20 keys           | \$4.50 to \$20.00 |

## Double-Basses, Bows, etc.

|                                    |                    |
|------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Double base 3 and 4 strings        | \$40.00 to \$75.00 |
| - - Bridges                        | 1 to 2             |
| - - Bows                           | 2.50 to 4          |
| - - Rosin 50c. Bow Hair            | 75c                |
| 1st, or G String \$1.00; 2nd, or D | 1.50               |
| 3rd, or C String - 25c; 4th, or E  | 2.50               |

## Drums.

|                                                                |                                |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Toy Drums 9 sizes, from                                        | 75c to \$1 each                |
| Tenor Drums, plain \$5 and \$8; German silver, \$10 to \$15.00 |                                |
| Fancy Finished                                                 | \$12.50, \$15, \$20 to \$40.00 |
| Base Drums 25 to 30 inches                                     | 12 to 15                       |
| Toy Drum Sticks                                                | 10c, 20c to 25                 |

|                                                              |              |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Tenor Drum Sticks, plain 40c; cecoco                         | \$1 per pair |
| Being Sticks with Ivory & Calf, silver tips, \$10 to \$15.00 |              |
| Fine Ebony Sticks                                            | 1.50 to 2.00 |
| Base Drum Sticks                                             | 75 to 1.50   |
| Shares 75c; Snare fasteners 75c. Cords, Slugs, etc.          |              |

## Drum Heads.

|                            |                  |
|----------------------------|------------------|
| 14 to 16 inches, calf skin | \$1.00 to \$1.25 |
| 18 to 22 - - - - -         | 1.50 to 2.00     |
| 30 to 34 - - - - -         | 3.50 to 4.50     |
| 36 to 40 - - - - -         | 5.50 to 6.00     |
| 42 to 46 - - - - -         | 8.00 to 9.00     |
| 48 to 52 - - - - -         | 10 to 12.50      |
| 54 to 60 - - - - -         | 12.50 to 15.00   |

## Fifes.

| (B and C.)                               |                   |
|------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Maple 30c; Imitation Ebony 50c; Satiwood | 75                |
| Coco 1; Ebony \$1.50; extra finished     | \$2.00 to \$10.00 |
| German Silver and White Metal            | 4.00 to 8.00      |
| Fife Tubes                               | 40c, 50c and 75c  |

## Flageolates.

| (D and B.)                  |                   |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| Boxwood, one key plain      | \$2.00 and \$1.00 |
| - - - - - tipped            | 2.50 and 3.50     |
| Cocowood, one key           | 4.00 and 5.00     |
| - - - - - four keys, tipped | 4.00              |

## Flutes—All Sizes.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| All our Flutes, Flages and Flageolates are of American make and are warranted not to crack, unless carelessly used, and will be exchanged if found imperfect, provided they are returned in good order and within a reasonable time. We keep none of the cheap imported goods. |                                   |
| Boxwood, one key plain \$1; tipped                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | \$ 2.00                           |
| - - - - - four tipped                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 4.00 to 5.00                      |
| Cocowood, one key                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 3.00 to 4.00                      |
| - - - - - four keys, without slide                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 6.00 to 7.00                      |
| - - - - - six keys                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 12.00 to 15.00                    |
| - - - - - eight keys                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 16.00 to 20.00                    |
| Extra finished flutes at                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | \$25, \$30, \$35, 50.00 to 100.00 |
| Keyed Diatonic and Boehme Flutes                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 15.00 to 20.00                    |
| Precious and Octave Flutes, one key                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 1.00 to 8.00                      |
| - - - - - four keys                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 6.00 to 8.00                      |
| - - - - - six keys                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 5.00 to 10.00                     |
| Flute Swabs                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 60 to 75                          |
| Flute Boxes                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 to 5.00    |

## Flutinas.

|                  |                   |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 8 keyed Flutinas | \$10 to \$14      |
| 10 - - - - -     | \$12, \$13 and 15 |
| 12 - - - - -     | 16 to 20          |

French Harps, or Harmonicons.  
Twenty different sizes, from 25c to \$10

## Guitars.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                         |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Small size for girls                                                                                                                                                                                         | \$5, \$7, \$10 and \$15 |
| Ordinary size, Peg Head                                                                                                                                                                                      | 4 and 5                 |
| - - - - - Patent Head                                                                                                                                                                                        | 5, 7, 10 and 15         |
| Good quality                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 12, 15 and 18           |
| Rosewood, American make                                                                                                                                                                                      | 20 and 25               |
| Martin's guitars, all kinds                                                                                                                                                                                  | 80 to 100               |
| Our guitars are made from well seasoned wood, and will be found much superior to the imported guitars, which are in most cases inferior, and in all cases out of tune, will split on the slightest exposure. |                         |

## Guitar Strings.

|                                                            |                         |
|------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| We keep none but the best French, German and Italian make. |                         |
| 2nd or B. French                                           | 20c. Italian 30c and 40 |
| 3rd or G. French                                           | 20c. Italian 30c        |
| 4th or D best wrapped string                               | 20                      |
| 5th or A - - - - -                                         | 25                      |
| 6th or E - - - - -                                         | 25                      |
| Best Italian, per set                                      | 1.75                    |
| Best French                                                | 1.25                    |
| Guitar Boxes, paper bound                                  | 1.50                    |
| Guitar Pegs, wooden boards                                 | 4.50 and 5.00           |
| Guitar Bridges 1st, plus 5c and 10c each; buttons          | 5.00                    |
| Guitar Patent Heads, brass #1; German Silver               | 5.00                    |
| Capo d'Asiolo, wooden 50c to 65c; brass                    | 2.50                    |

## Harp Strings.

|                                                         |         |
|---------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Best French and German Gut Strings, per set \$8 and \$9 |         |
| Waxed strings                                           | 10      |
| Harp Tuning Hammers                                     | 1 and 2 |

## Musical Boxes.

|                                     |                    |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Two times, tin shell and wood cases | \$5 to \$ 8        |
| Three - - - - -                     | 8 to 12            |
| Four - - - - -                      | 15 to 20           |
| Larger sizes in Rosewood Cases      | \$30, \$40 to \$60 |

## Musical Folios.

|                                             |       |
|---------------------------------------------|-------|
| Plain with Marble slides                    | \$ 75 |
| Imitation cloth with "Music" stamp on sides | 1.00  |
| Cloth                                       | 1.25  |
| Cloth with fancy gilding, etc. on stamps    | 2.00  |
| Spring Back, plain \$1.50; with gilding     | 2.00  |

|                                               |        |
|-----------------------------------------------|--------|
| Patent Self-binders, in marble                | \$1.50 |
| - - - - - gilding                             | 2.50   |
| - - - - - Morocco                             | 4.00   |
| - - - - - morocco back, book and key          | 3.50   |
| Musical wrappers, plain, 75c and \$1; morocco | 1.50   |

## Blank Music Books.

|                                           |       |
|-------------------------------------------|-------|
| Band-books, paper backs, 5x8 1/2 in.      | \$ 25 |
| - - - - - oil-cloth backs, 5x8 1/2 in.    | 35    |
| - - - - - stiff backs, 5x8 1/2 in.        | 60    |
| No. 3 Copying-books, 24 pages 7x5 1/2 in. | 25    |
| No. 2 - - - - - 40 - - - - -              | 35    |
| No. 1 - - - - - 60 - - - - -              | 45    |

## Music Paper.

12, 14, 16, 20 and 24 lines, best quality, per quire \$1.00  
Cheaper grades at 75c per quire, but not recommended.

## Musical Racks.

Portable, for standing on tables \$2.50 to \$3

## Pitch Pipes & Tuning Forks.

|                                           |                   |
|-------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| A or C Pitch Pipes, 50c; A and C combined | \$ 75             |
| Tuning Forks, A or C                      | 60c, 75c and 1.00 |

## Pianos.

New and second-hand, from \$200 to \$1000  
Descriptive price-lists sent to any address on application.

## Piano and Melodeon Covers.

|                                                                 |             |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Large Rubber Covers, plain                                      | \$7 to \$ 8 |
| - - - - - printed                                               | 9 to 10     |
| Small - - - - -                                                 | 13          |
| Flat surface, small \$13; large                                 | 15          |
| Melodeon Covers, gold border, small \$2.50, \$3, \$4, \$5 and 6 |             |

## Piano Stools.

|                                        |                     |
|----------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Iron frame, half-cloth                 | \$5                 |
| - - - - - plush                        | 8                   |
| Rosewood and imitation Rosewood        | \$10, \$12 to 25    |
| Piano Wire, all sizes, 7 to 24, per lb | 5                   |
| Piano Tuning Hammers                   | \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 |
| - - - - - best American, long shape    | 15                  |

## Rosin.

|                                        |     |
|----------------------------------------|-----|
| For Violin, in lump 10c; box 20c; best | 30c |
| For Double-Bass                        | 50c |

## Triangles.

Small 75c; medium \$1; larger \$1.50

## Tambourines.

|                                         |                 |
|-----------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Tack, sheephead, 8, 10 and 11 inches    | \$ 75 to \$1.00 |
| With screws, sheep, 8, 10 and 11 inches | 1.00 to 1.50    |
| Fancy painted calf                      | 2.00 to 3.00    |
| Extra Rosewood                          | 4.00 to 6.00    |
| Tambourine Heads, sheep 75c; calf skin  | 1.00            |

## Violins; Bows & Trimmings.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                               |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| One-half sizes, with bow                                                                                                                                                                                                    | \$1.50, \$2, \$3, \$4 to \$10 |
| Three-quarter sizes, with bow                                                                                                                                                                                               | 1.50, 2, 3, 4 to 10           |
| Full size                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 2.50, 3, 4 to 10              |
| We have an almost endless variety of Violins, ranging from \$2 to \$100. All Violins over \$10 we guarantee, and allow the buyer the privilege of exchanging them for higher-priced instruments, if returned in good order. |                               |
| Violin Bows, common                                                                                                                                                                                                         | \$2.75 and \$1.00             |
| - - - - - good quality                                                                                                                                                                                                      | \$1.25, \$1.50 and 2.00       |
| - - - - - best quality                                                                                                                                                                                                      | \$2.50, \$3, \$4 to 10.00     |
| - - - - - Pegs per set, common, 20c; imitation ebony                                                                                                                                                                        | 40                            |
| - - - - - ebony, 75c; fancy inlaid                                                                                                                                                                                          | 2 to 4.00                     |
| - - - - - Bridges, plain 10c; ordinary 15c; best                                                                                                                                                                            | 20                            |
| - - - - - Tail-pieces 25c; ebony                                                                                                                                                                                            | 50c, 75c, 3.00                |
| - - - - - Finger-boards                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 1 to 1.50                     |
| - - - - - Neckes \$1; Violin Buttons                                                                                                                                                                                        | 15                            |
| - - - - - Boxes, paper boards, \$1; common wood                                                                                                                                                                             | 2.50                          |
| - - - - - fine wood, with springs                                                                                                                                                                                           | \$1.50 to 25.00               |

## Violin Strings.

|                                        |             |
|----------------------------------------|-------------|
| 1st or E, best German, 20c; Italian    | 30c and 40  |
| 2nd or A, best French, 20c; Italian    | 30c         |
| 3rd or G, best French, 20c; Italian    | 30c         |
| 4th or D, wrapped                      | 30c; Silver |
| Per set, best quality, with silver 4th | 1.00        |
| - - - - - with 30c 4th                 | 1.25        |
| - - - - - French and German            | 75c         |

## Violoncellos, Bows and Trimmings.

|                                          |                                  |
|------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Peg Head, \$10, \$12; Patent Head        | \$12, \$15, to \$30.00           |
| Cello Bows                               | \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$3, to \$4.00 |
| Cello Strings                            | \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$3, to \$4.00 |
| Cello Bridges, plain, 50c; finer quality | 75c                              |
| Cello Pegs, 50c each; Patent Heads       | 5.00                             |

## Zithers.

|                    |                        |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| Different patterns | \$12, \$15, to \$25.00 |
| Strings, per set   | \$4, to \$4.00         |

All remittances should be made by Drafts, Registered Letters, or Post-office Orders. All money enclosed in a letter is at the risk of the sender.

Address C. J. WHITNEY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

# C. J. WHITNEY & CO.'S

## Descriptive Catalogue of Popular Music.

In the following list will be found a carefully arranged Alphabetical Catalogue of our entire publications, with the key, and figures indicative of the character attached, from 1 to 7—1 easy, to 7 very difficult. Pieces marked thus \* have elegantly illustrated title pages.

**Angel Maggie.** Ab 2. Song and chorus. .... *Crandall.* 30  
A beautiful, touching and sweet home song.  
Little Maggie, blue-eyed Maggie,  
Maggie with the silvery voice,  
Laughed and lisped, and chirped so gladly,  
That she made all hearts rejoice.

**Anabel.** G 3. Song and chorus. .... *Mattoon.* 35  
A tender, delicate song, with chorus, neatly arranged.  
Dear, sweet Anabel,  
Fair, sweet Anabel,  
Like wild flowers in the heather,  
In thy sunny, sunny glade,  
Thou didst droop and fade  
With the stormy autumn weather.

**Annie Laurie.** Song, Scotch ballad. .... 30  
An old song, but good—will never die.  
Because Mrs. Welton's banks are boulie,  
Where early fall the leaves are  
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie  
Gave me her promise true.

**Annie's Violets.** Song and chorus. F 3. .... *Hintz.* 35  
A very pretty composition, capable of pleasing effects  
with good accompaniment.  
I walk to rest in the ancient wood,  
With a brooklet flowing through,  
And I thought that again sweet Annie stood  
On the brook where the violets grow.

\* **As Pants the Hart.** Soprano solo and quartette. .... 40  
Suitable for an opening piece in church service, contains  
some fine harmonies in the chorus.

As pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase.  
So long my song O'er the hills for Thee,  
And Thy refreshing grace.

**All Right.** Solo and chorus. F 3. .... *Lockwood.* 30  
A sprightly, patriotic little gem. The title truly indicates  
the merits of the piece.  
They are coming from the wars,  
They are bringing home their scars,  
They are bringing back the old flag in glory,  
They have battled long and well,  
And let ages after tell  
How they won the proudest name in song or story.

**America.** Solo and chorus. Bb 3. .... 30  
The beautiful and familiar words "My Country, 'Tis of  
Thee," could have nothing more suitable than "America"  
to bring out their soul-stirring and patriotic sentiments.  
The new arrangement here presented, with a valuable  
"Historical Notice" on the second page, descriptive of six  
well-known national and patriotic melodies and their origin,  
renders the piece doubly attractive, and should become a  
household necessity everywhere.

**Aminata Mia.** Song. F 3. .... *Whitting* 30  
A chaste and smooth melody, well adapted to the words.  
Although we never met before,  
Light in thy pathway shone,  
In beauty wrapped thee o'er and o'er,  
Chim was the soul that gleamed from 'neath  
Each eye-brow's pencilled throne,  
Soft smiles thy face in gladness wreath,  
Aminata Mia, Ora Belle.

**Bertrand's Adieu.** Song. C 4. .... *Mattoon.* 35  
A fine song, suitable for a bass or baritone voice, in march  
movement with a martial accompaniment.  
Must thou go, my glorious chief, severed from thy faithful  
few?  
Who can tell thy warrior's grief, madd'ning o'er that long  
adieu?  
Woman's love, and friendship's zeal, dear as both have been to  
me,  
What are they to all I feel with a soldier's faith for thee?

**Bonnie Nell.** Song and chorus. C 3. .... *McChesney.* 35  
As pure and bonnie a melody as one could wish to hear,  
within the ability of the most modest performer.  
Bonnie amidst the daisies straying,  
Homeward all day long,  
Through her hair the summer wind is playing,  
As she sings her happy song.  
Not a daisy in the meadow,  
Not a flower in the dale,  
Blooms as fair to me as darling Nellie,  
Bonnie Nellie Vale.

**Dear, Ye Breezes.** Quartette. Eb 5. .... *Pease.* 50  
The melody from "Sonnambula" accompanying the fol-  
lowing words, has been exquisitely wrought up by Mr.  
Pease with his usual taste and skill. It is certainly one  
of the finest quartettes extant.

Dear ye breezes, gently breathing  
Sounds of peace far o'er the land,  
Now all our best affections wreathing  
With a chaplet light and bland.  
Jubilate, Jubilate. Amen.

**Be Kind to Each Other.** Solo and Quartette. D 5. .... *Leaving.* 35  
A home song of merit, will find its way to many hearts.

Be kind to each other,  
The night's coming on,  
When friend and when brother,  
Forthright may be gone.  
Then, midst our dejection,  
How sweet to have caried,  
The best recollection  
Of kindness returned,  
When day hath departed,  
And memory keeps  
Her watch, broken-hearted,  
When all she loves sleeps.

**Come, Ye Smiles.** Song. Bb 3. .... *Clark.* 30  
Our proud earth home, should not its gleams  
Of beauty woo to happy dreams?  
Its flowers, birds and fountains bright,  
Earth's gorgeous robes, and blaze of light,  
And tears and smiles, and loves that spring,  
Adown life's path a radiance fling;  
To-day these ways—marks all along,  
Lead kindly back in memory's throng.

**Come Back to Me.** Song and chorus. G 3. .... *Stewart.* 30  
Pleasing melody, accompaniment not difficult.  
Come back to me, darling, I'm weary without you,  
Life has no pleasure while we are estranged.  
Sunshine and gladness still cluster about you,  
From loving you truly I never have changed.  
Oh, come back to me, darling, deep in my sorrow,  
No joy have I known since you don't to despair,  
The heart that in vain tried a solace to borrow,  
A balm for its wounds, relief from its care.

CLARK J. WHITNEY. ISAAC C. Y. WHEAT.

## C. J. WHITNEY & CO.,

### Wholesale and Retail

## MUSIC DEALERS

ALSO, PUBLISHERS OF

"The Song Journal,"  
197 Jefferson Avenue,  
DETROIT, - - MICHIGAN.

Chickering Pianos,  
Pierson Pianos,  
Haines Pianos,  
Estey Cottage Organs.

**Come Play Me that Simple Air Again.** Ballad.  
F 3. *Clark* 20  
Come play me that simple air again  
I used so to love in life's young day,  
And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then  
Were awakened by the sweet lay.

The tender gloom its strain  
Shot o'er the heart and brow,  
Grief's shadow, without its pain,  
Say where, where is it now?  
But play me that well-known air again,  
For thoughts of youth still live in its strain,  
Like dreams of some far, fairy shore  
We never shall see again.

**Cold Water Bright and Free.** Song and chorus.  
G 3. .... *Mattoon.* 35  
Pronounced a first-class temperance song.

Come, let us all in halcyon strains  
A song of gladness raise,  
And sing with voices loud and strong,  
Cold water's boundless praise.  
We'll drink the pure, cold water,  
The limpid liquid bright,  
That gushes from the mountain,  
That sparkles in the light,  
That gushes from the mountain,  
And sparkles with the light.

**Coquette.** Song. A 4. .... *Coptherry.* 35  
A gay and careless little composition, attractive enough to  
become quite a favorite.  
Let love weave his garlands for those that will wear them,  
And sigh with him who ays:  
Let love bind his fetters on those who will bear them,  
Let others still wear them that may;  
I will laugh in love's face, I will ever be free  
From the bonds that entangle the heart;  
No lover's soft sighing, no cupid for me,  
I've broken the point of his dart.

**Cuckoo's Song.** Song and chorus. D 4. .... *Pease.* 35

The composer's name is sufficient to insure a fine circula-  
tion. The chorus, especially, is very effective if nicely ren-  
dered, yarts and parts, and the melody, imitating the  
call of the bird, while the other parts move along together  
in repetition of the solo which precedes it.

Chill blows the autumn wind  
Through leafless trees  
We go fresh fields to find  
Brighter than these,  
Where, 'neath a cloudless sky,  
Blue waters gleaming lie,  
We shall repose,  
Where the wind's perfumed sigh  
Just waves the rose.

**Come Back to Erin.** C 3. .... *Claribel.* 35  
Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,  
Come back, Arvon, to the land of thy birth;  
Come with the shamrocks in thy tress, Mavourneen  
And its Killarney shall ring with my mirth.  
This is one of the best of Claribel's songs, and is immen-  
sely popular. We also have several other pieces by the same  
composer now in press, which will soon be ready.

**Captain Jinks.** Song and chorus. A 3. .... *MacLagan.* 30  
I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,  
I often live beyond my means,  
I sport young ladies in their teens,  
I cut a swell in the army,  
I teach young ladies how to dance,  
For I'm their pet in the army.

**Come Out in the Starlight.** Serenade with chorus.  
Ed 3. .... *MacLagan.* 40  
Glee clubs and quartets will find this composition avail-  
able. It is a beautiful serenade, and we project for it a wide  
circulation.  
Come out in the starlight, I'm waiting for thee,  
The bright moon is shining above,  
The whisp'ring will sing in the old willow tree,  
Near the nest of the soft cooing dove.  
Let not sorrow or care have a place in thy heart,  
But let hope blossom joyfully there;  
And to drive away sadness and bid it depart,  
Come out in the starlight so fair.

**The Dreamer.** Song. G 5. .... *Hubbard.* 35  
For a baritone voice, this beautiful song is unrivaled.  
The sentiment of the poetry and the music are in perfect  
harmony.

Ah, beautiful sleeper, thou art fair,  
Soft sleeping in the old arm-chair,  
Are all thy visions "fancy free,"  
Or dost thou dream, and dream of me?  
Thy lip is wreathed with smiles and sighs,  
That shows a heart all free from guile,  
While'er thy waking thoughts may be  
Dream on dream, on dream, and dream.

**Don't Sell My Father Rum.** Song and chorus.  
F 3. .... *Crandall.* 30  
A song of like character with "Please, father, don't  
sell any more," an earnest appeal for the temperance  
cause.

Don't sell him another drink, please,  
He's reeling already, you see;  
I fear when he comes home to-night  
He'll beat my poor mother and me.  
She's waiting in darkness and cold,  
And dreading to hear him come home,  
He treats us so bad when he's drunk,  
Please don't sell him any more rum.

**Don't Leave the Farm.** Bb 2. Music by I. D.  
Hart. Words by..... *Clara F. Luby.* 30  
Come, boys, I have something to tell you;  
Come near, I would whisper it low.  
You are thinking of leaving the homestead  
Don't be in a hurry to do so,  
The city has many attractions,  
But think of the vines and suns!  
When once in the vortex of fashion,  
How soon the course downward begins.

**Ellen Dear.** Song and chorus. C 3. .... *McChesney.* 35  
A delightful little Scotch song, as winsome and bonnie as  
any lover of song could wish to hear.  
Ellen is my apple ripe,  
Ellen is my pear,  
Ellen is my heart's delight,  
I love her all the year,  
Ellen is my bonnie lass,  
Fairer than the May,  
Ellen's caresses from the rose,  
I love her all the day.

**Far Away! My Home Is Far Away.** Solo for  
alto voice. F 4. .... *McChesney.* 30  
This beautiful poem, from the pen of Mrs. Hemans, has  
been rendered infinitely more attractive by its adaptation to  
so pleasing a melody. Every singer should add this gem to  
his or her collection of songs.

Far away! my home is far away,  
Where the blue sea laves a mountain shore,  
In the woods I hear my brother's sigh,  
Amidst the flowers my sister sings, once more,  
Far away! far away!



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[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

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VOLUME IV.

DETROIT, MAY, 1874.

NUMBER V.

### Memory Bells.

BY GARNET B. FREEMAN.

Memory bells are ringing—ringing—  
In the distance, far away;

Do you hear them singing—singing?

Will you tell me what they say?

Do you hear their silver chiming?

Do you hear their mellow rhyming?

Do you hear the dear, sweet story

Of your childhood's far-off glory?

Do they take you back to years

Clouded by no haunting fears?

Do they speak of sunny hours

When your way was strewn with flowers?

When a rainbow arched your sky,

And when faith stood smiling by?

They are tolling—tolling slowly;

Hear the echoes die away—

Tender, lowly and holy;

Will you tell me what they say?

Do they tell of manhood's dreaming?

Do they tell of bright eyes beaming?

Do they tell of fond words spoken?

Do they tell of young hearts broken?

Do they tell of hopes you cherished?

Do they tell how faith has perished?

Do they tell how, night and day,

Cruel fate has tracked her prey?

Do they tell how proud hopes blasted,

And of life's sweet treasure wasted?

Memory bells are peeling—peeling

O'er the ruins by the way—

Through the mind's dim chamber stealing;

Will you tell me what they say?

Has your heart lost all its lightness?

Has your life lost all its brightness?

Has your day-star set in gloom?

Do you hear the voice of doom,

Mocking every groan that bursts

From the aching heart that thirsts

For the love it ne'er may share,

And the joys it ne'er may wear;

For the light by clouds o'ercast,

For the glories of the past?

Memory bells, memory bells, softly you ringing;

Through years of long silence I hear you to-day,

Nothing to rest with the notes you are ringing;

Oh, memory bells, shall I tell what you say?

O'er long years you are bearing me back—

O'er each step of the desolate track;

O'er temptation, and yielding, and sin;

O'er the hurry, and whirl, and dim

Of a life that was dark; and I kneel once more

At my mother's knee, as I knelt of yore,

While she tells me the story, sweet and brief,

Of the "Man of Sorrow, acquainted with grief;"

And I hear the lips that have long been clay

Pray for her boy as she prayed that day.

Oh! memory bells, with your weird, strange power,

You have brought back my mother to me this hour,

And brought what you hoarded with faithful care—

Her fervent love and her earnest prayer.

You have stilled in my bosom the tempest wild,

And made me again as a little child."

### Wagner's Lohengrin.

The announcement that this celebrated opera would be produced in Italian, for the first time in America, at the Academy of Music, was read with a high degree of satisfaction by the lovers of art in New York.

It had been performed in the original German here, but not in a style commensurate with its importance and merits.

The following is an abstract of the "libretto." The King of Germany visits Antwerp and summons his leges to guard the eastern frontier. They are without a leader. Telramund claims the sovereignty of Brabant, having charged Elsa with the murder of Gottfried, her brother, to gain the crown for herself.

It is decreed that Telramund shall engage in combat with a champion chosen by Elsa.

In a vision she has seen a knight, from whom deliverance is now anticipated.

Presently he appears in a skiff drawn by a swan, and betroths himself to Elsa; first claiming her solemn promise never to ask his name, race, or whence he came.

Telramund is overcome and stripped of lands and honors.

Ortrud, his wife, with protestations of gratitude, insinuates the germs of suspicion in Elsa's mind respecting this knight (Lohengrin). Telramund openly accuses him of sorcery, and alleges the mystery of his name and rank. The king and his nobles commend Lohengrin.

Immediately on reaching the bridal chamber, Elsa's doubts and suspicions lead her to ask the forbidden questions, unmindful of his warnings. Telramund, rushing in upon them to attack Lohengrin, is slain.

Lohengrin openly declares himself son of Percival, Knight of the Holy Grail, and announces his immediate return to its mysterious guardianship.

After bidding Elsa an eternal farewell, the swan again appears, which he disenchants, and presents as Gottfried, who takes possession of his dukedom. Period, about 934 A. D.

The poem is a work of high art, which may be read with pleasure by all. It must be pondered deeply, and every word considered with reference to the music, or the latter will not be fully enjoyed.

Melodies, regarded simply as music, may be divided into three classes; namely, those which do not depend on the accompanying harmony for their due appreciation, those which are entirely dependent on it, and those which are only partially so.

But in this opera the melodies are not to be judged solely from the musician's ordinary points of view. Their naturalness, consistency and charm will not be fully appreciated unless they are seen to depend on the text which they deliver and exalt; on the necessities of the moment (i. e., the requirements of the action), and, above all, on the particular emotions which are suggested by the text.

These emotions, like those we daily experience in life, are constantly changing, gradually or suddenly, and are ever varying in intensity and complexity.

It is a very interesting exercise to watch closely their fluctuations, and notice the manner in which

Wagner has recorded them in words, tones, and other artistic materials; but detailed considerations of them here would demand prolonged attention, and occupy too much space, though they might be welcomed by many.

The scenic arrangements throughout are designed with admirable skill, without extravagance or meretricious exhibitions.

When we consider the enormous wealth of the means entirely at the command of this gifted composer, which most men would be tempted to display to gain applause from the thoughtless, and we find he never employs anything which is not absolutely necessary, we find additional reasons for praising his work.

Meyerbeer has been charged, for instance, with deliberately dragging into his operas things which had no direct connection with the matter in hand, no natural place in the plot, but which were inserted merely as attractions, such as sunrise, skating, fireworks, high masses, explosions, ballets, the Louvre illuminated, etc.

Wagner never uses such striking effects unless they are essential to the proper progress and clearness of the plot, and grow out of it naturally.

He everywhere devotes himself exclusively and entirely to the subject-matter in hand—is pleased with it, and content if he succeeds in making its truth and beauty apprehended by all.

To him the lyric stage is not to be converted into an arena for pomp and show, to provide idling pleasure seekers with new sensuous amusements, but a place for presenting works which demand the active exercise of our highest faculties.

If we enjoy the splendors of the scenes he presents, we freely confess they give us pleasure, and do not regard them as childish follies, for they are indispensable to the action; they illustrate the subject, and help us to realize the artist's ideal.

Strange notions are held by many persons respecting the act of composition—the mode in which music is conceived in silence, for orchestra, for instance; or the art of constructing an opera.

Wagner does not seek a *libretto* and then endeavor to set it to fitting music, nor does he write music and procure the services of a poet to provide it with words, after explaining to him the intention of the music. He being both poet and musician, the words and music are originated simultaneously.

The text of each act, and the vocal declamation of the text, the orchestral melodies and their instrumentation, the harmonies, the *mise-en-scene*, the dramatic persons, each with his own individual character, thoughts, intentions, feelings, emotions, and actions, are all held vividly before the mind with considerable effort, transfused with heat and activity, and finally thrown down an organic, completely balanced, living unity, in which no discrepancy in any part, from any point of view, is perceptible.

He employs all the means in his power to place before his audience the object of his artistic inspiration; he labors to present it in a visible and audible shape, in all the fullness of life in which it rises before his own mental vision.

Thus this opera becomes a representative work of universal art.



The untrained Indians compose their words and sing them accompanied by the clang of rude instruments; they use pantomimic gestures, dances, dresses, etc., to assist in making their meaning clear. They work subjectively, and often perform extemporaneously under the influence of great excitement, seizing all the means in their power to make the representation complete. They are not content with mere words.

This shows the naturalness of the *genre* called opera. But the well-trained composer works objectively, with conscious power, and dictates to the performers by reducing his thoughts to positive statements on paper, so surely that his very soul is exhibited to us through them.

"Lohengrin" commences very softly indeed, with violins and flutes in *allissimo*; as though, far in the distance, something could be barely perceived, the music then gradually becomes louder, lower in pitch, the forms are made more distinct, and eventually the whole orchestra is employed, as if the knight in shining armor then stepped forth upon the stage and.

This introduction is evidently intended to represent the appearance of Lohengrin in a vision vouchsafed alone to Elsa, the orphan whose brother had disappeared. For when she is charged with the matter of Gottfried, and desires a champion, immediately the orchestra commences to intone this passage, she recognizes it, her expression changes to rapturous exaltation, and she relates her vision:

"I saw in splendor shining  
A knight of glorious mien,  
On me his eyes inclining  
With tranquil gaze serene."

Subsequently Lohengrin is perceived in shining armor, coming to her assistance.

This melody is associated with Lohengrin. It is played when he charges her not to make the fatal questions, and when he declares his knighthood—as follows:

"In distant lands, by ways remote and hidden,  
There stands a burg that men call Mortuivart;  
It holds a shrine to the profane forbidden;  
More precious there is sought on earth than that;  
And, thrond' in light, it holds a cup immortal,  
That whose sordid hands are clean'd by it,  
'Twas borne by angels thro' the heavenly portal—  
Its coming hath a holy reign commenced."

"Once every year a dove from Heaven's descenteth,  
To strengthen it anew for works of grace;  
'Tis called the Grail; the power of Heaven's attendeth  
The faithful knights who guard that sacred place.  
He whom the Grail to be its servant chooses,  
All hail! henceforth with high invincible might;  
All evil craft its power before him loses.  
The spirits of darkness, where he dwells, take flight."

"Nor will he lose the awful charm it lendeth,  
Although he should be called to distant lands,  
When the high cause of virtue he defendeth.  
While he's unknown, its spell still still commands.  
By perils tread the holy Grail is girded,  
No eye, rash or profane, its light may see;  
His champion knight from doubtings shall be warned;  
It known to man, he must depart and flee."

This melody is sometimes called the Grail motive, for it accompanies the descent of the white dove of the Holy Grail at the instant before Lohengrin's departure.

The instrumental introduction to the second act precedes the conversation between Frederick and Ortrud, in which they concoct plans to ruin Elsa and Lohengrin.

It is a horrible piece of orchestral writing, and seems like an expression of the awful thoughts that each are revolving in their minds previous to utterance.

The sound of festive music, heard from the palace, distils within her soul the deadly bane that will avenge their fall. Telramund's hatred of her whose spells had cost him fame, honor, knighthood, lands, and brought him shame, cursing and a stained shield—their mutual recriminations and self-accusations are depicted in fearful tones.

The movement begins with a roll on the tympani, succeeded by a long series of portentous sounds of deep meaning, intoned slowly by the violoncelli, to which the fagotti are subsequently added; then savage-like chords are trembled by the violins and sustained by the wind instruments.

The bass clarinet also is employed with deep significance.

All is dark and gloomy, and makes one shudder to think of the hateful deeds indicated by such sounds. The music works itself deeper and deeper into the soul, as does the bitter, sarcastic speech of the malicious pair. They are cowed, but full of malignant rage.

The third act commences with the Grand March and Bridal Chorus, which have been made familiar to all by Mr. Theodore Thomas' orchestra.

Immediately after this, follows the scene in the bridal chamber, in which occurs one of the loveliest songs ever penned. The musical forms are unique,

yet their peculiar beauty and fitness will not be perceived without reference to the text:

"Say, dost thou breathe the incense eave of flowers?  
Bearing a tide of deep, mysterious joy!  
And wouldst thou know from whence this rapture showers?  
Ask not, lest thou the wondrous charm destroy."

"Such is the magic that to thee hath bound me,  
When I first caught thy beauty just compare—  
Knowing thee not, I worshipp'd and renown'd thee,  
I felt thy glance, and knew thee true as fair."  
"And as the od'rous gales with rapture fire me,  
Borne on the dark unfeeling gloom of night,  
Thus thou to trust unmeasured didst inspire me,  
When thou wert crush'd by dark suspicion's blight."

It must here be noticed, that wherever the action admits of delay, Wagner does not refuse to the music that expansion in breadth which naturally belongs to it.

For the finales and choruses generally are so planned that the musical motives may reappear and make renewed appeals, as though striving, beseeching and with persistence, to create sympathy in the soul.

So great is the power that music acquires in these combinations, wherever it is allowed to display itself freely, that it threatens to dethrone the word whenever at variance with it.

The most gifted actor in the spoken drama is soon eclipsed by an ordinary operatic singer of little ability if he has good music provided for him, even when the language is weak.

The divine art gives an immediate vividness to whatever it touches, invests it with a peculiar, ineffable charm, and impresses us deeply and firmly with mysterious power.—*Home Journal*.

### Poor Professionals.

I am fully aware of the fact that as a rule, music teachers are poor. They have to trudge, day after day, from house to house, giving lessons, be all things to all classes of people, earn their scanty bread with much weary walking and talking, and combat with many ignorant ideas and prejudices. I am aware of the fact, that he, who has brass sufficient to let his trumpet sound, who can make *celati* for himself, earns the golden harvest; while the thorough and timid man has difficulty in securing bread for himself and family.

Talk not to me of the ease of music teacher's lives. If they wish to do their duty, they have to toil, and in the sweat of their brow they earn their scanty subsistence. Besides all this, I am aware of the uncertainty of the musician's income, the many disagreeable parts of his business, the fact that with the slightest closeness of the money market his income will first be retrenched, etc. I also know the common disposition to crowd the aged teacher out and to force him back to make room for the younger. All these facts ought to warn teachers to be frugal, saving, careful and industrious.

The teachers ought, therefore, not to be expected to give as freely to list or to that benevolent enterprise as his rich employers. It may be hard for him to give at all. He has to keep up appearances of wealth, which do not exist. The teacher's complaint, therefore, that his heart desires to give, and to do good to mankind, but that circumstances forbid it, is one I can fully appreciate. Every person, more or less, desires to do something for the poor, the ignorant, the suffering. If you complain that you have not the money to give, permit me to find a way to do good. Look around and you will find here and there a poor child, who is endowed with noble talents, but whose parents are too poor to engage a teacher, and whose talents are lost to the world. *Can you not spend two hours per week for the cultivation of such a child?* This is giving, also. And here is another way: Can you not get a few friends to join you during the winter months in giving a concert for the benefit of the poor? It will cost you but little time; your expenses can be paid out of the proceeds, and, even if you raise but a small sum, you do some good. You see, my friend, that while you have no money to give, you have, nevertheless, in your power to be of use, by employing the talents which God gave you.—*Karl Merz*.

AN ANECDOTE OF PAREPA ROSA.—Chandos Fulton, in *Appleton's Journal*, tells the following characteristic story of Parepa:

Once, when asked how she came to marry such a little man as Carl Rosa, who, probably to forestall jesting on the subject, generally good-humoredly, alluded to their difference in *physique*, Madame with an arch smile and twinkling eye, demurely said:

"Now, would you really like to know?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Why, because he asked me," she replied, with a merry laugh.

### The Decline of Vocal Art.

From an exceedingly interesting work, "Musical Recollections of the last Half Century," recently published by Tinsley Bros., of London, the writer a man evidently well versed in music, after speaking in high terms of English choral singers, says:

"Whilst, however, in choral and instrumental effects such excellence has been attained, it is painful to have to state that the qualities of vocal principals, as solo singers are called, are a thing wholly of the past. The old race has passed away, it is to be feared forever, unless the rising members of the profession be induced—we might say be driven—to resort to the same means which made their predecessors appear like giants in the presence of the present race of musical pigmies—patient study and application not only in the matter of vocal execution, but in that of theory and sight-singing. The present race of English public vocalists—and of foreign also—with but one or two rare and singular exceptions, is like fruit, which might, sooner or later, have become ripe and luscious had it been permitted to hang until it was fit to be gathered, but which, having been plucked too soon, is crude and sour, and never comes to perfection; for in plain terms, singers, both male and female—and especially the latter—now a-days rush before the public ere their style is completed, their voices settled, or their education formed. As for learning the scales so as to distinguish each tone and half-tone as distinctly as if given out by the clarinet, the flute, or the oboe, as we have heard them, and as by marked instances it will be specified, no such result we fear is again to be expected. Such scale passages are heard in perfection only on the rarest occasions, and even then are, unhappily, generally so little appreciated by the public, in spite of the musical progress of the times, that it has come to be believed both by modern teachers and pupils to be an effect more honored in the breach than in the observance. In their place and room a mischievous and miserable system of tremulousness is substituted, as a mere mercenary attempt at producing feeling, the only apt explanation of which is to be found in the words of the satirist—

"And seizing an innocent little B flat,  
She shook it like terror shaking nat."

All nature, feeling, sentiment, style and method, are thus discarded; whilst purity of tone is sacrificed for sensational screaming, a final "close" contrary to all rules of rhythm or of art, being substituted for the composer's intention; and a vulgar shout—as if from lungs of forty horse steam-engine power—adopted merely to 'split the ears of the groundlings, and to obtain the demand of an uproarious encore, whether that equivocal compliment is intended to be acknowledged or not.

### Feminine Contempt for Music.

The *Choir* calls attention to the really notable fact that "among the numberless points in which learned ladies urge that the education of their sex is deficient they very always fail to mention music." Miss Shireff was guilty of this omission in the discourse she delivered on the "Higher Education of Women" at Brighton; and the question naturally arises—do they imagine that the musical education of women is just what it ought to be or do they maintain that music should not form part of a woman's education at all? In England more than in any other country the study of music is looked upon as a pursuit for women; and as everybody of the upper and middle classes goes through the form of learning Latin, so every girl of the same classes acquires the art of making a more or less harmonious noise upon the piano. There are at least ten, or more probably twenty, girls who study music in every school. Indeed, in a school of a hundred girls every girl would take music lessons, while in a school of a hundred boys perhaps not one student of music would be found. Among public performers, on the other hand—musical aspirants, that is to say, who have studied with a certain success—the proportion of women to men is inverted; and for every successful female musician from ten to a hundred successful male musicians could be named. Men, again, who apply themselves to music study instruments of various kinds—women almost exclusively the piano. Yet among pianists alone, for three ladies have gained celebrity—Madame Pleyel, Madame Schumann, Madame Goldschmidt—one could cite a dozen men. The *Choir* points out that "the number of ladies who take up the subject of music at the Cambridge examinations is very small," and that "the success of those who do come forward is equally limited." This fact, and the more important one



that in the catalogue of great composers women have absolutely no place, will suffice to show that the higher regions of musical study have scarcely as yet been penetrated by them; and may even suggest to some that perhaps, after all, music is the very thing for which the woman has no particular aptitude. The persistence with which female orators decline to enter the question of serious musical education for their sex is in accordance with this idea, though it may also be explained by a wish, not so much to enlarge the domain which has hitherto been looked upon as naturally belonging to women, as to invade that which has for the most part been reserved for men. Catherine of Russia, who, notwithstanding moments of levity, was on the whole a striking specimen of a strong-minded woman at her very strongest, thought the cultivation of music not only frivolous but an enfeebling occupation; and we all know that it has been banished on high philosophical authority from the list of studies suitable to a good young man. It may be assumed, then, that the ladies who demand for their sex higher education are not disposed to include music in their curriculum. However, they reflect that up to the present time men alone have distinguished themselves in the higher branches of composition, they will perceive that music is not altogether a feminine pursuit, and, therefore, not altogether unworthy of their notice.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

### Critics.

This leading editorial of *The Echo*, published at Providence, R. I., has the following to say about critics; the main features we deem correct, but some sentiments therein are better adapted to the East than West. On the whole, however, it will bear a candid and careful perusal:

We make no pretensions to a superior knowledge of music. In our reports of musical entertainments we speak of them as they seemed to us to affect the audience, whether pleasantly or otherwise. The tastes of people are so varied that it is impossible to please all alike. But it is becoming very fashionable for many, who have had super or a advantages for the study of the science, to arrogate to themselves the right to set the seal of an authoritative condemnation upon any and everything that partakes at all of the popular order of music, and that is not, to their minds, in the highest degree classic. They claim to belong to "the few," and, with a pedantry very nearly approaching the disgusting, they affect a perfect horror of anything pleasing to the masses, the plain, common-sense people, who judge of music only as it touches their heart-strings, and causes them to vibrate with pleasant or unpleasant sensation. They air their opinions in a conglomeration of technical terms, sullied rhetoric and inane platitudes, and when they have got to the end of the chapter they are ready to complacently exclaim:

"Blessed are the saints, and we are the saints!" Claiming to be educators of the people, they simply lead them into a maze of confusion difficult to describe. The less we have of such critics the better. The sooner the people learn to regard their dissertations as the vapors of vain braggarts, the sooner will they rid themselves of a lot of stumbling blocks in their way to a better understanding of the science of music. As we have said before, "since the morning when the shining stars of heaven sang together, music has been the power that has most moved the hearts of men." So long as the stars of heaven shall shine, the power of music will survive. The taste for classic music is a cultivated taste, like the taste for stimulants. Like opium it produces a succession of sensations painfully pleasant, because accompanied by a longing and unsatisfied desire for something beyond and unattainable. "The few" may be content with a programme of exclusively classic music, but the masses never. It would be too much like a succession of visions so dazlingly bewildering as to leave them no definite idea of what they had seen. The songs of the people are the songs that go home to the heart. The songs of the people are the songs that govern nations. The songs of the people are the songs that cause the thrones of tyrants to tremble. The songs of the people are the songs that send down condemnation and dismay among the ranks of evil-doers. The songs of the people accomplish great reforms, and bring men to the altar of Christ. The songs of the people constitute the music that will regenerate the world. The wildest bursts of applause that Nilsson hears are those that she hears when she sings the songs of the people. In this simple fact there is a lesson that self-appointed critics would do well to learn.

"OWING to the peculiar arrangement of the programme, no piece can be repeated," was the answer White received from his landlady upon asking for a second piece of pie at dinner.

### One Thousand Candles.

Henri Herz, the pianist, tells this story of the shrewdness of Ulmann, the manager: Herz was traveling under Ulmann's management, in America, and was astonished one morning when he went out for a walk to see at every street corner, posters bearing the words in colossal letters, "One Thousand Candles." Two previous concerts had not been well attended, and Ulmann had hit upon a new device for exciting public interest. Herz was not pleased at the idea. It struck him as something supremely ridiculous. In the course of the day every seat for the third concert was taken. The curiosity of the Americans had been aroused by the "Thousand Candles" with which the hall was to be lighted. The pianist had, of course, to admit that Ulmann's "Thousand Candles" had made a greater success than his Russian Rondo, which he played before an unappreciative audience. He was angry about it, but Ulmann was proud of his achievement and smiled when he counted the profits. As Herz had finished his first piece, a man in the audience called out in a loud voice:

"But my dear sir, there are not one thousand!" The virtuoso had forgotten for the moment all about the candles, and demanded—  
"Thousand what?"  
"Thousand candles; that's what I came for."  
"And how many are there, then?"  
"There are just eight missing!"

This fine judge (not of music, but of candles) had had the patience to count all of them, and now demanded the eight missing candles of which he did not wish to be cheated.

"You shall not, my dear sir," replied Herz, earnestly; I am indebted to you to the extent of eight candles, and shall place them at your disposal, if you will call at my hotel early in the morning."

The eight candles were never called for.—*Orpheus*.

### Gabbling at Concerts.

The Boston *Transcript* has a sensible article on this subject. We think it will apply with a double force to Detroit audiences, or to almost any in the west. It is an evil demanding a correction worthy the attention of those desiring to control conventionalisms of society, as easily controlled as that of England in the performance of the "musical"; the custom of public sentiment demanding the standing position in the performance of the "Hallelujah Chorus." It says the grave matter of disturbing public entertainments by talk has been treated quite too leniently heretofore, as a sort of privileged question. It is not such, but comes under the familiar head of nuisances and disturbances in general. The conclusions of the article is as follows: The man who pays for a seat at a concert is entitled not to the occupation of the seat merely, but to the quiet enjoyment of it. He is not called upon to spend the evening in keeping his neighbors in order. This is guaranteed him, either by the parties selling the seat or else by municipal law. If this is not so, then the old systems of head punching and personal violence will be revived. Sensitive people will not much longer submit to paying the now ruling prices of popular entertainments with the chance of even the possibility of sitting next some bore of an elbow, who beats time with his heels through the pianissimo sentiment and giggles with an insane but audible delirium at every outbreak of, to him, unfathomable passion."

### Liszt.

An American pupil of Liszt gives the following portrait of the famous musician: "Tall and slight, with deep-set eyes, shaggy eyebrows, and long iron-gray hair, which he wears parted in the middle. His mouth turns up at the corners, which gives him a most crafty and Mephistophelean expression when he smiles, and his whole appearance and manner have a sort of Jesuitical elegance and ease. His hands are very narrow, with long and slender fingers, but look as if they had twice as many joints as other people's. They are so flexible and supple that it makes you nervous to look at them. Anything like the polish of his manner I never saw. When he got up to leave the box, for instance, after his adieu to the ladies, he laid his hand on his heart and made his final bow—not with affectation, or as in mere gallantry, but with a quiet courtliness which made you feel that no other way of bowing to a lady was right or proper. It was most characteristic. But the most extraordinary thing about Liszt is his wonderful variety of expression and play of feature. One moment his face will look dreamy, shadowy, tragic. The next he will be insinuating, amiable, ironical, sardonic; but always the same captivating grace of manner.

### How a Reporter Lost his Situation.

It is said that in a moment of temporary insanity a Boston city editor assigned a horse racing, base ball, and aquatic reporter to report in half a column the Sunday services at the church of a sensational preacher. This is the report he published, and for which he was discharged:

"The House met at 10 a. m. Prayer by the chaplain. The first race was between the chaplain and the singers, it being a pretty even match for the first two heats; but the singers got the best of the last three heats, and came in on the amen two lengths ahead, winning the last three heats and race. Time, 5:02. Petitions were then presented for forgiveness and similar matters, and notice was given for special assignments during the coming week for various objects. The singers then sailed up to the judges' stand, and after getting into position, sailed away on the course with canvas set and a spanking breeze from the organ, which drove them along in fine style. The top-rigged flat flying the pennant was well ahead at the stake, and came home ahead of all the fleet.

The speaker then took the floor, and announced his intention to ask that the resolutions of censure that had been passed upon Ananias should be rescinded, and proceeded to read the record of the case, from which it appeared that Ananias had sold his horse and not given the price to the church. The speaker then went on to say that no reason appeared on the record for Ananias to give any, and much less all, his property to the church, and he questioned if any of those before him would do any more than Ananias had in the same place. He then went on to show that Ananias had obeyed his wife in the matter, and expressed a belief that few of those before him could say so much for themselves. After further arguments of a similar character, he moved that the character of Ananias be, and is hereby declared A 1 by the members of the House.

### A Negro Girl's Remarkable Memory.

There is a negro girl in Brucetown, about nine years of age, whose memory is truly marvelous. Her wonderful powers were first brought to the notice of a white man who keeps a grocery in that part of the city, about two weeks ago. He had been reading aloud in her presence the day before, and accidentally heard her repeat, word for word, what he had read from the paper, though twenty-four hours had intervened. After this he tested her memory frequently, and has found her capable of repeating thirty or forty lines from a book after hearing it read over once. Her intellect in other respects does not seem at all above, if equal to, the average. Such instances of memory are not very unusual. Mary Summerville tells of an idiot in Edinburgh who never failed to repeat the sermon, word for word, after attending the kirk each Sunday, saying, "Here the minister coughed," "Here he stopped to blow his nose." She also tells of another whom she met in the highlands, who knew the bible so perfectly that if he were asked where such a verse was to be found, he could tell without hesitation, and repeat the chapter. We remember, also, to have read a year or two ago an account of a man in New York who could read one side of the New York Herald, and the other side word for word, advertisements and all. Thirty years ago, or thereabouts, there was a book-peddler in this part of Kentucky who had a considerable reputation for his remarkable memory. Old "Jimmy Hutchison" sold "Pilgrim's Progress," "Clelland's Hymns," "Children of the Abbey," "Solitude Sweetened," and was able to repeat whole pages from almost any part of these books.—*Lexington (Ky.) Gazette*.

### A Grand Cathedral.

A correspondent, writing from the city of Mexico, says: "I cannot pretend to give a description of the cathedral. I never saw so much gold and silver used as ornaments in the interior of a building in all my life—solid silver columns, ten or twelve feet high, supporting golden candlesticks, surrounds every altar; bronze railings protect the precious decorations from the cupidity of the devout worshippers. In every recess was an altar, at some of which, during my visit, ladies, gorgeously attired, were kneeling on the bare floor beside the filthy Indian, saying mass, and each alike dropping their fee—much or little as the case might be—into the golden box which the priest held out. Paintings on the walls, gold trappings around the sacred altars, and the brilliant gold and silver in great masses behind the principal altar, make the interior one scene of splendor."



## Rose May Eversole.

In our next issue we propose to introduce to our readers the greatest musical prodigy of this or any other time, as her musical powers are far in advance of those of any of whom musical history has spoken. This little Hoosier girl was born in Washington, Davies County, Ind., Oct. 10, 1869, and accordingly is 4 years and 6 months old. She is the daughter of Dr. A. C. Eversole, an eclectic physician, now practicing in Dayton, Ohio, and speaking of her now and hereafter we shall but record what we have ourselves witnessed, as we have had the pleasure of seeing the little wonder, and hearing her almost miraculous improvisations. Her earlier history we, of course, received from her parents.

In extreme infancy, the little Rose did not pound the keys of the piano after the general infantile fashion, but touched them in a tiny, arpeggio movement, and almost always in harmony. She never could endure a dissonance, and time is with her constitutional. As early as 2 years old, she would try to play little melodies, adapting her own harmony, and generally correctly; while at 3, she commenced improvising, which she continues to this day. In this she is indeed wonderful. But we do not propose forestalling our sketch, and invite the attention of all to our May number.—*Benham's Musical Review.*

"A SATISFIED FARMER."—In the rich country of Herefordshire even the farmers do not grumble. A week ago the editor of *The Hereford Times*, acting according to tradition, and hoping, it would seem, to curry favor with agriculturists, insinuated that the hay was a light crop, whereupon a "Satisfied Farmer" inquires of *The Hereford Journal* whether the writer of the article in question has yet been duly conveyed to the Lunatic Asylum at Burghill, as "his case seemed a bad one." A satisfied Farmer? Why, such a person was never heard of before. Let us have his name and address. Let *The Mark Lane Express* publish his portrait in a supplement. Let him be interviewed by reporters from all the papers. Let him be brought carefully up to town and exhibited at the Agricultural Hall. Let casts of him be taken for a bronze statue. Let the Journal containing his letter be graven in gold or marble and placed in the British Museum. A Satisfied Farmer? This freak of nature beats the Bearded Lady, the Siamese Twins, Tom Thumb, Gog Magog, and the Shaw! A Satisfied Farmer? The millennium is at hand. Glory Hallelujah!—*The Hornet.*

GRACE GREENWOOD says that "the fact is there is too many of the women. And there seems no relief for coming generations, except through the heroic remedy of quietly putting all female infants out of the way. Nothing could be so good for us except a long and glorious succession of Herods." In opposition to this idea Miss Jennie Collins, the Boston philanthropist, thus replies to the thousand and one letters that have been sent her during the past two years from distant States and Territories, inquiring what could be done for the "surplus 75,000 wretched over-worked half-paid women," whose presence is such a sore affliction to the inhabitant of the Bay State: "Three years' close observation," says Miss Collins, "with all classes, from the finely-educated, dependent lady, down to the little girl who is obliged to sleep, night after night, under a pile of boards to escape the vigilance of an intoxicated parent, has furnished evidence that there is not one woman in this commonwealth that is not absolutely needed."

## Song as Worship.

The power of song as an element of worship has not been sufficiently estimated in our more intellectual and didactic services. Sentiments of piety and devotion may be instilled and developed through the medium of music, and especially where the whole congregation unites in their expression, such as preaching alone could never awaken. Aside from the fact that some of the utterances of Scripture never reveal their power and meaning until transfigured, as it were, by music, there is a softening and elevating power in song—especially when made the language of adoration and praise, and even of penitence and supplication—which finds its soil at deeper depths, and moves it more divinely, than the same sentiments uttered from the pulpit in the form of prayer or exhortation.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF, in speaking the other day about her "teaching," remarked: "I never send away a pupil because she has little voice. But those who have no ear I discard, for ears I cannot make for them."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## Letter from Boston.

THEODORE THOMAS AND THE HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION—PETTY JEALOUSIES AND ONE-SIDED CRITICISM—MR. PECK'S BENEFIT CONCERT—THE DISGUSTING BOUFFERS—CONCERTS PAST, PRESENT AND TO COME.

Boston, April 20, 1874.

Theodore Thomas has visited us twice the present month, to the great delight of the public generally, and to the chagrin, it would appear, of the narrow-minded and bigoted gentlemen who run the Harvard Musical Association. The enmity to Mr. Thomas is the most surprising thing in the world to the lovers of good music among us, who looked for good words and encouragement from that source above all others. Any one as devoted to a great art-work as Mr. Thomas, ought certainly to expect appreciation, at least on the part of an association occupying the high position that the Harvard assumes to hold in connection with musical art. But no. The little clique which controls the musical destinies of Boston through one channel or another, considers that its own peculiar province is invaded, and loses no opportunity to manifest its petty jealousies. Dwight's *Journal of Music* is the mouth-piece of the diminutive musical "ring," and the criticisms which have appeared in the columns of that sheet, upon Thomas's orchestra and the music it plays, has always been of the snarling and disturbed order. It even went so far on one occasion as to complain that the musicians played too well and left nothing for the imagination to picture, and in a recent number there was a sneer and a growl because Mr. Thomas had played a funeral march from a Beethoven symphony in honor of Sumner's memory. As if this graceful tribute to one who was an admirer and patron of musical art, as well as a great statesman, and who was not influenced by the ridiculous prejudices of some of his fellow Bostonians, could be in poorer taste than the song in memory of Agassiz, by Dwight's Siamese twin Dresel, which was worried through so painfully at one of the Harvard concerts. The whole trouble arises from the fact that the Harvard clique is jealous of Thomas's influence. The latter has given twelve concerts in Boston the present season, and all of them have been successful financially as well as artistically, while the Harvard season of ten concerts has been a disastrous speculation. In a review of the season's musical work, the able critic of the *Saturday Evening Gazette* truthfully says: "The Thomas concerts have been the most interesting and varied of the orchestral features of the season. They presented some of the best works of the old school, and a large number of fine compositions from the modern masters of the art. Thanks to Mr. Thomas, our public has had an opportunity of learning what progress has been made, or what new developments are making, in instrumental music, thus affording an opportunity for musical amateurs to judge the merits of the new school for themselves, instead of leaving them to the mercies of a small clique that has hitherto attempted to confine music here within narrow bounds; and which, moreover, not content to act the part of an impartial judge, has omitted no effort to usurp and fill the places of both jury and executioner as well." \* \* The Harvard concerts were not up to a standard commensurate with the taste and the appreciative sense of our musical public. The association has not progressed with our musical growth, and has become almost an anomaly in its blind obstinacy and unenterprising slowness. Whatever little of spirit there is in its programmes is bestowed upon them by the solo artists who are engaged. As the conservator of classical music of the old school, it confines itself to a very narrow interpretation of what constitutes the old school. There are number-

less fine works by the great masters which are languishing in the very obscurity from which the association professes it is its office to preserve them. The public is tolerably familiar with the works that have been so persistently repeated during the past four or five years, and may safely be trusted to hear other fine compositions from the same sources. The association is too conventional and too bigoted in its course, and it will find, also, that it is too obstinate for its own welfare, if some modification is not made in obedience to the prevailing sentiment."

The first visit of the Thomas orchestra was on the first inst., to play at Mr. Peck's annual benefit concert, and at a matinee the next day. Mme. Christine Nilsson and M. Capoul appeared also at Mr. Peck's concert, which was one of the truly great events of the season. On the 17th and 18th the Thomas orchestra and Mme. Pauline Lucca gave two superb concerts at Music Hall.

Gilmor's Twenty-second Regiment Band, from New York, visited us a week since, and appeared at two grand concerts, given at Music Hall, April 11th and 12th, by Mme. Camilla Urso. The band is the finest organization of its kind yet brought together in America, and it plays nearly if not quite as well as the foreign bands heard here two years ago. Mme. Urso had not recovered from her recent accident sufficiently to appear at this concert as a performer. Miss Adelaide Philipps and Mlle. Marese, the latter a member of the Strakosch Opera Troupe, assisted at both concerts as vocalists.

The Handel and Hayden Society gave a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" at Easter. The choruses were well sung, but the soloists were weaker than usual.

The Boston Orchestral Club gave a very good concert at Music Hall, last Sunday evening, but it failed to draw as large an audience as it deserved. The organization is made up of our best instrumentalists, under the direction of Mr. Frederic F. Ford. Two new pieces of music by Mr. Carl Glogner Castelli, an overture and an *entr'acte* from an opera entitled "Louise," were performed at this concert, with fine success.

"La Fille de Madame Angot" has at last reached Boston, having been introduced by Mlle. Aimee and her associate *bouffes* on the 13th. The *opera bouffe* season continued one week, during which time Leccoc's amusing production was performed four times. The troupe managed to drive away the respectable portion of their patrons, however, by playing such disgusting pieces as "Les Cent Vierges" and "La Petit Faust."

Mr. Frederic Boscovitz has finished his series of recitals which were interrupted last month by his illness. The second was given on the 10th, and the third on the 17th. His programmes on these occasions were remarkable for freshness and versatility. Indeed they have not been equalled in interest or importance since Rubinstein played here.

The New England Conservatory of music has given several fine concerts, including its quarterly exhibition, which took place with fine success on the 10th, and a classical matinee on the 16th, when Mr. B. J. Lang, and Mr. George L. Osgood, appeared.

The pupils of the College of Music of Boston University gave their second concert at the hall of the New England Conservatory of Music, on the 7th. There was some fine organ playing by Messrs. Charles H. Morse, Ferd. H. Lewis, Henry M. Dunham and Allan W. Swan.

The English Glee and Madrigal Singers, from New York, gave two concerts at Music Hall, April 2d and 4th, with deserved success. These vocalists have given six concerts in Boston this season.

A summary of the high-toned concerts given in Boston during the season about closing, published in connection with the review, by the *Saturday Evening Gazette* critic, from whom we have already quoted, gives the number as sixty, and this, too,

after omitting the Conservatory concerts, organ recitals, Petersilea's Beethoven concerts, and numerous other entertainments, which would carry the sum total far above one hundred.

The indications are very promising for the success of the Handel and Haydn Festival, which is to occur in the early part of next month. The presence of the Theodore Thomas orchestra will be an important element. The Handel and Haydn Society have been hard at work for several months past upon the new music.

The Catholic Choral Society, which is under the direction of Mr. George E. Whiting, is to perform Beethoven's Mass in C, at Music Hall, next Sunday evening.

Mr. H. L. Whitney, recently musical director at Tremont Temple, has been engaged by the Berkeley Street Church (Rev. Mr. Wright's), where choir and congregational singing are to be introduced on a comprehensive scale.

RANGER.

The Spirit of the Spring.

Spirit of the shower,  
Of the sunshine and the breeze,  
Of the long, long twilight hour,  
Of the bud and opening flower,  
My soul delighted sees  
Stern winter's robe of grey,  
Beneath thy balmy sigh,  
Like mist wreaths melts away,  
When the rosy-laughing day  
Lifts up his golden eye.  
Spirit of ethereal birth!  
Thy azure banner floats  
In lucid folds o'er air and earth,  
While budding woods pour forth their mirth,  
In rapture-breathing notes.  
I see upon the fleecy cloud  
The spreading of thy wings;  
The hills and vales rejoice aloud,  
And nature starting from her shroud,  
To meet her bridegroom springs.  
Spirit of the rainbow zone,  
Of the fresh and breezy morn:  
Spirit of climes, where joy alone  
For ever hovers round thy throne,  
On wings of light upborne,  
Eternal Youth is in thy train,  
With rapture-beaming eyes,  
And Beauty, with her magic chain.  
And Hope, that laughs at present pain,  
Points up the cloudless skies.  
Spirit of love, of life and light,  
Each year we hail thy birth;  
The day-star from the grave of night,  
That sets to rise in skies more bright,  
To bless the sons of earth,  
With leaf, and bud, and blushing flower,  
Still deck the barren sod;  
In thee we trace a higher power,  
In thee we claim a brighter dawn,  
The day-spring of our God!

How Liszt Fell in Love.

Liszt, the pianist, fell in love with a jeweler's daughter. A Prague journal thus describes the courtship:  
One morning the jeweler, coming to the point with German frankness, asked Liszt:  
"How do you like my daughter?"  
"She is an angel."  
"What do you think of marriage?"  
"I think so well of it that I have the greatest possible inclination to it."  
"What would you say to a fortune of three million francs?"  
"I would willingly accept it."  
"Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you; you please my daughter; her fortune is ready—be my son-in-law!"  
"With all my heart."  
The marriage was celebrated the following week.

Do not trouble because you have no great virtues. God made a million spears of grass, where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forest, but with grass. Only have enough of the virtues and common fidelities, you need not mourn because you are neither a saint nor a hero.

THE SONG JOURNAL.

WILLIAM C. WEBSTER, Editor.

DETROIT, MAY, 1874.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."  
"The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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A Look at Music Without Glasses.

Exchanges from all quarters bring us tidings encouraging, of schools and conventions, societies and organized bodies, in all parts of our State and country, for the promotion of the cause of music. Truly this prompts a refrain which may be universally sung by every well-wisher of the cause of music and human happiness. Even now, while writing, the teachers of schools and conventions are blowing their horn, musically, thereby mustering their adherents to the combat, without which the celebration would be dry and uninteresting. The funeral processions and celebrations which pass our streets would stand in the same category, if music did not even up the plane of desire for relief from the tautology.

The churches, on the Sabbath, have for a long time been working away to do something (they hardly know what) to keep the "art divine" above water-level, but like every other God-given gift, it has been perverted and brought into misuse, and shameful abuse in control.

We have said thus much, because everybody is aware now-a-days of the fact that nothing good was ever told for the first time! The lovely stories of childhood and youth, which are ever precious, have an origin, dating back to some mythological pedigree. Like the mysteries that still lie buried in the papers of "Junius," there is something in the recollections of the good old song of the past, in origin and influence, which defies the most earnest investigation, and, though many are forced to reveal their identity, still many remain problems, yet unsolved.

That there are writers who ignore the sunlight of popular favor and lie hidden for a time from public view, but who, by persistent effort, are drawn out into the daylight and become invested with the honor which rightfully belong to them, is a truth which is undisguisable; yet it is also just as true to say that nine-tenths of the music of the present is stolen from the authors of the past, however artistic, however popular they may become. If the writers of the present should attempt to present compositions of the artistic character of the masters of the past, and there are many competent to do it (we need not name them), their productions would fail to be sought for by publishers, and hence left to rust on shelves, stored away until the mind and spirit of the author had returned to the God which prompted their inspirations. It is humiliating to talk in this direction, but it is true, and may as well be spoken now, amid the boasting of the advance-

ment of science, as when the truth herein contained shall have a tangible, developed form in the sunlight of actual experience. That the writers of the present are repeating the ideas of the past in almost every phase in which they can be viewed in the harmonic tendencies of the science, is also a truism patent to every student of music. Nothing can be more evident than this, that many of the writers of music of to-day of splendid talents, and high, and in many respects correct, views of the beautiful and sublime, are flagrantly departing from the high behests imposed upon them by the art, forgetful that in their calling, as in the literary and moral world, the righteous only shall be held in everlasting remembrance. Sad to think and know that many who have penetrated those sacred recesses of the soul, where music is born and nourished, should descend from their heavenward flight to grovel and enslave themselves, pandering to instrumentalities that dim the fires of genius, and parts with every affinity, pure and ennobling, which to the gifted abounds in music. It is not true, as has been averred, that the musician paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys; and in this it does well, for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy a higher being. This, power of music, to refine our views of life and happiness, is more and more needed as society advances, for the present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame and finite.

Cincinnati Industrial Exposition.

By circulars received, we learn the Exposition opens for the reception of goods, Monday, August 3d—continuing until Tuesday, September 1st. Open to the public from Wednesday, September 2d, to Saturday, October 3d. By special request, no premiums are offered on musical instruments, the only exception made in the rules governing the exposition. This we deem unwise, and sincerely hope that manufacturers of all musical instruments will note this, and keep aloof, thereby giving the exposition the benefit of the music of steam whistles and hammers, the sewing machines, the mowers, the reapers, and the solos of oil paintings—water colors, lithographs, photographs, touched and untouched. Then, indeed, we will have an interesting dissertation upon the science of unwritten music, the compilation of which will rack the brain of the committee as well as reporters. We note the above as progress of music in the West, and that, too, in the great city where the exposition is to be held. Let it be recorded.

Amusements Musical and Dramatical in Detroit.

During the month past, concerts, musicales, matinees, and dramatic entertainments in our city have been as plenty as blackberries in their season, and but few empty seats to damp the enthusiasm of artist or amateur, can be recorded in relation to them all. With the most fastidious in taste, from the light and frolicsome Opera Bouffe, to the staid tragedy—from the melodrama, serious and sacred of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to concerts of "Ye Olde Folkes"—scarcely a night has passed in which choice in entertainments could not be made. Want of space compels us to make a bare mention of the facts, inasmuch as the performances have been well and truthfully ventilated in the daily and weekly journals of the city; and also, because we have attended but few of them, and therefore satisfied to believe just what others have said, for our papers never lie, *no, never*.



### Music of the Month from the Press of C. J. Whitney & Co.

The activity of the publishers at the present is commensurate with the demand, and harmonizes with the efforts of authors whose pens are glibly flying in the production of music new and old. The songs of the past generation are, to the present, quite new, and hence their reproduction is a thing which can be looked upon in no other light than commendable. The verity of this is being established in a manner noteworthy by all the leading houses of our land. We have in vindication of this, the sweet and beautiful duet by Glover, "Music and her Sister, Song," than which can be found scarcely another more lovely; also, Freeman's celebrated comic duet, "Matrimonial Sweets," as full of fun as the most fastidious can desire. For the pianoforte,—"Little Leaves and Flowers,"—six easy melodious pieces, just the thing for the little fingers to work upon, which cannot but please the youthful student; also, "Gentle Breezes Waltz,"—a nice teaching peace, a shade more difficult than the last, yet within the ability of the most unpretentious performer. "Julia Polka" may be coupled with the above as a desirable piece for young pupils. "Premiere Valse Caprice," by Mazurette, and "Valse des Fleurs," by Kitterer,—pieces for good players. Everybody will be pleased with the theme of the first, and the composer has dressed it up in his most attractive form. In the last we have a highly favorable specimen of the author's cultivated style, the writing throughout evidencing the result of a refined musical feeling, directed by earnest and careful study.

S. BRAINARD'S SONS, of Cleveland, Ohio, send us the following songs published under the title of "*Fireside Gems*," a beautiful title when viewed in connection with the character of the music it prefaces:

"I Love my Love," "Fly forth O Gentle Dove," "O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove," and we hesitate not to add to the above, though a departure from the title above alluded to, "The First Violet," by Men. delssohn. It is truly refreshing to meet with songs so thoroughly vocal throughout, and so earnestly and truthfully expressed in words and music. This may perhaps hardly be received as a compliment, for the authors are too well known to need any eulogy of ours. But we do say these songs will be viewed as a welcome addition to the store of graceful compositions in every amateur's portfolio. "Glorio to the Lord," the new temperance song, adapted to an old but popular melody, with a joyous, spirited chorus. "Gloria in Excelsis," for male voices. This piece is written for two tenors and two basses, and, although occasionally reaching to the high A in the first tenor part, even timid amateurs need be under no fear of overtaking their powers.

The following choice music for pianoforte is from the same publishing house, which we heartily commend: "College Life," original theme with variations; "Sleigh Bell Polka," as played by the Germania Orchestra; "Dreams of the Past," waltzes, by Faust; "Midnight Queen Serenade;" "Belle of Wheeling Galop."

### Sunday School Music.

It was a declaration made many years ago by a good old New England divine, that "the Devil was robbing the churches of all the best music in the world," which he sorely lamented, and put up many devout prayers and supplications that the evil might be averted. Were the righteous old soul still on earth to view the condition of things in regard to the multiplicity of the books for the Sunday schools—these nurseries of that church he loved so dearly—books compiled and made in the interests of mammon; many of which have not a redeeming trait beyond, the wail of the good man

would be keyed in a deeper minor than when uttered. In speaking upon this subject, *Church's Musical Visitor* has the following to say about it:

As the demand for anything increases, the article deteriorates. So it is with music, and particularly Sunday-school music. It is not necessary to say that the Sunday-school singing will not be reformed by those who proceed on the principle which seems to actuate many of the music-book makers. They go to work with the idea that the "words don't matter;" make the music first, and fill in the words any way to make them jingle, without regard to sense. No composer can produce a good, new musical literature inside of two or three years. The new Sabbath-school book by H. R. Palmer has consumed years of thought and study, though this author is one of the most experienced in this particular field.

On the subject of musical trash for Sunday-school singing, a correspondent sends us the following, which is too good to be lost:

"What we want is a simple, lively melody, with appropriate words, which for the most part will be bound with the tune. Would you be ashamed to publish 'Varina' with the words 'There is a Glorious World of Light, etc.'? Children understand such words, but what will you say to this?"

"Jesus Christ, while yet a boy,  
Did his father's work with joy!"

CHORUS—God in heaven knows and sees us,  
Help us, Lord, to grow like Jesus."

We call special attention to the advertisement in another portion of this number to the MUSICAL CONVENTION to be held at Dunkirk, New York, under the direction of L. O. Emerson, of Boston, and H. R. Palmer, of Chicago. That there is here yoked together as strong a team as can be found, and that the results of the convention will tend in every way to the advancement of music, we confidently predict. The 19th of July, next, will see a glorious gathering of the friends of music in western New York.

### New England Normal Music School.

DR. E. TOURJEE'S announcement in our present number, of a Normal Music School at the seaside, during the summer vacation, offering, as it does, the instructions of the best masters, at merely nominal rates, with superior collateral advantages and under the most favorable hygienic conditions. The doctor's well known ability in musical enterprises, and the eminent names of his associates cannot fail to secure for the school an overwhelming patronage.

MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS (Vocal) and Duets have been published by Boozey & Co. It is a beautiful edition, comprising fifty-six songs and seven duets, all for one dollar. C. J. Whitney & Co. can furnish them.

### Precious Memories.

How dear the remembrance of childhood's school days! Reader, can you call to mind Dr. Johnson's story of Omar, the son of Hussan, in the good old English Reader; and also his wise resolution, though late, to "marry a wife beautiful as the Houris, and wise as Zobeide." As we grow older we see more of the beauties of this school book, but can truly declare were never so impressed with the beauty of the above quoted sentence, as when a young, strong-lunged hero read it as follows: "I—will—marry—a—wife—beau-ti-ful—as—the—Hors-es, and—wise—as—wise—as—So-be-I-be."

A MOON-STRUCK boy came fooling around a house the other night with a cracked guitar and a creaky voice singing, "Put me in my little bed." A window was finally opened and a gentleman informed him that if he didn't "dust, they would stand him on his little head."

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### Choir Recreations.

It is feared that in some of our churches the choir do not devote the whole of their attention to the preacher while he is delivering the sermon. In one choir in this city on a recent Sabbath, the basso, who, by the way, is engaged to the soprano of the same choir, handed over his new diary to that lady for "dedication." In a few moments it was passed back to its owner, who found the following on the first leaf:

"A Happy New Year,  
My basso dear,  
May this, just entered, be;  
From dyspepsia ban,  
Its ache and pain,  
I wish you wholly free;  
And ere its close,  
Why no one knows  
But what we may be 'one,'  
And sing each day  
The joyful lay  
Our life has just begun."

A boy was passing through the cars of the Erie railroad, the other morning, with an illustrated copy of "Nothing to Wear." A lady remarked, "I suppose that takes off the ladies?" "No," said a gentleman, "it takes off their dresses." "Then," rejoined the lady, "it is quite proper that a stripling should sell it."

Mary had a little lamb,  
With whom she used to trundle,  
She snatched the wool all off his back,  
And stuffed it in her bustle.

The lamb soon saw he had been fleeced,  
And in a passion flew,  
But Mary got upon her bear,  
And stuffed the lamb in too.

"Do you go to Sabbath school, my lad?" kindly inquired a city missionary of a depraved little Du buque urchin. "Nary," answered the innocent child, "but I've got a fightin' cock that can walk over any bird in this town that wears gaus."

LITTLE GIRL—"Mamma, I don't think the people who make dolls are very good people." Mamma—"Why not, my child?" Little girl—"Because you can never make them kneel. I always have to lay my doll down on her stomach to say her prayers."

SAYS A WIT: "Last year I saw a watch spring, a note run, a rope walk, a horse fly, and even the big trees leave. I even saw a plank walk, and a Third Avenue bank run; but the other day I saw a tree box, a cat fish, and a stone fence. I am now prepared to see the Atlantic coast and the Pacific slope."

A good deal has been said about reforming the drama. It is time to say something about reforming the patrons of the drama, many of whom, just as the curtain is ready to fall at the close of the last act, seize their hats and rush for the door as frantically as if they had just received the startling intelligence that the only saloon in the city would be closed for the night in two minutes and a half.

Two men slipped and fell simultaneously in front of the depot on Friday last. They fell so close together that they bumped foreheads, and in the light of the sparks brought to their eyes by the concussion, they recognized each other as long lost cousins. A very affecting meeting. Neither of them had a strawberry mark on his arm, but had instead a mark as big as a pine-apple on any other part of his anatomy.

THE Chinese believe that all evil influences emanate from the North, while all that is good is associated with the South; hence their temples and houses are as far as possible constructed so as to face the latter quarter of the compass.

DAUGHTER of the house (to a privileged old friend of the family)—"Dear Mr. Lumpus, you don't seem to be enjoying yourself. I should so like to have you walk this once with me." Privileged old friend—"My dear child, I don't dance; but if it suits you I wouldn't mind sitting here with my arm around your waist while the others are making themselves dizzy."

A PARSON and a lawyer were talking about the direction of the wind. "We go by the court house vane," said the lawyer, and the parson replied, "We go by the church vane." "Well," retorted the lawyer, "in the matter of wind, that is the least authority."

I WILL and bequeath to my beloved wife, Bridget, all my property, without reserve; and to my eldest son Patrick one-half of the remainder, and to Dennis, my youngest son, the rest. If anything should be left, it may go to Terrence McCarty.

## FRESH IMPORTATION.

"Aux armes!" "Aux armes!" shouting an invocation to  
"Oakes ames!" "Oakes ames!"

—*St. Louis Democrat.*

DETROIT, MICH.

## DETROIT, MICH

—*St. Louis Democrat.*



# Dost thou love me, Sister Ruth?

COMIC DUET.

JOHN PARRY.

FLUTE.

*Allegretto Moderato.*

PIANO.

HOBNS.

CLAR'T.

*p*

Piano accompaniment for the first system. The music is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

SIMON.

RUTH.

Dost thou love me, Sis - ter Ruth? Say, say, say! As I fain would

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first vocal entry. Simon's part is in the treble clef, and Ruth's part is in the bass clef. The piano accompaniment is in the grand staff. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

SIMON.

speak the truth, Yea, yea, yea! Long my heart hath

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second vocal entry. Simon's part is in the treble clef, and Ruth's part is in the bass clef. The piano accompaniment is in the grand staff. Dynamics include *cres.* (crescendo), *ff* (fortissimo), and *p* (piano).

RUTH.

yea'n'd for thee, Pret - ty Sis - ter Ruth; That has been the ease with me,

Rising alternately on their tip-toes.

Dear en - gag - ing youth!

SIMON.

Wilt thou prom - ise to be mine? maid - en fair?  
Love like ours can nev - er cloy, Humph! humph! humph!

RUTH.

Take my hand, my heart is thine, There, there, there. (*Salutes her*)  
While no jeal - ous fears an - noy, Humph! humph! humph!

Dost thou love me, Sister Ruth.



## SIMON.

Let us thus the bar - gain seal, O, dear me, heigh - ho!  
O, how blest we both should be, Hey down, ho down hey!

*p*

## RUTH.

Look! how ve - ry odd I feel! O! dear me, heigh - ho!  
I could al - most dance with glee, Hey down, ho down hey!

*Allegro* After last verse only.

*f* *p* *p* *p* *p*

*ritard.* *f*

During the first part of the *Allegro*, Simon and Ruth put themselves in ridiculous attitudes, as if anxious to dance, but not moving from the spot. They look languishingly at each other during four bars of 2d part, then walk primly off, on opposite sides.

# L' INNOCENCE.

PETIT MORCEAU.

*Allo, con grazia.*

CHARLES VOSS.

*Piano.* *p*

*cresc.*

*p*

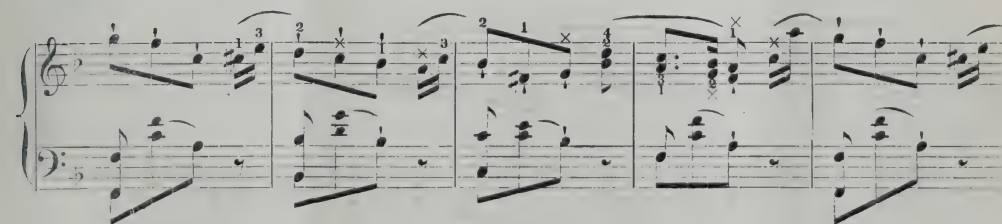
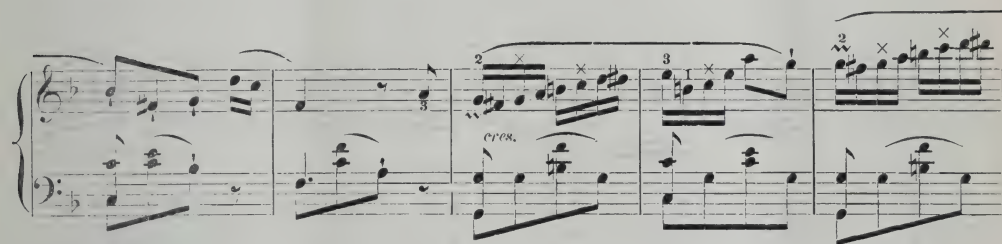
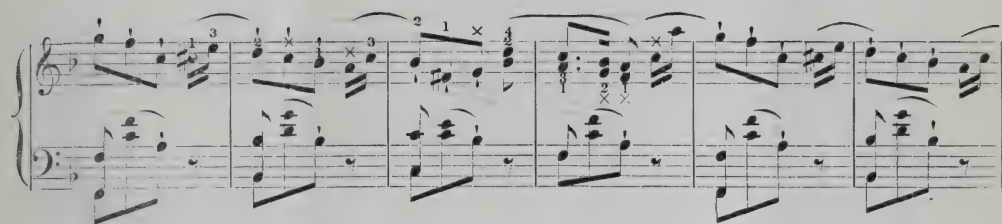


First system of musical notation, measures 1-6. The music is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) appears in measure 5.

Second system of musical notation, measures 7-12. Measures 7-11 continue the previous texture. Measure 12 begins a new section marked *Cantabile* and *Espressivo*. The right hand has a more lyrical, flowing line, and the left hand continues with a steady accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation, measures 13-18. This system contains several measures with triplets and sixteenth-note patterns in the right hand, indicating a more technically demanding section. The left hand maintains a consistent accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 19-24. Measures 19-23 continue with complex rhythmic patterns. Measure 24 concludes the system with a final chord. Dynamic markings include *crese.* (crescendo) in measure 22 and *sf* (sforzando) in measure 23.



L' Innocence.



The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including triplets and some notes marked with an 'x'. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *sf* (sforzando) is present in the fourth measure.

The second system continues the musical piece. The treble staff features more complex melodic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth-note runs. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. A *sf* marking is also present in the fourth measure.

The third system shows further development of the melody in the treble staff, with a four-measure phrase. The bass staff accompaniment remains consistent. The system concludes with a final chord in the treble staff.

The fourth system is the final one on the page. It begins with a melodic phrase in the treble staff, followed by a section marked *Sua* with a dotted line. The music concludes with a final chord in the treble staff and a *fff* (fortississimo) dynamic marking in the bass staff.

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NEW YORK CITY.

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J. C. COOK, Teacher of Piano,

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Very truly yours,

ADDIE S. WEED, Music Teacher.

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Musical Director Academy of Music, and Teacher of Piano, Violin, &c., &c.

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L. H. SOUTHWARD, Mus. Doc.

Late Music Director, Peabody Institute, Balt. Present Conductor of Boston Jubilee Chorus, Chelsea Choral Society and others.

ANDOVER, MASS., July 25, 1872.

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Yours truly,

J. R. MURRAY.

Conductor of Andover Choral Union, and Superintendent of Music in the Public Schools of Lawrence and Andover, Mass.

BOSTON, June 16, 1872.

MESSRS. S. BRAINARD'S SONS:—

GENTLEMEN:—We have examined with much pleasure the new Cabinet Organ Method by Mr. Kimball, which you have recently published. So far as we have the ability to judge, it is most admirably adapted to the requirements both of the student and the amateur, and we can with cordiality commend it to our friends.

Very truly yours,

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.

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[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

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A collection of the most popular of the polkas, waltzes, etc., by the world renowned Johann Strauss, printed from engraved plates, on fine white paper, every note being clear, legible and completely correct, with life-like likeness of the celebrated writer.

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## The Musical Pastime.

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The melodies are also all arranged separately as Solos for the Violin or Flute.

Sent by Mail, Price, { Violin, boards, \$1.50, cloth, \$2.00.  
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## The Boston Musical Treasure.

A choice selection of Duetts, Trios and Quartettes, arranged for Choruses in Private, Public, Normal and High Schools and Seminaries, selected by Jean Louis, Superintendent of Music in the Public Schools of Philadelphia. It is a particularly desirable work for all festive occasions and will become immensely popular.

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The Publishers desire to direct attention to the fact, that they have purchased the plates of the Librettos, formerly issued by the *American Opera Publishing Company*. The following list of Librettos is now ready, and being the text as sung by all of the Opera Companies, and having been arranged and translated by an eminent classic scholar, are superior to any other edition.

Anna Bolena.  
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Belle Helene.  
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Crispino e la Compare.  
Daughter of the Regiment.  
Der Freischutz.  
Dinorah.  
Don Giovanni.  
Dame Blanche.  
Ernani.  
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Fidelio.  
Faust.  
Fra Diavolo. Illustrated.  
Gazza Ladra.  
Genevieve de Brabant.  
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Ivanhoe. Tempair and Jewess.  
Jewess.  
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Linda di Chamounix.  
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Merry Wives of Windsor.  
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Massaniello.  
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Postillion of Lonjumeau.  
Perichole.  
Rose of Castile.  
Robert le Diable.  
Rigoletto.  
Satanella.  
Stradella.  
Sonnambula.  
Traviata.  
Trovatore.  
Tannhauser.  
William Tell.  
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Additions will be made to the above list as rapidly as new operas are announced, and the characteristic features of these Librettos, quality, correctness, and cheapness will be maintained.

## Manual of Music Lessons

FOR

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For Grammar Schools.

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These books are the result of Prof. Louis' practical experience as Superintendent of Music in the Public Schools of Philadelphia. The best recommendation we can offer for the Manuals is the fact that they were both adopted by the Board of Public Education of the First School District of Pennsylvania, and are now in use in all of the Public Schools. A committee of eminent musicians selected particularly to scrutinize Prof. Louis' system as enunciated in the Manuals after a most thorough and trying examination, pronounced it indisputably the best.

## The Silver Wreath.

A collection of Ballads, Duetts, and Trios, each arranged with a piano accompaniment, embracing the more popular standard and solid songs, excluding the frivolously sentimental, and the foolishly comic Ballads of the day. Every piano should have a copy. The book contains over fifty selections, or altogether about twenty-five dollars worth of good vocal music.

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## THE SABBATH, A New Work for Church Choirs OF ALL DENOMINATIONS, By C. Everest.

The well known ability of the editor of this book, carries with it the assurance, that *THE SABBATH* will be the best work of its class. It will be ready in September, and we advise leaders who purpose having a good book, and one that carries its goodness from beginning to end, to send for sample sheets which are now ready. Neither time nor expense have been spared in the preparation of *THE SABBATH*, and the publishers have their reward in offering to the singing people of the country, a work pre-eminently the best in all features.

Sent by Mail, Price \$1.50. Sample copy Mailed for \$1.00  
Price per dozen copies, \$13.50.

## The Guiding Star,

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Although this little work has been issued but a short time, it has met with unusual success, and thousands of little ones are now singing the *gems* of the *GUIDING STAR*. The subjects have been admirably chosen, and are peculiarly adapted for Anniversaries, Exhibitions, Festivals, etc. Superintendents who desire to interest children in the Sabbath School will use the *GUIDING STAR*, as it contains more attractive features than any book of a similar nature. Legibly printed on fine white paper and nicely bound, it is in all respects a superior Sunday School Singing Book.

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# J. WHITNEY & CO.'S Descriptive Catalogue of Popular Music.

## Our Old Clock. Song and chorus. C 2.....Barton. 40

The old clock stands on the mantel,  
Swinging to and fro,  
Its busy wheels still rattle,  
As they did long years ago.  
Its time-worn face so yellow  
Now peeps through the broken pane,  
Its tones so sweet and mellow  
Ring out on the air again.  
Tick, tick, ticking away  
Year after year, as time rolls on,  
Just as it did in childhood's day,  
Singing the same old song.

A simple, but truly beautiful picture of an old household, which is ticking off the minutes in many a family. The song will be justly prized for its real merit and truthful sentiment.

## Our Heroes. Song and chorus. Eb 2.....Sage. 30

Three cheers for our heroes,  
Not those who wear the stars,  
Nor those who wear the eagles.  
The leaders and the bars,  
We know they are gallant.  
And honor them too,  
For bravely defending  
The Red, White and Blue.

A fitting tribute to the memory of the "boys in blue," who asked no higher honor than to fight as privates under our old flag.

## Patriotic Hymn. Song and chorus. D 3....Drake. 30

Dear native land! we sing to thee,  
Our own Columbia, great and free,  
O, minstrel harp, awake, awake!  
And in the joyful sound partake.  
And thou, fair banner of the brave,  
Wave in thy glory, proudly wave!  
Lift up thyself, old flag, and be  
Revered by all, on land and sea.

The above verses, by Mrs. M. A. Green, embody the noblest and most lofty expression of true and fervent devotion to our country and the dear old flag. Mr. Drake has admirably adapted this excellent composition, rendering the whole a most desirable piece, or any patriotic occasion.

## Roll On, Tippecanoe. Song and chorus. D 2.....Straub. 40

In fancy I sit in the old oak canoe,  
That hurled the waves of the Tippecanoe,  
When light-hearted sports, childhood's fondest of themes,  
Awoke into being my infantine dreams.  
I hear it again, as in the days that have flown,  
The murmuring wave, with its low, gentle tone,  
And dreamily wonder when far I'm away,  
Who lists to the murmur that a borne on thy spray.

This song will carry many a one in fancy to the home of his childhood, and its rural surroundings, the cot, the orchard, the little brook, etc., and most of all, the friends who made that home most dear.

## Robin, Sweet Robin. Song and chorus. Bb 3.....Lockwood. 30

O, bury me, dear mother,  
In the vale where I was born,  
Where the whispering leaf runs gently by,  
And the lark pants forth his song.  
And where the rose's sweet perfume  
Will wait above my grave.  
There, dear mother, bury me,  
Beneath the willow shade,  
For the robin sings so sweetly, sweetly, sweetly,  
For the robin sings so sweetly,  
Beneath the willow shade.

Like all the sweet songs last us by the departed Lockwood, this breathes a spirit of purity and true genius, ever admired and appreciated by all lovers of worthy music.

## Rose of the Valley. Song and chorus. G 2.....Thomas. 35

Down by the river,  
Lying her sweet face,  
Where she has wandered,  
Flowers you may trace,  
Sunbeams and daisies,  
Mosses and violets,  
Live in her laughter,  
Wake in her words.  
Come to me, dear long, never to part,  
Rose of the valley, bloom in my heart.

Cooper and Thomas, the one in poetry and the other in song, have, with their combined talent, favored the musical world with some of the choicest gems published. The above is a worthy ensample of all the rest.

## Raking It In. Song and chorus. G 2.....McChesney. 35

This world's a great workshop, wherever we go,  
In which all mankind may find something to do,  
And the lazy man has no excuse for his sin,  
If he live to threescore, and has nothing raked in.  
The farmer well knows if he ploughs not his acres,  
That nature refuses her treasures to yield,  
Whilst the thistles and thorns fill his cup to the brim,  
And he lives like a beggar, with nothing raked in.

A dozen homely truths told in a humorous way make up the verses of the above song. The music weaves in so nicely that you're told the whole story in a very short time, considering its length.

## Rose of Springwells. Song and chorus. Ab 3.....McChesney. 35

How sweet is the spring, when the soft winds are blowing,  
When the cold blasts of winter have fled from the scene,  
When our white-bosomed river in beauty is flowing,  
And nature is decked in her mantle of green.  
How grand are thy banks, O, thou clear-winding river,  
When bespangled with lilies and bonnie blue bells,  
How oft 'mong thy groves I've wandered with Jeannie,  
My own darling Jeannie, the Rose of Springwells.  
A very pretty melody set to musical words.

## Saturday Night. Song. A 2.....McChesney. 30

'Twas Saturday night in the old farm house,  
The work of the day was all o'er,  
And Katie, a sweet little girl of sixteen,  
Was eagerly watching the door.  
The farmer was smoking his pipe of clay,  
The dame looked so happy and bright,  
For Katie, her darling, was watching for one,  
Who said he'd come Saturday night.

Mr. McChesney has given us a very delightful picture of rural home comfort and "Love's young dream" realized. It is simple and pleasing.

## Sunny South. Song and chorus. Bb 2.....McChesney. 30

From the cold north I have wandered so weary,  
Once more to visit thy old cabin home,  
All the wide world seems so cheerless and dreary,  
Since all my friends have departed and gone.  
Here is the pathway I often have taken,  
Leading close down by the bright river side,  
Here are the cabins now lone and forsaken,  
Here is the place where my old father died.

This little gem will at once assert its right to a place on every pianoforte, from the beauty and simplicity of its words and music. How many of us will find a responsive chord awakened in our own heart as we return to a childhood home, once every thing to us, but now devoid of aught but sad reminders of former pleasures.

## NEW SILVER SONG!

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY W. A. OGDEN.

It wears better than any other book of the kind published. The fact that over four hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold is sufficient proof of its merit. Price, single copies, thirty-five cents; \$3.00 per dozen. Specimen pages free.

PUBLISHED BY

C. J. WHITNEY & COMPANY.

## Star Spangled Banner. Song and chorus. C 3.... 25

O, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Have proof thro' the night that our flag was still there,  
O, say, does the star spangled banner yet wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

This well-known national song needs no eulogism from our pen to recommend it to the love of every patriotic soul. This arrangement is one of a set comprising six well-known national airs, each one of which is accompanied by a valuable historical notice of the origin of all the songs in the set.

## Sweet Nannie Lee. Song and chorus. Db 3.....McChesney. 35

Bright beamed the sunlight on that rosy morning,  
Dim in the distance of boyhood life to me,  
And gay were the moments in youth's early springtime.  
When I first beheld the maiden, sweet Nannie Lee.  
Wild waved her dark hair in the balmy breezes,  
Joyous her laughter, with heart so light and free,  
And sweet as a lute-song, carole ever flowing,  
From the lips I loved so well, of sweet Nannie Lee.  
Hark, the bells sadly toll their parting blessings,  
Mourning the soul echoes low o'er the sea,  
Gently we breathe her name, where 'mid the roses blooming,  
Song birds will chaunt the praise of sweet Nannie Lee.

Anything from this favorite author claims favorable attention, and "Nannie Lee" will certainly meet with favor.

## Strew the Flowers. Song and chorus. Ab 2.....Straub. 30

Here upon this hallowed ground,  
We bring our offerings rare,  
While holy incense, breath of flowers  
Is borne upon the air.  
Here we come in memory  
Of the honored and the brave,  
Who fought, our dear and lovely land  
From tyranny to save.

A memorial song, a beautiful tribute to the sleeping heroes, who died in defense of our country.

## Spirit of Light, Love and Beauty. Duet and chorus. Eb 2.....Whiting. 30

Spirit of light, love and beauty,  
Bind me to thy golden band,  
Teach my heart to know its duty,  
Guide me to our glorious land.

A chaste and pleasing production; not at all difficult.

## The Sky Little Maiden. Ballad. Ab 2.....Sherwood. 30

A secret I've got, would you all like to know,  
It is of myself, shall I tell it to you?  
Ah, yes, I would like to, but whether I'm seen,  
They call me the shy maid of sweet seventeen.  
Only just seventeen, sweet seventeen,  
Barely but seventeen, sweet seventeen.

We advise all young ladies of sweet seventeen and thereabouts to procure this captivating little ballad, and find out the secret which proves the little maiden not only "shy," but sly.

## Sweetly Thine Eyes Are On Me Beaming. Song and chorus. Ab 3.....Wheat. 35

Sweetly thine eyes are on me beaming,  
Winning my soul with their brightest ray,  
While health and glow my heart lies dreaming,  
And softly float the hours away.  
Sweet hours that no sadness barrow  
From the bright moments of to-day;  
Nor let me fear the coming morrow  
Will steal the joys that round me play.

This is an excellent sentimental song, uniting technical skill to grace and beauty.

## Sweet Alena Bell. Song and chorus. Db 2.....McChesney. 35

Beneath the waving willows, where the shadows come and go,  
In a moss-covered cottage in the dell,  
There dwells a lonesome fairy, whose heart is pure as snow,  
And they call her sweet Alena Bell.

May every joy so rare linger with our darling fair,  
May life's shadows never round thy heart entwine,  
Oh, sweet Alena Bell, may angels guard thee well,  
In that cottage underneath the waving pine.  
This is a very taking piece; would be good for a gentleman's quartette. The chorus, especially, is excellent.

## Somebody's Darling. Song and chorus. Ab 3.....Moore. 30

In a ward of the whitewashed hall,  
Where the dead and the dying lay,  
Wounded by fate's little ball,  
Somebody's darling was borne one day.

This is a very familiar song, as sweet as any that came out after and at the time of the war.

## Sweetly Dream, Viletta. Song and chorus. D 2.....Whit. 30

O'er the tropical seas, on a beautiful isle,  
Viletta is dreaming 'neath the angel's soft smile,  
Where the hysms of the breeze, with murmuring streams,  
All mingled in one, like the sunlight's soft beams  
And the song of the birds, the moon's soft shadows start.  
Like musical thoughts from the poet's full heart,  
There the seraphs at noon wait in silence alone,  
And sing while she's sleeping; yet all is unknown.  
The words in themselves seem to breathe a song, an hymn  
here made doubly musical by Mr. Wheat's happy edict in  
weaving them to a fine flowing melody.

## Softly Now the Light of Day. Hymn. F#3.....Pease. 35

Softly now the light of day  
Fades upon my sight away,  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

This favorite hymn has been beautifully arranged, as solo and quartette, by Mr. Pease. Is just what every quartette choir should have at hand as an opening piece.

## Severnade. Ballad. G 3.....Rohlfjohn. 35

I arise from dreams of thee,  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright.  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Has led me, who knows how,  
To thy chamber window sweet.

Shelley's exquisite poem has been sweetly and with a double charm since so nicely wrought up by Mr. Rohlfjohn. For grace and beauty of thought and feeling this serenade is unsurpassed.

## School Parting Song. Duet and chorus. G 3.....Jackson. 40

While gathered here, my classmates dear,  
And telling day by day,  
The golden hours, 'mid sun and showers,  
Have quickly passed away.  
And in the first bright rays so bright,  
Too soon have brought the day,  
When we must part with saddened heart,  
And last farewell to each other say.

Although our paths may lie apart,  
And here we meet no more,  
We'll hope to meet some future day,  
Upon a happier shore.

Written for and sung by the class of 1873 in the Detroit High School.

# C. J. WHITNEY & CO.'S DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

## WALTZES.

**Answer to the Broken Heart.** Eb 3.....*Truax.* 35  
Very similar in melody and arrangement to the Broken Heart Waltz, which has proved such a favorite. Is smooth, plaintive and full of sweetness.

**L'Alouette** (The Lark). Eb 3.....*Stewart.* 35  
A pretty little effort, with no striking harmonies, or technical difficulties, but withal possessing grace and attraction.

**L'Amethyst** (Valse Brillante). Eb 3.....*Fairbank.* 60  
Written in a very graceful and pleasing style—possessing all the fascination peculiar to a smooth and elegant waltz.

**Broken Heart Waltz.** Eb 3.....*Truax.* 35  
Its charm has not yet vanished, and this little gem still holds a favorite place in the esteem of its friends.

**Horders of Lake Michigan.** G 3.....*Moelling.* 60  
The author's name is suggestive of something artistic and harmonious, and the "Horders of Lake Michigan" furnish us with another proof of his powers to please and benefit. It abounds in delightful changes and refreshing harmonies; is an excellent teaching piece, carefully fingered.

**Cornet Waltz.** Bb 2.....*Simonds.* 50  
An easy but lively little waltz, suitable for young folks.

**Christmas Gift Waltz.** Eb 3.....*Vandermeer.* 35  
A sparkling, joyous production, written in Eb, Ab and Db. Fresh and lively, with much of originality in its composition; is sure to become a favorite.

**Esmeralda Waltz.** F 2.....*Bendix.* 35  
To all who are acquainted with the writings of this talented composer, the above is but an additional proof of his capacity to adapt himself to the tastes and moods of those who love the light, bright and sparkling in music. If you can keep your feet quick while listening to its strains we are sure you will.

**Evening Dew Waltz.** A 2.....*Watson.* 50  
The whole race of tarboles and venerable croakers must have been in the merriest and funkiest moods when this little took place. It is lively and playful enough to suggest all sorts of happy things.

**Gaite de Coeur** (Heart's Joy). Valse Brillante. D 4.....*Smith.* 75  
A most happy and satisfying effort from the well known author, Sydney Smith. Although written in Db and G, it is not intricate in its progressions, but gracefully portrays some of the most beautiful of musical thoughts.

**Jennie Belle Waltz.** C 2.....*Cheesbro.* 35  
If Jennie is half as winning as this sprightly little morsel we would like to know her.

**Little Fairy Fingers Waltz.** Eb 3.....*Colson.* 35  
We recommend this to all little fairy fingers as a capital relaxation from tiresome (but necessary) studies; it is full of melody.

**Linden Waltz** (Duett). F 2.....*Dressler.* 20  
This well known piece has become quite rejuvenated in its new arrangement. It still possesses a charm unknown to many more modern compositions, which proves its merit.

**Lycium Waltz.** A 3.....*Post.* 50  
An excellent accompaniment for dancing; is vivacious and the time well marked.

**Medallion Waltz.** Eb 3.....*Palmer.* 40  
A very meritorious composition; if not abounding in originality of thought, it is not lacking in pleasing variety and good harmony.

**Marius** (Valse Caprice). Db 4.....*Sutter.* 60  
An elegant and diversified, somewhat difficult, but worthy of a place in the esteem as well upon the piano of every player who makes a business of improving himself.

**Maple Grove Waltz.** D 2.....*Truax.* 35  
Simple and easy of comprehension. Little fingers will find pleasant pasture in its study.

**Oak Leaves Waltz.** C 2.....*Simonds.* 50  
Another excellent teaching piece for very young players. It cannot be too highly recommended; has a few octaves, but otherwise would answer for the most unpretending in musical knowledge.

**On the Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes.** A 3.....*Strauss.* 75  
In view of the fact that thousands have listened to and admired these strangely fascinating waltzes, and still they are held in high esteem and meet with renewed appreciation, it is unnecessary for us to enlarge upon their peculiarities and merits. If you have not already procured them, do so, and test them yourselves.

**Oriele Waltz.** D 2.....*Crandall.* 30  
Another welcome addition to the modest collections mastered by little fingers, written in D, A and G, introducing three little runs of five and six notes, grace notes and a very few accidentals. It will prove useful practice, and, after acquaintance, pleasing recreation.

**Poet and Pensant.** Bb 2.....*Smith.* 25  
A short and simplified arrangement of some of the favorite airs taken from the above will be a welcome relief from music of a more frivolous and short lived character.

**Philopena Waltz.** Ab 2.....*Truax.* 35  
This pretty waltz forms one of a collection of brilliant pieces called "Home Delights," suitable for young players of from nine months to a year's practice. It is showy and justly a favorite.

**Pere Waltzes.** F 3.....*D'Albert.* 50  
A long tried and most excellent set of brilliant waltzes, which have outlived a multitude of inferior attempts. It combines good harmony with the ring and sparkle which render the waltz so attractive and bewitching.

**Sunset in the Heart.** G 3.....*Truax.* 35  
A really charming little production, fully up to the standard of the author's best.

**Silver Spring Waltz.** G 2.....*Scherer.* 35  
We are certain that our young friends will draw something refreshing from the "Silver Spring," and with comparatively little ease. Try it.

**Sail on the Lakes.** D 2.....*Moelling.* 35  
If the above named pieces were complete, we might come to some definite conclusion as to its real merit, but the second figure comes to an untimely end from some fault of the publisher, printer or other unknown cause, leaving us somewhat in the dark as to the author's intentions.

**Swiss Spring Waltz.** G 2.....*Scherer.* 35  
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

**L'Autumn** (Polka de Concert). Db 5.....*Stewart.* 50  
A fanciful and brilliant composition—one of the author's best; requires fine execution and good taste to bring out the idea.

**Alexis** (Grand Russian Polka). C 4.....*Sutter.* 50  
Opens with the Russian National Hymn; is followed by a crisp, sparkling and exceedingly graceful polka movement; is very greatly admired. Be sure to get it.

**Hunkey Dori Mealey.** G 2.....*Mattison.* 35  
A very original and vivacious arrangement of a number of well-known airs, interspersed with various appropriate ideas of the author's own, a familiar jig, the Highland March, and one or two popular negro melodies form the principal part of this desirable melody.

**The Dewdrop.** Eb 4.....*Farrager.* 30  
Exceedingly pretty, cannot fail to please.

**Echoes from the Hudson.** Eb 3.....*Pease.* 40  
A well-known popular air with brilliant variations. Mr. Pease has been too long and favorably known as a first-class composer to need further praise from us.

**Floating with the Tide.** Eb 4.....*McChesney.* 50  
The beautiful lithograph which adorns the title page is attractive enough of itself, and in going between the leaves we are more than ever astonished at the author's wonderful conception of the subject. The reverie is beautiful, the melody so smooth, modulating and dreamy, that in listening to it one can almost fancy themselves with the sleeping boatman and happy lovers in the picture. "Floating with the Tide."

**La Fontaine D'Amour.** Eb 4.....*Mattison.* 50  
One of the author's best, is admirably adapted for solo playing, and will give delight to both player and hearer.

**Maiden's Prayer.** Eb 3.....*Radzewska.* 35  
A long tried and much admired piece, which has won its way to popularity by its own real beauty. It needs no commendation after so wide a circulation.

**Love's Chase.** Rondo Brillante. Db 3.....*Pease.* 50  
As diversified and fantastic as one could anticipate from the title. Like all of the author's productions it is remarkable for its originality, freshness and beauty of expression.

**An Evening Reverie.** F 3.....*Fairbanks.* 30  
A smooth, graceful, flowing little melody, very effective in nicely played, and requiring but ordinary ability, combined with a fair appreciation of the subject, to give it an acceptable rendering.

**Album Leaf.** F 3.....*Kirchm.* 30  
One of a large collection of moderately difficult compositions, called "Home Delights," all of which are very pleasing.

**I've Been Dreaming of My Childhood.** (Transcription). G 3.....*Pease.* 60  
Prof. McChesney's beautiful song has been very tastefully transcribed for the piano-forte, by the above well-known author, is written in a very pleasing and taking style, which meets with general approval.

**Lonely Hours.** Ab 4.....*Norris.* 50  
The theme is full of thought and feeling, the melody rich and full of sweetness, variations brilliant and elaborate, yet not intricate.

**Flora's Polka.** C 2.....*Spindler.* 20  
A little gem, with a beauty all its own; will send thousands of little fingers dancing over the keys, delighted to bring out the harmonies which lie hidden in its choros.

**Andante and Rompage.** Db & Eb. *Fairbank.* 35  
Really a composition of merit, its modulations and harmonies marked and satisfying. Not at all difficult, but withal sweet and effective.

**Twilight Whispers.** A 3.....*Mattison.* 40  
These twilight whispers certainly are calculated to bewitch and captivate the listener; full of light and airy grace and brilliancy. A very fine parlor piece, and held in high favor.

**Song of the River.** Sonata. Bb 3.....*Pease.* 55  
A very suggestive piece, descriptive of the ever changing song of the flowing river; varying from grave to gay, minor to major; now rippling in gaseous runs and rhapsodies, then in a plaintive, dirge-like complaining minor, or the most delicate, soothing expression, to lower toned, quiet in grand octave passages and harmonious chords.

**Enry Visions.** F 5.....*Wymann.* 55  
This is a beautiful melody, arranged with brilliant variations, by the latter author. The theme is sublime, wrought upon in its phases of change to make it interesting and yet not too difficult.

**Cradle Song.** Ab 3.....*Moelling.* 35  
A sweet, flowing melody, chaste accompaniment in rocking movement, rich in harmony—a perfect gem of its kind. Cannot but please every lover of truly good music.

## FOREIGN MUSIC.

We have on hand and are constantly receiving large invoices of Foreign Music, both Classic and Modern, and should call the attention of teachers living at a distance to the fact that we will gladly send them a selection of the music on approval, at any time, if they will inform us what style they desire. We shall also be very glad to help those who may find it convenient to call upon us to select just such music as they may wish to use.

## C. J. WHITNEY & COMPANY, MUSIC DEALERS, DETROIT, - - MICHIGAN.

**Silver Maple Waltz.** Eb 2.....*Heurt.* 40  
Without any striking individuality of thought, it might divert many whose wants are easily satisfied.

**Sparkling Gem Waltz.** F 2.....*Roberts.* 35  
The name might, perhaps, mislead one slightly. We should hardly, with truth, apply this title to the above named composition. In our estimation it is a pretty and easy piece, of ordinary cast, and no extraordinary merit. Others might differ in judgment.

**Times of the Roses.** F 2.....*Bendix.* 40  
For orchestral purposes, we should think this an admirable waltz. We do not so greatly admire it as an arrangement for the piano.

**Trifle Waltz.** D 2.....*Kidder.* 40  
We enjoy trifles, if they all resemble the above. It is a charming little piece of originality, guiltless of borrowed strains, diversified and well calculated to please.

**Thousand and One Nights.** A 3.....*Strauss.* 75  
The immense popularity which the above named waltzes have attained is a sufficient criterion of their merits. Any encomium of ours in praise of this or any of Strauss' compositions would be useless, as they win their own way in the estimation of music lovers.

**Valse Fantastique.** G 3.....*Moelling.* 40  
**Valse de Concert.** D 4.....*Moelling.* 50  
Written in the author's best style. Fantastic productions, possessed of the usual freshness and vigor of style which characterizes his compositions, but deserve general attention.

**Waltz.** C 3.....*Robjohn.* 40  
Somewhat out of the common order of progression; is oddly written; not easy to execute with smoothness and rapidity, as are pieces of that grade generally. Its harmonies are striking and unanticipated, which would render it more desirable than one whose end you can see from the outset.

**Witches' Waltz.** Eb 2.....*Truax.* 35  
There is a well known charm about this little waltz which has won for it many friends.

**Yankee Notions** (Grand Waltz) Bb 3.....*Moeller.* 50  
We think the author, in his composition, has carried out to the letter the spirit of the title. If an incongruous and unshapely mass of musical ideas thrown together promiscuously are designed to represent Yankee Notions, he has fulfilled his intention.



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"Music is an all pervading Science, which elevates and ennobles its votaries."

VOLUME IV.

DETROIT, JUNE, 1874.

NUMBER VI.

### Don Diego of the South.

A NEW POEM BY BRET HARTE.

(*Refectory—Mission San Gabriel—1869.*)

Good, said the Padre, believe me still,  
Call him Don Juan, or whatever you will—  
The type's eternal! We knew him here  
As Don Diego del Sud. I fear  
The story's no new one. Will you hear?

One of those spirits you can't tell why  
God has permitted. Therein I  
Have the advantage, for I hold  
That wolves are sent to the purest fold,  
And we save the wolf if we'd get the lamb.  
You're no believer! Good. I am.

Well, for some purpose, I grant you, dim,  
The Don loved women, and they loved him.  
Each thought herself his last love! Worst,  
Many believed that they were his first!  
And, such are those creatures since the Fall,  
The very doubt had a charm for all!

You laugh! You are young—but I—indeed  
I have no patience. To proceed:  
You saw as you passed through the upper town,  
The *Encinal*, where the road goes down  
To San Felipe. There, one morn,  
They found Diego, his mantle torn,  
And as many stabs through his doublet's band  
As there were wronged husbands—you understand?

"Dying!" So said the gossips. "Dead!"  
Was what the friars who found him said.  
Good! *Quien sabe?* Who else should know?  
It was a hundred years ago.  
There was a funeral. Small, indeed—  
Private. What would you?

To proceed:

Scarcely the year had flown. One night  
The commandante awoke in fright—  
Hearing below his casement's bar  
The well-known twang of the Don's guitar—  
And rushed to the window just to see  
His wife—*a swoon* on the balcony.

One week later, Don Juan Ramirez  
Found his own daughter, the Donna Inez,  
Pale as a ghost, leaning out to hear  
The song of that phantom cavalier.  
Even Aleahdo Pedro Blas  
Saw, it was said, through his niece's glass  
The shade of Diego twice repass.

What these gentlemen each confessed  
Heaven and the Church only knows. At best  
The case was a bad one. How to deal  
With sin as a ghost they couldn't but feel  
Was an awful thing. Till a certain Fray  
Humbly offered to elow the way.

And the way was this: Did I say before  
That the Fray was a stranger? No, *Senor*,  
Strange! Very strange! I should have said  
That the very week that the Don lay dead,  
He came among us. Bred he broke  
Silent; nor ever to one he spoke.

So he had vowed it. Below his brows  
His face was hidden. There are such vows.  
Strange, are they not! You do not use  
Snuff? A bad habit.

Well, the views  
Of the Fray were this: That the penance done  
By the cabelleros was right; but one  
Was due from the *cause*, and that, in brief,  
Was Donna Dolores Gomez, chief,  
And Inez, Sanchicha, Concepcion,  
And Carmen. Well, half the girls in town  
On his tablets the Friar had written down.

These were to come on a certain day  
And ask at the hands of the pious Fray  
For absolution. That done, small fear  
But the shade of Diego would disappear.

They came, each knelt in her turn and place  
To the pious Fray with his hidden face  
And voiceless lips, and each again  
Took back her soul freed from spot or stain,  
Till the Donna Inez, with eyes downcast,  
And a tear on their fringes, knelt her last.

And then—perhaps her voice was low  
From fear or from shame—the monks said so—  
But the Fray leaned forward, when, swiftly all  
Were thrilled by a scream, and saw her fall  
Fainting beside the confessional.

And so was the ghost of Diego laid  
As the Fray had said. No more his shade  
Was seen at San Gabriel's Mission. Eh!  
The girl interests you, I dare say?  
"Nothing," she said, when they brought her to,  
"Nothing—a faintness!" They spake more true  
Who said 'twas a stubborn soul. But then  
Women are women, and men are men!

So to return. As I said before,  
Having got the wolf by the same high law,  
We saved the lambs from the wolf's own jaw,  
And that's my story. The tale, I fear,  
But poorly told. Yet it strikes me, here  
Is stuff for a moral. What's your view?  
You smile, Don Pancho. Ah! that's like you!

### The Birth of the Requiem.

On an uncommonly sultry September afternoon,  
in the year 1791, a very delicate looking man and  
his young wife were seen slowly strolling through  
Leopold street, Vienna, towards the Augarden, the  
principal public park of the city. Although very  
plainly dressed, the young couple attracted much  
attention, and were greeted by passers-by with  
respectful salutation. With looks of sadness many  
stopped to look back at the pair, and with a mourn-  
ful shake of the head, to utter remarks of pity for  
the feeble young man. "He cannot last much  
longer." This and similar expressions of compas-  
sion were frequently uttered. The subject of this  
commiseration was apparently about thirty-five  
years of age. As he leaned upon the arm of his  
wife, they occasionally halted in their walk for a  
few moments, while he recovered from the spells of  
coughing which attacked him at intervals, and  
seemed to completely deprive him of breath.

With a look of deepest sympathy the wife cast  
her eyes to her husband's pale face, while his thin,  
haggard appearance and fever-red cheeks would  
cause her to shudder with anxiety. When the  
coughing would cease he would stroke her hands,  
and in a voice of deepest affection would say:

"Stutzerl, have no fear; I will soon become hale  
and hearty again."

Slowly the strange pair neared the door of the  
Augarden, over which were inscribed the words of  
the great "People's Friend"—Emperor Franz Joseph  
II.—"Welcome to all!"

"If no one is sitting in your favorite place, I  
shall be happy, dear husband," said the wife. "Do  
you remember where I received the first and only  
whipping from you?"

"Whipping," exclaimed the invalid, "Whipping,  
from me!"

"Yes; but you do not care to recollect it, or,  
more likely, have quite forgotten the circumstance.  
Ah! well, my 'Manderl' generally forgets all, ex-  
cept his notes," she replied, tapping her forehead.

"But I will narrate the affair. We had been mar-  
ried about three weeks, when, on a beautiful after-  
noon, we were promenading in these lovely gardens,  
and I told you that my little dog, Azore, thought  
more of me than he did of you, and in order to test  
it, I asked you to whip me, and in fun you did so.  
Now, do you remember?"

"Oh! yes, yes," he replied, laughing; "and our  
good Emperor Franz happened to pass that way,  
and, thinking we were in earnest rebuked us. Ha!  
ha! that was a joke."

Both laughed heartily at the recalling of this little  
episode of happier days. They had now reached a  
shady nook in the park, where was a rude wooden  
bench, upon which they seated themselves, the wife  
bringing forth her needle-work, while her husband  
remained quiet. The fragrance of the cedars seem-  
ed to revive the spirits of the sick man, and his  
otherwise wan, sad face for the time beamed with  
delight.

"It is lovely here," said the wife. "Now, rest  
yourself, dear Manderl, for you know we can remain  
here as long as you wish."

"Yes, dear Stutzerl; and now tell me a story, for  
you know I love to hear your sweet musical voice."

His wife nodded smilingly, and began to relate a  
narrative, of which she knew her husband never  
tired—"Cinderella." She had spoken but a very  
few moments when she noticed that her husband  
had fallen into a peaceful slumber, and not to dis-  
turb him she ceased speaking, and remained busy  
with her needle. About half an hour had passed  
when he awoke.

"Well, my Manderl, you have had a good sleep,"  
said his wife, merrily.

"Yes," he replied; "and I have had such a beau-  
tiful dream. Oh! I have heard such heavenly mu-  
sic. What I have heretofore written is nothing  
compared to what I heard in my dream."

"Pray, tell me, what could have been your  
dream?"

"Something sad," was his answer; "yes, ineffably  
sad. I dreamed I was in my grave, and surround-  
ing me was a chorus of angels, singing '*Requiem  
aeternam dona eis Domine.*' Ah, it was so lovely;



it had more effect than all the church music I ever wrote. And then the trumpets. Oh, the beautiful *Tuba Mirum*. Only the angels in heaven could produce such music. It was heavenly." He sat motionless, thinking of his wonderful dream, only his fingers moving as though fingering the keyboard of his piano.

"But, Wolfgang," said his wife, "your dream is but the effect of your ever worrying your mind about the new 'Requiem'."

"Pray, be quiet," he replied, motioning with his hands. He continued, half speaking and partly thinking aloud, "Yes, I have it. At last I have received the long and anxiously thought of *Requiem*." With a nervous hand he hastily searched his pockets for pencil and paper; but, alas! he could find neither. He saw in the roadside a piece of red chalk, which, in the vicinity of Vienna, is bountiful. He eagerly secured it, and kneeling on the ground began to draw staves on the bench upon which he had been resting, and in like manner produced notes, so that in a short time the bench was literally covered with red characters. His wife sat staring at her husband, amazed. She did not notice the approach of the park officer, who had slyly come upon them, and, in a boisterous tone, asked what this "lunatic" was doing. "Ha," he said, "at last I have caught the one that is in the habit of mutilating the benches, and I will forthwith report to the mayor. Stop this nonsense, I tell you, I will have no more of it."

"Yes, yes," spoke the composer; "I will be through with my work in a few moments." "Please do not disturb my husband," said the wife, "for he is composing."

"What!" cried the officer, "I, the park officer, must not disturb him? You say he is composing. I say he is daubing, and will allow it no longer. Stop! I tell you, and this moment."

"*Tuba mirum Spargens Sorem*," sang the composer without paying the slightest attention to the officer. This aroused the latter's indignation, and he began excitedly to abuse the composer, and demanded to know who it was that dared to disregard his orders.

"What is your name," he asked in a stern voice. "I am Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart," spoke the invalid.

"What! are you the Mozart who composed the *Zauberflöte*?"

"Yes," replied the composer, "I am that Mozart, and was, at the moment you so abruptly interrupted me, composing a new *Requiem*."

"Mozart, Mozart," fairly screamed the officer, "pray forgive me for my rudeness. Why did you not tell me before? Then I should not have been so rude. Mozart, pray forgive me."

"With all my heart," answered the great Mozart. "I forgive you; but my *Requiem* is as yet unfinished and I have no more room on this bench. What shall I do?"

The officer hastily ran to the east end of the park, and picking up a newly painted bench, with a great deal of labor succeeded in placing it beside the one upon which was already written the first part of Mozart's *Requiem*. It required but a few more bars and the work was completed.

"Shall I send the benches to your house?" said the officer, respectfully.

"No," said Mozart, pointing to his heart and then to his brow; "I have it closely locked up in both places, and can easily copy it when I get home. But I will again come to these gardens, and hope to meet you once more. Pray tell me your name."

"Geppert is my name," said the officer, "and I shall await your coming with pleasure."

"I thank you," replied Mozart, "and when the composition which I have scribbled upon your benches is ready, I will send you word, and trust you will come to hear it."

"Rest assured, dear Mozart, God permitting, I will surely be there," said the officer.

Two months had passed, and Geppert, having wandered daily to find Mozart, was as often disappointed. "Pshaw," he said, "I have been duped. It was not Mozart after all; undoubtedly some notoriety seeker."

A month after month passed. The leaves began to fall. Winter came, and a deep snow covered the favorite walks of the park, except the one from Geppert's dwelling to the "Requiem bench," whither he wandered daily, with the hope of meeting the illustrious composer of the "*Zauberflöte*."

One day—it was on the afternoon of the 3d of December, Geppert was sitting again on his watching post, waiting somewhat hopelessly for the composer, when he beheld a priest, dressed in citizen's attire, working his way through deep snow, and directing his steps to where Geppert was sitting.

"My dear friend," said the priest, when he drew near, "will you be kind enough to direct me to the house of the park officer, Mr. Geppert?"

"That is my name," said the officer, at the same time removing his hat and bowing.

"I am the Abbe Stadler," said the other, "and my dear friend Mozart requested me to inform you of his severe illness, and desires that, according to your promise, you will come to see him and hear his *Requiem*."

"Accept my sincerest thanks, Reverend Father, and tell Mozart that I will call on him to hear his, as you say, last composition, the *Requiem*."

The following day, at two o'clock p. m., Geppert appeared at the bedside of the dying Mozart, and, with tears in his eyes, said: "Here I am; have I not kept my word?"

"Yes, you have," replied Mozart, "pray be seated. The *Requiem* will be sung in a few moments."

The door leading to the dying composer's room was opened softly, and the Abbe Stadler, composer *Schneissmaier*—the young friend and pupil of Mozart, the violinist *Hofer*, Mozart's brother-in-law, and the bass singer *Gerl*, entered, each with sad and melancholy countenance. After greeting the sick man, *Schneissmaier* seated himself at the piano; Abbe Stadler directed; Schack sang soprano; *Hofer*, tenor; *Gerl*, bass; and Mozart—yes, the dying Mozart—sang the alto. Geppert and Constantine—Mozart's wife—were the audience to this first performance of this immortal composer's last composition.

The *Et lux peretuis luceat eis* and the *Dies ira* were hardly finished, when Geppert, overcome by emotion, could not withhold his tears, and in haste left the room. Abbe Stadler dropped his baton; the balance of the singers ceased, and all knelt in prayer. The dying Mozart was fast passing away to the land where sorrows are unknown. He died on the afternoon of December 6th, and was buried in the cemetery of St. Marx. A heavy snow storm set in, and the mourners did not stay until the grave was covered, except one, who, with tearful eyes, prayed "*Requiem eternum dona eis, Domine*." Then he laid a newly made crown of roses on the composer's grave, and sadly departed, weeping. It was the park officer, Geppert.—*Church's Musical Visitor*.

### Lecocq's New Opera.

A private letter, published in an English journal, gives us an interesting resume of Lecocq's new opera, "*Girofle-Girofla*." Its story is something as follows: *Girofle-Girofla* represents the part of twin-sisters, daughters of Don Bolero d'Alcarazas, governor of a Spanish province during the time of Moorish domination. *Girofle* becomes the wife of Marasquin, a young banker, while *Girofla* is to be wedded to a ferocious Moor, Moorzook. *Girofla* is abducted by a band of pirates, and the distracted parent is puzzled to know how he shall acquit the Moorish bridegroom, as the latter's fierce temper is matched by unbounded power, and, in his ungovernable rage, all will probably be sacrificed to his ire. A strategy of Don Bolero's wife saves the situation, and gives the opera its characteristic dramatic effect. The sisters being exactly alike, *Girofle*, though the wife of another, is persuaded to personate the bride. So the Moor leads his supposed lady-love to the altar amid the cheers of singing and dancing Spaniards. After the abduction of *Girofla*, Don Bolero had employed the chief admiral, Don Metamoros, to go in pursuit, by the payment of sixty thousand piasters. The booming of cannon was to announce his success as he came into port. But the result is adverse, and a messenger arrives to announce defeat instead of victory. Don Bolero and his wife are in an agony of distress to know how to prevent Moorzook from claiming his marital rights, but finally manage to lock him up in a tower. The imbroiglio hurries on, accompanied by a most pleasing variety of costumes and music. The authors of the libretto next change the scene to the bedroom of *Girofle* and Marasquin, into which bursts his way the enraged Moor, who had escaped from the tower. After some resistance father, mother, and husband are obliged to yield, and *Girofle*, to save the family, consents to become Lady Moorzook. The comedy seems about to become tragedy, when a flourish of trumpets is heard, proclaiming that Metamoros has finally been victorious, and *Girofla* saved.

A BLAST AT NILSSON AND LUCCA.—Neither Nilsson nor Lucca can be regarded as great mechanical artists in the use of the voice. Musical "Dry-as-dusts" have found just occasion to criticise Mme. Nilsson's singing out of tune, her false attack of notes when there have been great musical intervals, and her want of precision in the lower register. So also can fault be found with Mme. Lucca's slovenly style of trilling, and her way of sacrificing the details of the music to give more powerful light and shade to the *ensemble*. None but a singer of transcendent power could dare to do this safely.

### Mr. Chubb's Ear for Music.

OUR neighbor Chubb has not much of an ear for music, but he spent a considerable sum in having his daughter taught how to hammer a piano, and he is proud of her accomplishments. He was talking with us over the fence the other day, when a series of dreadful sounds came from his piano, through the open parlor window. Presently Chubb remarked:

"D'you hear that, Adeler? Just listen to that, will you? That's what I call music."

Then there was a few additional bangs on the instrument, a flourish or two, and then more discordant thumping.

"Splendid, isn't it?" said Chubb: "Mary Jane's bustin' the music right out of that machine, you observe. Them's the Strauss waltzes, I believe, she's rasin' with now. Just listen."

We remarked that from the energy displayed Mary Jane at least seemed to be really in earnest. But whether she was treating Mr. Strauss exactly right was an open question.

"I don't know nothin' about music, Adeler," observed Chubb, "but I kin tell the real thing when I hear it, and I kin sit and hear Mary Jane play them waltzes and the Maiden's Prayer until it makes me cry like a child."

We asserted that if she played those compositions as she was doing now, it would make anybody cry—a deaf mute would shed tears.

"Listen to that now, will you?" exclaimed Chubb, as a wild tumult of sound came from the parlor. "Isn't that splendid? If I didn't know it was Mary Jane a tearin' around among them waltzes, I'd think it was one of them fellers who play at the concerts. Let's go over and hear her."

We entered the house and sought the parlor. Mary Jane was nowhere to be seen, but to the infinite disgust of Chubb there was a red haired man, with a lot as big as a loaf of bread, tuning the piano. Chubb asked us not to tell anybody, and we won't. It is related here in confidence, and it must go no further.—*Max Adeler*.

### Rules for Playing onto a Organ in Meeting.

When the preacher comes in and neals down in the pool-pit, pool out all the stoppers. That's wot the stoppers is for.

When a him is gave out to be sung, play over the whole toon before singing, but be sure to play it so they can't tell whether it's that toon or some other toon. It will amuse the people to guess.

When you play the interloode, sometimes pool all of the stoppers out, and sometimes pool them all in. The stoppers are made to pool out and in.

Play from the interloodes into the toon without lettin' them know when the toon begins. This will teach them to mind their business. Always play the interloodes faster or slower than the toon. This will keep it from being the same time as the toon.

If the preacher gives out 5 virces play 4—too many virces is tequus.

Doorin the sermon go out of the church and cum back in time for the next toon. This will show you don't mean to be hard on the preacher by havin too many listenin to him at onst.

EVIDENTLY A NICE GIRL.—An irrepressible writer in the *Washington Capital* writes that "Miss Sara Jewett is a beautiful girl. She is without exception the most beautiful creature we ever saw upon the stage. A blonde with dark eyes, her complexion is brilliant, her hair a mass of netted sunlight, while her perfect head rests upon her rounded neck with the swan-like ease and grace of a sculptor's dream. Add to this a full, perfect and yet *petite* figure, and you have one of the most charming creatures heaven ever lost to Paradise, and men gained for the stage."

SHAKESPEARE'S GLOVES.—The pair of Shakespeare's gloves which were presented to Garrick, in 1764, were bequeathed by Mrs. Garrick to Mrs. Siddons, who left them to her daughter, by whom they were given to Mrs. Francis Anne Kenble. Mrs. Kenble has now presented these gloves to Mr. Horace H. Furness, of Philadelphia, the editor of the new variorum edition of Shakespeare.

TRUE, OR KING.—The Cincinnati *Times* felicitously remarks that the Capoul who has forgotten how very pretty he is, how very handsome his clothes are, how nicely his gloves fit him, how accurately his hair is parted in the middle, and what a lady-killer he is generally, will be a great improvement over the present Capoul.



## Correspondence.

## Our Boston Letter.

THE THIRD TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL OF THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY—A SERIES OF SUCCESSFUL CONCERTS—SUNDAY NOTES.

Correspondence of the Song Journal.

BOSTON, May 13, 1874.

My letter, this month, will be devoted almost wholly to an account of the third triennial festival of the Handel and Haydn Society, recently held here, chiefly for the reason that the affair demands all the attention your space will afford me, and also on account of the dearth of other musical entertainments. The festival virtually closed the musical season of 1873-4, although a few scattered concerts yet remain to be given. Taken altogether, the season has been one of unexampled activity, and let me add, that there has been a perceptible improvement over previous seasons in the character of the great mass of the music given.

## THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

The festival was the fourth grand affair of the kind given by the Handel and Haydn Society, and the third of the regular triennial series. In 1863 the society celebrated its fifth anniversary, and performed Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," Haydn's "Creation," Handel's "Israel in Egypt," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and Handel's "Messiah." The first of the triennial festivals took place in 1868, when Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," Handel's oratorio, "St. Paul," Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," Haydn's "Creation," and Handel's "Messiah" were sung. The lamented Madame Parepa-Rosa was one of the chief vocalists. The second triennial, held in 1871, was participated in by Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and some of our best American singers, and the principal works performed were Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Handel's "Israel in Egypt," Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, selections from Bach's "Passion Music," Bennett's "Woman of Samaria," and Handel's "Messiah."

## THE FESTIVAL OF 1874.

The festival recently held was on a precisely similar scale to the others, but the programme was of a more important character, on account of the new, or comparatively unknown works it contained. For example, the greater part of Bach's St. Matthew "Passion Music" was given, and two new works by native composers—Dudley Buck's setting of the Forty-sixth Psalm, and John Knowles Payne's oratorio, "St. Peter," were also heard. The society had the assistance of Theodore Thomas and his superb orchestra throughout the festival, the musicians being reinforced by thirty musicians of our own city. This made up an orchestra of about eighty. A year ago Mr. Thomas took the Handel and Haydn Society to New York, paying their expenses, and treated that city to a musical festival of a high order. This year he repaid the compliment of the Bostonians by aiding them with his orchestra. The result of combining two such grand musical elements as the Handel and Haydn Society and the Thomas Orchestra was as near perfection as we may expect to arrive, or listen to in a worldly state of existence. The chief soprano, this year, was Miss Edith Wynne, who was engaged to come over from Europe expressly to take part in the festival. Mrs. H. M. Smith and Mrs. Julia Houston West also appeared as leading sopranos; for contraltos we had Miss Anna Louise Cary and Miss Adelaide Phillips; for tenors, Mr. Nelson Varley and Mr. W. J. Winch; and for basses, Messrs. M. W. Whitney, J. F. Rudolphsen, and J. F. Winch. Mr. Zerrahn conducted all the choral performances, and alternated with Mr. Thomas in conducting at the symphony concerts. Mr. B. J. Lang was the organist.

## THE FIRST DAY.

The festival opened on Tuesday evening, the 5th, with a very fine performance of Handel's oratorio of "Judas Macabbeus." This well known work had a most glorious interpretation from chorus, orchestra and soloists. Miss Wynne, Miss Cary, Mr. Varley and Mr. Whitney serving in the latter capacity. For once, there was an even excellence in all departments, and it was of the highest standard. It was, indeed, a pleasure to again hear Miss Wynne's sweet, sympathetic, and admirably trained voice. "Judas Macabbeus" is an oratorio especially exacting upon the soprano soloist, but there was no place in which Miss Wynne did not fully meet every requirement. She has not the great voice, or the broad, dramatic style

of the late Madame Parepa-Rosa, but she is thoroughly versed in the oratorio style, and is a finished and agreeable singer. Miss Cary, too, achieved high honors. Although the training of the operatic stage is not always compatible with oratorio, it has in no sense whatever, detracted from Miss Cary's fine powers as an oratorio singer. Mr. Varley was in his best voice, and gave a thoroughly satisfactory rendering of the tenor solos, and Mr. Whitney's noble voice and grandeur of style fitted the needs of the bass role. The chorus gave evidence of long and patient rehearsal. Its shortcomings were few and far between, and its merits many.

## THE SECOND DAY.

Wednesday, the 6th, brought with it two entertainments, a symphony concert in the afternoon, and a mixed concert in the evening. At the former the following programme was presented, and admirably performed:

Overture—"Euryanthe".....Weber.  
Aria—"Ah! quel giorno".....Semiramide.....Rossini.  
Miss Annie Louise Cary.  
Concerto for String Quartet.....Bach.  
Violin Obligato by Mr. Bernhard Listemann.  
Unfinished Symphony in B minor.....Schubert.  
Overture—"Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn.  
Requiem—Aria.....Cimarosa.  
"Abramo".....Cimarosa.  
Miss Edith Wynne.  
Variations on a Theme by Haydn.....Brahms.  
Aria—"Qui sedes ad dexteram".....Mozart.  
Mr. M. W. Whitney.  
Vorspiel—"Die Meistersinger von Nuremberg".....Wagner.

The evening concert included Spohr's overture to "Jessonda," a tenor solo by Mr. Wm. J. Winch, "Be thou faithful unto Death," from St. Paul, which was finely sung; the first part of Haydn's "Seasons" and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The music of the "Seasons" was delightfully interpreted by the chorus and Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mr. George L. Osgood and Mr. J. F. Winch as soloists. The Ninth Symphony was not performed with the best possible effect, not by reason of any shortcomings of orchestra, chorus, or the soloists—Mrs. Smith, Miss Cary, Mr. Varley, and Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen—but on account of Mr. Zerrahn's peculiar ideas of *tempi*, which had the effect to destroy much of the life and spirit of the great work. There was little of the life and brilliancy—especially in the purely orchestral portions of the symphony—which made the performance at Mr. Thomas' New York concert, last year, so memorable.

## THE THIRD DAY.

The fourth concert, given Thursday afternoon, was perhaps the most enjoyable of the whole series. The programme was as follows:

Overture—"Phigeneia in Aulis".....Gluck.  
Song—"In Native Worth".....Creation.....Haydn.  
Mr. Nelson Varley.  
Motette—"Hear my Prayer".....Mendelssohn.  
Miss Anna Louise Cary.  
Scene—"Che faro, senza Eurydice".....Orfeo.....Gluck.  
Miss Annie Louise Cary.  
"Christus".....Unfinished.....Mendelssohn.  
Soloists, Messrs. W. J. Winch, John F. Winch, and M. W. Whitney.  
"God is our Refuge." Forty-sixth Psalm. Dudley Buck.

Principal vocalists, Mrs. J. Houston West, Miss Cary, Mr. John F. Winch, and Mr. Whitney. Mendelssohn's motette is a beautiful composition, and its performance with superb effect by Miss Wynne and the Handel and Haydn Society. Miss Cary's rendering of the scene from "Orfeo" was a most glorious performance, in which the rich and telling voice and the admirable method of this gifted artist were brought to thorough and effective use. The fragments of Mendelssohn's "Christus," (composed in Switzerland only a few months before his death, which occurred in November, 1847) are grand and beautiful. Mendelssohn contemplated an oratorio which should far exceed all his previous efforts in the same vein, and the earnest of his intentions which he has left to the world tends to the belief that he would have succeeded in this undertaking. The choruses, solos, and recitatives, although in some measure disjointed, are very effective, and show masterly strength. Both solos and choruses were well sung. Mr. Buck's fine composition was received with great favor, and this, too, by an audience which had just listened to two of Mendelssohn's loveliest works. Mr. Buck has taken for his theme the same Psalm that inspired Luther's noble hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," but in place of condensing it into a choral, he has treated all the eleven verses in a broad form of composition. He employs full chorus, solo voices, organ and orchestra, and there is a succession of solos, quartettes and choruses. Mr. Buck's music is fresh, graceful, and, indeed, brilliant, and the orchestral scoring is quite elaborate. The singers, both chorists and soloists, entered into their duties with spirit and enthusiasm, and the result was in the highest degree satisfactory.

## THE FOURTH DAY—THE PASSION MUSIC.

The fifth concert was given on Friday afternoon, when the following programme was performed:

Overture—"Coriolanus".....Beethoven.  
Aria—"My Heart Ever Faithful".....Bach.  
Mass—"With Joy".....Schumann.  
Symphony—No. 1, B flat major.....Schumann.  
Fine Faust Overture.....Wagner.  
Romanza—"I Greet Thee".....Schubert.  
Mr. George L. Osgood.  
Adagio—"Prometheus".....Beethoven.  
Welch Songs—1. "The Missing Boat".....Schubert.  
2. "A Gentle Maid in Secret Sighed".....Schubert.  
Miss Edith Wynne.

Symphonic Poem—"Tasso".....Liszt.  
Friday evening was devoted chiefly to the production of Bach's "Passion Music." Mendelssohn's motette, "Hear my Prayer," was finely received on the previous day, was repeated at the opening of the concert. Bach's St. Matthew "Passion Music," as must be well known, is the chief composition of its class which this great composer gave to the world. That according to St. John is a smaller work; that according to St. Luke is regarded as of doubtful authenticity, and remains unprinted, and two others have been lost. Although the omissions on this occasion amounted to fully one-third of the entire work, the performance occupied fully two hours. The elements intended to be employed in its presentation, are, two choruses, two orchestras, two organs, besides a harpsichord, or piano, for the recitatives, solo singers in the four parts, and a large number of chorists, to whom the chorals were assigned. The chorals were on this occasion sung by the Handel and Haydn Society, and there was only one organ, but in other particulars the original design was carried out, a boys' chorus of sixty voices being added in the opening chorus, which is a marvelous piece of writing, and something one never forgets. The character of the work essentially fits it for the church, but not for the concert room. Although some portions are perfectly sublime, much of the recitative is too hard and dry for the present age of concert listeners. Some of the airs come under the same category. That the work is great in the true meaning of the term, is most true, and the Handel and Haydn Society and Mr. Zerrahn are worthy of all praise for having brought it out. The chorus did itself great credit, especially in the great opening chorus, and in the other grand double chorus, "Ye lightnings, ye thunders." The soloists were Miss Wynne, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Mr. W. J. Winch, Mr. Whitney, and Mr. Rudolphsen. Excellent artists though they are, they proved insufficient for an effective rendering of the music, which is of the most difficult and exacting character. We should, however, commend Mr. Whitney and Mr. Rudolphsen for their general efficiency. The orchestra should have had the benefit of more rehearsals.

## THE FIFTH DAY.

The seventh concert was given upon the great organ Saturday noon, by Mr. B. J. Lang, who performed the following programme:

Fantasia in G minor.....Bach.  
Sonata No. 4 in B flat major, 6 p, 65.....Mendelssohn.  
Improvisation.  
Transcription for Organs of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" Symphony.

The last of the Symphony concerts took place on Saturday afternoon, when the following programme was presented:

Overture—"Magic Flute".....Mozart.  
Shadow Song from "Dinorah".....Meyerbeer.  
Mrs. H. M. Smith.  
Symphony—"Lenore".....Raff.  
Overture—"Genevieve".....Schumann.  
Aria—"In questa tomba".....Beethoven.  
Mr. M. W. Whitney.  
Scherzo—"La Reine Mob, ou La Fee des Songes".....Berlioz.  
Scene—"Softly Sighs"....."Der Freyschütz".....Weber.  
Miss Edith Wynne.

Kaiser March.....Wagner.  
Saturday evening was devoted to the production of Mr. Payne's new oratorio of "St. Peter." This work made a most profound impression upon an audience made up of very largely of prominent musical people. The four principal scenes in the life of St. Peter, marking the founding of the Christian church, are taken as the subject matter of the oratorio, viz: The Divine Call; the Denial and Repentance; the Ascension of Christ; and the Pentecost. The columns of THE SONG JOURNAL will hardly afford me the space to give anything like an analysis of the work. Suffice it to say there is much in it to command the earnest praise of musicians and critics. Mr. Payne's music is noble in character; never light or superficial. The influence of the Bach school, with which the composer fully carried himself, is manifest during his years of study abroad under the celebrated organist and contrapuntist, Haupt, and others, is plainly shown, and Mr. Payne evinces thorough cultivation, knowledge and taste in his treatment of the orchestra, as well as a strong and vigorous fancy in melodious expression. It will doubtless be urged by many that the music is too scientific to become popular. This may possibly be true, but it is sure that the work will always command the attention and the admiration of all thoughtful and cultivated musicians. It is a fact in musical history that even Men-



delasohn's "Elijah," when first taken up by our Handel and Haydn Society, was thought too dry and uninteresting; and so, too, was Haydn's "Creation," when it was first put in rehearsal in London. The soloists who took part in Mr. Paine's oratorio were Mrs. J. Houston West, Miss Phillips, Mr. Varley, and Mr. Rudolphsen.

#### THE SIXTH DAY—SUPPLEMENTARY.

Sunday evening there was a very fine performance of Handel's "Messiah," in which Miss Wynne, Miss Cary, Mr. Varley and Mr. Whitney participated as soloists. This was the last regular entertainment of the festival, but an extra concert was arranged for Monday evening, when Mendelssohn's "Elijah," was given in excellent style, with Miss Wynne, Miss Phillips, Mr. Varley, and Mr. John F. Winch as soloists.

We regret to learn that, notwithstanding the fact that most of the concerts were largely attended, the receipts did not fully cover the expenses. The loss is about \$2,000, but there is a guaranty fund of \$50,000 to fall back upon.

#### VARIOUS TOPICS.

The musical public will be happy to learn that Madam Camilla Urso has recovered from her recent accident sufficiently to resume the practice of her profession. For a time it was feared that her hand was so badly burned that she could not play again. The last of her classical concerts, which was postponed on account of the accident, has been appointed for the 25th inst.

Mr. D. C. Hall opened a series of "Ballad Concerts" at Tremont Temple, on the 4th inst., at which Miss Graziella Ridgway, with other artists, and Hall's Brass Band, assisted. The price of tickets was only twenty-five cents, and the hall was crowded. The Band began their concerts on the Fall River boats June 15th.

Mrs. Julia Meston had a benefit concert, at Music Hall, last evening, when Miss Edith Wynne, and other artists, appeared.

The New England Conservatory of Music gave its 351st recital, at Wesleyan Hall, to-day, with the assistance of Miss Z. L. McQuenne, Mr. D. B. Allen, and Messrs. August and Wulf Fries. Mr. George E. Whitney continues his organ recitals at Conservatory Hall, every Saturday. The programme last Saturday was devoted to Schumann, and that of the fourteenth recital, to be given to-morrow, will be made up of selections from the works of Meyerbeer.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Adelaide Phillips and the Temple Quartette will sing at Music Hall, June 18th, when George William Curtis is to deliver his eulogy on Sumner.

Boston has eleven licensed street bands, strolling from door to door, and picking up stray pennies. It is said the performers average from four to six dollars per day.

Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. Flora E. Barry, Mr. Nelson Varley, Mr. M. W. Whitney, and Miss Teresa Liebig, the violinist, leave in a few days on a professional trip westward. They are to take part in the musical festivals at Cincinnati and Indianapolis.

The Apollo Club are to give their last concert June 1st.

The Orpheus Musical Society gave their last musical and social soiree of the season last Monday evening.

Theodore Thomas has arranged to give a series of six Symphony Concerts, in Boston, next season.

The annual musical festival of the Boston public schools takes place next week.

Mr. Redpath has a series of cheap summer concerts in contemplation.

Dr. Tourjee will open his New England Normal Musical Institute at the beautiful summer resort, East Greenwich, R. I., July 15th. The following is a list of the instructors engaged: B. J. Lang, J. C. D. Parker, George L. Osgood, Carl Zernahn, George E. Whitney, John K. Paine, L. T. Downes, Stephen A. Emory, H. E. Holt, L. W. Mason, and L. F. Snow. This is certainly a strong board.

Mr. John O'Neill, one of the teachers of the New England Conservatory of Music, visits Europe this summer. RANGER.

There was, in the time of Charles IX., at the French court, a viol so large that several boys could be placed in it, who sang the air, while the man who played upon it sang the tenor. It was often thus used at the concerts which were given to amuse Queen Margaret.

Tradition makes Pythagoras the inventor of a musical instrument called the *octo chordon* Pythagore, or Pythagorean lyre, which, after his death, was engraved on brass and preserved in the temple of Samos.

## Music and the Drama.

GUSTAVE DORE is also a violinist.

The hymn for the Centennial—Old Hundred.

MEHUL'S Opera "Joseph" has been revived in Berlin.

ALL of the Boston theaters commence their performances at 7:45.

It is said that Jenny Lind proposes to revisit America soon.

MISS CARY wishes she had been born a soprano instead of a contralto.

PRINCE LEOPOLD has joined the new Shakespeare Society in England.

MR. and MRS. W. J. FLORENCE have departed on their sixteenth trip to Europe.

ART'S "Sharpshooters," which he is writing for this country, will soon be finished.

MME. BRIGNOLI has made a signal success in Baltimore as Lady Henrietta in "Martha."

CHARLES WYNDHAM, formerly of Chicago, is manager of the new Gayety theater at Liverpool.

JOHANN STRAUSS, with his famous band, is spending the month of May in Rome, giving concerts.

A NEW opera, by Johann Strauss, entitled "Doctor Federmann," is in preparation at Vienna.

JANE ANN, widow of the famous clown, Joe Penland, died at her residence in New York on Sunday.

SALVINI was presented with a crown of gold and laurel leaves at the close of his recent engagement in Havana.

THE statue of Donizetti, presented by the music publisher Lucca to the city of Milan, is said to be a very fine work.

THE jubilee singers have made \$50,000 by their concerts in Great Britain. On their return they will immediately disband.

FOUR state-rooms were reserved for Nilsson on the steamer Soloto, and even then Rouzeau seemed to feel uneasy.

THE New York Academy of Music is said to be overruled with mice, and some times one will accompany a lady home concealed in her clothing.

CHAMEREAU, the actor, is endeavoring to raise a fund for the prosecution of clergymen who assail the private character of the ladies of the stage.

THE Norfolk (Va.) *Day Book* expects to see some enterprising star introduce a song and dance by the grave diggers in the graveyard scene of "Hamlet."

A NEW comedy is in rehearsal at the Haymarket Theater, London, entitled "Mont Blanc." The novelty of the play is a dramatic illustration of the ascent of Mont Blanc.

MISS CARY has at last been interviewed. She made her first concert success under Ferdinand Strakosch, at Copenhagen, in 1868. She is disgusted with her part in "Lohergrin."

APPLETON'S JOURNAL says, "Never before in the history of our country has the theater-going class included so large a proportion of the people, or have theaters multiplied so rapidly."

SATIRE has been introduced in the ballet at the Alhambra, London. A policeman comes in and refuses to let the dancers proceed until they have shown him their dancing license.

A PARISIAN musical dictionary defines a shout to be an unpleasant noise produced by overstraining the throat, for which great singers are well paid, and small children well punished.

ADELINA PATTI, by a royal decree of the Emperor of Austria, has been appointed first chamber singer to their Imperial Majesties, a compliment usually reserved for native vocalists.

CARL BERGMANN, the conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, will take the place of Theodore Thomas as conductor during the summer season at the Central Park Garden.

MRS. SARAH F. AMES, the sculptor—widow of Joseph Ames, the artist—intends to adopt the profession of the stage, and will make her first appearance in the part of Lady Macbeth.

ARRANGEMENTS have already been made for a series of six symphony concerts by Thomas' orchestra at Boston, next season, on the same plan that he has followed at New York, the past season.

ONE of the most delicate compliments ever paid to a man was that which spoke of the late Jonas Chickering, the founder of the Chickering house, as being, like his pianos, grand, square and upright.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, Adelaide Phillips and the Temple quartet will furnish the music on the occasion of George William Curtis' eulogy on Charles Sumner before the state authorities at Boston, June 9.

A WASHINGTON correspondent says, that Nilsson made things lively at the Arlington Hotel, while she was there. She refused to occupy her room until it was newly furnished, and made many displays of bad temper.

M. GOUNOD has composed a new short orchestral and vocal work, called "The Sea of Galilee," which deals with the miracle of the calming of the waters. The work is to take about twenty minutes in performance.

In Paris forty noblemen, artists and journalists have formed a league for the purpose of hissing without mercy all immoral pieces, and actresses who strive for fame by means of jewelry and good looks, instead of by talent.

WHEN the celebrated Haydn was asked how all his sacred music was so cheerful, the great composer replied: "I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel. When I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap from my pen."

In the performance of Dumas' "La Jannesse de Louis XIV.," at the Odeon, Paris, a hunting scene of startling reality is introduced. Twenty couples of real hounds cross the stage and finally the stag is killed on the spot, having obligingly returned to gratify the spectators.

MISS WALLIS, while playing Juliet recently at Birmingham, fell from her balcony about nine feet as she retired behind the scenes. Her mother, by chance, caught her, and saved damages. It was during the lingering look at Romeo on retiring, and she did not observe where she stepped.

A FRENCH trumpeter lately deserted from Belfort with all his bag and baggage he could carry. Safely arrived on Swiss territory, he took position on a rock, turned his face towards France and his pursuers, put his trumpet to his mouth, and played the old melody of Bertrand's Farewell.

WAGNER, once for all, refuses the requests with which he is so frequently beset, to allow concert performances of detached pieces of the score of the "Walkyrie." He declines to prejudice, by anticipation, the representation of this work, prepared (he says) with such enduring patience on his part.

The New York Tribune's musical critic says of the opera of "Dinorah," recently put on the stage at the Academy of music: "The performance, as a whole, was not creditable. The only member of the company, except Madame de Murksa, who deserved any praise, was the goat. This animal walked through his part with dignity and composure, and did not try to sing."

TAKING TOO MUCH CREDIT TO HIMSELF.—A correspondent writes from Paris: "We went to hear 'Le Petit Faust,' at the Menus Plaisirs, the other night, and found the place crowded. The principal object of interest to us was Herve, the composer, who played and sang Faust. Mr. Herve is a strange contradiction to all known laws in regard to theatrical training. One night he just walked on the stage and played a part—and played it well. I should say it was no small feat to play and sing a tenor part in an opera, to say nothing of composing the music besides. It was pretty to see the women singers after they had received more than one encore for a song, gracefully indicate by a gesture the presence of the composer, and thus transmit to him the plaudits of the assembly. I don't believe our actors, when they are applauded, ever for an instant dream that any part of the satisfaction of the public is meant for the author, whose words they are repeating. 'I always get a round for my Seven Ages,' said to me once the vilest moulder who was ever cast for Jacques! I do believe. His Seven Ages! Oh, Shakspeare! Oh, everything and everybody! His Seven Ages!"

THE GREAT GENERAL AT THE CIRCUS.—Let me tell you what I saw not long ago at a circus. Sitting in front of us was General Sherman, and with him quite a number of children, whom he had gathered from the "by-ways and hedges." We saw him look down under the seat, and then haul out a dirty, ragged little dork, who had crept in under the tent, and then seat him at his feet, where, by crowding, a place was made for the little rascal. "Now," said the General, "sit there, my boy, and see everything. Bless me, many a time I have done just the same thing, and many a thrashing I have had." He seemed like a child; everything pleased him, and we wondered where was the vanity of which people talked so loudly.

CHOIRS AND MINISTERS.—A choir that sings simply and only for pay, that will strike for higher wages when the chance offers, that has no interest in the church except that which the treasury excites, has no more right to occupy the gallery and lead the congregation in praise, than a minister who knows nothing beyond his popularity and his big salary, has to lead the people in prayer.—*Christian Observer.*

# The Song Journal.

WM. P. FULLER, Editor.

DETROIT, JUNE, 1874.

*"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."**"The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."*

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## The Song Journal.

For two years past the undersigned has been brought in contact, from month to month, with the readers of the SONG JOURNAL. The duties then assumed—being a novelism in past pursuits—were entered upon with a diffidence and reluctance bordering upon almost entire want of ability to discharge them; but the approving smiles of encouragement from patrons and readers have so evened up our pathway in labor as to render it a joyous and happy journey.

In severing our relations with the Journal, it is not improper to declare that during our connection with it nothing has occurred to mar the kindly intercourse with patrons, publishers, correspondents, or contemporary journals. That pen or scissors have always been wielded judiciously, we will not aver, preferring to leave the arbitration to the decision of those above referred to, to whose fiat we humbly bow. This, however, we do say, that the dominant desire of guidance has been the prompt and faithful discharge of duty. In our criticisms on musical publications and performances, our aim has been the most strict impartiality in the line of truthful delineation, having no interests beyond to sway, no invidious feelings to gratify, no patrons to flatter, in fine, to

"Nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice."

In leaving the SONG JOURNAL, we rejoice in the opportunity of committing it to the hands of a gentleman of acknowledged taste and abilities; under whose management we hope it may receive a greatly augmented support from an enlightened community.

WM. C. WEBSTER.

DETROIT, May 4, 1874.

## Bach's St. Matthew Passion Music.

This famous production was the strong point of the Handel and Haydn Society at its May festival. How they acquitted themselves in undertaking it, the letter of our Boston correspondent clearly and intelligently sets forth. He finds something in it which warrants friendly criticism, and herein differs from some of the writers of the daily press, who bestow upon it unqualified praise. Nevertheless, we shall prefer his judgment to theirs; for it would be, indeed, remarkable to find a work of the character of this Passion Music brought out, even by so accomplished an association as the Handel

and Haydn Society, without some blemish which a friendly pen, like that of our correspondent, may not kindly point out, as he has done.

This St. Matthew Passion Music is the greatest of all of Bach's compositions. Nothing, say the enthusiasts, in the line of church music, can compare with it. It was composed in 1728, and was first performed on Good Friday, 1729. It is remarkable that, having been once performed, it was laid aside and remained hidden for one hundred years, when it was brought out in the year 1829, by Zelter and Mendelssohn, in Berlin, where it created the profoundest sensation. Thenceforward it was, until about 1850, played in that city yearly; but while it was resting in obscurity, a Haydn, a Mozart and a Beethoven were born, had flourished, and died without hearing it.

The Passion Music was written while Bach was musical director of the St. Thomas School, in Leipzig. When writing music for Sunday, as was his weekly habit, Bach selected his text from that portion of the gospel set apart for the day, so that the music and the sermon of the service would correspond. This practice he continued five years, and it is supposed that the five Passions, which some contend that he certainly wrote, fall within this period. That now, under consideration—the St. Matthew Passion Music—is based upon the 26th and 27th chapters of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and is, as we have already stated, growing in repute as the greatest among all the great works of sacred music.

Hundreds of years ago, it was the practice of Protestant as well as Catholic countries, to perform such Passion Music on Good Friday, or on Palm Sunday. The Catholics in part observed Maundy Thursday and Good Friday with various ceremonies. On Maundy Thursday the bells were dumb, and boards took their places in the church. On Good Friday, mass was read with the usual order of the ceremony reversed. The church furniture was disarranged, the candles and pictures and benches overthrown. A grave was prepared for the Saviour, and a crucifix, which had been covered through Lent, was unveiled by the priests, who sung a *misereere* as they took the covering from each of the wounds. The crucifix was then buried in the grave, and the day spent in solemn, reverential worship; but on Easter, the church was restored and in holiday attire. All was joy and happiness, for the Lord was risen!

The Lutherans, too, looked upon Good Friday as a solemn day—the anniversary of their Saviour's death. Hence the Lutherans in Europe kept this day as holy as the Sabbath itself, and as the Passion of Christ was the subject of the sermon, it was but natural that the music should correspond. So it was that Protestants as well as Catholics performed Passion Music in their churches.

The practice of performing Passion Music seems to have dated back to the Reformation, and to have become obsolete about the latter part of the eighteenth century, though in some Catholic towns of Europe, the custom was kept alive until fifty years or so ago, while at Amergau, in Bavaria, the music is not only performed to this day, but the whole tragedy of Christ's suffering is dramatically represented.

We have given this much attention to Bach's Passion Music because of the great revival of interest therein which has recently manifested itself throughout the musical world; for besides its recent performance in Boston, during the Passion Week which recently passed, this great production was brought out at Leipzig, Stuttgart, Berlin, Cologne, Cassel, Bremen, Chemnitz, Amsterdam, London and Paris.

To this statement of the origin and intent of the work, we append an extract describing scenes delineated by the music:

Jesus has been seized and led away. A flute and aboe, in mournful, quaint, melodious duct, stand out from the dark background of the orchestra, preluding to, and then accompanying, the mingled lamentation of a soprano and an alto voice. "Alas! my Jesu now is taken." As they sing on, each in its own heart-broken, long-drawn, sobbing strain, lengthening out the melodic figures in grief's unhurried and involuntary way, the sultry atmosphere is ever and anon relieved by loud bursts from the indignant chorus of disciples, "Leave him! Bind him not!"—"Moon and stars have in sorrow night forsaken," continues the duct.—"Leave him!" thunders again the chorus.—"He's led away! Ah! they have bound him, all pity banished," still they sing, or almost wail, in yet more long-drawn, melting cadence; when suddenly the southern indignation of the general bravado full vent in the swift, tremendous double chorus, "Ye lightnings! ye thunders! in clouds are ye vanished!" The short, stern motive is first given out by all the basses; the tenors answer fugue-like, while the deep basses of the orchestra begin to roll and rumble; the theme goes round the circle of the parts; the rolling movement takes possession of the vocal basses also; voices echo voices instantly and sharply, like clap on clap of thunder; or in vivid flashes, and the foundations of the great deep seem upheaved in foaming billows; when suddenly there is a pause—a moment of the silence that expresses more than sound; and then upon the major of the key (fifth-cello minor), with a new motive, gathering up all the forces of the orchestra, with an appalling energy and splendor, the storm waxes to a whirlwind, as quickly over as it suddenly came on, leaving the awed, excited hearer listening still with bated breath "Burst open, Oh fierce flaming caverns of hell, then!"

Finally, the unspeakably beautiful and sacred *Schluss-Chor*, or concluding (double) chorus to the whole work. It is the parting hymn of the disciples, weeping at the Master's tomb, "Around thy tomb here sit we weeping." How full of grief, of tender spiritual love, of faith and peace, of the heart's heaven smiling through tears, is this (fifth-cello minor), *So should the passions melt, close and with fugue of praise and triumph like an oratorio. How sweetly, evenly, the harmony flows on—a broad, rich, deep, pellucid river, swollen as by countless rills from all the loving, bleeding, and believing hearts in a redeemed humanity. How full of a sweet, secret comfort, even triumph, is this heavenly farewell! It is the "peace which passeth understanding." "Rest thee softly," is the burden of the song. One chorus sings it, and the other echoes, "softly rest;" then both together swell the strain. Many times as this recurs, not only in the voices, but in the introduction and frequent interludes of the exceedingly full orchestra (which sounds as human as if it, too, had breath and conscious feeling), you still crave more of it, for it is as if your soul were bathed in new life inexhaustible.*

## Our May Amusements.

The times are out of joint. The almanac is months ahead of itself. May-day is a humbug. Had the times been thus out of joint, and had the almanac been thus months ahead of itself when Tennyson reported the remarks of the May Queen to her mother, they would have come down to us, if faithfully reported, thus:

You mints waig ad cawd me eardy, cawd me early, mutter denh.

Do-morral be da habbiest day ob awd da glad Noo Yeah; ob awd da glad Noo Yeah, mutter da matted, merrieds day.

For I'be to be Queed o' da May, mutter, I'be to be Queed o' da May.

I sleet so soud awd nide, mutter, thad I shad neyav waig, Iy you do not cawd me loud wheel da day begids do braig, To shovel da snow frob da sidewauz, till Robid cubs roud wud da sleigh, For I'be to be Queed o' da May, mutter, I'be to be Queed o' da May.

And yet, on second thought, there may have been something like this confusion of seasons when the May Queen sung her famous song, for she took cold and died before the story was ended.

At any rate, we repeat the assertion that May Day is a fraud, and is, almanacally, wrong. So we plant the May-pole here on the first of June—on the first day of the theoretical summer, no matter what it may be practically—on the first day of the month



of roses, even though it blossom only with snow-drops. As Hamlet says to the ghost, we'll "go no further."

But the cold weather of the May month just passed has been good for the amusement seekers. Amusements and hot weather are cool friends. They do not go well together. The atmosphere when heated naturally beyond the bounds of comfort, becomes unbearable when the blazing gas lights in the theatre add their efforts. Therefore, as they could be amused without discomfort, our people have liberally patronized the varied amusements of the month.

Perhaps the event of the month has been with us the opening of the Detroit Theater, by the Messrs. Hough. Since the burning of the cozy little theater opposite the markets, there has been no neutral ground between the Opera House and the Theater Comique. Respectable companies or performers coming here found that it was—if we may drag the classics into the controversy—*Aut Opera House, aut Nullus*. Hough's Theater will occupy the coveted neutral ground. It is remodeled from Music Hall, which was itself remodeled from the Baptist Church edifice, on the corner of Fort and Griswold streets. It has a parquette and balcony, is in a splendid location, and its success will depend much upon the method of its conduct. The inaugural performance was given by the Holman Opera Troupe, with "The Bohemian Girl," on Monday evening, May 18, and the house was occupied by the troupe, with a succession of operas, during the week.

Of course we have had minstrels. Like the poor, they are always with us. Variety shows have added variety to the attractions. But the Old Folks, with their Puritanic names and big wigs, have also come to us with the good old songs of our fathers; Mrs. Oates and her Comic Opera Troupe have given us uproarious musical fun; we have had the tinnitubulation of the bells of the Bergers; and many a concert of minor pretensions, with dramatic seasons more or less prolonged, have been added to the general fund.

And so, even though we were obliged to shovel the snow away before we could dance around the May-pole, the month has been by no means barren of many attractive amusements.

Outside of our city, the State has been, in the way of amusements, rather dull. East Saginaw and Grand Rapids, however, are notable exceptions. At East Saginaw the children of the public schools, instructed by Prof. A. B. Roney, and aided and abetted by some local professional and amateur talent, gave two concerts at the Academy of Music, during the week ending May 9, to large audiences. The object of these Jubilee Concerts, as they were styled, was to raise money for the purchase of a piano for the Hoyt Street School and an organ for the High School. The children were assisted by Prof. Tibbetts and his pupils. Miss Johanna Krenkall, the Saginaw soprano, and Miss Ida Moore, of Saginaw City, a fine contralto, also lent their welcome services to the event, and it was eminently successful. The attendance taxed the Academy to its utmost, and the net proceeds, \$804, indicate that the object for which five hundred children sung, was accomplished. On the 12th of May, Grand Rapids dedicated a new opera house of 1,500 auditor capacity, by the performance of "London Assurance" by a Chicago company, Blanche DeBar the part of *Lady Gay Spanker*. The new theater contains a stage 66 by 33 feet. The citizens are greatly pleased with it, and Lucca, with a full Italian opera company, is among their expectations. The edifice is called Powers' Opera House, in honor of its proprietor.

A NEW YORK paper objects to Bristow's "Symphony," and graphically says that "it is like Broadway—wherever one goes he meets a friend."

### Domestic Opera.

Several months ago, in an article in the SONG JOURNAL treating of the opera, we asserted that an opera was a musical drama; that bereft of its music it was merely a play; or that, bereft of dramatic action, it was but a concert. The truth of the last branch of that proposition was perfectly demonstrated by the recent performance of "La Sonnambula," by the Nicolao Philharmonic Society, of this city. The beautiful composition was not presented as an opera, but was sung with solo and chorus, without dramatic costume, and without any attempt at dramatic effect. It was, in fact, but a concert, pure and simple, and yet the well known airs and choruses of "La Sonnambula" have seldom been heard to better advantage in Detroit. It is not our intention to write a criticism of the performance, but to commend to the Philharmonic society the suggestion that they should continue what has been so well begun, and give us, as they did "Sonnambula," a series of operas, even though they be devoid of the dramatic element. In "Sonnambula," they gave us the favorite points, whether chorus or solo, with great acceptance. Bishop's orchestra, strengthened for the occasion, was admirable. Vocalization and instrumentation being thus guaranteed, nothing is wanting to the success of the undertaking; and these guarantees, now practicable on the part of the Philharmonics, will be accepted by the people of Detroit, who are ready, as perhaps the Philharmonics are already aware, to give them their support.

A few years since, before our opera house was an accomplished fact, a German society brought out, at Young Men's Hall, the opera of "Stradella," wholly, we believe, unless Lotta, the tenor, was an exception, with local talent. The performances of "Stradella" by this society gave great satisfaction, were well attended, promised better things in the future, but, for some unexplained reason, were never continued. The prices were popular, there were no four dollar seats in the house; there were, of course, no Brignolis nor Luccas to carry off the honors; but the singing gave very excellent satisfaction nevertheless. Within the last two months, the Chicago Leider Kranz, under Balatka's direction, has performed "Masaniello" with great success in that city. There, too, they had neither Brignolis nor Luccas, and yet their entertainments were pronounced of a high order, and were musically and monetarily successful. Cleveland, Cincinnati, and other places, have made similar experiments, and with similar results; and we hope to see the Nicolao Philharmonic Society preparing themselves for a winter campaign of opera in this city. The people, ladies and gentlemen of the society, are ripe for it.

### The New Music.

The music which reaches us this month consists of "Feu Follet," the Will o' the Wisp, a fine composition, by Jungman, not at all difficult; "Spring Flowers," by H. C. Cabot, a very pretty waltz, simple and well calculated for beginners at the piano; "The Two Cousins," a duet by Glover, the words with a humorous inclination, being wedded to some excellent music. In addition to these, the publishers have borne our elderly friends in mind, and it will make their old hearts wink with delight to hear their daughters bring out in their own native simplicity, and without a note of ornamentation or display, the airs of "Yankee Doodle," "Fishers' Hornpipe," "Bonaparte Crossing the Rhine," and "Bonaparte Crossing the Alps." These pieces are all from the press of C. J. Whitney & Co., 107 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit.

S. B. Smith & Co., of Flint, have published the "Banquet Waltz," by H. W. Fairbank, which is, as its name indicates, a small feast of good things musical, arranged for the cabinet organ or the piano. For sale by C. J. Whitney & Co.

In addition to the music herein mentioned, we have received two pamphlet publications from the National Temperance Society and Publication House, 58 Reade Street, New York. One is an address to the New York M. E. Preachers' Meeting, by the Rev. Isaac J. Lansing, of the Embury Street Methodist Church, Brooklyn, on "The Duty of the Church towards the present Temperance Movement," the other is "The Woman's Temperance Movement," by she Rev. W. C. Steel, with an introduction by Dr. Dio Lewis—a concise history of the Woman's war on alcohol, containing the history, plans, method of operation, pledges, incidents, humors of the campaign, etc.

A SATURDAY night or two ago, during a pause in a New York concert of Theodore Thomas, Richard Grant White, arising in the audience, advanced to the stage, and being well acquainted with "Words and their Uses," in a pleasant little speech, presented the renowned batonist with a silver casket, which some of the ladies of New York had lined with \$3,500 worth of greenbacks. Mr. Thomas, as all who know him would infer, modestly took the gift, and thanked the givers; and perhaps, musically speaking, there is no man in the United States more entitled to such a mark of appreciation than Theodore Thomas. And speaking of Theodore Thomas and his modesty, who would believe, looking at him as he raps for the attention of his players, that this demure and downcast looking gentleman has the courage, and we may even say the audacity, that he sometimes manifests? But appearances are deceitful. "Who would have thought," pleads Lady Macbeth, "that the old man had so much blood in him?" And who would think that Theodore Thomas would dare to stop his splendid orchestra in some of its most effective passages, and, turning an indignant face to the audience, declare that until conversation had ceased, there would be no more music? And yet this is what Theodore Thomas has done several times. Let us hope that he will repeat the reproof until the necessity for it has been shamed out of American audiences.

PERHAPS the most successful opera season New York ever knew—that of the Strakosch Company—closed last month, with a grand series of benefits to the leading singers, the climax being capped by a benefit for Strakosch himself, "in which the whole company" was to appear. Nilsson, however, was absent, and she not being announced, the benefit was not as remunerative as it would have been had she taken part in the demonstration. Her absence was such a conspicuous shortcoming that it has been deemed worthy of explanation, and her friends come forward with the plea that she consented to a material reduction in her contract price for singing, but that there was no corresponding reduction to the public. It strikes us that this "corresponding reduction to the public" was a matter wholly between the public and Mr. Strakosch, and not a subject for Mme. Nilsson to adjudicate. The public is old enough to take care of itself, and if it desired to pay Mr. Strakosch the compliment of attending his benefit, at the price he had fixed for the occasion, that ended the matter, and Mme. Nilsson had no occasion to borrow trouble because of it. In other words, equally emphatic, though possibly less polite, it was none of her business.

FECHTER, who came to this country heralded by Charles Dickens as one of the greatest actors in the world, has had a varied fortune in America, and has finally gone down into what appears to be a permanently disastrous failure. The new Park Theater in New York witnessed his last effort, and even with the management of so experienced a manager as Wm. Stuart, it was impossible to stem the tide, and their venture floated out upon a sea of troubles, and wrecked them both.

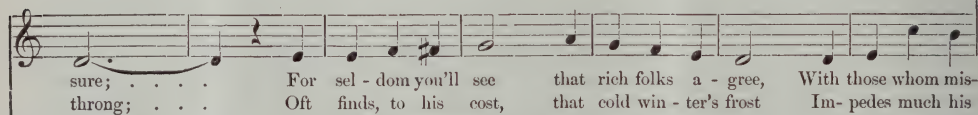
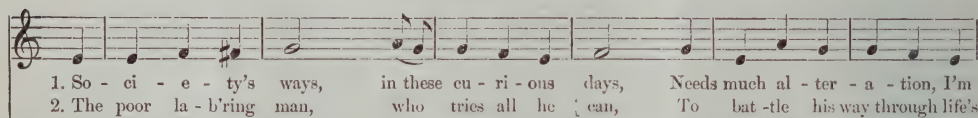
DETROIT, MICH.



# Don't put your Foot on a Man when he's Down.

Words by CHAS. VIVIAN.

Arr. by C. E. PRATT.



for - tune's made poor. . . . . Now this must be wrong, if there's truth in my  
get - ting a long. . . . . The work - ing men strive in the in - dus - trial

'song, For a man may be wor - thy though poor; . . . . . Then give him a  
hive, Some - thing to put by from their trade; . . . . . Com - mer - cial de -

lift, that he may make shift To keep off the wolf from his door.  
pression brings stern re - tro - gression And swal - lows the lit - tle they've made.

### CHORUS.

Then I give this ad - vice, En - treat - ing you wont On your heel turn a -

See: 'Put your foot on a man when he's down.



way with a frown, When a poor fel - low needs it, as - sist him, But

don't put your foot on a man when he's down.

3.

How many good men have again and again,  
 Given way 'neath the world's heavy cares;  
 For want of a start from a generous heart,  
 Whose fortune's been brighter than theirs.  
 And time after time we hear of some crime,  
 Induced by sad poverty keen,  
 That might have been stayed, had an effort been made,  
 Before he'd such misery seen.

CHORUS.—Then I give this advice, etc.

4.

Misfortune's cold shade visits every grade,  
 The rich man as well as the poor,  
 Then hesitate not, while wealth you have got,  
 To help whom you can from your store;  
 Ere long it may be fate's cruel decree  
 Your hopes fairest prospects to smother;  
 You'll surely find then, kind, good-hearted men  
 To help you as you've helped some other.

CHORUS.—Then I give this advice, etc.

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VOLUME IV.

DETROIT, JULY, 1874.

NUMBER VII.

### Munchausen's Bugle.

BY DAVID BARKER.

Who has not heard of—though by chance—  
Each dreamy lad and maiden,  
The bugle, named in old romance,  
Which old Munchausen played on?

How once each soul-inspiring note—  
Each tune so rare and chosen—  
One day within its brazen throat  
Became congealed or frozen.

Munchausen then, with all his power,  
The hidden cause not knowing,  
Strove hard in vain for many an hour,  
To set those tunes a-going.

When quick each heart-inspiring note,  
From tunes too thick to number,  
Leaped from that bugle's brazen throat,  
Waked from its frozen slumber.

How many a true, kind heart to-day  
Hath strains both rare and chosen,  
That lie as old Munchausen's lay,  
Concealed, and chilled, and frozen?

Hearts that in vain, with all their power,  
The hidden cause not knowing,  
Have tried through many a weary hour,  
To set those strains a-going.

### A Russian Opera.

A few nights ago the famous and favorite Russian national opera, "Jizn za Tsaria," or "Life for the Czar," composed by Glinka, was given at the Marie Theatre for the four hundred and thirty-fourth time. Murray says no traveler should leave St. Petersburg without seeing the opera, founded as it is on Russian national melodies, and presenting an admirable and truthful view of Russian life, Russian feelings and Russian costumes. One little paragraph of Russian history will make this account all the clearer, so let me remind your readers how, a few years after the death of John the Terrible, in 1584, the dynasty of Rurik came to an end, and Russia was delivered over to all sorts of wars and invasions, until 1613, Vladislavaus and the Poles were turned out of the country, and the present dynasty was founded by the election of young Michael Romanoff. The plot of "Life for the Czar" is laid in these troubled times, one of the incidents of which was the usurpation of "the False Dmitri," a pretender whose real origin puzzles the historians to this day. By the help of the Poles, this Perkin Warbeck actually grasped the crown, but a counter-uraction ousted him, and he was thrown from a window in the Kremlin. At the last moment they said to him, "Tell us who you are." He refused; but just as they were casting him down he cried out, "I will tell you who I am," but he fell headlong, and the False Dmitri and his secret died together. The time of the opera is a few years later than this. The youth Michael Romanoff had been elected, but the Poles still made head, and were endeavoring to

get the new czar into their power. A party of them (all this is history as well as opera), entering a village, desired the peasant Suzannen to lead them through the forest to the monastery Kastromar, where the young Romanoff was awaiting the fortune of the war then waging between the patriots and the Poles. The peasant led the party of invaders by woods and bogs, and when he knew that the messenger he had secretly and hastily dispatched had arrived at the monastery, and that the Czar was safe, he declared his *ruse* to the Poles, who fell upon him and killed him. To this day the descendants of Suzannen, who thus gave his "life for the Czar," are called "the white peasants," and pay no imposts.

So much for history, as it was very kindly related to me the other afternoon in Mlle. Abani's drawing-room by his Excellency General Creg, recently appointed to the high post of Controller of the Exchequer of the Empire. Let us now turn to the opera, and begin by saying that the Marie Theatre is a house of fine and large proportions, handsomely and tastefully decorated in blue and gold, and white. It is the home of Russian opera and drama, and the semicircle is broken by exactly the same arrangement of state boxes as exists in the Grand Theatre. The night of my visit it was full in every part. The Russians never tire of *Jizn za Tsaria*, and no wonder, for it is rich in beautiful melodies founded on national airs, and the composition of its music is correct and masterly. The first rise of the curtain shows us the village of which Suzannen is the elder. It is Autumn, and ice already floats down the river in the background, on the banks of which the fishermen's nets are spread out to dry. The daughter of Suzannen, a buxom village belle, is going to be married to Zabinen, expected soon to claim his bride, and bring news from the patriot camp. A peasant chorus—the men in fur-edged "caftans" tied about the waist, the women in "scarfanas," prettily striped, and colored skirts—singing to this effect, Antonida, the bride that is to be, wearing her hair in two long plaits tied with blue ribands, and joining in usual opera fashion. The Russian language can be sung with perfect smoothness, and the voice of Antonida (Mlle. Platoff) is a well-trained, sweet and flexible soprano of considerable power. Suzannen (M. Vassilief), her father, is applauded as he enters. His countenance is of a fine type, his voice a very good bass, he wears a furred cap and a blue caftan, and he carries a long staff. He says, or rather sings, that Russia is in danger, and that it is no time to arrange marriages and holidays. While he laments the bad times, Antonida spies a boat on the river. "It must be my betrothed. 'It is he!' she cries, running to her father, who answers, "Well, we will see what news he brings." Zabinen (M. Orloff) is a handsome fellow, a fine specimen of a bridegroom, and a very pleasing tenor. He lands, and kisses his father-in-law that is to be. He brings good news, for the patriots are making way under the leadership of Prince Posharski (who has a monument now at Moscow); and then he and Antonida ask Suzannen whether the marriage cannot be arranged. The villagers, whose grouping and costumes are pretty all this while, join in the lovers' prayers, and the

chorus they sing is excellent and much applauded. But Suzannen does not incline to marrying and giving in marriage, with the country in so desperate a position, "And we have no Czar!" "Now," sings Zabinen, "I will tell you my other news. We have found a Czar; Michael Romanoff has been elected." This satisfies Suzannen, who consents to allow the marriage. There is more glad and joyful singing, and so the curtain goes down on the first act, Suzannen, Antonida, and Zabinen being called back and loudly applauded. The second act is one of the prettiest spectacles imaginable—a ball given by the Polish Commander-in-Chief.

The dance over, helmeted and breast-plated soldiers rush in with bad news from the camp, the ball is broken up, and the curtain falls on act the second. The third act brings us again to Suzannen's cottage, where John, the adopted boy (a girl with rather a fine contralto, but lacking spirit and animation in action), sits at work and sings to himself. The part is played by Mlle. Kamensky, and I saw her second appearance. John is apparently a lad of 17, wearing boots, and red blouse, and a head of thick, fair hair. Suzannen enters, singing "To-day we will have our marriage holiday," and the two join in a fine duet. "You are old enough for the army; it is time that you served the Czar; it would please all your family." "I am ready," the lad answers; "when the occasion comes I shall not shrink from serving the Czar." Suzannen's cottage is now invaded by a throng of peasants in caps and caftans and carrying axes. They call in on their way to work to congratulate the Elder on the marriage of his daughter, and they are all bidden to come to the feast in the evening. This is an effective chorus. Zabinen enters, and the same scene continues, and when the peasants have gone, Antonida herself comes in, and the father sings a song of blessing over his child and her lover. John, too, comes forward and prettily congratulates Antonida. Suzannen, who has been sitting apart for a few moments, then rises, and says, "My heart is quite full with all this happiness, and now we must thank God." The quartette which follows is sung and acted with a perfect semblance of the deepest devotion, all four kneeling down on the stage and thanking God. This is followed by a jubilant burst of song, and then Zabinen leaves, saying: "It is time to prepare."

Now begins the tragedy. The music rises high; there is a loud knocking at the door, and a band of Poles in steel helmets and breast-plates, long brown cloaks, and carrying drawn swords, burst into the cottage, and require Suzannen to lead them to the Convent of Kastromar. The old man's acting at this crisis is exceeding good. "Will you stop to the marriage, and I will take you to the convent tomorrow?" "What do you want with our Russian Czar?" "You have no business with our Czar, and I will not be your guide." Being threatened with death, Suzannen says, "I am not afraid of your swords or of death, and can very well die for my country and Czar." While the Poles consult apart, agreeing to tempt the old man with money, Suzannen whispers hurriedly to John, who, turning pale, has listened to all this, telling him to go quickly across the country to the convent and warn the



monks. John slips out of the cottage; the Poles hold out purses to Suzannan, who has conceived his design, and is now ready. "I will take you," he sings, "and we can settle afterwards about the gold."

Antonida rushes in, and clings to her father, begging him not to go. This is a scene of fine acting, and at last Suzannan tears himself violently from his daughter's clinging arms, and bids the Poles follow him. Love of country before love of home and children! This calls down thunderous applause. Suzannan being gone with the Poles, the chorus of village girls, and then Zabinen and the peasants enter, and after an affecting scene with Antonida, well sung and acted, Zabinen and his comrades flourish their axes and leave the cottage in hot chase of the Poles. All the actors, the conductor of the orchestra (M. Napr-vik), and nearly all the musicians are Russians. The next, the fourth act of the opera, opens with a night scene. John, the faithful messenger, knocks at the convent gate of Kstromar, and calls for them to open, which they do, and a crowd of the Russian patriot garrison pouring out. To them John tells his story, with chorical interludes, and receives great and just applause from the house for this part of his singing. Then comes a beautiful forest scene, with snow falling in moonlight thrown by an electric lamp. Suzannan and the Poles enter, the latter demanding where they are, and declaring there is no road. "Let us remain here till morning," Suzannan suggests, knowing that by morning John will have reached the convent, and the Czar will have been conveyed away to a place of safety. After some angry singing the Poles agree to halt, turn their heads over their heads, and crouch picturesquely in the background by a flickering fire. Suzannan cannot sleep, and prepares himself for death.

"By sunrise, my last sunrise, I know the Czar will be saved." He devotes himself to his fate, singing his death-song, on his knees for the last words, kissing the floor, to a loud clapping of hands. Again he sings, "This morning I prepared the marriage, and now I am ready to die. I shall have no grave. Wolves and birds will eat my body. Good-bye, my children!" He hurls himself to sleep to soft music, but is soon awakened by the Poles. Morning is breaking, and the sun is rising red through the clouds. Again Suzannan kneels on his knees, crying, "The Czar is safe. I have led you to a place where we are all lost together," and the curtain descends as the Poles fall on him with their swords. Needless to say, the applause was deafening, John and Suzannan being called several times before the curtain.

At the beginning of Act 5 two months have elapsed, the Poles have been defeated, and the first Romanoff Czar is about to be crowned at Moscow. It is the very day of the coronation. The city is *en fete* and the street, we see, is lined with people in their holiday clothes. Troops, with quaint dresses and arms, pass on their way to the Kremlin. The populace follow, and then Antonida and Zabinen (married now) and John came on the stage alone, and are presently interrogated by an officer, sent with four soldiers in red dresses, white shields, and halberds, with orders to find Zabinen and his family and present them to the Czar. Antonida wears her wedding dress, and the head gear which denotes a matron. When John has sung a song, of somewhat languid length, followed by a trio, the soldiers lead them off, and then the curtain rises on a fine spectacle which concludes the opera. The Kremlin and the open space before it are excellently painted, and in front is ranged the crowd which waits to see the Czar pass the soldiers standing with the Zabinen family, ready to present them to the young Romanoff, who would never have come to his crown but for the heroism of Suzannan. The national music swells high; the chorus is loud and finely sung, and the clang of the Kremlin bells is cleverly imitated from behind the scenes. The curtain falls as soon as the procession of the Czar begins to pass, and before the Czar himself has come into view. It is against Russian law to present a Czar upon the stage, though, I believe John the Terrible has been allowed behind the footlights of late years.

Such is this truly national opera, *Life for the Czar*, ever listened to with delight by a Russian audience. —Cor. of London Times.

IN LOVE WITH A PRIMA DONNA.—That touching incident of romance in Clara Louise Kellogg's life, the revelation by a dying man on a battle-field of an undying love for her whom he had never known, first told in a sketch of the prima donna by Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, is appearing in print once more, and deservedly. During the last year of the war, and after one of the last great battles, the chaplain of one of the Massachusetts regiments was engaged in rendering the last services to the dying, when he came across a young lieutenant lying by the road-

side, and evidently desperately wounded. The dying man would not allow aid to be sent for, he knew it was hopeless, and would rather die without further suffering. He had no friends nor kin, but when the chaplain still persisted in asking if there were no one to whom he wished to send farewell, he at last hesitatingly replied: "Yes, there is one—Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, the prima donna. She does not know me, nor have I ever met or seen her off the stage. But she is the one—the only woman that I ever loved. I saw her in opera repeatedly when I was last in Boston, and the effect she produced on me was instantaneous and ineffaceable. And I should die happier did I know that she would, one day, learn that I had once existed, and that I loved her." A few brief lines were penciled by the falling hand on a leaf of the chaplain's note-book, a single dark curl was severed from the locks already growing damp with the dew of death, a word or two of thanks were faintly spoken, and then the dim eyes closed, and the brief romance and the young soldier had ended together. In due course of time the letter and the lock of hair were placed in Miss Kellogg's hands, and if the spirit of the sender, at the moment of receiving them, was hovering near, he had at least the joy of knowing that, though unknown to his fair lady-love, he had not died unwept.

OBJECTIONS TO LENORE.—Mr. Dwight, of the *Journal of Music*, don't see much to love in the romantic composers; and really can't admire Raff's "Lenore" symphony particularly. "As a whole," says he, "it is a made-up, willful work, sensational and for effect; the slow movement of the first part, so much admired, is very vague and tedious, dropping off to sleep toward the close by interminable grace; the march tempo of the second part is but a pretty trifle, smart and bright and catching, were it only shorter, were it soon dismissed for just the trifle that it is, instead of being worked out to an inordinate length and made too much of; and that the third part (the ballad proper), the fearful 'tramp, tramp' through the graveyard, with its wild shrieks and gibbering of ghosts, or neighing of the skeleton horse, or what you will, is melodramatic music of a rather cheap kind, albeit quite ingenious of its kind. Passages of beauty, fine expression, and fine coloring, to be sure, are scattered through the work; and the entire first movement, allegro, is by itself enjoyable; a piece of music that appears to justify itself as such. 'Bliss of Love' it is entitled; but if this be bliss!—what would be music of the wild-fire and delirium of love's most reckless, yet misgiving anxious fever passion? Bliss agitato! Well might it forebode the retribution of that ghastly ride 'Wiedervereinigung im Tode' may be very well; but we should think that everlasting 'Trennung' would be better."

POOR MATILDA AND HER BLOO.—A New York letter writer says: Some years ago a friend told me she had called on Miss Heron that day and witnessed a droll and yet sad spectacle. Matilda had been speaking of family affairs and got fearfully excited. She had pranced about the room, clutched her hair, and beat her breast, and finally thrown herself into a chair, like a wet rag. During all this exercise all the papers, but Heron, faithfully mimicking every gesture and look, wheeling when she turned and halting when she paused, was a tiny, weird bit of a girl. When Heron fell into a chair, the queer elf flew to another and dumped herself in the same attitude. This was Matilda's child Bijou. The child's first public notices appeared a year or two ago, when Heron was found in the depot of a western city, in a semi-conscious state, watched over and waited on by a fantastic little creature, who told inquirers that the sick woman was the famous actress Miss Heron, and she was Bijou. Taken to a hotel she won all hearts by her wonderful intelligence and sweetness. The incident went through the papers, but Heron and Bijou dropped out of sight until Mr. Daly, hunting for some one to act the difficult part of the child Adrienne, in "Monsieur Alphonse," found the poor, strangely-reared, old-fashioned daughter of Matilda the eccentric.

DRAMATIZED DICKENS.—A correspondent says: "No man should undertake to build a play from the novels of Dickens. They do not dramatize intelligibly. They present bits of character acting, but as a whole are jerky and lack continuity. The only exception to the multitude of plays founded on Dickens exists in Boucicault's version of the 'Crickent on the Hearth.' But Boucicault could dramatize the 'Book of Job,' and make a society play of deep interest out of it. There must be a dozen dramas floating about from 'Oliver Twist,' and every one of 'em as detestable as the other."

BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS.—Beethoven's sonatas have been lately issued in Vienna in five volumes, three edited by Sigmund Lebert, two by Hans von Bulow. The editing is something remarkable, both in analytic comments and technical directions. All musicians are aware that the mechanism of piano-forte playing has undergone vast changes within the last half century; the arbitrary system of fingering then prevalent having been superseded by a freedom from fixed rules and methods that would have horrified the old masters. The greatest stimulus ever given in this direction was the necessity for enlarged executive powers enforced by the hitherto unparalleled difficulties of Beethoven's piano-forte music, the mere literal interpretation of which would be impossible under a rigid adherence to the old rules, by which the regular sequence of the fingers must always be preserved—the same as in scale passages—the thumb must never be placed on a black key, and other exploded laws of piano-forte playing. One of the great features of the most modern school is what is called "phrase fingering," that is, adopting such an application of the fingers, disregarding rule or analogy, as is best calculated to give the right accent and emphasis to particular phrases. In this regard the edition referred to excels, especially Bulow's portion, in which passages, hitherto considered almost insurmountable, are rendered comparatively easy by the exceptional fingering applied to them.

WHAT CRAZED LASSAGNE.—Olive Logan, in chronicling the revival of "Les Babelots du Diable" at the Renaissance, Paris, says: "This is a fairy piece which had a run of over a hundred nights at the Varieties some years ago. Two performers who then received the plaudits of the crowd shall know them no more forever. One of these was Lassagne, a comedian whose humorous loquaciousness I never excelled upon the stage. He played the stolid, ignorant, rufianish peasant in a way that could and did shake the crowned and uncrowned heads (and bodies) with laughter. But see on what a slight thread our destinies hang! One evening when the Empress was present at the theater, Lassagne indulged in that bit of business which is a standard stupidity among comic men. In a scene where he was called upon to take off jacket and vest, under the imperative bidding of somebody else, he made as if he were about to remove more of his garments, and was brought to reason by a peremptory 'Ah! hold on!' etc., from the other performer. Eugene considered herself very greatly affronted by this piece of vulgarity, and sent word to the manager that Lassagne should never again play when she visited the theater. When the news was communicated to the poor comedian his brain reeled, he fainted, and when he returned to consciousness his mind was gone."

A VILLAINOUS VISAGE.—A racy story is told at the expense of Mr. J. G. Peakes, one of the brilliant company of the Grand Opera House: Peakes played "Jem Dalton, alias the Tiger," in the "Ticket of Leave Man" in the Grand Opera House, last week, with the Florences. In the last act he is captured by "Hawshaw the Detective," who puts a pair of handcuffs on him. On Saturday night the call-boy who was charged with the care of the cuffs went home forgetting poor Peakes and the actor could find no one to unlock his bracelets. At length Stage Manager De Vere advised him to go to the Twelfth Street Police Station, and he did so. Captain Cherry couldn't find a key, and so Peakes sat there disconsolate. As the reserve entered he was taken as a prisoner of importance, and was subjected to their comments, one of the patrolmen declaring that he never saw such a villainous countenance. It was two o'clock in the morning before a key was found to fit the cuffs and give liberty to Peakes.—New York Sun.

SHAKESPEARE TRANSLATED.—"Shakespeare's works," says a Berlin correspondent, are admirably given here, but the translation of words often gives a most ludicrous impression, and every one has experienced how at the very moment he should be the most sober and decorous, an uncontrollable desire to laugh convulses his whole body. In "Romeo and Juliet" imagine a lover wishing he were a 'hand-shuh' on the hand of his fair lady, that he might touch her 'backe,' or 'wange.' The tender parts in this play are so excessively tender in German that, during a whole scene when all the ladies around me were bathed in tears, I was biting my lips and almost choking myself with my handkerchief in order to drive back a laughter fiend who had taken complete possession of me, but Romeo's 'liebe, suisse Yuliah,' and the nurse's long drawn out 'fraulien, fraulien,' came very near ruining my reputation as a sympathetic, well behaved woman."



## Correspondence.

## Our Boston Letter.

DULL TIMES APPROACHING—THE APOLLO AND BOYLSTON CLUB—THE MUSICAL CONSERVATORIES—STRAGGLING CONCERTS—THE THEATRES, ETC.

Correspondence of the Song Journal.

Boston, June 15, 1874.

Our record of recent musical events will be comparatively brief. The "season" is over, and the song birds have flown. The public are listening to the music of the pines, or of the sad sea waves, and the music-makers are scattered in all directions seeking the much needed rest, after a term of unexampled activity. There has been something of a departure Europe-ward. The well known soprano, Mrs. Julia Houston West, and Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, the popular contralto, are to sail next week, to be absent until the opening of next season.

## THE APOLLO CLUB.

On the first inst. the Apollo Club gave their last concert of the season, at Music Hall. As is customary on such occasions, the hall was packed to its utmost capacity by a very fashionable audience. The club is a semi-private organization, which is debarred from giving public concerts, or, at least, where money is taken. With a large membership entitled to club privileges and admission to the concerts, the audiences are invariably large, as well as select. The singing members are about sixty in number, and comprise nearly all our best male voices. The musical director is a gentleman in every way fitted for the position. Mr. B. J. Lang—under whose baton the club has attained a high degree of excellence. The concert on this occasion was an unqualified success. The singing was marked by many excellent traits, and there were no blemishes. The programme was as follows:

|                                           |                                        |              |
|-------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|--------------|
| Double Chorus from "Edipus".....          | "Ah, were I on<br>Yonder Plain".....   | Mendelssohn. |
| Spring's Return.....                      | .....                                  | Weber        |
| Drinking Song.....                        | .....                                  | Mendelssohn  |
| Tenor Romance from "Cosi fan tutte".....  | .....                                  | Mozart.      |
| DR. S. W. LANG MAID.                      |                                        |              |
| Part Song, "Who Comes so Gracefully"..... | B. J. Lang.                            |              |
| Serenade Chorus from "Edipus".....        | "Thou comest<br>Here to the Land"..... | Mendelssohn. |
| Love and Wine.....                        | .....                                  | Mendelssohn. |
| Come the Silent Night.....                | .....                                  | Petschke.    |
| Duet—The Sea King.....                    | B. J. Lang.                            |              |
| MESSRS. W. J. AND J. F. WINCH.            |                                        |              |
| Vineta.....                               | .....                                  | Abt.         |
| Serenade—Solo and Chorus.....             | .....                                  | Storch.      |
| Scene from "Lohengrin".....               | Recitative and Du-<br>ble Chorus.....  | Wagner.      |

A programme with so many salient points, and all of them well brought out, could not but awaken the liveliest interest and pleasure. The "Edipus" chorus and the scene from "Lohengrin" were no-ly rendered, and were perhaps the strong points of the concert. Mr. Lang's two compositions are graceful in form, and his two hearty acknowledgments from the audience. The solo singing was very satisfactory. The serenade by Storch, the solo in which was admirably sung by Mr. W. J. Winch, was one of the most delightful features of the evening.

## THE BOYLSTON CLUB.

The Boylston Club, an organization similar in all respects to the Apollo, although a trifle less aristocratic, gave a concert at Music Hall, on the 5th. The audience was quite as numerous as that which assembled at the same hall on the previous Monday, and we are happy to add, that it had equally as strong reasons for the manifestations of pleasure and enthusiasm. The Boylston Club is composed of younger and fresher voices than those of the Apollo Club, and it is not a whit behind it in general excellence. The director, Mr. J. B. Sharland, is both competent and painstaking, and the members of the club are anxious to do their best with such a powerful rival in the field. The singing was thoroughly good. The programme, which was not as pretentious as that put forth by the Apollo Club, was as follows:

|                              |           |
|------------------------------|-----------|
| At Early Morning.....        | Abt.      |
| A May Night.....             | Abt.      |
| The Brook.....               | Billeter. |
| Bird of the Forest.....      | Durner.   |
| Evening Rest.....            | Hanna.    |
| Johnnie's Drinking Horn..... | Hutton.   |
| Evening Song.....            | Billeter. |
| The Dreamy Lake.....         | Schumann. |
| Fair Robbraut.....           | Veit.     |
| To the Sun.....              | Zalud.    |
| Pilgrim's Evening Song.....  | Kucken.   |
| Comrades in Arms.....        | Adam.     |

## THE MUSIC SCHOOLS.

The exhibition concerts of the various music

schools occupied attention later in the month. The New England Conservatory of Music, which is under the able and energetic direction of Dr. Tourjee, and which enjoys the reputation of being the largest music school in the world, gave two exhibition entertainments, one at Bumstead Hall on the 11th, and the other at Music Hall on the 25th. The available talent was more numerous than could be brought into a single afternoon. Both concerts assembled immense audiences. The Boston Conservatory gave an exhibition concert at Music Hall on the 12th. This, too, was well attended. The best features were the violin and piano solos.

The popular organ recitals given by Mr. George E. Whiting, one of the teachers of the New England Conservatory of Music, under the auspices of that institution, will close for the season on the 27th. At the 17th recital, which was given on the 6th, the programme was made up from the works of some of the modern composers for the organ. Moritz Brosig, of Breslau, W. T. Best, of Liverpool, Christian Fink and Lefebure Wely were taken as representatives of the different schools. Last Saturday Mr. Whiting gave his second Handel programme, and the 19th and 20th recitals will be devoted respectfully to Haydn and Mozart. The recitals will be resumed with the opening of the fall term in September.

## VARIOUS ENTERTAINMENTS, INCLUDING SCHERZOS FOR SUNDAY.

Two promising young colored musicians, Mr. Jamieson, a pianist, and a pupil of Boscovitz at the Boston Conservatory of Music, and a violinist named Lewis, gave an excellent concert at the Melodion on the 10th. They were assisted by Miss Nellie Brown, a colored soprano with a superb voice, who holds the position of leading singer in a church at Haverhill, Mass.

The second of the Boston Ballad Concerts came off at the Tremont Temple on the 1st of June. Miss Lizzie M. Gates and Mrs. Jenny Twichell Kempton were the chief vocalists. These concerts have been given under the management of Mr. D. C. Hall, the leader of Hall's well known band, which appeared on this occasion. The band have just resumed, for the season, their concerts on board the Fall River boats.

The Sunday concerts at Parker Memorial Hall continue to meet with generous encouragement. The music is generally furnished by some one of the popular bands of the city, the programmes being made up of overtures, operatic selections, Strauss dance music, and solo pieces. There is no pretense made that the concerts are "sacred," and the religious society under whose charge the entertainments are given, are far less squeamish about announcing waltzes and polkas than the musicians themselves, who sometimes contrive to make a polka do service under the more dignified title of a *Scherzo*.

## THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY "AND LADY."

Somebody has brought to light a pair of medallions, said to be original and well authenticated, of George and Martha Washington, and efforts are being made to raise \$2,500 to purchase them for the Art Museum. A theatrical entertainment was recently given in aid of this object, and on Wednesday, the 17th, Music Hall is to be the scene of further festivities, chiefly of a musical character, in furtherance of the movement. There are to be concerts and readings in the day, a children's ball and a more elaborate entertainment in the evening, when Miss Adelaide Philipps, and a host of other artists, are to take part.

## MATTERS AND THINGS.

Mr. N. Lothian, the accomplished musical director of the Boston Theatre, had his annual benefit at that establishment Thursday afternoon, June 4th. Miss Maggie Mitchell, who is one of the strongest dramatic favorites of the Bostonians, visited the city on the occasion, expressly to testify her appreciation of the merits of the beneficiary. Miss Mitchell played Amry in "Little Barfoot," Mr. Lothian playing the part of William Peace with signal success. There was also a concert, in which Mr. Leslie Hall, Mr. William Macdonald, Mr. Carlyle Petersica, Mr. A. L. De Ribas and the Germania took part.

Mrs. James A. Oates and her English Opera Bouffe Troupe terminated a fortnight's engagement at the Boston Theatre last Saturday evening. They met with good success, and in the early part of the season would have done far better. In the course of their stay they appeared in "The Grand Duchess," "Les Bavards" and "La Fille du Madame Angott." The latter was represented six times.

The city government has arranged for a heap of brass band music on the Fourth of July, and also for a series of concerts on the Common and public squares throughout the summer.

The Strakosch migratory party, which includes Pauline Luca, Miss Cary, Mlle. Maresi, Tom Karl, Del Puente, etc., are to give a concert at Music Hall, next Saturday afternoon. It will be Madame Luca's farewell appearance in Boston.

Theodore Thomas has arranged to give six symphony concerts at Music Hall, next season, with an enlarged orchestra, and with the aid of a chorus at some of the entertainments. They will take place Wednesday evenings, at intervals of several weeks.

The Harvard Musical Association will commence its concerts in November, as usual. Rumor ascribes to the Harvards the intention of organizing a chorus.

A concert recently given by the pupils of the College of Music of Boston University, was a most gratifying exhibition of the progress being made by this institution.

Dr. Tourjee will open the sessions of his New England Normal Music Institute, at East Greenwich, R. I., July 15th. There is every indication of a large attendance from all sections of the country. The Institute offers peculiar advantages to teachers and others who wish to make profitable use of their summer vacation. East Greenwich is delightfully situated, and is a charming town of summer resort.

At the theatres business is generally light. At the Boston Theatre those eminent thespians Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack, have succeeded Mrs. Oates. At the Museum Miss Charlotte Thompson has succeeded John Gilbert, and John T. Raymond comes next week. "Stars" are never played at this theatre except at the end of the season. The summer season, beginning July 5th, will be given up to burlesque. George L. Fox—"Humpty Dumpty" Fox—is at the Howland Athenaeum.

A resume of the season's business at the Boston Theatre, in the *Boston Journal*, gives the following facts: The season extended thirty-nine weeks. There were given altogether two hundred and eighty-three performances, of which two hundred and thirty-seven were dramatic and forty-five operatic. A Sunday concert was given by some of the artists of the Strakosch troupe, February 15. Of the whole number of performances, two hundred and thirty-five were given in the evening, and forty-eight were matinees. There were represented seventy-four different plays and twenty-three different operas, of the latter thirteen were Italian (four of the number also being given in English), five English and five French.

## RANGER.

THE DIFFICULTY WITH THE NINTH SYMPHONY.—The performance of Beethoven's ninth symphony in the crystal palace of London, recently, was distinguished by such soloists in the choral movement as Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, our American contralto, Antoinette Sterling, Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Stanley. It was noted that "the pointing of the notes to bring them within the natural register of the human voice would be most acceptable, for the choral section of the ninth symphony never has been and never will be sung as dictated by Beethoven to be really effective and grateful to the ear." The imperative need of this alteration was painfully evident at the production of this grand work in the recent Handel and Haydn festival at Boston, where the solo singers, excepting Miss Cary, were hardly on a level with the talent of the above mentioned artists. Her method is so admirable always, and her late heroic work over the ungrateful music of "Ortrud" in "Lohengrin" enabled her to accomplish the task more easily than the rest. It seems fatal sacrilege to talk of changing the work of the great master, but this choral finale, however, was composed during his deafness, and disregarded limitations which he would probably have respected at an earlier date.

TUNING THE VOICE.—Any one who has been behind the scenes at the opera, before the curtain has risen, has undoubtedly noticed various singers of the troupe, in divers attitudes of elegance and otherwise—often otherwise—industriously engaged in running the scales, without rhyme or reason, to all seeming. But there is reason for it—as there is for most of the goings on behind the scenes, however mysterious they may appear to the unlearned observer. A singing voice is a musical instrument like any other, and needs tuning up just as carefully as if it were a fiddle. But besides this, there is frequently a cloud on the singing voice, which must if possible be dispersed before going before the public. The loud utterance of a few notes will often accomplish this, but not always. I once heard—or rather saw—Mme. La Grange begin to sing in the "Trovatore" when her voice was so clouded that she could not be heard across the footlights. As the evening advanced, however, the cloud gradually cleared away, and in the last act her notes were clear as a bell.—*Paris Letter*.



# The Song Journal.

WM. P. FULLER, Editor.

DETROIT, JULY, 1874.

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## The Sphinx.

Paris is the home of stage sensations. When it is not Patti in "Traviata," nor Schneider in the "Grand Duchesse," it is something else. Just now it is something else; it is Mlle. Croizette in "The Sphinx."

"The Sphinx" is the last production of Octave Feuillet. It is not considered a tragedy, though it has a tragic ending. It is in four acts, the first and second being rather wearisome and tame; but the third and fourth are crowded with interest and action, and when the curtain falls the gentlemen of the audience are in a shudder and the ladies are fainting or in hysterics. In spite of this startling experience of the audience, it never fails to be present, and every night, "The Sphinx" appears at the Comedie Francaise to crowded houses. It is a French play in its character as well as in its origin; and it could not be a French play without there was love, intrigue, jealousy and death in its construction. All these elements appear in "The Sphinx," and it is the coming in at the death that gives the play its horrible and fascinating interest.

Blanche de Chelles, so the story runs, the daughter-in-law of Admiral de Chelles, is under his temporary guardianship while her husband is at sea. Superb in dress, beautiful in person and dashing in her manner, she attracts a train of admirers. Wild and wayward as she appears, she is so devoted to her adopted sister, Berthe, that she has left the giddy whirl of pleasure in Paris to be near her friend, who lives in the country with her husband, in a chateau adjoining the grounds of de Chelles. Savigny, the husband of Berthe, does not approve of the conduct and manners of the dashing Blanche, and exacts a promise from Berthe that their intercourse shall cease. Berthe makes the approaching separation known to Blanche, who immediately sends for Savigny and demands the reasons for his course. He reads her a lesson on the lightness of her manners, and declares that no woman could act as she does, setting at naught the laws of society, without the impulse of a real and irresistible passion. In reply, Blanche throws a package of letters upon the sofa, and tells him to read them; that they were written when her heart was full to overflowing, but that they had never been sent to their address. Then she leaves him, and he finds that the letters are addressed to him and breaks open one of them. This reveals the motive of the drama. Blanche loves Savigny, and now he has

this evidence of her love, he finds that he also loves the wild, wayward and attractive woman, and it is not difficult to see, at this point, that there is trouble ahead.

The second act reveals Savigny troubled and uneasy; his wife, the poor Berthe, like her husband, is also troubled and uneasy—she is jealous. The unerring instinct of a woman's heart has caused her to suspect the growing love of Savigny for Blanche. Blanche finds Berthe alone, forces from her an avowal of her jealousy, and bids her hide behind a screen to listen to an interview with an admirer, Lord Astley, which she does. Lord Astley implores Blanche to elope with him and she consents, and contracts to meet him in the evening in the park. When he has gone, Berthe implores Blanche to relinquish the fearful resolution, but in vain. As the time for the elopement draws near, Berthe becomes painfully anxious, and, revealing the plot to her husband, he determines to baffle it. To that end he goes out to meet Blanche, at the appointed place, and she soon appears. Rather than that she should go, he says, he would kill her. "You love me then," cries Blanche, and the answer is a silent one—a long impassioned embrace—and then they part as Blanche exclaims, "Ah, that I could die!" Berthe, however, has followed her husband and seen all, and she comes slowly forward, exclaiming that she should die instead; and the third act ends.

The fourth act is at the chateau of Savigny in Berthe's boudoir, and this is the scene of the startling climax of the play. Berthe has found the letters of Blanche to her husband, and threatens to send them to the Admiral, the husband of Blanche, unless she at once returns to Paris. "If I do go," retorts Blanche, "will I go alone?" This exasperates Berthe so that she seizes the letters, determined to spare her rival no longer. In the meantime, Blanche turns to the table, pours out a glass of water, opens the ring upon her finger, and from the Sphinx's head upon the ring turns a deadly poison into the glass. Berthe is about to rush out with the accusing letters when her sisterly love returns, and she turns back, throwing the letters to Blanche, telling her to take them, go, and be happy. As she sinks exhausted on the sofa she calls for water and Blanche advances with the fatal cup. Then she, too, falters in her turn, and sets the goblet down. "Kiss me, Berthe," she exclaims—"kiss me once as you used to do." Berthe complies, and the two women so long friends, now deadly rivals, are folded in a close embrace. Then Blanche releases Berthe and drains, herself, the poisoned draught. The death scene which follows is awful indeed. By some strange process the face of Mlle. Croizette becomes perfectly livid, and her great, dilated, dark eyes seem starting from her head. Frightful convulsions seize her; she tears off her cravat in her fearful struggles for breath, and wrenches open her corsage; a horrible rigidity takes possession of her limbs, and her features become fixed as stone. For a moment this awful stiffened figure, rigid and ghastly as death itself, stands confronting the audience, swaying backwards and forwards. Then suddenly she falls, and Bertha throws a veil over the convulsed face and staring eyes. Then the excitable Frenchmen shudder with awe and the women shriek with horror and fall away into the friendly swoon.

We have said nothing of the beauty of the costumes, of the splendor of the scenes, nor of the loveliness of the women who take part in "The Sphinx" at the Comedie Francaise, and have only briefly outlined the plot in order that the climax at which all Paris wonders and shudders may be understood. It is remarkable as a piece of art. Whether the effect be produced by the mere control of her features by the actress; whether, as is asserted by some of the physicians of the city, she actually poisons herself and during the scene is in the agony of a real death which a timely antidote averts; or whether, as still others declare, the livid hue is im-

parted to her complexion by a skillfully managed colored light, the effect, startling and thrilling beyond all precedent upon the stage, is assured. The play has crossed the Channel, but the interest in London is tame compared with its reception at Paris, for the reason that it lacks the realistic, life-like death which Mlle. Croizette presents. Her personation of the closing hours of the heroine is fiercely attacked by the critics. It may be art. They will admit that. But they declare that they can find no palliation for that art which appeals only to the commonest animal instincts of our nature and sets us gaping and shuddering over unmeaning mimics of disease and dissolution. The libidinous drama is bad enough, to their view, without adding the slaughter house to it.

In spite of these attacks, "The Sphinx" is in high favor with the people, and even has friends at court. At the last reception of Madam de McMahon, that lady wore a dress exactly like Croizette's, cut in a fashion known as *le Sphinx*; and when the leading ladies of the gay capital take a play into such favor as to adopt its costumes for their grand parades, the critics may as well shelve their pens behind their ears, for all their protestations will most certainly be made in vain.

## Wagnerized Beethoven.

A short time ago, Wagner tried his not entirely 'prentice hand upon Beethoven's "Choral Symphony," with a view of modifying certain portions of the score. The English, and some of the French experts—notably Gounod—hotly resent this act, as but little better than sacrilege. Wagner's propositions, briefly stated, were, the modification of nuances in order to secure a distinct production of the melodic element; the addition of horns and chromatic trumpets to the well known melody in the Scherzo, for which Beethoven has employed wood instruments only; directing the violins and flutes to play in several bars an octave higher than written in the grand part of the Scherzo; the alteration of the melodic phrases in the wood instruments in certain bars of the first movement; and the alterations of the tenor part in the vocal quartette in B natural. The precedent named in support of this proceeding is the addition which Mozart framed for the "Messiah" of Handel, and which has so generally been approved. The opponents of the proposition reply, that by reinforcing the melodies for wood instruments by horns and piston trumpets, the classic coloring of the original would be vulgarized if not wholly destroyed; that the elevation of violins and flutes an octave higher would bring an impure intonation into Beethoven's Symphony; that the suggested alteration of the eight bars for wind instruments in the first movement is quite unwarranted, as the principal characteristic of those eight bars is close imitation in tone and metre, of the first four notes of the subject, and the alteration suggested requiring actual omission of parts to fit the views of Wagner, would destroy that characteristic tonically almost entirely; that the suggestion to alter the tenor part of the vocal quartette in B is an absolute impertinence, for, though it is undoubtedly difficult, it has been sung in England many times, and most satisfactorily. As to the precedent offered in extenuation, it is remarked that there is an absence of all parallel between the case of Mozart's additions to Handel, and Wagner's emendations of Beethoven, inasmuch as the scores of Handel were left in a deplorably incomplete state as regards the modern orchestra, whereas those of Beethoven are in every way complete productions.

The audacious Wagner, however, is not without friends. The London Orchestra comes promptly to his defence and battles manfully for the musician of the future. It declares that Beethoven's greatest symphony has never been generally popular in England, as the choral part was subjected to un-

favorable judgment at its very first performances, and time has not reversed it. The composition of some parts of the symphony is a mistake, and the human voice cannot change to accommodate the mistakes of Beethoven. The vocal portion of the symphony is really a question of possibilities, and the verdict of the singers is always and unanimously, "*non possumus*." If the demand for a change is extraordinary and unwarrantable, so is the vocal score extraordinary and unwarrantable, and the symphony should not be shelved, or lost because alterations may be deemed unjustifiable. It was composed in Beethoven's later years, when he was deaf beyond all hope of hearing, and to affirm that a man who was deaf could arrange a musical composition with all the delicate light and shade of melody and make no mistakes, is manifestly absurd.

This is the pro and con of the great question which the musical men and journals of Great Britain are now discussing with great diligence and earnestness. If there ever was a parallel to Satan reproving sin, it is that which we now behold, Wagner reproving Beethoven! With these disputants, all other questions than this sink into utter insignificance. To ninety-nine-hundredths of the people of this world, the question of wood, or brass or cast iron in a Scherzo is a matter of supreme indifference; but to those who take the matter to heart as do these English debaters, it is a topic compared to which politics, religion, or social science has but a feather's weight.

OPERA music frequently finds its way into church service. There are few opera goers who do not recognize at church some reminiscence of operatic music either in the voluntary or the stated hymns. It is true that some of the operatic compositions fit beautifully—to say nothing of the propriety of it—to church service. We have heard the most reverent hymns interpreted to music from Martha, Marianna—even from Faust—with most devotional effect. Those who have never heard these airs in opera would have readily assigned their authorship to Lowell Mason, or some of his compeers in sacred music-making. It isn't best to let the Devil have all the good music—the soundest! But there is a point in divine worship beyond which, even if it is to be allowed at all, the opera should not intrude its attractive airs. A Madison avenue church in New York, recently brought out the "Infilate Deo" to the Grand Duchesse air of "Le Sabre de Mon Pere." A Brooklyn organist gives his congregation overtures from "William Tell," "The Bohemian Girl," and their kind, while the conspirators' chorus from "La Fille de Madam Angot," rolled through another chapel, "with grand effect." This, it must be admitted even by the offenders, is going beyond the permissible limits.

PROBABLY the most extensive musical demonstration in the United States this year is the Cleveland Sengerfest, which commenced on June 23, by a grand parade of sixty visiting societies, which, added to the local organizations, made up a singing force of about two thousand voices. Among the visitors were named Carl Bergman's famous New York orchestra of one hundred instruments, Madame Pauline Lucca, prima donna; Adolph Solist the New York baritone; Frederick Abel, the Detroit tenor; F. Licht, the New York trombone soloist, and other eminent personages in the musical profession. A mammoth wooden building, with capacity for about ten thousand auditors, was erected on Euclid avenue, near the center of the city, and was gaily decorated for the occasion. The schools furnished 1,500 singing children for one of the matinees. Two societies were present from Detroit, and every leading city in the United States, even San Francisco, was represented by more or less of a delegation. The festival proper ended Friday, June

23, but a pic-nic followed on Saturday, as a sort of winding-up of the week. The programmes contained an abundance of strong music, in which Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner, Liszt, Schubert and Weber were largely represented.

OUR Boston exchanges have not altogether finished grumbling over some of the details of the Handel and Haydn Society's week of concerts. Especially do some of them complain of the high price paid to the English singer Edith Wynne—\$4,000—for her week's services, the complaint being founded on the fact that we have many a nice Yankee girl who can sing as well as she did, and would not have the face to take the price she did. This growling comes from quarters, too, which are not given to complaining at the exactions of our musical and dramatic importations, and is all the more refreshing because of it; for it indicates that our people are waking up to the idea that singers and actors are not necessarily superior simply because they are expensive and far-fetched.

WATSON'S *Art Journal* has its views about operatic artists, "of which, these are they:"

"As a rule operatic artists, especially the female artists, are cold, selfish, grasping and mercenary; unbounded in their insolence and grossly ungrateful upon principle. They will not bear social contact; as soon as you know them intimately the tinsel drops off, and you find it a gilded sham—literally no gold in it. Scan through the glamour of the stage, they are divinities; see them *en dishabile*, and if they are not *intriguantes*, they are money grabbers. But, as a general rule, they are both."

The multifarious cares incident to a busy life prevent our taking time to prove that the *Art Journal's* views about these things are incorrect. But one of these days—

FRANK BROWER died at his residence in Philadelphia, on the 4th of June. While he was performing at the New York Bowery Amphitheatre, in 1842, the first idea of a minstrel company was put in motion by Dan Emmet, Frank Brower, Billy Whitlock and Dick Pelham. They styled themselves the Virginia Minstrels, and made their debut at the Chatham Theatre for Pelham's benefit, early in February, 1843, and were received with deafening plaudits; and this was the first of the negro minstrel troupes.

THE SPHYNX, of which an extended mention is made elsewhere, has taken rooms at a New York up-town theatre. The genial manager of Niblo's Garden thought he would have it too, so announced that he had it under the name of "The Two Orphans." The up-town theatre sued out an injunction, when the Niblo re-wrote the drama, re-christened it as "The Two Sisters," removed the scene of the play to New York, and again calls upon the public, including the up-town, to drop in and see it.

WAGNER's friends claim a fair hearing for him in the future, even if it be denied him now. They say that the same disdain greeted the one opera of Beethoven, and that Wagner and Beethoven are peculiar in that they weld a libretto to music, libretto and music being equally worthy. Beethoven's "Fidelio" is a grand opera, without shadow of doubt; and the day may come when this much at least will be conceded to "Lohengrin."

It is becoming common for the managers to announce "prices as usual." This is a most unsatisfactory way of putting it; but whether the attraction is a variety show with tickets at fifty cents, or a Fifth Avenue combination with tickets at one dollar, they announce "prices as usual," to the great bewilderment of the people. Do not be too modest, gentlemen; name your figures!

DI MURSKA has won great favor in New York. She is spoken of as a clairvoyant, dreamy, semi-transparent creature in the "Shadow Song" in "Dinorah," which being of itself a very wraith of a role, requires just such a spectral representative as Di Murska—not disagreeably but quite distinctly —is.

AN English playwright has taken Bronson Howard's comedy of "Saratoga," changed the name to "Brighton," and set it afloat in England. The belief that there is a future, and that this thieving playwright will have to suffer in it, is all the consolation which Mr. Howard can find in the incident.

CHICAGO has the reputation of being the greatest bragart in the country, but the *Inter-Ocean* says of its choirs that but few of them are noted, and of church music that it is not much cultivated there, the people preferring chorus choirs or the old-fashioned sort of congregational singing.

THE Handel and Haydn Society, of Boston, is \$4,400 out of pocket by its late festival concerts. This is attributed to too much of the miscellaneous and instrumental element, and too little of the chorus, it being the chorus, after all, which attracts the paying public.

CLARA SCHUMANN will come to America if we will guarantee her \$20,000 for six months; in addition to which she wants the violinist Joachim and his wife, a charming songstress, to come with a similar guarantee for the two. Too cheap! Don't want 'em.

THE benediction we bestowed last month upon the nuptials of Louis Brown, a bass singer of Utica, and Ionia Belle Reynolds, the Michigan singer, is hereby withdrawn. It was an elopement, and we are not benedicting elopements much now-a-days.

THE first native composition set to music and published in this country, was "The Song of Liberty," written by Mrs. Mercy Warren, wife of Gen. James Warren, of Plymouth, Mass., and published in Boston in 1769.

FAME is imperiled daily by the careless compositor. When Tostee died at Pau, he declared that Foster had died at Pau; and Richard Coker, of boy-soprano repute, is held up to the world as Dickey Crocker, in a Hartford paper.

ADELINA PATTI tells Strakosch she must have 8,000 francs a night when she sings in Paris again. We like to hear a lady speak plainly, but there is, if anything, a little too much francness to Adelina.

ITALY is publishing an edition of the operas, including both score and libretto, with illustrations, portraits and biography involved in each production, for twenty cents each.

WAGNER is happy. An opera school for the cultivation and training of singers for the stage is to be attached to the famous theatre at Bayreuth, and the royal wallet is to pay the bills.

WM. CASTLE is put down for a place in the English opera troupe of Clara Louise Kellogg next season. Castle, mayhap even Campbell, too! This is very like business!

A LONDON letter says that Nilsson has lost all popularity there. Her voice has fallen off, and her acting is less refined.

STRAUSS has produced a new waltz, "The Bat," from which we infer that it is a piece of ball music.



### Music at the Detroit Female Seminary.

The annual musical rehearsal of the Detroit Female Seminary was given on the evening of the 15th instant, at the seminary building, with the following programme:

#### PART I.

Andante—from First Symphony..... Beethoven  
(Two Pianos—Eight hands.)  
Misses Helen Strassburg, Mary Prentiss, Hattie Pope,  
Jennie Baxter.  
Italian Concerto..... Bach  
(Allegro Animato—Andante Molto Expressivo—Presto  
Gloioso.)  
Miss Emma Lyon.  
String Quartette—Op. 75..... Haydn  
(Poco Adagio Cantabile—Menuetto—Finale.)  
Messrs. Luderer, Chandler, E. and R. Speil.  
Sonate—in F Major, No. 6 Edition Peters..... Mozart  
(II and III Movements.)  
Miss Kittie Horton.

#### PART II.

Concerto—in C Major..... Beethoven  
I Movement, with Cadenza No. 3, by L. Van Beethoven.  
(Quintette and 2d Piano Accompaniment.)  
Miss Jennie Baxter.  
Polonaise—Op. 22..... Chopin  
Miss Ella Cleveland.  
Quintette—Op. 44..... Schumann  
(Piano, Two Violins, Viola and Violoncello.)  
Messrs. Hahn, Luderer, Chandler, E. and R. Speil.  
Wedding March..... Mendelssohn  
(Two Pianos—Eight Hands.)  
Misses Ella Cleveland, Mary Ward, Ida Whitney, Belle  
Stearnes.

The second movement of Beethoven's First Symphony was given with a better conception than usual in this form. Of course many of the finest instrumental effects were lost. Arrangements from Mozart or Haydn, while answering the purpose equally well, would certainly be better adapted for eight hand playing, than the orchestral works of Beethoven and later composers.

Very few professional players would care to risk the difficult concerto of Bach before such an audience, and very few indeed would have acquitted themselves more creditably. Technically, it was a perfect performance. The phrasing was clear and marked, and the various imitative themes were kept in view so clearly and distinctly that there seemed no difficulty whatever in following every outline of the composition, even by those who heard it for the first time. Miss Lyon possesses a remarkably crisp, sharp touch, peculiarly adapted to the works of Bach and Handel.

The Mozart Sonata was also a clean piece of piano playing. The *Adagio* was hardly up to our ideal—a sort of coldness pervading the movement. The *Allegro Assai*, on the contrary, was almost a model performance. The *Tempo* was absolutely *prestissimo*, and the peculiar effect of the vigorous *Sforzando* in the fifth measure, followed by the delicate *pianissimo*, was never brought out to better advantage in our hearing. The figure occurs frequently, and at each repetition reached a higher climax than the preceding. Miss Horton has already an advanced *Technic*, and her performance as a whole demands the heartiest recognition and encouragement.

Miss Baxter's rendering of the Beethoven Concerto was decidedly the most finished performance of the evening. Her playing was characterized by a richness and fullness of tone, delicacy and clearness of touch, and a complete comprehension of all the details of phrase and form. This young lady's improvement since her appearance one year ago is simply marvelous.

The Polonaise, by Chopin, showed considerable appreciation. The cadenzas especially were clear and precise, and, with one exception, the technical difficulties were under complete control. Miss Cleveland's playing also shows a decided improvement during the year.

The "Wedding March," for eight hands, closed the performance; and when one of the daily papers said that the execution of it "would not have displeased the genial Mendelssohn himself, had he heard it, and seen the fair faces intent upon his handiwork," it gave a very fair statement of the character of the performance.

We have passed over the professional part of the programme without comment. The three movements of Haydn's Kaiser Quartette and Schumann's

great Quintette in A flat, were both elegant samples of cultured *ensemble* playing.

The entire performance was received by the audience with the warmest expressions of pleasure and gratification; and the audience being composed largely of amateur and professional musicians, this fact may be referred to as a test of its merit.

Louis Plaidy's opinion of Mr. Hahn as an "able pianist," we have long since recognized, and his success as a teacher was fully demonstrated by the above programme, both in its selection and rendition; and if Leipzig can furnish us with more such earnest artists as Mr. Luderer and Mr. Speil we would welcome them only too gladly.

Below we give a complete list of the piano music during the closing examinations of the summer term, at the above institution.

Rondo Brillante, Op. 62..... Weber  
Miss Belle Stearnes.  
Sonatine, Op. 81, No. 4..... Berens  
Miss Ella Cleveland.  
Rondo Capriccioso..... Mendelssohn  
Miss Ella Cleveland.  
Sonate, F major..... Mozart  
Miss Ida Whitney.  
Sonate, Op. 14, No. 2..... Beethoven  
Miss May Jelly.  
Andante Cantabile and Presto Agitato in G minor..... Mendelssohn  
Miss Helen Strassburg.  
Etudes, Op. 45, Nos. 16 and 17..... Heller  
Miss Mattie Harris.  
Capriccio, Op. 33, A minor..... Mendelssohn  
Miss Emma Lyon.  
Prelude in D major..... Bach / Fantasia in C major..... Handel  
Miss Jennie Baxter.

At the commencement exercises of the 18th, the only pieces worthy of especial note were Chopin's Impromptu in C sharp minor, played by Miss Cleveland, and Raff's Valse Impromptu, Op. 94, by Miss Lyon. The performances were all worthy of more extended notice, but lack of space prevents.

### Our June Amusements.

Just as we were well in press for the JUNE SONG JOURNAL, the Nicolao Philharmonic Society gave a grand entertainment at St. Andrew's Hall, in which the leading feature was a composition by Mr. Nicolao, upon the theme of the *Stabat Mater*, followed by miscellaneous selections, principally operatic. Of Mr. Nicolao's production, the *Free Press* critic says "it was purely original in detail and general effect," while the *Tribune* declares that "as a whole the work is meritorious, but not sufficiently original to take high rank." The attempt to make these criticisms fit into each other would be about as successful as the endeavor to fit a round peg into a square hole, so we shall not undertake it. We have, besides, too much respect for these disagreeing authorities to disturb their positions on this point, but we may be counted in as the third member of the party when the *Free Press* says that some of the passages are "of the rarest beauty," and the *Tribune* avers that "some portions of it are unquestionably fine." We hope the work may be repeated until our people have had an opportunity, very generally, to judge for themselves, as to its merits.

The Lucca concert troupe visited us in the early part of the month, Lucca being the bright particular star, and Annie Louise Cary an attendant and luminous satellite. Del Puente, Scolari, Karl and Mlle. Maresi completed the attractions.

The Detroit Musical Society has given its tenth concert, the last, and perhaps the best of the season, at the Opera House. There were about seventy-five voices in the chorus, and the interest of the members in their work is evidently increasing. The selections were mostly operatic.

Professor Jackson, musical instructor in the public schools, brought together 750 of the juvenile voices in his charge, at the Opera House, at the outset of the month, in a grand concert, at which the pupils and their friends were invited and delighted guests. The music was a different affair from the usual delicate pipings of the juvenile throat, these being very visibly balanced by the bass and tenor voices

brought by the High School choir. Besides, the character of the music was quite beyond that which might have been expected from such a source, and the "I love to see the flowers, beneath the shady bowers" kind of entertainment, common to such occasions, was replaced by selections from Mendelssohn, Mozart and Handel, as well as lesser lights, and surprisingly well sung. Messrs. Batchelder and Mattoon accompanied upon the pianos.

These incidents, with the musical soiree at the Female Seminary, elsewhere described at length, and all the culmination of the winter's campaign, speak of the steady elevation of the musical sentiment of our people more effectually than can be expressed by any words of ours.

The drama has been rather quiet during the month. The Black Crook has been here for a week, and the German theatres have been fairly busy. The Detroit Theatre has kept steadily along, under the most discouraging circumstances, finding hard sledding most of the time, and, when the Opera House competed, coming upon positively bare spots in the road. The Messrs. Hough have organized a really creditable company, well adapted for comedy and the lighter dramas, but even with such plays as "Caste," "Home," and their kind, have failed to interest the public in their enterprise.

We have very little, indeed, to report concerning musical affairs in the State the past month. Ludington dedicated a new opera house with the cantata of "Esther," on the evenings of the 12th and 13th. The college commencements, however, have been in full blast, and in every case, music by local talent or college clubs have formed a prominent feature of the proceedings. As most of the towns in Michigan have a college of some sort, it will be seen that there has been a great deal of music-making in Michigan after all.

SCHILLER'S "Bride of Messina" has been made into opera in Philadelphia. Dr. Herman Miller constructing the libretto, and Bonawitz, somewhat prominent as a pianist and composer, supplying the music. It has been subjected to several rehearsals, and while the duos and solos are regarded as not entirely melodic, the choral and orchestral effects are characterized as massive and effective.

RUBENSTEIN has written an oratorio, "The Demon." This is a new Devilment of his genius.

"OTHELLO," in Hebrew, has been published in Vienna. Let us have no Moor of that sort.

SPOHR, Bellini, and Guonod, have all woven music into the story of Romeo and Juliet.

CHERUBINI AND HIS WORKS.—A recent number of the *Kölnische Musikzeitung* reports a highly interesting lecture by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, the celebrated pianist, on Cherubini the composer. Dr. Hiller claims that Cherubini so enlarged the resources of the orchestra as to clear the way for the German composers; while the bloom of melody and feeling in his compositions were less evident, that his sacred works, the "Requiem" especially, towered high above every thing else written in the same century for the musical service of the church, while his purely instrumental works captivate the musician by the grandeur of their design, and the novelty of the fancy which characterizes them, proving themselves, in many respects, the forerunners of what was subsequently effected by Beethoven and Weber, by Schumann and Wagner, for which very reasons they have not taken with the mass of the public.

MR. ADDY'S SON.—A London paper, in announcing the death of a well-known actor, says: "Mr. Addison's real name was Haddy, he being the son of a citizen of Davenport. Intended for the law, he elected the stage as a profession, and came out under a pseudonym; but being detected by some who knew his father, and greeted with the remark, 'Oh, that's Haddy's son,' he adopted the phrase as a *nom d'artiste*, dropped the H, and called himself Addison."



lancholy tunes. One who has traversed these "so-far" forests on a breezy moonlight night can never forget the strange and wierd effect produced upon the imagination.



# There's a Silver Lining to every Cloud.

By CLARIBEL.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with chords and a left hand with a steady eighth-note bass line. The vocal line is written in a single staff with lyrics underneath. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Though dark the clouds be o'er our life, We trust and fear no ill, For has not ev-e-ry dark-est cloud, Its sil-ver lin-ing still; They say each rose has a hid-den thorn, Though fragrant and fair to sight, But I'.

Though dark the clouds be o'er our life, We trust and fear no ill, For

has not ev-e-ry dark-est cloud, Its sil-ver lin-ing still; They

say each rose has a hid-den thorn, Though fragrant and fair to sight, But I

*Sed.....*

3 4 2 - 4

love to think that the dark - est cloud Has its sil - ve - ry lin - ing bright.

*8va*.....

*f*

And

*p*

though the hours seemed ro - sy once, And now are chang'd to gray, O

let us be brave, and be hope - ful still, For the shadow will pass a - way. If we

There's a silver lining to every cloud.



do but bow to each earth - ly trial, And com-bat our way - ward will, We shall

al - ways find that the dark - est cloud Has a sil - ve - ry lin - ing still.

Though

sad and drear our days may be, A sun - beam shines through all, If it

There's a silver lining to every cloud.

do but rest on our hearts and minds, As it rests on the cot - tage wall. For the

gold - en sun - shine of the heart, Will charm a - way ev' - ry ill, And will

make us feel that the dark - est cloud Has a sil - ye - ry lin - ing still.

There's a silver lining to every cloud.



# RETOUR AU PAYS.

(RETURN TO HOME.)

ALBERT JUNGSMANN. Op. 228.

*Moderato.*  
TEN.

PIANO.

*p*  
*Ped.* \*

*Ped.* \*

*Ped.* \*

*Ped.* \*

*Ped.* \*

*mf*  
*Ped.* \*

*Ped.* \*

*Ped.* \*

*Ped.* \*

*f* *Ped.* \*

*Ped.* \*

*p*  
*Ped.* \*

*Ped.* \*

*cresc.*  
*Ped.* \*

*Ped.* \*

*dim.*  
*Ped.* \*

*Ped.* \*

*f* *Ped.* *Sva*.....

*Ped.* *cresc.* *Ped.* *marcato.*

*Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *f* *Ped.* *Ped.*

*Sva*.....

*Ped.* *cresc.* *Ped.* *ff* *Ped.* *Ped.*

*marcato.*

*Ped.* *dimin.* *dolce.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

Retour au pays.

360-5



First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melodic line with a *ritard.* marking and a *p* dynamic. The bass clef staff contains a rhythmic accompaniment. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) with asterisks (\*) are present in both staves. A *TEN.* marking is above the treble staff, and a *p tempo,* marking is above the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melodic line. The bass clef staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) with asterisks (\*) are present in both staves. A *mf* dynamic marking is above the treble staff.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melodic line. The bass clef staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) with asterisks (\*) are present in both staves. A *f* dynamic marking is above the treble staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melodic line. The bass clef staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) with asterisks (\*) are present in both staves. A *cresc.* marking is above the treble staff, and a *dim.* marking is above the bass staff.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff begins with a melodic line marked *mf*. Bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment of chords. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks. A *cresc.* marking is present below the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation. Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff features a more active accompaniment. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks. A *p* marking is present above the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation. Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff features a more active accompaniment. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks. A *pp* marking is present above the bass staff, and a *mf* marking is present above the treble staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff features a more active accompaniment. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks. A *cresc.* marking is present above the treble staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff features a more active accompaniment. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' and asterisks. A *f* marking is present above the bass staff.



The musical score consists of five systems of staves. The first system includes a 'TEN.' marking at the end. The notation is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The piece features a variety of musical textures, including arpeggiated figures, block chords, and melodic lines. Pedal markings ('Ped.') are used extensively, often with asterisks to indicate specific pedal points or effects. Dynamic markings include *pp* (pianissimo), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *f* (forte), and *p* (piano). The piece concludes with a final chord marked with a 'TEN.' (Tenuto) symbol.

Retour au pays.

360-5

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|                                        |              |    |
|----------------------------------------|--------------|----|
| Admired Polka. B flat. 3.              | Wies         | 30 |
| Advance Galop. C. 3.                   | Grobe.       | 33 |
| After the Ball. C. 3.                  | Emery.       | 20 |
| Allie Lee. (Var.) B flat. 2.           | Mack.        | 25 |
| Alpine Rose Waltz. G. 2.               | Kappes.      | 30 |
| Amazon Schottisch. C. 3.               | Markt.       | 30 |
| Amanda Mazurka. C. 3.                  | Bishop.      | 20 |
| Ambrosia Schottisch. C. 3.             | Grobe.       | 30 |
| Amber Waltz. G. 2.                     | Pierre.      | 30 |
| Amethyst. G. 2.                        | Baumbach.    | 20 |
| Amethyst Polka. C. 3.                  | Pierre.      | 30 |
| Angel of Night Waltz. A flat. 3.       | Kinkel.      | 50 |
| Angels Come to Me. (Var.) D. 2.        | Mack.        | 25 |
| Annie Laurie. (Var.) F. 3.             | Baumbach.    | 30 |
| Annie Laurie March. G. 3.              | Kinkel.      | 50 |
| Annie Laurie Schottisch. C. 3.         | Honeycomb.   | 30 |
| Annie Waltz. D. 2.                     | Bendix.      | 30 |
| April Chorus. G. 3.                    | Baumbach.    | 30 |
| Apollon Galop. A flat. 3.              | Wjmas.       | 30 |
| April Shower Polka Redowa. C. 2.       | Debnard.     | 30 |
| Araby's Daughter. B flat. 3.           | Baumbach.    | 30 |
| Argentine March. F. 2.                 | Kinkel.      | 33 |
| Arion Waltzes. G. 3.                   | Hennings.    | 30 |
| At the Sea Shore. G. 3.                | Emery.       | 20 |
| At the Church. F. 2.                   | Root.        | 25 |
| Auld Robin Gray. D. 3.                 | Baumbach.    | 30 |
| Auld Lang Syne. G. 3.                  | Baumbach.    | 30 |
| Aurora Polka. D. 3.                    | Markt.       | 30 |
| Autumn Leaves Schottisch. B flat. 3.   | Mazon.       | 30 |
| Babylon is Fallen. (Var.) A. 2.        | Baumbach.    | 30 |
| Barbe Bleue. G. 3.                     | Root.        | 30 |
| Barbe Bleue. G. 3.                     | Goldbeck.    | 30 |
| Battle Cry of Freedom. B flat. 3.      | Baumbach.    | 30 |
| Bavards (Les). C. 3.                   | Root.        | 30 |
| Bacio (Il) or Kiss Waltz. D. 2.        | Brinard.     | 20 |
| Bacio (Il) Polka. F. flat. 3.          | Lockwood.    | 40 |
| Bacio (Il) Polka. F. flat. 3.          | Reis.        | 25 |
| Barry Schottisch. F. 3.                | Sizem.       | 30 |
| Battalion Quickstep. F. 3.             | Hagarty.     | 30 |
| Beautiful Day Mazurka. G. 3.           | Kinkel.      | 30 |
| Beautiful Dream Waltz. A. 2.           | Kinkel.      | 30 |
| Beautiful Lake Schottisch. D. 3.       | Hjatt.       | 25 |
| Beautiful Venice. (Var.) C. 3.         | Baumbach.    | 30 |
| Beautiful Rose. (Var.) C. 3.           | Baumbach.    | 30 |
| Bee March. G. 1.                       | Root.        | 25 |
| Belle Helene. G. 3.                    | Root.        | 25 |
| Belle Helene. C. 3.                    | Goldbeck.    | 25 |
| Belle of the Evening Waltz. E flat. 3. | Warren.      | 30 |
| Belle Marie Waltz. F. 2.               | Wagner.      | 20 |
| Belle Creole Waltz. D. 3.              | Abel.        | 50 |
| Bells of the West Schottisch. D. K. 3. | Kinkel.      | 30 |
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| La Midget, (Polka Brillante,) . . . . . arr. by T. P. RYDER. | 60   | The Bluebird, (Transcription,) . . . . G. D. WILSON.       | 40   |
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| Last Rose of Summer, (Transcription,) . . RYDER.             | 65   | Warbling of the Lark, (Polka,) . . . . . GUTTMAN.          | 60   |
| Le Postillon des Traineaux, (Polka,) AUG. BURG.              | 40   | Water Lily, (Fantasie,) . . . . . E. MACK.                 | 60   |
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# THE Song Journal.

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VOLUME IV.

DETROIT, AUGUST, 1874.

NUMBER VIII.

## At the Theatre.

I.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
We stood by the river together,  
And bent o'er the water's side;  
And we watched the play of the moonlight  
That glittered adown the tide.

II.  
My dream of life was beginning—  
For my dream of love had begun—  
And the world was a garden of roses,  
I plucking them one by one.

III.  
She was the faintest creature  
That stood in the moonlight there,  
With lace on her rounded shoulders,  
And a purple gleam in her hair.

IV.  
And we built the airiest castles,  
And whispered the usual things;  
In short, 'twas the same old story—  
The vows and the changing of rings.

V.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
But many a night, when musing  
Alone in my bachelor's chair,  
I have thought of the lace and the shoulders,  
And the purple gleaming hair.

VI.  
And a memory awakens within me,  
From out of the long ago;  
The low, deep sobbing and ripple  
Of that river's ebbing and flow.

VII.  
Hush! there's the music beginning:  
Yes, and married—a broker in stocks.  
And—look at that stout old party—  
That is she—in the opposite box!

## Balfe's New Opera.

A posthumous work by the graceful and popular melodist who has given to the world the "Bohemian Girl" and "Enchantress," is an event really worthy of note. Balfe was a most prolific composer. As far back as 1829 he began writing Italian operas, and was recognized in Italy long before his name was known in England. He left at his death the unfinished score of "The Talisman," a work which has been completed by Sir Michael Costa. Balfe wrote the music to English words prepared by Mr. Arthur Matthison, a gentleman well known in theatrical and literary circles in this city. But English opera is at a low ebb in England; and so Mr. Matthison's text was translated into Italian, and, under the title of "Il Talismano," Balfe's "Talisman" was produced at Drury Lane Theatre on the 11th. The cast was a strong one, including Mme. Christine Nilsson as *Edith Pantagenet*, Mlle. Marie Roze as *Berenburgia*, Signor Campanini as *Sir Kenneth*, Signor Rota as *Richard Cœur de Lion*, Signor Catalani as *Nedalus*, Signor Campobello as *L'Emiro*, and efficient representatives of the other characters. The success of the work appears to have been decided. For several of the melodies a popularity is predicted equal to that won by the leading airs of the "Bohemian Girl."

The story of the play is taken from Sir Walter Scott's romance, and Richard Cœur de Lion is the

hero. This monarch has before this appeared on the lyric stage. Gretry wrote a "Richard Cœur de Lion," an opera bearing the same name, composed by Seyfried, was produced at Vienna in 1810; and one entitled "Richard en Palestine," by Adolphe Adam, saw the light at the Paris opera in 1844. Gretry's work has lately been revived in Paris with success.

The London critics award to Mr. Matthison's libretto the merits of constructive skill and literary grace. The librettist has made use of the most salient and dramatic points of the story, and has offered excellent subjects for musical treatment. The overture is brief. "A short fanfare, suggestive of the predominating military element in the opera, is followed by a larghetto theme for strings, the only accompaniment being the basses, pizzicato. This melody afterwards appears as the subject of Richard's prayer for success against the infidels, its striking character being on each occasion set off by the effective bass counterpoint. The larghetto gives place to an allegro grandioso, which anticipates the chorus following the prayer just referred to, and the prelude ends with a repetition of the fanfare. Balfe here makes no attempt at developing his themes, simply taking from the body of the work the music of an episode fairly to be regarded as having a representative character."

The opening scene is on the shores of the Dead Sea, and the vocal music opens with a chorus of Arab soldiers. *Sir Kenneth*, and the *Emir* have a duet. In the next scene—the Cave of Engedi—*Lady Edith* appears and sings a tender melody and allegro. There is a deformed slave to whom is allotted an air, "I love the sky when no bright stars shine," which is one of the best worked-out and most distinctive numbers in the opera, though its popularity, from the nature of the subject, is not likely to be great.

A chapel scene with a religious hymn follows—a hymn which is sure to become a great favorite. After this the tenor has a love song, "How'ret, I kiss thee," which is an exquisite melody to accompanyment of harp and horn. Unbounded popularity is predicted for this gem, which will soon be heard all over the civilized world.

In the second act *King Richard* appears and has an aria. This act is replete with military and battle music; but there is also another sentimental song for the tenor, a chorus for female voices, and a lovely duet for soprano and tenor. A finale in the usual style of the modern Italian opera closes this act.

In the third act there is a "Song to Merrie England," a melodious chorus which, it is believed, Balfe wrote, hoping that it would prove acceptable as a national melody. A brilliant aria for the soprano, and a final march and chorus, are the other features of this act.

The character of the music in this showy and brilliant opera is generally praised in London. It is Balfe, of course; but Balfe at his best. The musical writer in the London *Telegraph* says:

"On so slight an acquaintance it would be rash to predict the fate of 'The Talisman,' but we may venture an opinion that, while not equal to the best of its composer's works, it contains more good music than the public will readily let die. There are

numbers in the opera which will go the round of the musical world, and for their sake, as well as on account of a noble subject and a brilliant spectacle, we may anticipate a good career for our national composer's last production. In this place we may fittingly notice the help given towards the completion of "The Talisman" by Sir M. Costa, who has superintended its bringing out, and Mr. G. A. Macfarren, upon whom devolved the completion of the unfinished last act. Both musicians have done their duty well, and, as regards the Italian libretto, a word of praise is deserved by its author, Signor Zaffra.

The *Pull Mall* surmises that the opera was originally intended for the Pyne and Harrison Company. "According to this view, the part now sung by Madame Nilsson would have been taken by Miss Louisa Pyne. *Sir Kenneth* would have been represented, not as now by Signor Campanini, but by the late Mr. Harrison. Miss Susan Pyne would have appeared as the *Queen Berengaria*; and Mr. Stanley would have undertaken the character of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, assigned at Her Majesty's Opera to Signor Rota."

The first performance of "Il Talismano" was brilliantly attended, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh being among the audience. The scenery, produced by the celebrated Beverly, was a superb succession of splendid pictures. Costumes, processions, and stage appointments were all admirable. This opera possesses many points of attraction which would render it a desirable card for any operatic management in this country. We understand that the work in its original English form will be the leading feature of Miss Kellogg's next season of English opera.

## Verdi's Last Work.

The first performance in Paris of Verdi's Requiem Mass took place at the Opera Comique on the 10th of June, and met with a most enthusiastic popular favor. Verdi's composition is divided into seven parts, with choruses and full orchestra:

1. *Requiem* and *Kyrie*, quatuor and chorus by Mme. Stoltz, soprano; Mlle Waldman, mezzo-soprano; Capponi, tenor; and Maini, bass.
2. *Dies Ira*, thus disposed:  
*Dies Ira*, chorus.  
*Tuba Mirum*, chorus.  
*Liber Scriptus*, chorus and fugue.  
*Quasi non misereatur* for Mmes. Stoltz and Waldman, and M. Capponi.
3. *Rez tremende*, quartetto and chorus.
4. *Recordare*, duet and chorus, Mmes. Stoltz and Waldman.
5. *Ingenitico*, solo, M. Capponi.
6. *Confutatio*, solo, M. Maini.
7. *Lucernae*, quartetto and chorus.
8. *Domine Jesu*, offertory by the four singers.
9. *Sanctus*, fugue with double chorus.
10. *Agnus Dei*, duet with chorus, Mmes. Stoltz and Waldman.
11. *Lux Aeterna*, trio, Mlle Waldman, MM. Capponi and Maini.
12. *Libera me*, solo, chorus, and final fugue, Mme. Stoltz.

But, in order to contain the masses of vocalists and instrumentalists who were to obey the direction of Verdi, the stage had to be prolonged in front as far as the boxes on that level, the small part left of the usual orchestra being unoccupied, and the foot-lights not lit. The stage represented a vast hall, square and covered in, lighted by lustres suspended



from the ceiling. At the back, in the central compartment, were the names of Palestrina, Pergolesi, Mozart, Rossini. On a large estrade at the further end were placed the brass instruments, double-basses, bassoons, etc.; and then, descending toward the front, an army of violins on the left of the spectator; while on the right the female chorus singers were seated in a line, all uniformly dressed in a white robe, with a black lace shawl thrown over the shoulders. Behind them were the male chorists. In the front of the violins (on the left) were arranged four chairs for the soloists, and on the right, near the audience, at a little distance from the end of the women singers, was a stand with the score of the mass for Verdi's use. The executive orchestra, of two hundred, and the Opera Comique orchestra had been reinforced by musicians belonging to the opera and the Italians. When all the executants had taken their places, Verdi and the four solo singers appeared, all dressed in black, and looking very quiet and unassuming. The maestro then opened the book placed on the stand before him, and after a pause raised his arm and gave the signal to begin. The attention of the hearers was captivated from the first five symphonic bars of the introduction. Nothing could be more solemn, mysterious, or even terrible, than the attack, pianissimo, of the basses of the orchestra, descending to the lowest depths of the key of A, and then, with no other preparation, for the voices of the chorus, which seemed to murmur from the bottom of a tomb the appeal to eternal rest: *Requiem eternum dona eis, Domine*. The phrase, a melody of the highest order, was developed with a deep accent of sadness and Christian hope. The movement leads to the *Kyrie eleison*, sung at first by the four vocalists alone, but joined in by the chorus at the conclusion. This is followed by the terrible hymn which calls the elect and rejects the reprobates—the *Dies ira*—subdivided as we have detailed above. It is to be regretted that the strophe, *Tuba mirum spargens sonum* should not have permitted the trumpet of the angels to be sounded in a large edifice like the old French Opera. These brazen signals, awakening at a distance the echoes of the plain of Jehosaphat, want perspective on the narrow stage of the Opera Comique. One can imagine, in the immense elipse of the Scala, these entrances of trumpets, answering each other with great effect, and recruiting horns and trombones on the way. The *Spargens sonum* of the hymn is superbly rendered by the composer. The penetrating voice of Mlle Waldman gave admirable effect to the desolate feeling of the strophe, *Quid sum miser*. The *Recordare*, duo for soprano and mezzo-soprano, produced a great effect, as well it might, being sung by the two most dramatic voices of Italy—and the applause was deafening. The two strophes, *Ingenio*, for the tenor, and *Confutatio*, for the bass, have much character. The organ of M. Maini has a robust and metallic vigor in passages of force, but seems less adapted to level singing than to strongly-marked lyrical declamation. The *Lacrymosa*, written for the four soli, is extremely fine; but this is followed by the *Domine Jesu*, which is marvellously written. The delicious phrase which most adorns it is given by the orchestra *en sourdine* before being taken up by the voices. It is a murmur, in the key of A flat, in 6-8 time, over which hover some disconsolate accents, calling on the Saviour. Melody, rhythm, color and fine instrumentation, are to be found in this morsel. *Agnus Dei* may be placed in the same line. It is a mastery production, and quite transported the public. The cries for an *encore* were so urgent, universal and irresistible, that the two ladies were forced to depart from their rule of not repeating; they sang it again with, if possible, increased effect. In the *Libera me*, which is the concluding movement, the maestro has introduced the very characteristic phrase of the introduction. It is written for soprano and chorus. Mme. Stoltz displayed an invincible energy, and threw into it her entire voice and her whole soul. Her thrilling notes completely surrounded the united power of the orchestra and the choruses. A quarter of an hour's rest took place after the *Dies ira*, and the whole execution of the mass could be got through in about one and three-quarter hours. Verdi seemed timid at first, but by degrees he forgot everything but the work in hand, and soon became quite at ease, and evidently delighted with the applause given. When the last sounds had ceased, he closed the book containing the score, and removed it from the stand to a chair behind him. He was, of course, called forward, as were the four singers, and the next minute the vast audience was pouring out into the open air.

"LEAF by leaf the roses fall." That spicy little musical paper, *The Metronome*, of Boston, has suspended publication.

### The Latest Musical Prodigy.

Last month we briefly mentioned the fact that Rose Eversole, of Dayton, Ohio, a girl four years and seven months of age, had given astonishing evidence of musical genius. The last number of *Benham's Musical Review* gives some additional facts concerning her. From this narration of the *Review* we learn that Rose when seven months old developed a liking for the keyboard of the piano; that at the age of two years and three months she played tunes correctly; and that she soon after arranged and played from memory, the "March in Norma," which she had heard with unmistakable delight. Since that time she has composed polkas, waltzes, and mazourkas, many of which have been preserved by being taken down by her father. With all this remarkable indication of musical talent, little Rose is described as being delighted with the usual playthings and recreations of a child of her years. With great good sense, her parents have been careful that she should, while yet a child, act as a child. Consequently, they have defied the extraordinary temptation to force the talent of their little one, and her music and her dolls have equal claims upon her attention. She practices her music voluntarily, some two hours every day, choosing her own time and themes, constantly creating new ones, and never repeating. All keys, with their relative minors, are seemingly alike to her, as she plays with equal facility in all, modulating with the readiness of a master. She loves orchestral music, but brass band performances excite her. She is passionately fond of Haydn, Mozart and Chopin. She often takes Haydn's "Creation," and placing it upon the piano rack, seats herself before it, and with eyes fixed upon the open page, will remain perfectly quiet for a long time, after which she will commence her improvisations, still gazing upon the page before her. That she is inspired by a genius almost unparalleled is, says the *Review*, a fact needing no argument in confirmation, and that this genius will bring forth its full fruition, is as certain. In the meantime she will pursue her own course unfettered, and free from dictation, so far as her intellectual progress is concerned, and few years hence we may have the pleasure of hailing the present infant musical wonder as one of the foremost musicians of the age.

### The Face of Shakspeare.

In *Scribner's Monthly* for July there is an interesting article by John S. Hart on the "Shakspeare Death-Mask." The article is all the more valuable, as the writer went to Germany himself to examine the mask, and had every opportunity to do so. The mask, if it indeed be a mask of Shakspeare, affords the only undoubted information as to the great dramatist's earthly lineaments. Mr. Hart sifts the proof of its authenticity and trustworthiness, and seems to agree with the verdict passed upon it by Baron Pollock, who, after examining the testimony, said: "If I were called upon to charge a jury in regard to this point, I should instruct them to bring in a verdict in favor of the claimant."

The mask in question Mr. Hart found in Darmstadt, in possession of Dr. Ernst Becker, Private Secretary of the Princess Alice of Hesse-Darmstadt, who permitted him to examine it, take measurements of it, and gave him valuable information besides concerning it. The cast came into possession of Dr. Becker with other effects of his deceased brother Ludwig. The latter discovered it in 1849 in Mayence. Going afterwards to South Australia, he left the cast in charge of Prof. Richard Owen, the Anatomist and Curator of the British Museum. Ludwig perished in the South Australian expedition, and thus the cast fell into the hands of his brother Ernst.

When Hermann Grimm saw the bust, and before he was told whose it was, he said it must be Shakspeare's. Says he: "At the first glance I thought to myself I had never seen a nobler countenance. What a noble, clean-cut, aquiline nose; what a wonderfully-shaped brow. I felt that this must be a man in whose brain dwelt noble thoughts. I inquired. I was told to look at the reverse of the mask. There on the edge, cut in figures of the seventeenth century, stood A. D. 1616. I could think of no one else who died in this year than one who was born in the year that Michael Angelo died—Shakspeare."

The face is that of a cosmopolitan. There is nothing in it characteristic of any particular nation. The lines that make up the countenance are exceedingly fine and delicate. There is no marked feature in any recognized picture of Shakspeare that cannot—allowance being made for the idiosyncrasies of the particular artist—be traced to the cast.

Mr. Page, in his portrait of Shakspeare, made a scar a prominent feature in it. In the mask there is

evidence of a wound, but not of the character of Mr. Page's dent. Midway between the arch of the eyebrow and the top of the dome is a line about two and a half inches long—the remains of a flesh-cut which had been sewed up and healed. The features, Mr. Hart observes, have a manly beauty of the intellectual type. There is about them an expression of sadness which every one notices, and the observation of which drew tears from Fanny Kemble. The hairs of the moustache, eye-lashes, and beard, found in the cast are of a reddish brown or auburn color, which, according to other evidence, the color of Shakspeare's hair. The nose is thin, delicate, slightly aquiline, and the profile very beautiful. Mr. Hart's article is a valuable contribution to Shakspearean literature.

WAGNER'S BAIREUTH THEATRE.—The great Wagner theatre at Baireuth is nearly finished, and now awaits the stage machinery and appointments. The building is described as a large architectural union of an ornamental barn and a large shot-tower; the interior surprises with its innovations, its great spaces, and its adaptability for its purposes. A few figures seem necessary to give an adequate idea of the stage; it is sunk a depth of 37 feet, has a height to the pulley floor of 176 feet, a breadth of 95 feet, a length of 79, and the width of the proscenium is 45 feet, being the largest by far in the world, while at its back is a further stage, 40 by 49. The stage will contain no glaring foot-lights nor obtrusive prompter's box. The auditory rises step by step, amphitheatrically, the rows growing wider as they retreat, and the highest being but 20 feet above the stage, but from the peculiar shape of the room—its breadth being nearly half as great again as its depth—every one of the 1,500 people whom it will hold will have a perfect perspective view of the scenes on the stage. The royal circle completes the order of the seats, and is the highest; there are no boxes, but one gallery, designed to accommodate 500 citizens of Baireuth. Wagner's arrangement of his orchestra renders it invisible to the audience. The orchestral space is sunk below the level of the stage, and extends partly under it. There he will seat his 106 musicians. Besides this, Wagner leaves here a stage 18 feet wide, stretching the full breadth of the stage, free to the roof. This he calls "the mystic space," because he intends that here the invisible "wall of music," proceeding from the invisible orchestra, shall separate the Real (that is, the audience) from the Ideal (the stage performances). Thus, thinks the poet, shall be gained mysterious beauty of tones, and the apparent removal of the stage-picture farther back, so that the scenes will be witnessed like those of a dream; a result that will be peculiarly fit for the great opera chain which is to fill the festival performances of 1876, the mythical story of "The Ring of the Nibelungen." This, the crowning work, as Wagner intends, of his life, is now complete, with the exception of an inscription at the conclusion of the last part. This he calls "the mystic space," because he intends that here the invisible "wall of music," proceeding from the invisible orchestra, shall separate the Real (that is, the audience) from the Ideal (the stage performances). 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**A DEAF MAN'S MISTAKE.**—Old Mr. Collamer, one of the members of our church, is extremely deaf. Last Sunday the clergyman, during his sermon, had occasion to introduce a quotation, and as it was quite long he brought the volume with him, and when the time came he picked up the book and began to read it. We always sing the Old Hundred Doxology after sermon at our church, and Mr. Collamer seeing the pastor with the book thought the time had come, so while the minister was reading, he opened his hymn book at the place. Just as the clergyman laid the volume down the man sitting next to Mr. Collamer began to yawn, and Mr. Collamer thinking he was about to sing, immediately broke out into Old Hundred, at the top of his voice. As the clergyman was just beginning "Secondly," and as, of course, there was perfect silence in the church, the effect of Mr. Collamer's vociferation was very startling. But the good old man didn't notice that anything was the matter, so he kept right on and sang the entire verse through. When he concluded he observed that everybody else seemed to be quiet, excepting a few who were laughing; so he leaned over and said out loud to the man who yawned, "what's the matter with this congregation, anyhow? Why don't they go home?" The man turned scarlet, and the perspiration broke out all over him for he felt that the eyes of the congregation were upon him, and he knew that he would have to yell to make Mr. Collamer hear. So he touched his lips with his finger as a sign for the old man to keep quiet. But Mr. Collamer misunderstood the motion. "Go in" to sing another hymn, hey? All right!" and he began to fumble his book again. Then the sexton sailed up the aisle and explained matters out loud to Mr. Collamer, and that gentleman subsided while the minister proceeded with his discourse. The elders have written Mr. Collamer a note requesting him in the future not to join in the sacred harmony. The effect is too apparent upon the ribald boys in the gallery.—*Mac Adeler.*

**FASHIONABLE SACRED MUSIC.**—Let Dundee and Portuguese Hymn and Silver Street hide their heads beside what we heard not long ago in a church—just where I shall not tell. The minister read the hymn beautifully. The organ began, and the choir sang, as near as I could ascertain, as follows:

"Oo—aw—gee—bah,  
Ah—me—la—ge;  
O—pah—ah—di—  
Wo—haw—gee—o—e."

My wife seated beside me did not like the music. But I said: "What beautiful sentiment! My dear, it is a pastoral. You might have known that from Wo-haw-gee! You have your taste ruined by attending the Brooklyn Tabernacle." The choir repeated the last line, and my wife said, "four times. Then the prima donna slipped on the first line, and slipped and fell on the second, and that broke and let her through on the third. The other voices came in to pick her up and got into a wrangle, and the bass and soprano beat (women always do), and the bass rolled down into the cellar, but the latter kept on squalling, as though the bass in leaving her had wickedly torn out her back hair. I felt anxious about the soprano, and looked back to see if she had fainted, but found her reclining in the arms of a young man who looked strong enough to take care of her. Now, I admit that we cannot all have such things in our churches; it costs like sixty. In the Church of the Holy Bank it costs one hundred dollars to have sung that communion piece, "Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor." But let us come as near to it as we can. The tune *Fisgah* has been standing long enough on "Jordan's stormy banks." Let it pass over and get out of the wet weather. Good-bye, "Antioch," "Harwich," and Boylston. Good-bye, till we meet in glory.—*Tulmadoe.*

**THE GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.**—The *Gloria in Excelsis* is one of the oldest hymns known. The germ of it is found in the Liturgies of St. James, Bishop of Jerusalem in the first century, and in that of St. Chrysostom. The latter probably borrowed from the former. Athanasius also refers to it. This hymn in its inchoate state, formed part of the venerable "Morning Hymn" which the early Christians chanted every day. At some period it was separated and made a distinct hymn by itself. In this, its pure form, it has come down to us in the Greek language; and it is in this form that it ever has been and still is used in the Greek Church, where it is styled the "Angelical Hymn," as it opens with the symphony of the Angels, "Glory to God in the Highest," etc., or "Great Doxology," to distinguish it from the minor doxology or *Gloria Patri*. The Roman Church turned it into Latin. In the latter rendering, the sentence "Thou that takest away the sins of the world" was reiterated; unfortunately too, as the iteration mars the simplicity of the diction, begets a

lamentable turgidness, causes the musical intonation to drag, and diminishes its brilliancy. Further, the hymn which originally was addressed to the Father and the Son, and as part of the aged "Morning Hymn" may have been one of those hymns which Pliny refers to in his celebrated letter to the Emperor, as sung by the Christians to Christ as God, was enlarged by the addition of the words, "with the Holy Ghost," so that it became a doxology to the Trinity. Our English translation was made from the Latin.—*Church Journal.*

**FATALITY AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**—Another workman came to a sudden and dreadful end in the Grand Opera House, the other day. He fell from a scaffolding at the very top of the building, and though he caught at a rope in his descent and so broke his fall, he was so terribly injured that he died soon after his admission to the hospital. The flesh was all torn from the palms of his hands by the passage of the rope through them. A resident of Paris tells me that this accident makes the one hundred and third fatal one which has occurred in that unlucky building since its commencement. The whole interior is now one mass of scaffolding, rising tier above tier, and the number of workmen employed is immense, every inch of standing room on these stages being occupied, so one can easily see how a single false step, or a jostle from a rude or careless comrade, would send a poor fellow headlong into the depths that lie below these dizzy heights. I hear that in digging the foundations the workmen struck on running streams which could not be gotten rid of, so channels were constructed for them through the walls and under the flooring of the cellars, which are perfectly enormous, a world in themselves, in fact. No visitors are at present admitted on any pretext whatever, and my informant remarked that it was possibly because there was so much danger of a workman falling on their heads while they were inspecting the ground-floor.—*Paris Correspondent.*

**A DARING BEAUTY.**—Mlle. Victoria, the most recent of Mr. Barnum's importations, made her first American appearance at Barnum's Hippodrome the other night. When the young lady first appeared and was drawn round the track in a stylish phaeton, her youth, beauty, handsome figure and exceeding grace and modesty won the enthusiasm of the immense audience at once. A cable wire, stretched at an altitude of forty feet from the ground, was soon taken possession of by her. Nimble she ascended to her perch, and in an instant she was seen walking on the slender wire with as much grace and self-possession as if on the floor of a drawing-room. She was by far the least agitated of the eight or ten thousand persons present. Carrying a balance-pole, she crossed and recrossed the wire, and once when in the centre stood upon one foot, elevating the other as high as her head and finally upon one toe. Then she performed her greatest feat. Upon one of the perches she was assisted to her velocipede, the wheels of which were grooved to fit the wire. Having secured an exact equilibrium, the attendant gently pushed the lamp-lighted velocipede, and the lady started on her perilous journey. She shot straight as an arrow to her objective point, and with such perfect composure and ease of manner as to win shouts of approval from thousands.

**NO MUSICAL PRESIDENTS.**—A Washington correspondent says: "We have had few musical Presidents. True, the most philosophic and prosaic Thomas Jefferson excelled with his fiddle, and that, according to Parton, he gave up as his public duties increased. John Quincy Adams wrote poetry—not very good, but still better than many of the pretenders. I do not think Frank Pierce knew one tune from another, and I am very sure James Buchanan did not. Martin Van Buren, affected the opera, because it heeded to his idea of fashionable life. Madison and Monroe were intense students, one of them almost reading himself into ill health, and little accustomed to fashionable amusements. General Jackson had a fund of Southern humor, and liked to hear the negroes sing, but his scorn of social follies was never concealed. 'Colonel Polk,' as President Polk used to be called, had a brother; William H., who was a rare and contagious wit; and while fond of a joke himself, and not insensible to music, he was too grave and dignified ever to condescend to jovial life. Andrew Johnson has never been known to be a good story teller, or, as I ought to express it, 'a good joke,' and among all of President Grant's accomplishments nobody has ever accused him of being very fond of music as an art."

A NUMBER of songs by Arndt, not included in any recent edition of his works, have been discovered.

**OUR YANKEE PRIMA DONNA.**—I think I must have met at least fifty girls, in different parts of our country, who have wished they could have been opera-singers, and of whom friends in mistaken kindness have said, "Her voice is as good as Kellogg's was when she began." Without questioning whether this be true or not, a more important query is, has this *debutante* the other qualities which have contributed to Miss Kellogg's success? Clara Louise was born musician—one of those choicest geniuses whom nothing can keep away from their bent. She sang complete tunes when she was a baby seven months old. This seems incredible, but I had it from her mother's own lips. When she was "our little four-year-old," instead of making the bright remarks of other people's four-year-olds (those who were predestined to become lecturers, perhaps), the tiny Kellogg would sit perched up at a piano, playing and singing with intense delight. Whether her voice is great or small, whether she has improved it by practice and hard work or not, this gifted American girl had the immense advantage of being born a musician; and at this day there are few *prime wows* in the world who are so efficient at all points in music as Clara Louise Kellogg.—*New York Letter.*

**TUT! TUT!**—I must tell you a little history which will amuse you. You have heard of Madame Judic, who was once the star of the Eldorado, and who by dint of beauty, a fine voice and much talent, has pushed her way into the opera bouffe company. Well, the other night, Madame Judic was in her box assisting at a first performance, when lo! a tap and gentle tap, tap, tapping came upon her (box) door. She opened it and there entered in unto her a manservant, with a cushion present in his white cotton-gloved hands. It consisted of five red pinks stuck through a ring. Said ring was set with diamonds and cat's eyes and is worth about £1000. With it was a note, and the note read thus: "Madame, I am an American. I adore, but have never spoken to you. Accept this gift from one who worships you, but is obliged to go home to his wife in Boston. An American." How nice to be a pretty actress and get pretty gifts from people who don't even know you to speak to; but how dangerous it is for wives in Boston to let their husbands go all alone to Paris. May be the patient Penelope at home has not been spinning all the time of her Ulysses' absence.

**SOMETHING LIKE IDIOCY IN HENRIETTA.**—The witty dramatist, Congreve, who died in 1728, bequeathed most of his property, valued at \$10,000, to his friend, Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, to whose immense wealth such a legacy was but a drop in the bucket. The great lady buried her friend with a pomp seldom seen among poets. The corpse lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. The pall was borne by the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Cobham, the Earl of Wilmington, First Lord of the Treasury, and other men of high consideration. Her Grace laid out her friend's bequest in a superb diamond necklace, which she wore in honor of him; and if report is to be believed, showed her regard in ways much more extraordinary. It is said she had a statue of him in ivory, which moved by clock-work, and was placed daily at her table, and also a wax doll made in imitation of him, the feet of which were regularly blistered and anointed by the doctors, as poor Congreve's feet were when he suffered from the gout. A monument was erected to him in Westminster Abbey, with an inscription written by the Duchess.

**ADVICE TO CATHERINE.**—We do not know whether Miss Kate Field means to fool with the mask of Thalia or trifle with the butcher-knife of Melpomene, but we would advise tragedy by all means. We have a vivid recollection of witnessing one of the charms of this person. She was on the platform; a baby was in the gallery. Both couldn't scream at once, and the earnest person turned her eyes toward the innocent but offending babe. Her facial expression was intensely dramatic; it was murderous. Lady Macbeth entering Duncan's chamber had a docile smile upon her face, compared with the Field expression. The parties who smothered the Princess in the tower merely simpered at their work, if the murderous expression in the face of Field may be the standard. Tragedy, by all means, my bonnie Kate.—*Chicago Times.*

THERE is no prospect of Wagner's "Lohengrin" being produced in London, though both Nilsson and Campanini are of the company. This opera is regarded as rather too heavy for Londoners to appreciate.



# The Song Journal.

WM. P. FULLER, Editor.

DETROIT, AUGUST, 1874.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."  
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,  
 stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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## Too Much of the Technical.

The very general outpouring at the colleges during the last month, with the literary exercises attendant thereon, has given Governor Dix the opportunity to give the students at one of those institutions—Union College—a little good advice as to the sensible use of language. He pointed out that a knowledge of the classics, instead of leading a man to write a bad style, should correct that vice and check diffusiveness; and denounced with emphasis the practice of using, in common life, scraps from any languages except our own. The New York Times takes up the theme of this address and enlarges upon it. "The rage for stilted talk and odious affectations," it is pained to find, "is on the increase," and is surprised to mark how few men now either write or speak their simple mother tongue. Three-fourths of the communications sent to it for publication are written in a mongrel style, "which is far more offensive than the illiterate productions of entirely uneducated persons; and is a mere jargon consisting of the largest words in the dictionary, huddled together without sense or order." And then the Times walks up to the confessional, and says, that not only do contributors thus offend, but that "persons who call themselves editors" are by no means free from the reproach.

In making this admission, we suspect the editor of the Times had his musical and dramatic writer in his eye; at any rate, it is the professional musical and dramatic critics that we are after; and our intention is to labor with them firmly, but gently, and ask them to take a calm survey of their work, and follow Hamlet's advice to the players and "reform it altogether." In one of Bronson Howard's successful comedies there is a scene which affords the audience uproarious amusement. It is an incident where a painting is criticised with the most ridiculous terms of approval and dissent, and the extravagance of the language employed sets the house into a roar. It is regarded as an excellent burlesque upon the prevalent mode of treating matters of art in the papers; but the point is magnificently developed when it becomes known that this language, extravagant and ridiculous as it is, is the faithful transcript, word for word, of extracts from the art notices of leading New York papers; and that the words which have been hailed as the excellent burlesque of the critic's art, have been, in fact, the solemnly considered words of the critics themselves.

The professional musical and dramatic critics of

the day are as open to suggestion as the critics in other branches of art. It is our intent in this article to utter a friendly protest against their sometimes injudicious use of technical words in their work. To the generality of readers all talk about the chromatic coloring of a note, the prestissimo character of a tempo, and similar phrases from the vocabulary of the conservatory, are as unintelligible as would be the inscriptions on the Moabite stone. If the voice of the instrument was soft and sweet, the statement that it was soft and sweet would be understood perfectly by the layman in music, as well as by the professional. The description of its quality in scientific terms would be lost entirely upon nine-tenths of those to whom the description came like "stilted talk and odious affectations."

Technical phrases and words have their places, but their places are not in the every-day affairs of life. The architect can describe his structure by the use of words which would daze the ears of a physician. The physician could describe the ailments of the architect in scientific terms that would strike terror to that builder's soul. But the physician might know nothing of the structure from the architect's description of his work, nor would the architect know from the scientific words of the physician in what portion of his system death was fastening on his prey. And yet how easily each might have made himself understood by the other, for a roof is a roof to all men, and the architect, as well as the doctor, knows that a skull is a skull. Among architects the architect's description would be readily understood; among physicians the doctor's story of his patient's ailments would be clearly intelligible; and, to make the application, among professional men and for the edification of professional men, the use of technical words in the treatment of musical subjects is every way appropriate, while their use in the treatment of musical subjects for popular reading is, for the reasons herein cited, objectionable. Horace Greeley's rule to call a spade a spade, is in all respects reliable and reputable.

## The Gypsy Chorus of "The Bohemian Girl."

Perhaps there is no finer musical conceit in the whole range of English opera than that which inspired Balfe in his treatment of the gypsy chorus of "The Bohemian Girl."

The traveler over the Lake Shore Railway, from Cleveland to Buffalo, passes over one of the most strikingly beautiful routes to be found in the world. It has not the grandeur of the Rocky Mountains, nor does it impress you by a vast expanse that stretches away like a sea to the horizon, as do the prairies of the West, but its varied and picturesque revelations surpass them all. First, you trundle along the shores of the magnificent Lake Erie. Then a curve in the road carries you into out green fields, past neat farmhouses, into the fragrant woods, and then, all at once, like a pleasant surprise, the beautiful lake comes into view again. There are white sails gleaming upon the waters, a long bank of bituminous smoke marks the pathway of a steamer, and while you admire the scene a grove shuts out the view, you come upon a busy town, you dart out into green fields again, you rumble through the shades of the woods out into sunlight, and then, its unexpectedness adding to its beauty, the lake once more! Again white sails contrast with the deep blue colors of the waters, a steamer ploughs its course, leaving a path of snowy foam in its wake, a little yacht flies before the wind, and you are enjoying the picture to its utmost, when again the woods, the neat farmhouses, the busy towns, the green fields, and then the lake again. Wherever the train may take you, and whatever else you may see, the lake, never waning in beauty, always comes in as a part of the panorama. When you have been over the route several times, the lake

ceases to be a surprise to you as it creeps into the landscape. You watch for it, you know when and where it may be expected, and when it comes you enjoy it with a solid and deliberate delight.

What this route over the Lake Shore Railway is to the summer journeying, the gypsy chorus is to "The Bohemian Girl." The opera takes the hearer of it for the first time contentedly along, with its stirring scenes, its melodies, and its attractive concerted numbers; and in with these, at frequent and unlooked for points, comes the gypsy chorus in full blast, or with orchestral insinuation. When the chorus comes in full blast, the gypsies are on hand and ready for business; when the orchestra is alone in it, the gypsy may not be present, but he is not far away, and will put in an appearance quite as soon as he is wanted by the other characters of the play. Thus the orchestra prepares the way for that excellent individual Devilshoof, as he is prowling around the dwelling of the Count, seeking an opportunity to sneak into the boudoir of Arline. Here the music, while preserving the air of the chorus, gives it in a low, slow, growling tone, that sounds as if it sympathized with the burglarious character of the gypsy's errand, and was afraid of alarming the servants, and thus defeating the object of the expedition.

Generally, however, the gypsy's chorus is jubilant and defiant. "In the gypsy's life you read, The life that all will like to lead." Consequently, the better this fact becomes known, the better their chances for recruits, and in the corpse or in the market place they do not fail to proclaim the attractions of their wild and wayward life. For this reason, wherever they go they give voice to it, and thus, in divers places in the opera, after solo, and duo, and trio and quartette, the gypsy's chorus appears, just as the lake, after green fields, neat farmhouses and fragrant woods, comes into frequent view and beautifies the journey on the Lake Shore road. And as the experienced traveler over that route knows when to expect the lake views, and quietly enjoys them when they come, so the experienced opera goer knows when to expect the gypsy's chorus in the opera, and greets its appearance with an unalloyed satisfaction to which he who hears it for the first time is a stranger. He leaves the theatre with the refrain sounding in his ears, the last thing heard of the opera, for after the troubles of the play are all over, the Count appeased, Thaddeus triumphant, and Arline, happy in her love, proclaims "What soft delight her bosom thrills," the gypsy chorus breaks in and asserts itself, and the curtain falls upon the assets that

"In the gypsy's life you read,  
 The life that all will like to lead."

ELIJAH GRAY, of Chicago, has just brought out a strange invention, the transmission of music by telegraph. So much importance is attached to this discovery—for it is a discovery rather than an invention—that such noted electricians as Mr. George Prescott say that it only goes to prove, what all electricians have long agreed upon, that we know little at present of the possibilities of the future of electric science. He regards it as the first step toward doing away with manipulating instruments altogether, and believes that in time the operators will transmit the sound of their own voice over the wires, and talk with one another instead of telegraphing. The writer who describes it in a Chicago paper, says he has seen this novel instrument at work, and has heard music played on a small melodeon, or piano key-board, transmitted through an unbroken circuit of two thousand four hundred miles, and reproduced on a violin attached to the receiving end of the wire. Mr. Gray played "Hail Columbia," "The Star Spangled Banner," "God Save the Queen," "Yankee Doodle," and other well-known airs, and they were unmistakably repeated, note for note, on the violin which lay on the table



near at hand; even an accidental false note was immediately detected on the violin. This discovery may be of service in telegraphing, as Mr. Prescott says, by the voice; but in music its practical benefit would seem to be questionable. Yet it may come to pass that an Organ Service Company will be incorporated, by which all the churches of a city could, by this telegraphic arrangement, be supplied from one central organ as they are now supplied by gas from a central source. Then the day would not be distant when church committees would be growling at their organ bills as they now do about their gas bills, doubting whether they had so much music during the last quarter, and imploring the secretary of the company to go and see if the state of the metre on the organ was correctly taken down. All this may be!

CHRISTY, whose minstrels in New York twenty-five years ago were renowned throughout the United States, was regarded as the author of most of the popular songs which were used by his troupe. A collection of manuscript music numbering about one hundred pieces, which once belonged to Mr. Christy, is now on exhibition in New York. With the music there are many letters from the composer of the pieces, naming the price they hoped for, which was generally ten dollars. Most of these letters were from Stephen C. Foster, of Pittsburg, and they reveal the fact that he wrote his songs and sold them to Christy for ten dollars apiece, and that afterwards a contract was made by which, for five dollars additional compensation, Christy was to have the songs and the credit of composing them. This contract was made in August, 1851, and from that time all of Foster's compositions bore Christy's name as writer and composer. For such songs as "The Old Folks at Home," "Oh, Boys, Carry Me 'Long," Mr. Foster received ten dollars, while Christy made hundreds from their sale. Christy and Foster have both left the stage, and all accounts are squared now; but while they lived and when they died, Christy was rich and Foster was poor.

THERE is a considerable jealousy among the stock players of London toward the American actors who try to take root there, though perhaps it is no greater than that which is manifested toward those born there who try to get a foothold on the ladder of dramatic eminence. The fact is that in England, as in America, the competition is fierce by reason of the overcrowding of the profession, and every new comer, from whatever region, has to battle it. An eminent play-wright, who is also concerned in the management of one or two theatres, says that he has now twelve ladies imploring him to try and get them a chance of acting somewhere, and he has had again and again to reply that every place is full. The number of individuals who consider themselves competent to glisten upon the stage, is only equalled by those who consider themselves competent to shine as editors. In one profession as in the other, nine-tenths of the attempts are failures, and the would-be actor soon looks to a street car conductorship for eminence and wealth, while the would-be editor finds his appropriate sphere in driving a multi-team or tending a saw-mill.

WITH their Fourth of July performance at Hartford, the Duprez & Benedict Minstrels closed a season of six years, during which, with no intermission except Sundays, they have given a concert every successive night. The history of this troupe is a peculiar one. It originated from a company of singers who were engaged to sing as minstrels at a seaside restaurant near Providence during the summer, and were left to shift for themselves during the winter. They concluded to make the winter as well as the summer serviceable, and started out for themselves under the name of the New Orleans

Metropolitan Burlesque Opera Troupe. It was a heavy name for so young a company to carry, but they carried it, and were surprisingly successful, Duprez acting as agent. The seaside bar-room concerts were relinquished, and for nearly twenty years the company has been among the leading minstrel troupes of the United States. Mr. Duprez is probably the only one of the original New Orleans, etc., etc., etc., who has come with the company, with sundry changes of personnel and name, to date.

TOOLE, a comedian who is in high favor in London, will make his first bow to America from behind the footlights at Wallack's Theatre on the 11th inst. He took his farewell of London recently, at a grand banquet to which his professional fellows treated him, and at which, in the post-prandial mellowness, he said many good things for the country he was about to visit. The same evening! Stuart Robson and Charles Thorne, our American delegation to the London theatres, appeared at the St. James in "Led Astray." The newspaper critics had been invited to the Toole banquet; consequently, there was no notice of the performance in most of the next morning's London papers, while all of them, like the reporters themselves, were full of the dinner given in honor of Toole. Between entertainments intellectual and entertainments gustatory, the English critics do not waste much time in choosing.

A SPLENDID sample of a Yankee girl's grit was witnessed in London a few weeks ago, when an Ohio girl, Miss Fanny Mannetti Smith, who has been singing the leading part in Offenbach's "Vert-Vert," at the St. James, confronted a theatrical mob and conquered them. The piece has been running several weeks, thanks to Miss Mannetti's treatment of the role of *Ferdinand*, which gives character to the operetta. She is a sprightly actress and singer, spirituelle and humorous, and has such a wonderful memory that on the first evening of "Vert-Vert," when the gallery had been bought up by an enemy of the theatre to hiss the piece down, the tumult made every one on the stage forget her part except this Ohio girl, who bravely sang her every song amid the storm, and finally conquered some applause even from the hiring foe.

THE Handel festival for 1874 took place at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, in June. There were four thousand performers, four hundred and fifty instruments, of which three hundred and seventy-one were strings, and audiences that counted by thousands. They gave nothing but Handel, and the soloists among "the choral sublimities," as one terms them, were Mlle. Tietjen, Mme. Otto-Alvsleben, Trebelli-Bittini, Patey and Sinico-Campobello, Sims Reeves, Vernon Rigby, Santley, Kerr Gedge, Cummings, Foli and Agnesi. The festival does not find that we can discover, any adverse criticism. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says there never before was such a performance of "Messiah;" and the *Athenæum* says that the endeavor to properly balance the instruments and voices of four thousand performers never succeeded better.

AN Indianapolis man who went to hear "Faust" at Cincinnati, ridiculed the Cincinnati audience on his return home. He says that "when the curtain fell on the chapel scene closing with the death of *Marguerite*, the audience applauded, the bibulous ones rushed out as usual to get their inter-act drink, while the remainder of the listeners began chatting and fanning, awaiting the next act, and that when the boy wanted to turn off the gas, he was obliged to explain that the singers had gone home, and the opera was 'out.'" The story of the Indianapolis man indicates that he went out occasionally for an inter-act drink himself; else, how could he see "Faust" ended by "the chapel scene closing with the death of *Marguerite*?"

As the taste for music advances in this country, it may be possible that persons who have been in the habit of indulging in a little cheerful conversation during a young lady's performance at a private party, will see the necessity of remaining quiet—if not for their own pleasure, at least out of respect for those who desire to listen. It may also happen that those who arrive after the commencement of a public concert will be content to stay outside until a movement is finished, instead of majestically sailing up the room and entering into an altercation with the attendant respecting their seats. When it is stated that this suggestion originated in the *London Musical Times*, it will be seen that boorishness of a certain nature is the same in England as it is among the Hottentots. There is none of it, thank heaven, in America!

An exchange says that "if the musical monthlies have any enemies, they are to be found among the professional musicians who complain that the musical papers are published by music publishers." The exchange from which we quote may have had an exceptionally unfortunate experience among the musicians of its locality, but it cannot be possible that it is the common experience of musical journals. As to the objection quoted, that musical papers are issued by music publishers, it is so frivolous, nay, even so senseless, that it is scarcely worth answering. An iron foundry would not be likely to become very successful in issuing a monthly book of fashions, nor would a milliner be altogether qualified to publish a magazine devoted to mechanical subjects. Would you, then, have a musical magazine published by a grocer, or issued by a tobaccoist?

SOTHERN must have felt his head swim, after going through years of friendly criticism in the papers, to be brought up all standing with the disapproval of a San Francisco critic. This critic thinks that "*Dundreary*, the offspring of an artist's brain, is immortal; but that Sothern, in these latter days, in touching up the first conception, is debasing the original." He particularly detests his smoking in the scene with *Georgianna* as ungentlemanly, not a part, and a vulgarity, while his conduct in the country dance is low and clownish. These points are well taken, but it cannot be denied that as a wise dispenser of proverbs, *Dundreary* has no superior—not even an equal, unless Tupper is his peer.

As Boston, New York and Cincinnati have had musical festivals, it is not to be expected that Chicago will lie quiet without a similar demonstration. A meeting has already been held there to talk over the matter, and it was agreed that if they had a festival they would also have a hundred thousand dollars to back it. Here the proceedings halted until the question of the hundred thousand dollars had been decided. If they decide upon such a gathering, they will make it a point to have everything, festival, deficit, and so forth, on a grander scale than those of the other cities; while in the matter of a director they aim high, Sir Michael Costa and Strauss being the smallest affairs spoken of.

THE "Two Orphans," over which two New York managers went to law last month, had a curious fate. Shook & Palmer applied for an injunction to restrain Charles R. Thorne from performing the play at Niblo's, and the judge, after hearing the arguments, took the papers and reserved his decision. In the meantime, Thorne went on with his "Two Orphans," and played it until it failed to draw, when he took it from the stage. Shortly afterwards the judge came into court, and with the solemn gravity of a patriarchal owl granted the prayer of the petitioner, and issued the injunction. So then, all the forces of the world are not played upon the dramatic stage.



The following advertisement recently appeared in a New York paper:

"Tried to learn, but give it up. Will sell piano, stool, cover, and hymn-book for one hundred and fifty dollars. A few dollars cash. Address 'Old Bach,' Herald office."

As there may be some who will, on reading the name of this advertiser, naturally conclude that he is the author of the famous Passion music, and undertake to purchase his traps as relics of a great composer, we take occasion to say that the advertiser is *not* the composer. As the inebriated Toodles explains under similar circumstances, "Taint that man, butternurrer man!"

THE matter of uniform musical pitch has been making mischief in the London opera season at Drury Lane, as two years ago it did at Covent Garden, the disturbing cause being in the present case Nilsson, as it was then Adelina Patti. Of course, if Nilsson said so, the pitch had to be, and was lowered, to the dire confusion of the woods and brasses. It would be strange indeed if a prima donna who has been all her professional life obliging the managers to come down, could not force the orchestra to come down also.

WE continue to hear good reports from our American *prima donna*, Mlle. Albani, now in Europe. She has gained the plaudits of the critical audiences at Vienna, Milan, Paris and London, and is a source of no little discomfort to Nilsson, who is the best-natured when she has the fewest rivals. A New York manager wrote to Albani, inquiring her terms for a New York season, and found that, while she had been learning how to use her voice, she had been learning, also, how to make it pay. They learn these things very quickly.

DR. CHOMET, a French physician, has discovered that music has remarkable hygienic effects when properly administered. The violin, he says, has been experimentally shown capable of curing a nervous illness, and a fit of catalepsy, that defied other remedial agency, has yielded to the sound of a trumpet. He quotes George Sand as attributing in one of her letters her restoration to health to a persistent application of one of Meyerbeer's touching airs. Hereafter, therefore, the degree of Doctor of Music will have a new significance.

BOUCAULT writes to Jarrett & Palmer, offering them a new play—which they accept—which he says is entirely new and original, founded upon incidents of the great American conflict, and which is neither translated nor derived from the French, nor from any previous source, either narrative or dramatic. The plays of Boucault generally possess certain elements of interest and novelty, but a play of his which he neither borrowed nor stole, will probably be the most novel of them all.

IN the season lately closed at Chicago, one hundred and ninety-eight composers have been represented in one hundred and twenty-three concerts and sixty-nine operatic performances, with an aggregate of eight hundred and sixty-five numbers. The list of composers is headed by Beethoven, followed closely by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Mozart, Wagner and Schubert; and many composers who were at one time very popular have been discarded for others of a higher standard.

A GREAT many observers have come to the conclusion, and declared that there is no money in operatic ventures. Mr. Maretzek, however, will tell you differently. He has been an operatic manager for years, and has put over half a million of dollars into operatic enterprises. As he never took any out of the business, of course it is all in it, and this is principally what troubles Mr. Maretzek and his creditors.

SEVERAL literary women intend, next season, to adopt the stage as a profession. The reasons for this step they naturally keep to themselves, but of the two reasons most likely to influence their action, Fame and Fortune, it is probable that the latter is, in a majority of the cases, the governing one. The change from a literary life to a professional one is not surprising, for while brain workers starve, the player men and women "flaunt in silks or flutter in brocade."

AMUSEMENTS never were as dull in New York as they are to-day. Niblo's is the only theatre in operation. The Olympic and Wallack's generally squeeze through a summer season, but this year they, as well as the others, have been obliged to shut up shop. One of the papers there says the cause of the suspension can hardly be a scarcity of money—for money is by no means scarce among the masses of the people—but that it may be a decline in the public taste for that kind of amusements.

THE fifty-first annual musical festival of the Cologne societies took place last month. On the first day, Handel's oratorio, "Samson," was given with a chorus of five hundred and fifty-two voices, among them one hundred and eighty-eight sopranos, one hundred and thirty-one altos, ninety tenors, and one hundred and thirty-three basses; the orchestra numbered one hundred and thirty-two pieces, and the whole was under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller.

HOWARD PAUL says there are not more than four presentable, clever leading ladies on the English stage. Boucault says that not in London is there an actress equal to Clara Morris, and there is not a Fanny Davenport in the length and breadth of the United Kingdom. This is English testimony to American superiority, the witnesses being as competent to testify as any two men who can be found between Johnny Groat's and the Land's End.

THE papers report that Mrs. Imogene Brown, of New York, made a bad failure with her recent operatic endeavor in "Traviata," in London. She went into the work as Mlle. Imogene Orelli, a name which alone might have swamped her, if everything else had been satisfactory; and yet, if Bridget O'Toole blossoms into Rosa d'Erina, and Mr. McConnell becomes operatically Maconelli, why may not Brown develop into Orelli?

THERE is a silver lining to every cloud, and it is an ill wind that blows no good. Now we read that "they had hand-organs in Pompeii, for there is one excavated from that ancient city on exhibition at the museum at Naples." It was a horrible thing for a whole city to be buried, and its people, abounding with life and joyousness, brought to a sudden, awful and unescapable death. But then it killed off the organ grinders.

MEZERIA turned the night into day, and never composed except by lamplight, even in the daytime. All his windows were darkened, and it was no unusual thing for him to show a friend to the door with a lamp, though outside it was broad daylight; and this incident must have taken place frequently, for it came to be a proverb that "Mezeria loves company."

MR. RONALDSON HUNT, of this city, whose excellence as an amateur musical delineator of Teutonic eccentricities is well known to the people of Detroit, has been offered an engagement at \$100 a week to present that line of business to the audiences of a Boston theatre. Nein, he nix go mit dot!

ONE of the recently published songs is "My Charlie is a Railroad Boy." Bemus says he knows the boy—he goes to school and tends the switch.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN has consented to give one more season to the stage, and will appear at Booth's next fall. During this farewell engagement "Macbeth" will be produced in unequalled style, the chants and choruses to be made features, for which purpose arrangements have been perfected with two prominent singing societies.

CLARA MORRIS, of the Union Square Theatre, has gone abroad, and intends to get Mlle. Croizette's secret of death by poison in "The Sphinx," during her visit in Paris, so that when she comes back, next season, she can die in elegant convulsions and discolored complexions for the benefit of Union Square audiences.

THE golden rose, which the Pope bestows as a reward for religious and moral excellence, has been given this year to Sophie Cruvelli, the once celebrated opera singer. The rose has usually been given to an empress, a queen, or a princess, but Cardinal Antonelli proposed Cruvelli for the rose of 1874, and she was elected.

ADELINA PATTI has induced the management of the Royal Italian Opera, London, to revive Verdi's "Ernani," which is viewed there as an "operatic corpse." It is a lively corpse, though, that holds such a stirring element as "Crowned with the Tempest" in its bosom, with other things to match.

DWIGHT's *Journal of Music*, after giving the musical programme of Professor Sill's Seminary, which we printed last month, remarks that "this will show that our eastern schools will have to look well to their laurels if they would not have the wreath transferred to the Wolverine State." Aye, marry!

THE faculty of Yale College announces that hereafter no musical instruments will be allowed in the college buildings. Yale College seems to be like many men that we know, without a Faculty for music.

LONDON has just been giving its attentions to "Luisa Miller," a new opera by Verdi; and Strakosky intends, next season, to produce still another of Verdi's productions, which will be first given to the world in the New York Academy.

THE New York *Musical Gazette* thinks it safe to infer from present indications, that the day when the service of song in the house of God shall consist of sentimental operatic airs, sung by the gushing soprano or the lackadaisical tenor, has about passed.

HENRY J. BYRON's comedy of "An American Lady" has been played at a London theatre nearly two hundred nights. After all, there are few things in the world more attractive than "An American Lady."

It is given out that the Khedive himself is the author of the libretto of "Aida." He sketched the plot and text, to which, Ghislanzoni, the reputed author, put the finishing touches.

To show how very general the musical taste is abroad, it may be remarked that there are but few washerwomen who do not boast of being able to flute.

A PARIS correspondent describes a noted opera bouffe actress as having a "plumitudinous physique." This, of course, is a joke on Schneider.

A NEW piece at the London Haymarket Theatre had for its principal incident the ascent of Mont Blanc. It was up-hill work, and the piece failed.



DETROIT, MICH.



# FOR EVER AND FOR AYE.

F. E. WEATHERLY.

HENRY SMART.

*Allegretto ma moderato.*

While I have heart and voice, love, I

*p*

*poco cres.*

make love - songs for you, And sit - ting glad to - geth - er You'll

know that I am true, You'll know that I am true. The

*p*

known bird in the branch - es Shall join my sing - ing gay: My

dar - ling is my dar - ling, And shall be so for aye! My

dar - ling is my dar - ling And shall be so for aye—

When



I am dead, my dar - ling, And all my sing - ing done, And

you, in this lone twi - light, Still lin - ger toil - ing on; You'll

hear the brown bird sing - ing A - bove me night and day. "His

dar - ling is his dar - ling, And shall be so for aye!" "His

*poco ritard.*

dar - ling is his dar - ling And shall be so for aye!"

*vedla mor.*

*p poco meno.*

And when your work is o - ver, At his still e - ven tide, And

*ff*

you are dead, my dar - ling, And ly - ing by my side, Our



*meno mosso.*

souls shall hear the brown birds Still sing - ing night and day, "His

dar - ling is his dar - ling, For - ev - er and for aye!" "His

*meno ritard.*

dar - ling is his dar - ling For - e - ver and for aye!" —

*cello solo.*

# TYRO BASE BALL MARCH.

COMPOSED BY MISS EMMA A. RICE.

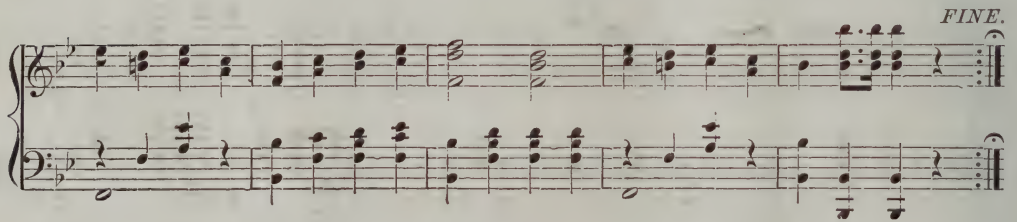
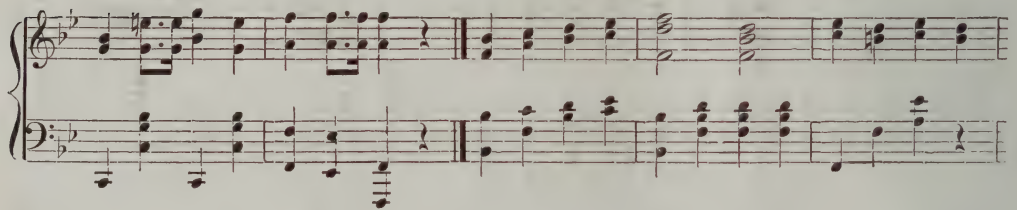
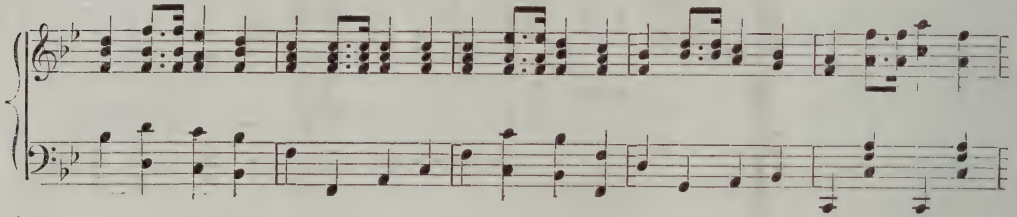
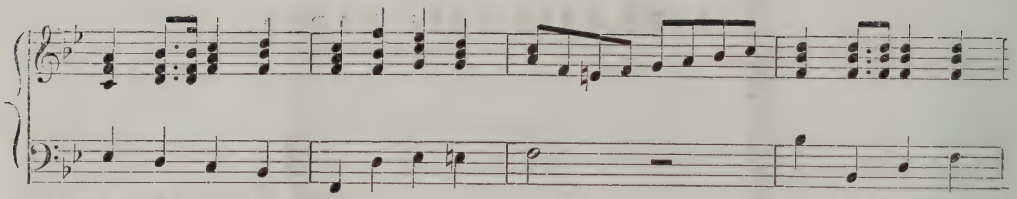
*Introduction.*

The introduction consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system features a melody in the treble staff with eighth and quarter notes, and a bass line with chords and eighth notes. The second system continues the melody with some sixteenth-note passages and a bass line with chords. The third system concludes the introduction with a final cadence, marked by a double bar line.

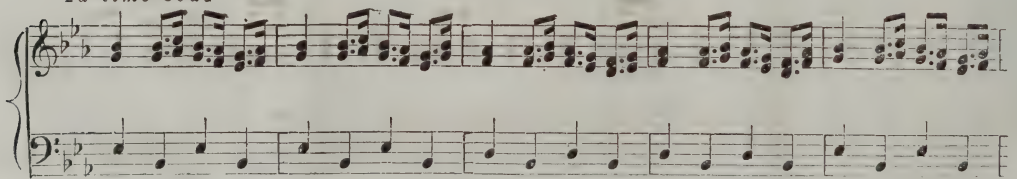
*MARCH.*

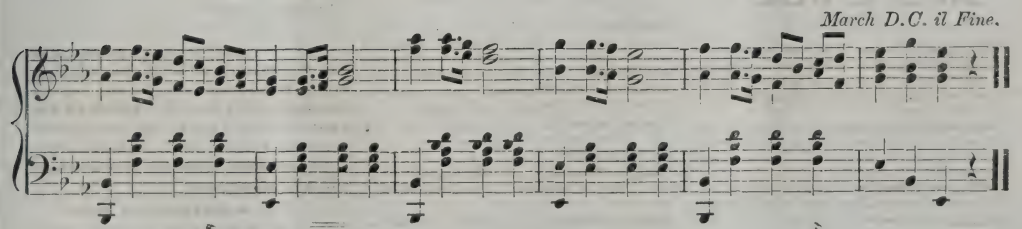
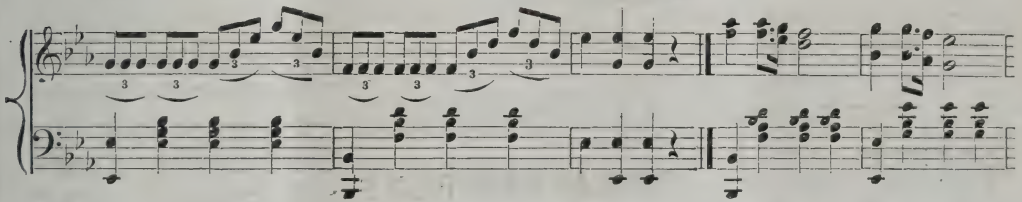
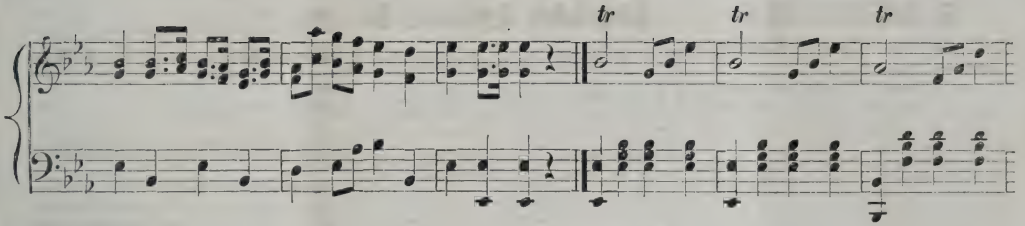
The march section consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature remains one flat and the time signature is 4/4. The first system features a melody in the treble staff with eighth and quarter notes, and a bass line with chords and eighth notes. The second system continues the melody with some sixteenth-note passages and a bass line with chords, ending with a double bar line.





2d time & var.







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Most of the numbers are quite easy of execution, and the most difficult are within the reach of ordinary pianists.

Each piece is embellished with a beautiful lithographic title page. The central design portrays a moonlight revel of the fairies. Encircling this, upon the outer margin of the page, the characters are pictured in detail.

## No. 1. KIPTA (Maid of the Bell).

"And all day long she sang her song,  
Or rang her tiny golden bell."

*F* min. . . . . 2 . . . . . 35

It opens with an airy, graceful melody, rising and falling in the prettiest way imaginable. In a sudden transposition of the key the tinkle of the "golden bell" is heard, which, after a cunning modulation, fades away and gives place to the melody first introduced. Although of the most unpretentious character, this number will probably become the most popular one of the series.

## No. 2. ROLICK (The Jester).

"The funniest fellow ever seen,  
And always dressed in bottled green."

*S* min. . . . . 4 . . . . . 35

The entire catalogue of "musical jokes" may be examined, and none will be found more filled with genuine jollity than this composition. If you desire to form the acquaintance of an old-fashioned jester, and for No. 2. Play exactly in the tempo designated and strictly follow the phrasing.

## No. 3. POMPON (The Chamberlain).

"And though he promised fair and true,  
None knew what he designed to do."

*C* min. . . . . 3 . . . . . 35

The first two measures contain the motive. The character to be portrayed is a plausible, crafty, unscrupulous one; so if the student well versed in sequent forms and harmonies intuitively reaches ahead by the customary avenues, he need not be surprised to find the crafty old chamberlain has doubled on him and dodged over and around harmonies in quite an unexpected manner.

## No. 4. QUILP (The Harlequin).

"He'd mask, and wand, and funny name,  
And played his pranks on all who came."

*F* min. . . . . 3 . . . . . 35

Those who are acquainted with the peculiar movements of the harlequin of the pantomime cannot fail to recognize him in this composition. He makes his entry with a rush, dances mysteriously through the scenes, makes signals for sudden transformations, and conducts himself in every way like the veritable harlequin. The dynamic marks should be strictly observed.

## No. 5. FAYLINE (The Princess).

"Winsome and sweet at toil or play,  
The fairies call her 'Little Fay.'"

*Ad* . . . . . 4 . . . . . 35

This number is a perfect marvel of sweetness. The harmonic treatment is good, although not of an elaborate nature. As in every number of the series, the *personal* embodied in the opening movement is strictly adhered to throughout the entire composition. This number is also sure of becoming a universal favorite.

## No. 6. PRIMSELE (The Duenna).

"A comely being, grave and fair,  
Full worthy of a princess' care."

*G* . . . . . 3 . . . . . 35

The sentiment contained in this number is one difficult of expression, and although no technical difficulties are presented, still it will require careful study to render it well. Pay special attention to expression marks and phrasing.

## No. 7. SAFTOR (Keeper of the Jewels).

"A cautious fellow, dressed in gray,  
Who watched his treasures day by day."

*Es* . . . . . 3 . . . . . 35

This, like No. 6, contains a sentiment difficult to embody in notes. Still the author has been quite successful in the attempt, and the composition will not be found wanting individually.

## No. 8. SUNAMEE (The Maid of Honor).

"Sweet and bright as morning's beam,  
She sang her love-song to the stream."

*Db* . . . . . 5 . . . . . 35

Little fairy Sunamee is surely in love. Every note she sings proclaims it, and from beginning to end her song glows with the genuine fervor of love. The third strain contains an exquisite bit of modulation. The entire composition cannot be classed as belonging to any particular school, yet it possesses uncommon merit.

## No. 9. OLON (The Fairy King).

"Now peal the bells and form the ring,  
For here comes Olon—Fairy King."

*A* . . . . . 4 . . . . . 35

Here is heard the mimic clang of bells, and fancy can picture the noisy, mirthful gathering of the fairies to welcome the coming of their king. The subject is wrought up in the most simple manner, but when well executed the effect is brilliant.

## No. 10. ELDINA (The Fairy Queen).

"Or sad or gay, yet still her mien  
Proclaims Eldina Fairy Queen."

*F* . . . . . 3 . . . . . 35

The first movement is duophonic, the second is polyphonic. The sentiment embodied in the poetical couplet pervades the entire composition. It abounds in grace and quiet dignity.

## No. 11. DOXSPAR (The Court Physician).

"First here, then there, with jest so droll,  
Would Doxspar all his drugs extol."

*F* . . . . . 4 . . . . . 35

At first the music bubbles and froths like some fussy old doctor, and is suggestive of the ancient apothecary, saddle-bags and all. We confess we can't translate the ideas embodied in the following *andante*. To us it seems introduced simply to fill out the sheet, and although taken separately it is carefully written, yet we cannot connect it with the subject. Can you?

## No. 12. FLEETWING (The Messenger).

"Through field, and flood, and tangled wood,  
He bore the message of the king."

*Es* . . . . . 5 . . . . . 35

This description is probably the most vivid of any of the series. Fleetwing is commanded to appear before the king; he obeys; is ordered to bear a message to the Gnomes. The steed is brought forth; Fleetwing mounts and gallops away. One may follow the clatter of the steed as the pace becomes swifter and more furious, or is almost lost in the distance. Although the most difficult of the series, yet it will richly repay earnest study. Be sure and work it up to the requisite speed.

## No. 13. BLUNOSE (The Steward).

"A pompous, fat and solemn elf,  
Who makes a wine cask of himself."

*A* min. . . . . 4 . . . . . 35

Drunk all the way through.

## No. 14. DIMON (The Prince).

"All hail the prince, through wood and wold,  
When peals his magic horn of gold."

*Es* . . . . . 4 . . . . . 35

There is a brave, glad ring about it that is perfectly refreshing. This number is especially recommended as a most charming study to develop the muscles of the wrist.

## No. 15. ROCKOLD (Master of the Swords).

"Strong and brave, with iron hand,  
The truest knight in fairy-land."

*C* . . . . . 2 . . . . . 35

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"With bravest front he led the van,  
But when the battle raged, he ran."

*F* . . . . . 3 . . . . . 35

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VOLUME IV.

DETROIT, SEPTEMBER, 1874.

NUMBER IX.

### The Village Organist.

This is the end. I give my hand to you,  
And you—you take it coldly as you ought;  
We say good-by, a careless word or two,  
That rather hides than interchanges thought;  
You go your way—I mine, and this is best;  
Our paths asunder lie, we shall not meet;  
But, oh! the longing pain, the wild unrest  
That turns to bitter all that life held sweet.

You knew I loved you. From the moment, dear,  
I heard your voice in some quaint, minor strain  
Pour forth its sweetness, chastened, tender, clear,  
The fearful echo of that sad refrain.  
Has wakened brooding thoughts to mar my ease;  
Your fair face bending o'er the music sheet,  
Your white hands moving o'er the ivory keys—  
This is the picture—only this, my sweet.

So must it be. This constant thought of you  
Is the rich legacy of those dead hours;  
Hours when we sat and sang the *Zoe mou*,  
Tearing with love songs, as we toy with flowers;  
Catching the fragrance of their honeyed breath.  
Between fond looks that never found their fill—  
Ah! joys like these are twin with Birth and Death;  
The music hushes in its wildest thrill.

Once more, good-by! All that I ask is this:  
On summer evenings when the light grows dim,  
And answering your fingers' loving kiss,  
The organ trembles with the vesper hymn—  
Give me one thought. I would not be forgot  
When your pure prayer blends with the music's swell;  
*Memorare virgo*! Give me one thought,  
Though it but shape this whisper, "Fare-thee-well!"

### The Land of Song.

The land of song within thee lies,  
Watered by living springs;  
The lids of fancy's sleepless eyes  
Are gates unto that Paradise;  
Holy thoughts like stars arise,  
His clouds are angels' wings.  
Look, then, into thine heart and write!  
Yes, into life's deep stream!  
All forms of sorrow and delight,  
All solemn voices of the night  
That can soothe thee or afright,  
Be these henceforth thy theme.

—Longfellow.

### Chicago's Countess.

Through the streets of Chicago wanders a woman of rank. This sample of nobility clothes her corpulent form in calico. She moves to her conquests barched. She is as brown as a nut in the face. Her eyes are coal black. Her nose is as hooked as the beak of an eagle. She is forty, if a day, and shows that poverty has dealt comiseratingly with her anatomy, which has the outlines of an egg. She is dirty and looks the virago. The countess turns the crank of a hand-organ on four wheels. She accompanies the sounds of her instrument of torture with her voice. That voice has been heard three blocks in fragments of "Trovatore." It arrests the attention of the public, being strong and having in it the hoarse echoes of dying cadences. Either hand-organ or voice, or both, attract the passer-by. If not, the girl zouave is sure to finish the business. This zouave is also an oddity. She is nimble with the grimy tin-cup, and pursues the fugitive nickel adown the dusty streets with the grace and skill of an acrobat. Woman, organ and zouave make what Manilini called a "demonition horrid grind." This

woman, dolefully whirling the crank, is a countess. She is the Countess Bianca Ricciola. Twenty years ago she crazed half of Milan with her songs and her personal charms. An old gray-headed foreigner stopped yesterday and listened to her outcry.

"Madame," he began in Italian, "I am sure I saw you twenty years ago in Milan. Then you were queen of the stage."

"The Signor is correct," replied the woman. "I am not what I have been. Once the people cheered me. I was popular. I was young and happy. My smile was a fortune, my heart a girl's. I lived on adoration and conquest. I was the pride of the stage. Alas! it is all over now," shrugging her shoulders. "Now I work for a living and don't get it. I stand in the gutter. I sing old songs, but they have lost their ring. My throat is warped. The people stare at me. I do care, but my heart is concealed. I am slave, and once I was queen. Once the people rained flowers upon me. To-day the water-cant on the street sprinkles us—my girl and my orchestra. I am out of tune, Signor, as well as out of time."

"I am sorry to see the change," said the gentleman, sympathetically, dropping a bill into the cup. "This is for the memory of old times."

The woman's eyes flashed. Her hand dropped from the handle of the rickety crank.

"The Signor has too good a memory for my heart," she said. "I do not like words that cut. Filippo, give me that money!" Throwing the contents of the cup into her hand, she thrust it all into her pocket, grabbed the shaft to the cart and moved away, a dethroned goddess of the stage, but with the fierce passions of her youth.

Of course this conversation, though in language unintelligible to most of the crowd, had nevertheless kept their attention. The most interested, apparently, of the number was a huge, swarthy-complexioned fellow, who lounged impatiently at the curbstone or crowded closely to the woman's elbow, finally giving her a look that had its answer in her fiery reply to the man with too good a memory; and this gentleman was evidently more interested than he cared to show, for he followed the vagrant musician at a distance until she began once more the strains that had already induced him to speak to her. This time he kept out of her sight until she had finished two songs. Then he edged his way to her side through the little knot of men and boys.

"You do not remember me, Bianca," he said, touching her arm softly.

She regarded him steadily and answered, "I do not."

"Yet I was once your lover, almost your husband," he continued.

The stout form trembled, and a ghastly look stole over her brown face as she studied the one before her.

"It is plain," she said. "I remember, Alfred the Englishman. And to see me here in this way! You are no man to recognize me. Go away at once or I shall go crazy with shame. Go!" pushing him from her.

At this instant the crowd parted, and the dark-faced giant approached. He asked no questions, said nothing, in fact, but simply knocked the gentle-

man into the middle of the street, where he lay like one dead, and like a dead man was picked up and carried into a drug store. A policeman took care of the assailant, the woman and her accompaniments. When the injured man came back to consciousness he was borne away as a witness and complainant.

The case came up before Justice King this morning. The assaulted gave his version of the story, simply as heretofore rendered. Very strangely neither the man nor the woman made any defense. In fact, at first they refused to speak in any language save the Italian. An interpreter being obtained, the accused simply said:

"I am Count Ricciola. This woman is my wife. She was insulted by this man, and I knocked him down. I would do it again. That is all."

The Justice thought that ten dollars would pay for this acknowledged infraction of the law, and after some talk between the count and countess, the latter paid the fine and both departed.

So far the case was one of simple assault and battery. But the whilom lover gave it a different phase, in the story he afterwards told to the justice.

"I don't care for the knock-down," he said with a laugh, "though it was a rough surprise; but the coolness of the count astonishes me, though I must admit he was always cool. This woman was once a leading singer at the Royal Theatre of Milan. She was wonderfully popular. She was also handsome. I saw her in her heyday, and being just out of college and very impressible by a pretty woman's charms, fell in love with her, and like a fool talked of marriage. At that time the Count Ricciola was the worst gambler in Rome. He had bankrupted his estate, and there was a rumor that he was the leader of a robber gang—one of the worst in Italy. Be that as it may, I only know that I was carried to my apartments one night with a poniard thrust in my right side, given me, to be sure, in the dark, but by a man whom I recognized in the struggle as the count. It was six weeks before I was able to leave my room. During my illness I did not hear of the fair Bianca, who had told me, with a redundancy of flowery language, quite in accordance with her nationality and her profession, that she loved me. Once on my legs, the secret of her silence was revealed to me by my friends. She had fled with the count the night I was wounded. That cured my affection, of course. In fact, I rather thanked the count for his heroic treatment of my disease. It saved me—well, judge, you have seen her, and can tell how much I escaped. I have seen neither of them until this day, when I failed to recognize Italian nobility in this hulk of a padrone, though he evidently knew me." With that the Englishman departed.

In this way came about the revelation of the presence in our midst of a genuine count and countess—lineal descendants, perhaps, of Romulus and Remus. If the expiring strains of the countess' hand-organ should perchance rise on the morrow, it behooves men who laugh at the sombre woman at the crank to look around and discover, if they can, the presence of the burly count, as the Englishman's face showed that he can strike a most uncomfortable blow.—*Chicago Post and Mail.*



### The Scotch Music.

SCOTLAND is celebrated for its music; but the style which prevails in the north, or Highland country, is entirely different from that which is most relished in the southern provinces. The songs of the latter, Dr. Beattie remarks, are "all sweetly and powerfully expressive of love and tenderness, and other emotions suited to the tranquillity of pastoral life." On the contrary, the musical compositions of the Highlands "exhibit the wildest irregularity, the expression is warlike and melancholy, and approaches even to the terrible." Of musical instruments, the Highland pipe is peculiar to Scotland, and will excite a Scotchman in the same way that the sound of the trumpet gives animation to the war horse, or a fandango will excite a Spaniard. In the following beautiful language a Scotch writer speaks of the bagpipe: "In halls of joy and in scenes of mourning, it has prevailed; it has animated her warriors in battle, and welcomed them back after their toils to the homes of their love and the hills of their nativity. Its strains were the first sounded on the ears of infancy, and they are not to be forgotten in the wanderings of age. Even Highlanders will allow that it is not the gentlest of instruments; but when far from their mountain homes, what sounds, however melodious, could thrill round their heart like one burst of their own native pipe? The feelings which other instruments awaken are general and undefined, because they talk alike to Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans and Highlanders, for they are common to all; but the bagpipe is sacred to Scotland, and speaks a language which Scotsmen only feel. It talks to them of home and all the past, and brings before them, on the burning shores of India, the hills and the frequent streams of Caledonia, the friends that are thinking of them, and the sweethearts and wives that are weeping for them there! And need it be told here to how many fields of danger and victory its proud strains have led? There is not a battle that is honorable to Britain, in which its war blast has not sounded. When every other instrument has been hushed by the confusion and carnage of the scene, it has been borne into the thicket of battle, and far in the advance, its bleeding but devoted bearer, sinking on the earth, has sounded at once encouragement to his countrymen and his own coruscation."

Numerous anecdotes are related of the effects of this instrument on the hardy sons of Caledonia. In the war in India, a piper in Lord McLeod's regiment, seeing the British army giving way before superior numbers, played in his best style the well known Cogadh na Lìth, which filled the Highlanders with such spirit, that, immediately rallying, they cut through their enemies. For this fortunate circumstance Sir Eyre Coote, filled with admiration, and appreciating the value of such music, presented the regiment with fifty pounds to buy a stand of pipes. At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, the troops were retreating in disorder, and the General complained to a field officer in Fraser's regiment of the bad conduct of his corps. "Sir," said the officer with a dash of warlike, "you did very wrong in forbidding the piper to play; nothing inspires the Highlanders so much; even now they would be of some use." "Let them blow, in God's name, then," said the General, and the order being given, the pipers with alacrity sounded the Grounneachadh, on which the Gael formed in the rear and bravely returned to the charge.

George Clark, now piper to the Highland Society of London, was piper to the 71st regiment at the battle of Vimiera, where he was wounded in the leg by a musket ball as he boldly advanced. Finding himself disabled, he sat down on the ground, and, putting his pipes in order, called out, "Weel, lad, I am sorry I can na farther wi' you, bi' deil ha' my saul if ye shall want music," and struck up his favorite warlike air, with the utmost unconcern for anything but the unspeakable delight of sending his comrades to battle with the animating sound of the pibroch. "At all moral occupations in the Highlands, it has been observed that labor is accompanied by singing. When music can be had it is preferred. A piper is often regularly engaged in harvest to animate the reapers, and he generally keeps behind the slowest mower."

THE OLDEST ORGAN.—There is an organ in use at St. Johns church at Portsmouth which was imported for King's chapel, Boston, in 1713, and is said to be the oldest in the country. The prejudice against the use of musical instruments in church buildings was so strong, when it was brought over that the wardens quietly stowed it away in the cellar, where it remained for more than a year. In 1784 it was removed to a church in Newburyport, Mass., and thence to its present place.

AN INCIDENT OF 1765.—When Garrick visited Paris in 1753, and attended the Theatre Francaise, he prophesied that Mlle. Clairon would soon excel all her competitors, although at that time Mlle. Dumesnil was the reigning favorite. When he was again in Paris, in 1765, several persons of the first distinction, both English and French, met by appointment at the house of a distinguished person. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick and Mlle. Clairon were of the company. The conversation turned for some time upon *belles-lettres*, in which the merits of various authors were discussed with equal judgment and candor. Many critical observations were made on the action and eloquence of the French and English theatres; and, at the request of the company, La Clairon and David Garrick consented to exhibit various specimens of their theatrical talents, which produced much entertainment. This friendly contest lasted for a considerable time, with great animation on both sides. The company loudly declared their approbation of the two exhibitions in the strongest terms. It was remarked that the French gave the preference to the warlike and the English androgynous victory to Mlle. Clairon; but, as the greater number of the former were but little acquainted with the English language, Mr. Garrick was induced to relate a certain fact which happened under his own observation a few days previously, and afterwards to exhibit it by action. "A father," he said "was fondling his child at an open window, from whence they looked into the street; by one unlucky effort the baby sprang from his father's arms, fell upon the ground, and died on the spot. What followed," he continued, "was spoken in a language that everybody understood, for it was that of Nature itself." He then immediately threw himself into the attitude in which the father appeared at the time the child leaped from his arms. The influence which the representation of the father's agony produced upon the company, as exhibited by Garrick, was such that the greatest astonishment was actually succeeded by abundant tears. As soon as the company had recovered, Mlle. Clairon sprang up from her seat, and, throwing her arms around Garrick's neck, kissed him on both cheeks, apologizing to Mrs. Garrick for her conduct by saying "that really she could not help the impulse, and that it was her way of expressing enthusiastic applause."

A SLOW SUCCESS.—The growth of permanent success by slow degrees is no uncommon spectacle in the history of art. Neither the singer Pasta nor the opera "Norma," so nearly associated with her, achieved success at first. Mr. R. Davey, who describes a visit to Pasta in *Lippincott's Magazine*, had the story of Pasta's struggles from her own lips. "The voice," said she, "is secondary to the way in which it is used. I had not a good voice at all. It was one of great compass, but thick (*velate*) and not at all flexible, and I had great difficulty to keep it in tune. I was not successful for many years. I overcame all my difficulties by hard study. Perseverance did wonders for me. I will tell you who determined to battle all obstacles and conquer them. I had no natural shake or trill, and as the music of forty years ago was very elaborate and full of shakes, this was a great drawback to me. For five years I struggled to obtain the much-desired power of trilling. One day it came to me as by inspiration. I could shake it perfectly. I did not say a word about my victory to any one, being determined to exhibit it for the first time before the public. I was then at Bergamo, and acting in 'Niobe,' an opera containing an aria which suited my voice perfectly in every respect, but which I had been hitherto obliged to omit in part, as a long trill obligato opened the quick movement of the whole. I did not venture even to admit the orchestra to the knowledge of my secret. I simply told the conductor to suspend the instruments at the passage in question, as I was going to introduce a long cadenza. That evening when I came to the passage in question I stood in the middle of the stage and commenced a shake in a low key, gradually increasing it in power, and finally diminishing and ending it in a cadenza which linked it to the aria with perfect ease. The orchestra and the public were so surprised that for a second or two there was a dead silence in the theatre, and then the musicians laid down their instruments and applauded me to the echo. It was one of the proudest nights of my life."

SEALS OF APPROVAL.—The seals in the Brighton (Eng.) Aquarium are in a room where concerts are occasionally given. It is said that the animals are greatly affected by vocal music. Instrumental music does not seem to affect them so powerfully, but the more sweet and tender the voice of the singer, the more powerfully they are affected.

A SANDWICH ISLANDS PRIMA DONNA.—The lovers of music in San Francisco have had a novel sensation in the *debut* in concert, in that city, of a young girl, a native of the Sandwich Islands, whose voice has been much admired by those who heard her sing in Honolulu, and who seems to have made an uncommon impression upon her San Francisco audience. *The Alta* says:

"A select and fashionable audience assembled in Platt's Hall, last evening, to listen to Miss Adelaide Miller, the sweet song-bird of the palm groves of Oahu, and the result was astonishment and pleasure. Here was a young Hawaiian beauty, not yet out of her teens, without training of any kind, singing her native ballads and Italian, German, French and English arias with wonderful and exquisite effect. Her voice is clear, fresh, resonant and sympathetic, giving assurance of a famous career if she shall receive a proper musical education. The first of her Hawaiian ballads, 'Vabina' (Verbenas), she sang dressed in a representation of the costume of her native land, a 'holoku,' a long flowing wrapper of soft opera flannel, trimmed with bands of gold-colored satin. The lay is plaintive and soft. Her second native song was 'Poli Ann, Anu!' (Cold, cold breast!) Both were charming. In her last concert at Honolulu, Miss Miller was honored by being presented to the audience by His Majesty, King Kalakaua, and among her people she is recognized as their Nilsson."

Miss Miller is young, pretty, has pleasant manners, and all the qualities needed to make her, with the musical training she desires, a most successful singer. Mmc. Anna Bishop, to whom she was brought, expresses her belief that with such training she will take high rank as a singer.

A STORY ABOUT TOOLE.—Toole tells another amusing story with regard to his make-up. The incident occurred one night when he was playing Sadler's Wells. He performed at the Surrey Theatre and at the Adelphi on the same evening, and, as may be imagined, had little time to lose in dressing, etc. However, his work over at the Surrey and the Adelphi, he left the latter establishment, taking a cab in order to be driven to Sadler's Wells. He entered the cab as Mr. Spriggins—an old man—the character in "Ici On Parle Francais," which he had just been playing, and to the cabman's intense surprise, when he opened the door of his vehicle for his fare to dismount at the stage entrance of Sadler's Wells, the popular attire of Muster Grindine, in the "Green Bushes," met his eye. There was, of course, no vestige of old Mr. Spriggins in the cab. "What's the matter you done with the old man?" cried the startled cabman, frightened at his sudden disappearance. "Where's the old man?" Hereupon Toole explained to him how he and the old man were one and the same person, held out a liberal fare, and told him that they were waiting for him on the stage inside the theatre. But the cabman was for a long time obdurate. He thought that some unfair play had been transacted, and refused to let his fare go, calling on him continually to produce the "old man." The disturbance might have been indefinitely prolonged had not some of the theatrical officials come outside to look for the recent actor, and found him struggling between the cabman and the appreciative crowd. Of course a release was effected, and Toole taken in triumph on the stage.—*The Illustrated Review*.

A PRIMA DONNA'S PRESENTS.—Among the valuable presents received by Titiens, the prima donna, upon the occasion of her recent benefit in London, may be mentioned the following: "One was a superb solid gold casket, of the most chaste design, fashioned exquisitely in the mediæval style. On the lid, in beautiful medallions, are most appropriately the portraits of those great masters of whose works Titiens has been so great an exponent—Beethoven, Mozart, Cherubini, Rossini, Weber and Meyerbeer. The design is admirably conceived and richly and beautifully executed. Another splendid gift was of a most unique character, elaborate design, and perfect workmanship. It is a solid gold and silver wreath for the head, fashioned with excellent skill and of immense value. Another present was one any princess would and no doubt will envy when it is worn by Titiens. It is in the shape of a butterfly, the head being represented by a small but rich opal, and the body by a magnificent one of great size, whilst the large wings consist of superb diamonds of the purest water. A more beautiful adornment could scarcely be discovered if art treasures were everywhere ransacked. A very finely worked card tray, very simple and yet very handsome, and of solid gold, was also amongst the gifts."



**NEW MUSICAL SOCIETIES IN BOSTON.**—A new musical organization has recently come into existence in Boston, under the title of the Boston Philharmonic Club. It consists of the following well known musicians: Bernard Listemann, late violin soloist of the Thomas orchestra; Fritz Listemann, late first violinist of the Thomas orchestra; Emil Gramm, violinist, formerly of Thomas' orchestra, and lately musical director at the Santa Clara College, Cal.; Adolf Belz, French horn, formerly of the Royal orchestra of the King of Wurtemberg, and the Imperial Russian orchestra at St. Petersburg; Rudolf Hartdeggen, violoncello, late of the Imperial orchestra, Rio Janeiro; and Eugene Weiner, flute, formerly of Bille's orchestra, in Europe, and late of the Thomas orchestra. The club, which comprises several instrumental combinations, including a string quintette, has for its leader Mr. Bernard Listemann.

A new choral society of mixed voices has been organized under the following board of management: President, Charles C. Perkins; Secretary, Arthur Reed; executive committee, S. Lotherp Thorndike, John H. Stickney, Dr. S. W. Langmaid, Allen A. Brown, A. Parker Browne and Henry M. Aiken. The executive committee will have entire charge of the club, in all the details of its management, excepting the choice of music to be performed. The Harvard Musical Association, of which the club is a protegee, will control this part of the business; and two at least of next season's symphony concerts will include performances by the club. A hundred voices, male and female, is the present limit set for the club.

**A LONDON VIEW OF ENGLISH AMATEURS.**—"Unquestionably," says the *Saturday Review*, discoursing upon amateur music, "the general level of musical attainments in England is much higher than it was twenty years ago. It is rare nowadays to hear people make what is called a 'painful exhibition' of themselves at the piano. The incompetent young lady who wanted so much pressing, and received so complacently the compliment of an ironical prelate in the company—"Another time, when you say you can't sing, we shall know how to believe you"—is a thing of the past. Lackadaisical youths are now seldom to be heard inviting Maud into the garden, or dilating in a feeble strain on the melancholy process of 'fading away.' This sort of music and singers of this calibre have been relegated from the drawing room to the farm-house parlor, and the lower in which the siren of the refreshment-room snatches a short interval from soup for song. Nowadays no one sings in society who has not considerable pretensions to sing well. But with this development of the art there has been a psychological development in the artist of a less agreeable kind. Society pets and caresses its amateur musicians, but it also suffers many things at their hands. They are its spoiled children, and give themselves all the airs and graces of spoiled children. Their whims and freaks are the plague of all who come in their way. They mar as they make, and take pleasure in their capriciousness, they make by their levity. Their vanity and conceit, their rivalries and jealousies, are supremely ridiculous."

**LITTLE LUCCA.**—A New York correspondent of a provincial paper chats thus about Lucca, and the report that she intends retiring from the stage at no distant day, and with her husband, taking their residence in Europe: "They will probably settle down in one of the German provinces, and the little Lucca will go to raising chickens and fruit, after the manner of the great Pasta. I shall be very sorry to have Lucca leave this country for 'good,' as the children say, and hope Mr. Strakosch may be able to induce her to change her mind. Notwithstanding the fact that Lucca appears to be overflowing with fun and frolic, and is always making the troupe laugh at her cunning little ways at rehearsals, there is to me something about her that is irresistibly melancholy. When you watch her face in repose it has a very sad expression. Her large gray eyes look as though they were made for tears. She is hardly ever still long enough for one to see much of this expression, for she is hopping or skipping around the stage all the time, or else entertaining a select few with playing tunes on her teeth by knocking them together in a remarkable manner, so that she never loses a note, making a sound, of course not so loud, but something like castanets."

**A LONDON MUSICAL WORLD CRITICISM.**—The *World* says of a recent London concert: Madame Essipoff played the well known "Carnaval," in which dear Robert Schumann earnestly attempts the "style burlesque," so utterly antagonistic to his nature; a Barcarolle (why "Barcarolle?") by Anton

Rubenstein; a Gigue by J. S. Bach (happily not Taubstein, not Liszt, not Rubenstein, but simply J. S. Bach); a Chant Polonoise by Liszt—"d'apres" (a long way "apres") Chopin; an "Intermezzo" (why Intermezzo?) by Dr. Han von Bilow, which, thanks to the admirable playing, was encored; and a Valse (why "Valse?") by Gossard. Anton Rubinstein, one of the most elephantine, rhinocerosian, hippopotamusian, mammothian, behemothian, krakonian pieces of dance-music (Polypemus, the one-eyed, could alone have danced to it with anything like nimbleness) we ever heard. All these pieces were played in such absolute perfection by Mme. Annette Essipoff, that we hope to see her lithe and fairy fingers one day (not long hence) busy with music of a very different character. In those fingers dimples can be detected—as in the chubby cheeks of cherubs. Let them, then, skip over Liszt, Rubinstein, Bilow—three-headed Cerberus, whose hunger vats of sop can barely satisfy—and dwell Essipoffically (which means gently, caressingly, expressively, touchingly, nonathematically, broadwoodistically) on that lovable Mozart—of all living creatures on record the most absolutely musical.

**A NOVELTY IN MUSIC.**—The following description of an "Ocarine" concert is from the *London Daily News*: "An 'Ocarine' concert means music performed upon instruments of a very primitive form and simple construction, and all of which are modeled and manufactured out of small pieces of terra cotta. An ingenious Italian gentleman, Signor Louis Agosti, claims not the original idea of extracting sweet sounds from such unpromising material, but the resuscitation of an ancient idea, and its adaptation to modern music. He has, according to his account, taken 'a brick from Babylon,' and made from it a set of instruments which, in skillful hands, produce very sweet and pleasant music. His artists, the 'Mountaineers of the Appennines,' had quite an ovation on Saturday at the Crystal Palace. Dressed in their picturesque national costume, they presented themselves in front of the Handel orchestra, and then on their 'Babylonian pipes' played a selection of operatic *moreaux* with perfect skill and brilliant execution. A selection from 'Il Trovatore,' followed by the overture to 'William Tell,' quite as much surprised as pleased the audience; but the grand success was a waltz with a running accompaniment of the warbling of birds, the latter imitated to perfection on an instrument quite as primitive as the earthen pipes. The difficult overture to 'William Tell' was given with all the fire and precision of a full orchestra."

**THEIR GOOD CONSTANT.**—A veteran *concerge* of the Paris theatres was buried the other day, known as Constant. His full name was Constant Provost. He had been attached to the Odeon for nearly forty years, had known all the theatrical authors and actors living, and possessed the carte and autograph of nearly every one of them, the whole forming a remarkable gallery in his waiting room on the first floor of the theatre. There might be seen the photographs of Dumas, George Sand, Pousard, Augier, Rachel, Bocage, Beauvallet, and many more of equal celebrity, with flattering dedications: "To my good friend Constant—my dear Constant—my excellent Constant." A week or so ago Constant bade himself as usual to his little country house at Chaville. He returned at night to the theatre and entered his room. The next evening he was found seated on his bed, his head reclining on one arm. They thought him asleep, but he never woke; and a doctor being sent for pronounced that he had been dead at least twenty hours. A crowd of artists followed his remains, each and all personal friends of poor Constant.

**RACHEL'S SECRET.**—A correspondent of the *Arctican* writes: "When I was in Paris, I read in the *Figaro* an account of the death of Rachel, which was the scene of poor Rachel's death. It seemed that in a corner of the bed-chamber, over a *prie-dieu* chair, is this inscription:

H  
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"No one has ever been able to make out what it means. It was placed there by order of Rachel herself, and contains, so they say, the secret of her life. A gentleman, in a letter to the *Figaro*, says he possesses the secret, and will reveal it as soon as the *Figaro* reappears; for, as you know, that paper is suspended for a fortnight. So we are obliged to remain in suspense about the mystery until the great gossip-monger greets us once more."

**NEW ENGLAND NORMAL MUSICAL INSTITUTE.**—A very successful inaugural session of the New England Normal Musical Institute—Professor Eben Tourjee, director—which has been attended by 110 pupils, at East Greenwich, R. I., closed August 20, with an instrumental and vocal concert. Mr. Geo. L. Osgood rendered three songs; Mr. B. J. Lang, two piano compositions by Mendelssohn and Chopin; Mr. George E. Whiting, a fine organ solo; Miss Ada B. Coombs, of Providence, Lachner's beautiful song, "Thou Everywhere," the Beethoven Quintette Club, Suppe's "Bandit's Frolic" overture, Schuman's "Traumerei," etc.; and there were several artistic choruses and part songs by the institute chorus, under the direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn. Teachers and pupils have worked with commendable zeal, and the latter, by their enthusiastic industry and perseverance, have won a most gratifying profit.

**A MUSICAL FAMILY.**—August 22d, the Orson Perkins family held a reunion at Woodstock, Vt., in honor of the marriage of Woodstock, the American basso in the Italian Opera Company at London, and Mlle. Marie Royce, soprano in the same company. The father, Colonel Orson Perkins, taught singing school for forty-five years, and his wife was a prominent singer in her young days. They are both hale and hearty at seventy-two and sixty-six. Their six children, five sons and a daughter, are all living: W. O., the well known convention conductor and composer, of Boston; H. S., also conductor and composer, of Chicago; E. K., teacher of singing schools at Woodstock; Jule, who is winning fame as an opera singer; A. O., who, although having musical talent, doesn't make music a profession; and the daughter, Franc, who is a singer and the wife of George S. Cheney, music teacher at Amherst.

**A RELIC OF THE EMPIRE.**—There is to be an entertainment given in a few days by the President and Madame de MacMahon at the Elysee, in Paris, wherein the principal feature of the evening will be a short play performed by the leading members of the company at the Comedie Francaise. For the accommodation of the guests a temporary theater in wood is to be erected. This theater is one of the relics of the empire. It was originally constructed for the private theatricals given by the Empress at Compiègne, and was only used a few times before *fêtes*, splendors, Empress, Emperor, and Empire all took flight together. It was so constructed as to be readily taken down and put up again, every piece being numbered so that each part can be readily fitted into place.

**THE PRICE OF VOLUNTARY TRIBUTES.**—The *Gazette* publishes an amusing article on the theatrical *claque* in Berlin, in which the following is related about Mlle. Vestrali, the female Hamlet: She wanted to have bouquets and wreaths thrown to her. I demanded twenty dollars for it, which she said was too much for one night. But I explained the whole thing to her. "Madam," I said, "the twenty dollars are sufficient for two nights. To-day I and my men will throw the bouquets to you from the first tier. After the performance is over I shall take the flowers home with me in a basket, put them in water, and leave them there all night and the following day. To-morrow night no one in the audience will find out that the bouquets have been used before." Thereupon she paid me the sum I had demanded.

**SONGS OF FORTUNE.**—Victorin Viellot, the music publisher, has died in Paris. He dealt exclusively in national songs and street ballads, which he sold at prices varying from two to four cents each. As he gave only a small sum for a song, and sold some 200,000 or 300,000 copies of it, he amassed a large fortune, though he came to Paris a poor man. Of "The Song of the Girondists," for instance, 200,000 copies were sold in 1858, and 500,000 in 1870. He purchased it for seven and a half francs. Of "Les Girondins de Reims," he bought for ten francs, 250,000 copies were struck off. Viellot had a taste, with the refrain "Je te fis souper corrette," set to music by an unknown street singer, and sold more than 100,000 copies of it.

**NOVEL MUSIC.**—The most wonderful thing we have heard in the way of music while in Italy, is a party of five young men, Italians of course, who make music in the streets of Florence after the sun is set. One sings the air, and you feel that his heart is in his song, the others hum or rather play an accompaniment with the mouth alone similar to the harp. Until you are near enough to see that they have no instrument you will not believe the fact. It has the sound of the strings, and is truly wonderful and artistic.



# The Song Journal.

WM. P. FULLER, Editor.

DETROIT, SEPTEMBER, 1874.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."  
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stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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## The Piano in the Household.

THE Professors of the bucolic Rubensteinian school have done much to discourage the popular favor in which the piano is held. It is something, to be sure, to hear Rubenstein and his kind, as they move towards the destruction of the instrument. They assail it without mercy, until every string in its body quivers with rage and howls in anguish. What the tragedian does in his way, these players do in theirs. They make the obedient instrument rave, and, musically, tear passion to tatters. At times, and suddenly, the storm dies away, and a little strain of melody comes in, as a sun-ray darts through a cloud rift in the sky, and is hailed with delight by the ordinary people of the world, who cannot admire the roaring of the wires, and do not care to study the composition of the clouds. In one way or another, in both cases, they express their delight at these pleasing episodes. But the roar is renewed, the clouds re-unite, and there is nothing but thunder again either from the piano or the clouds, and the pleasure of the occasion has passed away. It is wonderful, no doubt. The celerity with which the nimble fingers fly along the keys; the continuous voice which is invoked, from the heaviest base to the finest treble of the instrument, is remarkable. So the Hanlons, before they had all broken their necks in the business, were wont to whirl in the air until they looked like spangled wheels, and went from the stage very red in the face, and panting. It was a wonderful performance; but, though the spectator found enough in it to excite his wonder, it was rarely that it gave him pleasure. The Rubensteins, who bring the arts of the gymnasium to bear upon the keyboard of the piano, excite admiration for their musical trapeze display, but to the popular ear the music is drowned in a raging sea of noise; and the piano is denounced, like the dog in the fable, because it is found in such company.

We extend the hand of fellowship to Prof. Dwight, therefore, because, in his last *Journal of Music*, he apologizes for the uncouth service the piano is made to perform by these virtuosos, and calls attention to its unlimited capacity for pleasing the lover of music. We entirely agree with him that because scientific hands would make the piano speak through its whole length at once, and perform the work of an entire orchestra, we are not to forget its humble and more genuine service to music. We are not to forget that there are the compositions of Mendelssohn, of Beethoven, of Chopin, and their

kind, embracing fiery inspirations, delicate dreams of sentiment, the purest poetry of sound, written for the piano, and in most cases inspired, even, by the piano itself, as the dreamer's fingers wandered over the keys and wooed and won the melodies. It gives us something of everything in all varieties of music; not the whole, perhaps, but it sketches and suggests. Its valuable virtue is its serviceableness. If you have heard a splendid overtture by the orchestra, it will go over the whole ground and bring its beauties vividly up again. If you have heard a pleasing air, it will repeat it for your edification. The beauty and grandeur of the orchestra may not be perfectly repeated, but it will give you every striking characteristic of the work; and though it cannot sing, nor prolong a tone, nor do the duty of an orchestra, still it can give you a sketch of even the largest composition, that you may perceive its design, as you may that of a great painting by an engraving which portrays its outlines. To a partial extent, the practical reader will gather something of the character of a work from the printed score; but not until he can hear it will he be thoroughly content. There is enough of the musical tone in a good piano to give an utterance to that printed score such as he desires. It is a faithful servant, always at hand, and with it he runs over the music until it becomes familiar, so that when the orchestra brings it out again he knows it and enjoys it thoroughly. Thus, the piano is a master key to all the treasures of music. It brings them all home to you, on a reduced scale to be sure, without your waiting for the occasional privilege of hearing them at their best with complete orchestral performance.

We believe that the piano in the house is, as Mr. Tupper says of the baby, a well-spring of pleasure. Where children are coming up from childhood to youth, there is nothing which will so supplement the pleasant parents' faces in binding them to their homes, as music. A great variety of instruments is not practicable; orchestral effect is not expedient; but the piano is something of an orchestra of itself, and its place and power as a minister of innocent amusement to the young folks of the household cannot be overrated. All these young people cannot become Rubensteins, and that is one of the things of this life for which they are ever to be thankful; but most of them can induce the piano to play pleasing melodies from the chords which lie within its bosom. You may ask a singer for a song, and the chances are that he will have a cold and decline. You may ask a lady to play, and she may be out of practice and excuse herself. But the piano never has a cold, and is never out of practice, but is always ready when others are, and responds to calls for music with a cheerful "Here!"

## The Musical Outlook.

THE outlook for the season of 1874-5 is, on the whole, satisfactory. Italian opera will not make the demonstration that it did last year, but there will be a fair share of it, and with that, and Miss Kellogg's troupe, and the *bouffe*, and the lyceum troupes, and the various concert combinations which are in contemplation, the winter will not pass unheeded.

As to Strakosch, we have had various announcements relative to what he would do, and these differing assertions have finally crystallized into the certainty that his leading ladies are to be Heilbron, from Paris, and Albani, who is an American production with European training and culture. The name of Heilbron is not what might be called a household word in the United States. Until her engagement to Strakosch, there were but very few in this country who knew of her existence; but Albani has fairly contested the honors with Nilsson and Patti on the London boards, and with such marked success that she is really the formidable rival of them both. Miss Cary, the universal favorite, is re-

tained, as is Maresi, the girl of a stately presence and an ordinary voice; and Mme. Polentini comes from La Scala, at Milan, to reinforce the dramatic element. The tenors are Debassini, Devillier and Carpi; the baritones, Tagliapietra and Del Puente, and the basses, Florina and Scolaria. Muzio will wield the baton, the dresses are to be new, and the repertory interesting. Besides the familiar stock operas, we are promised Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," Marchetti's "Ruy Blas," and Verdi's Requiem. "Lohengrin" is to be put on the stage again—probably with Polentini as *Elza* and Carpi as the *Knight*. "Aida" will be repeated, with Polentini in the title role; and among the expected revivals are "William Tell," the "Prophet," and the "Star of the North." The opening of the campaign will take place at New York, on the 28th inst.

Those wondrous birds of passage, Nilsson and Lucca, it will be observed, do not appear. Patti prefers royal audiences, who flood the stage with diamonds, to the earnest, perhaps, but unfinancial applause of an American opera house, and will not come. Whether he chooses to or not, then, the experiment of a well-balanced company, with no blazing star at the head, must be tried by Mr. Strakosch. The result of the experiment remains to be seen, but all the papers and all the people cry aloud for him to go ahead and win. The petulance and avariciousness of the famous prima donnas having disgusted the public, the public is willing—nay, anxious—to dispense with their services; and the sentiment governing in the community nowadays is, that if these females cannot afford to sing for less than a thousand or two dollars a night, they had better sell out to some one who can. These things being urged upon Mr. Strakosch from all quarters, let those who urge him to it support him by their patronage, and do their share toward the fulfillment of their own prophecies.

The English opera company of which Clara Louise Kellogg is the head and front, will come this winter strengthened by the return of both Castle and Campbell, who have been for a couple of years with the Rosa troupe in Great Britain. Carleton, it seems, is reengaged—though why he is not to be improved upon we do not know—and Mass. Finally, Mrs. Seguin, the pleasant and faithful little contralto, keeps her place, and the chorus and orchestra are to be repaired and renovated. The company is in better than usual trim for service, and their outlook is most promising. Balfe's "Talisman" has been added to their repertory.

Tostee is dead, and Schneider is afraid to cross the seas; therefore, Aimee is all, apparently, that is left to us in the way of opera bouffe. She is finishing up her San Franciscan engagement, and will presently return to her old camp grounds east of the Rocky Mountains.

These, with Adelaide Philipps and her lyceum operatic company; Camilla Urso and her noted colleagues; and De Vivo with his Di Murska combination, will all assist the seeker for winter entertainment in passing away the time pleasantly and perhaps even profitably. Mote it be.

THE New York *Graphic*, which sets itself up as something of an adept in musical and dramatic lore, says that those who are familiar with London and New York theatres concede that in the interior architecture of our best theatres, their scenic splendor, the general excellence of their stock companies, and the perfection of detail with which plays are produced, we are decidedly in advance of London. In the latter capital there is not a single theatre that equals Booth's in the fullness and perfection of its interior arrangements, while the thoroughness with which plays are mounted and acted at the Fifth Avenue and the Union Square surprises even an artist as familiar with the London theatrical world as Mr. Dion Boucicault. Moreover, we have the



best dramatic artists of the time. During the season that is just opening we are to have such actors as Toole, Boucicault, Clarke, Jefferson, and perhaps Booth, and such actresses as Mrs. Rousby, Miss Morris and Miss Cushman. Whatever plays prove successful in Paris or London will be undoubtedly produced here, and, altogether, the United States is far ahead of the older world of Europe, in all that makes the drama a success. As a complement to the dramatic situation as set forth by the *Graphic*, the *Spirit of the Times* boasts that musically, too, America bids fair to outstrip the world, "including even Italy, that land of song where prime donne are nurtured in an atmosphere of melody and are brought into bloom." To support this assertion, the *Spirit* brings forward the roll of honor bearing the names of Clara Louise Kellogg, Jennie Van Zandt, Adelaide Phillips, Zelda Seguin, Nettie Sterling, Carlotta Patti, Anna Louise Cary, and others. This is a strong exhibit, and calculated to make the American Eagle plume his wings for his loftiest flight!

TOOLE, the long heralded, made his first bow to an American audience at Wallack's Theatre, August 17th, in the character of *Hammond Cootie* in the "Wig and Gown." *Hammond Cootie* is a barrister of very limited practice. He is what may be described as a muddle-headed man. Warm-hearted, with generous impulses, and not devoid of a certain kind of intellect, he is unable to grasp the salient points in a case, or to string the different threads of the narrative together. He is, in fact, the very worst kind of a lawyer a client could dread. This man, by a combination of circumstances, becomes engaged in a lawsuit of great importance, involving weighty issues. His responsibility unnerves him. In court he makes the most ridiculous blunders, asks the most insane questions, contradicts his own witnesses, and, in fact, does everything to ruin his cause. The laughter excited by his incapacity plunges him into yet greater difficulties, and an adverse verdict is almost a foregone conclusion, when some trifling incident strikes a familiar chord in his memory, and he is suddenly awakened to the fact that he himself, and not his client, is the person mainly interested in the trial. This conviction fills him with unexpected power. The man is transformed. His vacillation is succeeded by an impetuosity which nothing can resist. He overwhelms his opponents with pertinent questions and cogent argument, and carries his case to a triumphant conclusion. The sentiment of the piece is not complimentary to the lawyers, but then you know it is only a play!

A CINCINNATI paper a few weeks ago recited the prices paid to the choir singers of that city. The sums ranged from \$150 to \$500 per annum, and the comment which this paper made upon their figures was that the remuneration was so small that the effect was to see a choir go to pieces once or twice a year, because the singers would not bind themselves to the duties of the regular service for so trifling a reward. The complaint made by the Cincinnati paper was called to mind lately by a glance at the advertising columns of the *London Musical Times* where choir singers and organists want places, or where places want them, the price to be paid being named in both cases. An organist is required for St. Luke's Church, Old-street, where the incumbent "would have to organize and train a choir for a good choral service, and attend three services on Sunday, and one on Wednesday and Holiday evenings. Stipend £50 per annum." An organist is wanted also, for the Church of St. Bartholomew, Islington. Salary £20 per annum. An alto is called for at All-Hallows', Lombard street, at a salary of £10, and a soprano is in demand at £5. A gentleman wants an engagement as tenor and assistant organist, and charges £10 for his services. A tenor is wanted at Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, and £10

a year is offered for the prize. From these specimens of the musical traffic of London, it will be seen that Cincinnati pays exorbitant prices compared with London, and yet her figures are far below any other American city, probably, of her pretensions.

LAST month we stated that it was the opinion of the London musical press that Nilsson was rapidly singing herself out of the ranks of the great artists, and that her presentation of *Leonora* in "Trovatore" caused Sir Michael Costa's hair to spring to its feet. The *Athenæum*, referring to Miss Nilsson, also detects a new departure in her style, and says it cannot be accepted in any other light than a loss of the signal charm she once possessed. In portions of *Marguerite*, and of *Lucia* and *Edith*, her former pure, simple and touching method was shown; but while striving for passionate impulse and dramatic earnestness in the *Leonora* of "Trovatore," and in *Valentina* of the "Huguenots," she indulged in such a strain on her voice, that she was no longer singing, but screaming, and those who have followed her career from her debut at Paris to the present, are reluctantly compelled to give up their hitherto unshaken faith in her capabilities. In her attempt to conquer these parts, Nilsson has undoubtedly made a mistake. In both these unfortunate characters Patti failed, and Nilsson was unwise to follow such a precedent. Even Jenny Lind, at the height of her fame, when the world was crazy over her *Amina* and *Lucia*, attempted *Norma* and failed. The friends of the music of the future jubilate over these incidents and sarcastically suggest that "it cannot be possible to destroy a voice in other music than Wagner's!" And then they smile demonic smiles.

THE *New York Tribune*, standing upon its house-top not long ago proclaimed that Boucicault's new drama was the first attempt to bring the civil war in the United States upon the stage, and that Mr. Boucicault had found an unexplored region in which to work, uncultivated by any predecessor. Among those down in the street who heard this proclamation from the *Tribune* house-top, was Charles Gaylor, the dramatic author. Immediately on hearing these things, Mr. Gaylor rushed home and took his pen in hand to inform the *Tribune* that he was well and hoped these few lines would find them enjoying the same great blessing; but that in 1861 he wrote a play called "The Battle of Bull Run," which had a career of many weeks in New York, and that went the rounds of the cities, where it also met with great favor. This play, he adds, had many points which Boucicault has incorporated into his production, the plot turning as does Boucicault's, upon the commission of a flagrant act of espionage by a woman, and culminating in a battle scene. Mr. Gaylor fears that an American play by an American author does not count with the editors of the *Tribune*. As to Boucicault's new drama, it has been played in New York, and is characterized as "a trashy sensation play, with clever incidents here and there." Its interest culminates in the first act, and the two that follow are absurd and superfluous.

CINCINNATI is making a grand opera house of the old Mozart Hall building, and will introduce some new features. The seating capacity of the house will be remarkably large—parquette, 300; dress circle, 500; balcony, 600; gallery, 1,000; total, 2,400. The arm chairs alone will number 1,400. The stage is forty-eight feet deep and eighty wide, an expanse that will admit of spectacle on any European scale. The first cellar under the stage is twelve feet deep, and the sub-cellar twenty-two feet. Some of the scenery will ascend from this sub-cellar and descend again, after the style of Booth's Theatre. Patent footlights of the sunken pattern will be used. An innovation will be applied to the footlights, consisting of green, red and blue reflectors,

the cost of which appliance will be \$1,500. The red reflectors are employed to warm up parlor scenes; the blue give a moonlight, and the green a ghastly effect. It is so arranged that it can be emptied of its largest audiences, in case of real or imagined emergency, in about one minute. Mr. Miles will be the manager, and it is to be opened for the season on the evening of September 7.

BEFORE the Berger Family could get away from their home at Jackson for their next campaign, they were surprised one August evening by the unexpected advent of many friends and neighbors, who took possession of the house, and, bringing with them something which would prevent the vest from falling in, set the feast upon the tables, and a night of festivity and music followed. Against this pleasant kind of Bergerly there is positively no law. The troupe this season consists of Miss Anna Berger, cornet and violin; Miss Henrietta Berger, crystal chimes, trombone and Arcadian lute; Miss Josie Berger, tenor horn and bells; Miss Jennie Kellogg, alto horn and bells; Fred. G. Berger, cornet and harp; Henry G. Berger, flute, piccolo and tuba; James W. McKee, motto singer, eccentric and character vocalist; LeGrand, change artist, impersonator and comic vocalist; Prof. A. Anderson, violinist and cornet; and L. Percy Williams, guitar and harmonicon.

As painting is comparatively cheap, the refreshments room of the new grand Opera House will contain eight panels, representing, under an allegorical form, wine, the orange, the tea-plant, hunting, fishing, pastry, ices, and the coffee-tree, all worked in gobelin tapestry, stitched with silk and woolen threads, which copy the painter's picture with as vivid colors as those of his palette, and with all his skillful drawing. Four of the panels have been finished; two will be finished early next month; the last two will be finished in November. Each of these panels has taken up the whole time of three workmen during a whole year; no workman, working every day, is able to cover more than three square feet in twelve months. The eight panels have taken up the whole time of twenty-four workmen during a year.

THE Beecher scandal was used as the basis of a play, called "Passions' Perils," which was brought out at the Howard Athenæum, at Boston, on the evening of August 17th. It was, really, an adaptation of the old dramatization of "Griffith Gaunt," but the allusions, situations and names were so revamped as to give it a localization which could not be mistaken. More than this, the illuminated posters about town announcing the play, contained faces which were readily recognizable as portraits of the principal actors in the Brooklyn drama. The license committee of the city attended the play, and at the close of the performance prohibited its further representation, as it was an exhibition not conducive to good morals, and offensive to public sentiment. This righteous act of the authorities will meet with the commendation of respectable people everywhere.

IN London, the war of the pitches is yet raging, the singers are constantly out of time, and the brows of conductors are dark and threatening. Apropos of the controversy, a letter appears in the English papers signed C. J. Bishenden, author of "The Voice and How to Use It," declaring that having applied to Mmc. Nilsson to ascertain whether she intended to continue her support to the lower diapason lately introduced at the Drury-lane Theatre, he received an assurance from that singer that she will do all in her power to forward its general adoption all over the world. The writer adds that Sir Michael Costa is opposed to the new pitch, because it spoils the brilliant effects of his splendid band.



THE *Boston Advertiser* says that Mr. Gould the sculptor of that city, has produced in marble, the "Ghost of Hamlet." It consists of a head, bearded, helmeted, and plumed, chiseled in high relief on a sunken oval set into a square. It is a shadow in marble, yet a distinct personality of keen and varied expression. It is a spirit striving to become an apparition, and showing the strain of the endeavor. As one looks longer the piteousness of the whole expression grows, especially in the wonderful eyes; the countenance, grim and "perturbed," as it is, is seen to be "more in sorrow than in anger," and even the dread frown seems tempered by the love and longing which led the father to seek his only son. In every line and aspect the head is most majestic and kingly, and by some subtle skill the effect of paleness, as required by the text of Shakspeare, seems to be imparted to the wasted cheeks.

ABOUT sixty theatres have been burned in the United States during the last thirty years. The great danger of disasters of this kind lies in the combustible character of the scenery, but this has been obviated by a Mr. Parsons, of San Francisco, who has invented a fire-proof stage and scenery. The invention, or rather series of inventions, has created quite a buzz in theatrical circles. The inventor claims that much manual labor is saved, and that the whole stage is absolutely fire-proof. It is pretty well known that fires in theatres nearly always originate on the stage, and insurance agents state that the rates would be reduced more than fifty per cent were this metallic machinery and scenery adopted. In point of fact, many insurance companies decline risks on theatres, altogether on account of the peril to which the property is exposed by the inflammable structure of the scenes.

CLEVELAND, after many years of patient waiting, is finally to have an opera house. Case Hall has been the principal reliance for six or eight years in times of operatic or high dramatic emergency, but it is simply a hall, and the stage is far from meeting the requirements of such occasions. The new establishment is to be called the Euclid Avenue Opera House, its name indicating the street upon which it is located. It is to be of stone. The auditorium will seat 1,600 people, and the stage will be seventy-two feet wide by fifty-seven deep, with a proscenium arch thirty-eight feet high. Mr. Ellsler, the well known Cleveland manager, is at the head of the enterprise, and hopes to open the building to its uses on the first of January next.

WERE any of our music masters at the opera house during the Fox pantomime season last month, and did they, hearing the London Madrigal boys, get a hint for something here? Perhaps it is safe to say that nothing ever gave a Detroit audience greater gratification than the performance of this semicircle of ten young boys. Their combined tones were of no greater volume than that given out by the voice of one healthy-lunged prima donna, but that volume was as sweet—shall we say sweeter?—though perhaps not as rich, as the voice of the prima donna. Let the question be repeated; Did any of our music masters gain a hint to be put into practice, from the singing of the London Madrigal boys?

THE point at issue in musical London, as well as in this country, says the *Boston Transcript* is "whether the entirety of a performance is preferred by an educated opera audience, or the predominance of capricious prime donne, whose exactions must soon come to a climax." We shall have an opportunity to decide that question the coming winter, for what we shall have of Italian opera is to come in the shape of "the entirety of a performance," the "capricious prime donne" having transferred their caprices to foreign lands.

A NEW oratorio, "Jesus Christ," by Frederic Kiel, has been brought out at Berlin, and is spoken of as a production of extreme beauty. It is in three parts with six principal scenes. The entry of the Saviour into Jerusalem and the Last Supper form the first part; the Denial of Peter, Christ before the Grand Pontiff and before Pilate, and the crucifixion, the second section; and the final one is devoted to the Resurrection of Jesus. The characters in the score are Christ, the Grand-Pontiff, Pilate, Peter, Judas, Thomas, the two Marys, a Pharisee, an Angel, two Servants, the two Thieves, the Disciples, and the People.

IT is stated that Pennsylvania has enacted a law whereby, after October 1, 1875, the ability to teach vocal music will be a requisite in securing positions as teachers for the public schools in the State. The statute requires that vocal music shall be taught according to the directions of the superintendent of common schools, who shall appoint a master of the art to instruct the teachers' institute and normal schools in the study of vocal music. This will necessarily bring about a great change in the *personnel* of the Pennsylvania teachers when it goes into operation, whether to the advantage of the schools or not remains to be seen.

A comic opera company composed of children under twelve years of age is the sensation in Mexican cities. The prima donna, Carmen Moran, is ten years old, has a sweet and cultivated voice, is a consummate actress, and assumes the "Grand Duchess" or "La Belle Helene" with a grace and vivacity that would do credit to Aimee. The *Tro Republics*, of Mexico, says that the tenor, bass, baritone, and chorus of this liliputian troupe are equally admirable. They are natives of Puebla, and have been trained by Mexican professors. Presently they are coming to the United States.

LONDON has a new Shakspeare society which is engaged in the appropriate labor of attempting to show that Shakspeare did not write most of the works popularly attributed to him, but that he wrote several boshy pieces not hitherto honored by association with his name. The most direct method of disposing of Shakspeare's claims to the authorship of the Shakspearean plays, is to give out and stand to it that they were never written at all.

ALTHOUGH the musical expedition of Strauss and his orchestra into Italy was in the main successful, the audiences were no where enthusiastic. This may have been due to Italian familiarity with superior music; and it may have been due to the unjust and ridiculous criticism—if such a scolding can be called a criticism—which Bulow bestowed upon the Requiem of Verdi.

THE Prince of Wales is credited with having been the donor of the \$16,000 pair of diamond *solitaire* earrings which Mlle. Schneider sports before the admiring gaze of Parisian theatre-goers. Mrs. Wales heard, as well as others, of this rumor, and it is noticed that Albert Edward has become suddenly bald-headed. It may be simply a coincidence, and yet it may be cause and effect.

ON the evening of July 26, Charles, the only survivor of the Hanlon brothers, fell at Jersey City from a trapeze, receiving injuries that will probably end his earthly career. All his famous brothers had previously died violent deaths in the practice of their profession.

BOSTON has a musical establishment conducted by White, Smith & Co. Glad to hear it; for there are so many Black Smiths attached to the profession in some parts of New England that this concern acts as a refreshing offset thereto.

NILSSON is to have \$32,000 for singing sixteen times at St. Petersburg. Patti is to have \$40,000 for her season there. If the seasons are of equal length, Nilsson will get \$1,400 a night, and Patti \$2,500. That is very good remuneration. For that amount we might be tempted to warble a bit ourselves—out in some desert.

THE two premium fools of the nineteenth century met recently at Leipsic. One was Liszt, the pianist, the other Gye, the manager. The manager offered the pianist \$200,000 for a season in America, and the pianist refused it.

A BALLET of animated flowers is one of the hits of "Le Pied de Mouton" at the Porte St. Martin. In America, however, this is nothing new. Here the ballet girls always make a point of their poses.

THE original matinee—when "the morning stars sang together."—*Lonell Courier*. And the operatic managers will tell you that none of the stars have been induced to sing together since.

THE *Athenæum* has never been able to get over it because we have had "Lohengrin" eleven times and "Aida" thirty-three times, while London never has heard the faintest lip of either.

WHEN we find a musical journal that does not speak of "the divine art" in every number, we are going to subscribe for a dozen copies of it to be sent to some of our contemporaries.

MUNICH was to have had a grand musical festival in August, with a chorus of 6,000 voices, the Municipal authorities having aided and abetted it with financial guarantee.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL has united his fortunes with Daly's Fifth Avenue Company, and Le Grand Pierce of Grand Rapids has been invited to take his place in the Berger troupe.

FIFTEEN years ago Kansas was full of bears, Indians and border ruffians. In July, its Normal Academy of Music at Leavenworth opened with over 150 students.

IT is even announced that Maretzek is coming out this year with a season of Italian opera for Miss Violetta Colville! E'en in his ashes, live his wonted fires.

SULLIVAN has contracted to come to America next year, for one hundred and fifty nights, at \$300 a night. His liberality and condescension are touching.

PROVIDENCE is enjoying a native burlesque called the Frog Opera. The music is probably better adapted to hops than to waltzes.

THE Boston papers say that the musical taste of that city is far more refined and cultivated than is its taste for the drama.

IONIA BELLE REYNOLDS BROWN has gone with her husband to Europe, where both are to complete their musical studies.

A LONDON manager has offered Offenbach \$16,000 for a new opera bouffe.

IN reply to *Benham's Review*,—Never, sir! Never!

A CAT'S TESTIMONY.—The Martens family, who do the celebrated "cat duet," were paid a graceful compliment recently while appearing at a Philadelphia theatre. Just as their voices reached that climax where two cats are supposed to be desperately fighting, an old cat—a regular *attache* of the theatre—jumped on the stage, eyes sparkling and tail extended straight up in the air, eager to take a part in the fray.





[illegible]

Where is now the mer - ry par - ty I re - mem - ber long a -

*p*

go; Laugh - ing round the Christ - mas fire, Bright - en'd

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by its rud - dy glow, Or in sum - mer's balm - y

*p*

*un poco cres.*

ev'n - ings, In the field up - on the hay! They have

*p*

*pp*

*dim.*

all dis - pers'd and wan - der'd Far a - way, Far a - way, They have

*pp*

all dis - pers'd, and wan - der'd Far a - way, Far a - way.

*rall*

*mf*

Faraway.



2. Some have gone to lands far dis - tant, And with stran - gers made their  
 3. There are still some few re - main - ing, Who re - mind us of the

*p*

home, past; Some up - on the world of wa - ters, All their  
 But they change, as all things change here, Noth - ing

lives are forced to roam; Some are gone from us for-  
 in this world can last, Years roll on and pass for-

*p*

*un poco cres.*

Far away.

ev - er, Long - er here they might not stay, They have  
 ev - er, What is com - ing, who can say? Ere this

*p*  
*pp*  
*dim.*

reached a fair-er re - gion Far a - way, far a - way, They have  
 clos - es, ma - ny may be Far a - way, far a - way, Ere this

*pp*

reached a fair-er re - gion Far a - way, far a - way.  
 clos - es, ma - ny may be Far a - way, far a - way.

*mf*

Faraway.

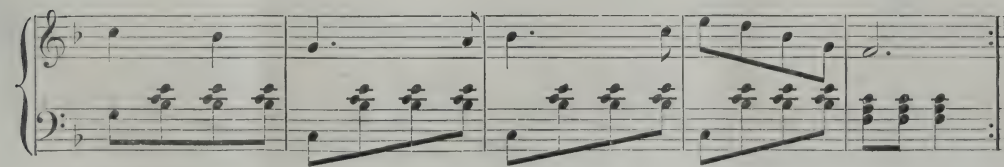
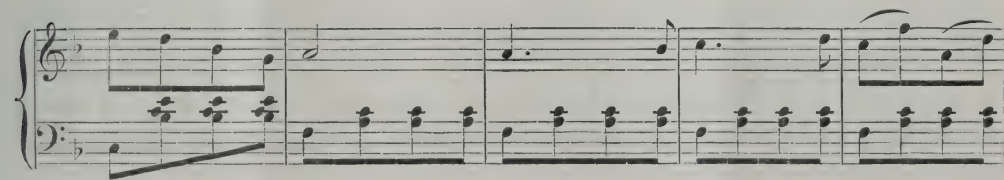
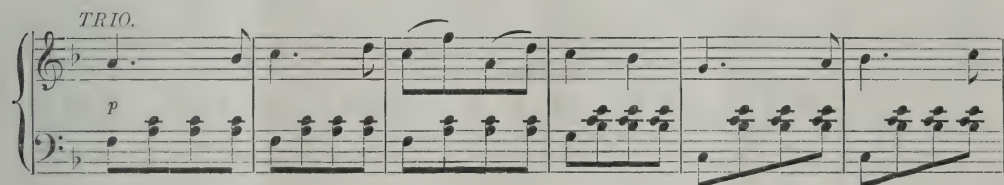
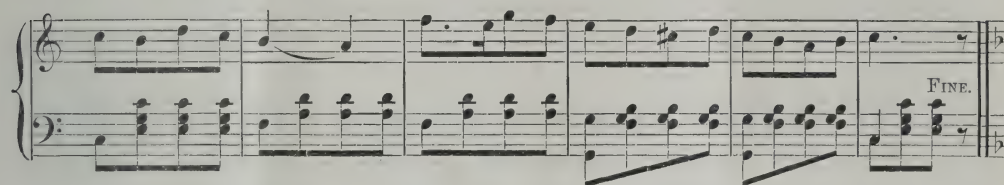
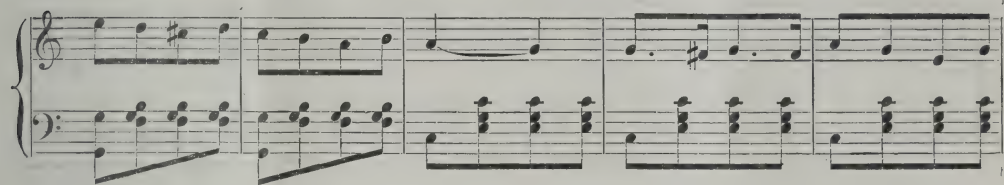
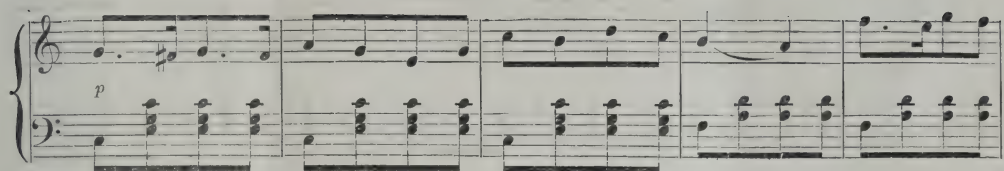
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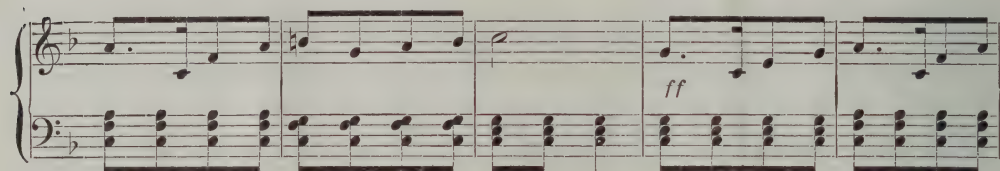
# PRINCE IMPERIAL GALOP.

By CHARLES COOTE.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system features a first ending (marked '1.') and a second ending (marked '2.') with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking. The fourth system continues the piece. The fifth system also includes first and second endings. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.







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| Blue Bird, (Transcription,) . . . . .                    | G. D. WILSON.        | 40   |
| Budding Rose, (Polka Mazurka,) . . . . .                 | C. DE JANON.         | 50   |
| Chanson d'Amour, (Song of Love,) . . . . .               | H. J. BENNETT.       | 75   |
| Chanson des Alpes, (Fant. de Concert,) T. P. RYDER.      |                      | 70   |
| Come to the Feast, (2d Gr. Galop de Concert,) BLAKE.     |                      | 60   |
| Come to the Feast, (2d Gr. Galop, 4 hands,) BLAKE.       |                      | 1.00 |
| Clouds of Night, (for Piano,) . . . . .                  | Mrs. GEO. L. BROWN.  | 65   |
| Crystal Chimes, (Morceau de Salon,) . . . . .            | G. D. WILSON.        | 60   |
| Dancing Waters, (Morceau Brillante,) . . . . .           | T. H. HOWE.          | 35   |
| Dancing Moonbeams, (Morceau,) . . . . .                  | JAS. S. SMITH.       | 50   |
| Dancing Fairies, (Redowa Caprice,) . . . . .             | T. P. RYDER.         | 60   |
| Danube River, (Transcription,) . . . . .                 | WM. GOOCH.           | 50   |
| Dashing Spray, (Theme and Variation,) A. P. WYMAN.       |                      | 75   |
| Davy Crockett March, Arr. for Piano by T. P. RYDER.      |                      | 50   |
| Dreams of Heaven, (March Celeste,) C. D. BLAKE.          |                      | 60   |
| Enchantment, (Valse de Concert,) . . . . .               | T. P. RYDER.         | 70   |
| Evening Reverie, (Morceau de Salon,) G. D. WILSON.       |                      | 60   |
| Evening Chimes, (Reverie Elegante,) . . . . .            | C. D. BLAKE.         | 60   |
| Fair Columbia Waltzes, . . . . .                         | JOHANN STRAUSS.      | 60   |
| Fairy Voices, (Nocturne,) . . . . .                      | C. D. BLAKE.         | 35   |
| Fairy Bells, (Caprice,) . . . . .                        | E. A. PARSONS.       | 60   |
| Fern Leaves, (Melodie Impromptu,) . . . . .              | BOYTON SMITH.        | 60   |
| Fire Fiend, (Grand March,) . . . . .                     | T. P. RYDER.         | 80   |
| Fly to the Mountains, (Gr. M'ch de Conc't,) STUDLEY.     |                      | 75   |
| Forest Fairy, (Morceau,) . . . . .                       | G. D. WILSON.        | 60   |
| Forest Murmurs, (Etude Reverie,) . . . . .               | E. A. PARSONS.       | 65   |
| Forest Warblings, (Fantasie Brillante,) H. J. BENNETT.   |                      | 75   |
| Golden Clouds, (Morceau Brillante,) . . . . .            | C. D. BLAKE.         | 75   |
| Gondollette, (for Piano,) . . . . .                      | C. A. INGRAHAM.      | 50   |
| Haleyon Days, (Pastorale,) . . . . .                     | ED. L. GURNEY.       | 50   |
| Home, Sweet Home, (Fantasie,) . . . . .                  | T. P. RYDER.         | 60   |
| Homeless To-night, (Transcription,) . . . . .            | C. D. BLAKE.         | 50   |
| Joyous Spring, (Morceau,) . . . . .                      | G. D. WILSON.        | 50   |
| La Fille de Mdme. Angot, (Potpourri,) . . . . .          | BLAKE.               | 75   |
| La Midget, (Polka Brillante,) . . . . .                  | arr. by T. P. RYDER. | 60   |
| La Violette, (Valse Sentimentale,) . . . . .             | THOS. O'NEIL.        | 50   |
| Last Rose of Summer, (Transcription,) . . . . .          | RYDER.               | 65   |
| Le Postillon des Traineaux, (Polka,) AUG. BURG.          |                      | 40   |
| Lida, (Polka Redowa,) . . . . .                          | T. P. RYDER.         | 65   |
| Life's but a Dream, (Nocturne,) . . . . .                | T. P. RYDER.         | 60   |
| Light of other Days, (Waltzes,) . . . . .                | JOHN A. NORRIS.      | 60   |
| Little Footsteps, (Transcription,) . . . . .             | T. P. RYDER.         | 70   |
| Mandolinata, (Serenade,) Transcrip. . . . .              | J. W. CHEENEY.       | 50   |
| Maypole Dance, . . . . .                                 | H. J. BENNETT.       | 75   |
| Moonlight on the Lake, (Transcription,) . . . . .        | BLAKE.               | 50   |
| Moonlight Dance, (Mazurka Brillante,) T. P. RYDER.       |                      | 50   |
| Morning Sunshine, (Fantasie de Concert,) . . . . .       | GRAVES.              | 60   |
| Mother, take me home again, (Trans,) . . . . .           | GROBE.               | 60   |
| Mother's Evening Prayer, (Mel. Religieuse,) BLAKE.       |                      | 50   |
| Mountain Echoes, (Mazurka Elegante,) T. P. RYDER.        |                      | 50   |
| Murmuring Leaves, . . . . .                              | H. J. BENNETT.       | 75   |
| New York Glide, (Waltz,) . . . . .                       | GEO. THORNE.         | 50   |
| Nightfall, (Idyl,) . . . . .                             | T. P. RYDER.         | 40   |
| O'er the Rippling Tide, (Fantasie, varie,) E. MACK.      |                      | 60   |
| On the Lake, (Caprice,) . . . . .                        | T. P. RYDER.         | 40   |
| On the Race Course, (3d Gr. Galop de Conc't,) BLAKE.     |                      | 60   |
| On the Race Course, (3d Gr. Galop, 4 hands,) BLAKE.      |                      | 1.00 |
| Peace Festival, (Grand March,) . . . . .                 | A. JANNOTTA.         | 75   |
| Pearl of Love, (Valse Elegante,) . . . . .               | C. D. BLAKE.         | 50   |
| Poet's Dream, . . . . .                                  | JAS. W. CHEENEY.     | 50   |
| Remembrance Grand March, . . . . .                       | T. P. RYDER.         | 50   |
| Rippling Stream, (Theme with variat'ns,) E. O. SNOW.     |                      | 50   |
| Rustic Fountain, (Polka de Concert,) . . . . .           | ED. HOFFMAN.         | 50   |
| Roguish Eyes, (Valse Sentimentale,) . . . . .            | H. J. BENNETT.       | 50   |
| Rustic Maiden, (Scene Romantique,) . . . . .             | T. P. RYDER.         | 50   |
| Ryder Waltzes, . . . . .                                 | T. P. RYDER.         | 75   |
| Scherzo, (for Piano,) . . . . .                          | G. D. WILSON.        | 70   |
| Shadows of the Past, (Idyl,) . . . . .                   | T. P. RYDER.         | 50   |
| Shepherd's Dream, (Melodie Reverie,) T. P. RYDER.        |                      | 70   |
| Shepherd's Evening Song, (Morceau Brill.) BLAKE.         |                      | 1.00 |
| Shepherd Girl, (Summer Reverie,) . . . . .               | EBEN H. BAILEY.      | 50   |
| Sighing Winds, (Fantasie,) . . . . .                     | E. MACK.             | 60   |
| Silvery Echoes, (Reverie,) . . . . .                     | C. D. BLAKE.         | 50   |
| Song of the Fisher Maiden, (Barcarolle,) BLAKE.          |                      | 50   |
| Song of Love, (Romance,) . . . . .                       | G. D. WILSON.        | 40   |
| Storm Waltzes, (Companions to N. Y. Glide,) THORNE.      |                      | 50   |
| String of Pearls, (Brill. var. on popular mel's,) WYMAN. |                      | 65   |
| Sounds from Boston, (Waltzes,) . . . . .                 | JOHANN STRAUSS.      | 90   |
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| Sounds from the Palisades, (Morceau,) WILSON.            |                      | 60   |
| Spring, Gentle Spring, (Waltz,) . . . . .                | T. P. RYDER.         | 35   |
| Sponholtz, (Gr. Galop de Concert,) arr. by C. D. BLAKE.  |                      | 65   |
| Summer Raindrops, (Etude Characteristique,) BLAKE.       |                      | 60   |
| The Angels' Greeting, (Reverie Angelique,) BLAKE.        |                      | 60   |
| The Bluebird, (Transcription,) . . . . .                 | G. D. WILSON.        | 40   |
| Tulip, (Grand Valse Brillante,) . . . . .                | H. A. WOLLENHAUPT.   | 75   |
| Warbling of the Lark, (Polka,) . . . . .                 | GUTTMAN.             | 60   |
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| Waves of the Ocean, (Galop, 4 hands,) C. D. BLAKE.       |                      | 1.00 |
| Waves of the Ocean, (March, 4 hands,) . . . . .          | BLAKE.               | 1.00 |
| Waves of the Ocean, (Gr. Galop de Concert,) BLAKE.       |                      | 50   |
| Waves of the Ocean, (March,) . . . . .                   | C. D. BLAKE.         | 60   |
| Whispering of Home, . . . . .                            | CARL RICHE.          | 50   |
| Whispering Zephyrs, (Reverie,) . . . . .                 | T. P. RYDER.         | 65   |
| Wherefore, (Nocturne,) . . . . .                         | G. D. WILSON.        | 70   |

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# C. J. WHITNEY & CO.'S Descriptive Catalogue of Popular Music.

## ADDENDA.

### SONGS AND BALLADS.

**O, Fair Dove, O, Fond Dove.** Ballad. F 2. *Gatty.* 30  
A quaint and sweet little ballad; written partly in the minor; is singularly winning.

**Janet's Choice.** Ballad. D 3. *Claribel.* 30  
Simple and taking, in that guileless, unassuming style, which has rendered the ballads of Claribel so universally admired.

**Strangers Yet.** F 2. *Claribel.* 35  
Like all of the songs of this favorite composer, it combines simplicity with grace and beauty of melody; the accompaniment is very easy.

**Nightfall at Sen.** Eb 3. *Gabriel.* 35  
A beautiful alto song, ranging from C, below the treble clef, to F, fifth line. The melody is smooth and flowing, beautifully wedded to a beautiful poem. As really good alto songs are rare, this will certainly be eagerly sought for.

**Looking Back.** Song. D minor 3. *Sullivan.* 40  
One of the finest contralto songs extant; runs from A, below the treble clef, to D, in the staff. There is a world of pathos and deep feeling pervading every note of a melody which wonderfully reveals the sentiment embodied in the poem.

**Just Touch the Harp Gently, My Pretty Louise.** G 3. *Blunphin.* 30  
A pleasant, affectionate little song, of moderate difficulty. Just the thing to sing to the one you love best. Try it.

**Tired.** Ballad. D 2. *Lindsay.* 35  
The touching plaint of one nearly through with the long, weary day of life; both music and words combine simplicity with sweetness.

**Only a Lock of Hair.** Ballad. G 3. *Claribel.* 40  
One of the many rare gems produced by this well known and favorite artist. We think the above is capable of its best interpretation when sung by herself. Although perhaps not below her usual standard, it needs a true musician to bring out its best points, and make it effective; otherwise it would be apt to sound commonplace.

**Hush.** Ballad. D 4. *Dolores.* 40  
The author of the "Brook" has given us another composition similar in style, and equally worthy of the wide popularity which greeted the first. The song in itself is simple, touching, and goes to the heart; the accompaniment rather difficult, but very beautiful.

**Spring, Gentle Spring.** Glee. B 3. *Pratt.* 30  
Very suitable for clubs and gentlemen's quartettes; is in good waltz movement; light, easy and effective.

## VOCAL DUETS.

**I Would That My Love.** E 4. *Mendelssohn.* 40  
One of the most beautiful of classic duets, so chaste and full of richness that it has never been supplanted by anything since written. It has and will occupy a favorite place in the repertoire of every lady musician of culture and taste.

**When I Know That Thou Art Near Me.** Ab 4. *Glover.* 40  
A duet for bass and soprano. The author's name is ample guarantee of its intrinsic merit. Its harmonies are very fine and strikingly effective; accompaniment also very good.

**The Two Cousins.** F 3. *Glover.* 60  
A well known and universally admired humorous duet for soprano and alto. Two cousins, having attended a delightful ball, on returning, indulge in a good-natured badinage of words, at each other's expense, concerning the conquests made by each during the evening. The words are full of wit, and the music sparkling and lively; accompaniment simple and appropriate.

**O'er the Hill, O'er the Dale.** F 3. *Glover.* 60  
One of the most attractive duets ever published; indeed, we think Glover never produced a finer composition in the way of a duet. It is sprightly, running over with joyous melody.

**Music and Her Sister Song.** D 3. *Glover.* 60  
There is a characteristic freshness and vigor about the compositions from this gifted author, that individualize them, and keep their memory green, long after songs of an inferior cast have worn threadbare. For purity of thought and expression they stand alone. The roles in the above named are truly beautiful.

**Listen! 'Tis the Woodbird's Song.** Eb 4. *Glover.* 60  
Sees and voices from nature seemed but fitted to form a theme for song when Glover took his pen to gladden the world with sweet strains. The accompaniment to this duet contains a beautiful imitation of the bird.

**Greeting.** Duet. Eb 4. *Mendelssohn.* 35

Another of this gifted author's charming duets, wherein he seems to have dipped his pen deeply into nature's unfailing font, and brought therefrom the combined beauty of both poetry and song, blending with a sweetness truly enchanting.

**Autumn Song.** Duet. A 4. *Mendelssohn.* 50

A classical composition, lovely and beautiful, depicting in touching sentences the alternations of joy and sorrow, emphasized in the changing seasons, the fading flower, and the joyous lessons of wisdom taught by them of a bright and happy future.

## INSTRUMENTAL.

**Suavita Mazurka.** Eb 3. *Roubier.* 40

Written in a light and graceful style, combining a sprightly, sparkling melody with most excellent harmony; is easy of comprehension, yet sufficiently subtle to attract and captivate.

**Grand Rapids Rondino.** F 3. *Van Horn.* 35

A very pleasant and lively composition; well adapted to the wants of busy little fingers.

**Song Waves.** Reverie. Eb 3. *McChesney.* 35

A smooth, undulating melody, carrying in its flow a song of grace and sweetness; is written in the author's best style.

**Kinlock of Kinlock.** Eb 3. *Moran.* 35

A well-known Scotch air; very prettily arranged with short variations.

## ORCHESTRA MUSIC.

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**Nocturne.** Db 5. *Dohler.* 40

This exquisite gem will amply repay close study and patient practice. For beauty of thought and harmony it greatly excels.

**Frolie of the Frogs.** Waltz. Bb 3. *Watson.* 30

A lively and vivacious little composition, in Db, Eb and Ab. Playful and sprightly enough to indicate a general rejoicing among the old croakers and little tadpoles. Young players will find enjoyment and profit in its pursuit.

**Andante.** Db 3. *Fairbank.* 15

A short but quite effective composition if carefully rendered; would be found very appropriate for the organ. Its harmonies and progressions are excellent.

**Romanza.** Eb 3. *Fairbank.* 25

This companion to the Andante above mentioned may be had also in connection with it, as the two are also published in one sheet as well as separately. It does not strike us as being particularly notable either in harmony or melody. It is, however, smooth and agreeable, as well as simple.

**La Diabolique.** Grand Etude. C 4. *Leybach.* 65

A most excellent study for players of some advancement, as a drill in repeating notes for the hand from the wrist; it cannot be too greatly recommended. The composer's name is sufficient to guarantee a just and universal appreciation of its worth.

**Jolly Brothers Galop.** Eb 3. *Budick.* 30

Lively and sparkling, with a good many octaves and changeable bass. This arrangement of a well-known and popular air is more desirable and pleasing than others we have seen.

**Un Songe d'une Nuit d'Ete.** F 6. Paraphrase by *Sidney Smith.* 100

This elegant paraphrase, from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," abounds in beautiful conceptions of musical thought, and is one of the author's most masterly efforts. He has wrought up his theme in a pleasing variety of forms, still keeping the idea clear and distinct. Amateurs will do well to procure and master this truly beautiful composition.

**Nocturne** from above, separate. 25

**Bouquet des Fleurs.** Valse Brillant. Ab 4. *Mat.* 60

This is indeed a bouquet of sweet sounds, a fine showy composition, abounding in life and vivacity. The theme is a relief from the ordinary succession of musical phrases which make up so large a portion of our vultzes. The piece well repays time consumed in acquiring it.

**Le Cloches du Monastere.** Nocturne. Db 4. *Wely.* 40

One of the gems in music which never grow dim, so pure and of so great value is it. The Monastery Bell has been singing for years, and its tone is as sweet and clear as ever. We would say to all, learn it, and the more you play it, the better it will please you.

**Air du Roi Louis XIII.** E 3. *Glya.* 40

There is a singular quaintness and old simplicity about the above-named that, to our mind, is its chief charm. It possesses much of sweetness in its composition; is wonderfully effective when produced by Thomas's magnificent orchestra.

**Come Back to Erin.** Transcription. F 4. *Kuhs.* 60

One of Chamber's best, with brilliant and effective variations for the piano forte. This theme is finely worked up in a pleasing variety of ways, still retaining its individuality throughout. Amateurs will derive much benefit and recompense for their pains, if they procure and learn this delightful production, from one of the best masters.

**Columbine.** G 4. *McChesney.* 75

Two original themes with variations, the first in G, 7-3 time, the second in Bb, 3-4 time. Both themes are very excellent, the first in the style barcarole, smooth and flowing; the variations quite elaborate, in arpeggio, chromatic passages, broken octaves, etc. The second theme a largetto, resembles an old and well-known Italian air; is also reproduced with pleasing accuracy in the variations.

**Golden Dreams.** Reverie. Eb 4. *McChesney.* 50

This companion piece to "Columbine" is in no way its inferior. It is an elegant and desirable parlor piece for amateurs, combining great diversity of thought, with beauty and sympathy of expression. Try it.

**Aladdin Schottische.** A 3. *Seifert.* 30

A fresh and sparkling little morsel for little fingers to dissect; abounds in new and pleasing changes without difficult progressions. This with the three following pieces compose a very fine set of little gems, written by Carl Seifert, very appropriately styled "Happy Dreams."

**Gladiator Waltz.** Db 3. *Seifert.* 35

A bold and spirited waltz in Db, so intricate, but very entertaining. It changes from Db to Ab, then back through the theme to a figure in Gb; so with little pains a modest performer can master the flat keys.

**Lapwing Schottische.** D 2. *Seifert.* 30

Like the rest of this set called "Happy Dreams," this little production seems admirably adapted to the wants of young players whose capacities are limited, and whose taste requires something beyond the hum-drum style of compositions which flood the country at the present day. They are both pleasing and profitable for study.

**Mandoline Waltz.** F 2. *Seifert.* 35

Teachers will find this a desirable teaching piece for pupils in second time; has excellent practice in sixths, grace notes and arpeggios. Is full of melody and grace.

**Flying Leaf.** C 3. *Spindler.* 30

**Hunting Song.** C 3. *Spindler.* 30  
Above we have two beautiful piano pieces by this popular author, both of which are devoid of difficulties in performance which may not be easily overcome, even while acquiring an acquaintance with their beauty and excellence. We recommend them as our best teaching pieces that have fallen to notice for many a day.

## STUDIES & EXERCISES.

**Czerzy's Etudes de la Volocté.** Op. 229 (with Hamilton's notes and nine new introductory studies). New edition, large plate. 3 books, each. 1 00

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VOLUME IV.

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NUMBER X.

### A Study for the Critics.

A great king once, so I have heard,  
Went out to hunt a singing-bird  
Whose voice should be so sweet and strong,  
So fraught with all the tricks of song,  
That they who heard it would confess  
The king's fine taste and perfectness  
Of judgment. And it came to pass  
That where the wind poured through the grass,  
Fringing a brooklet's sinuous way,  
He saw a bird demure and gray,  
Of awkward mien and sleepy-eyed,  
Bathing in the crystal tide.

"O bird!" the king said, looking down,  
"A monarch of high renown.  
Out searching for a singing-bird  
Whose voice, the sweetest ever heard,  
Shall cheer me in my hours of gloom,  
And coax my dead loves back to bloom."

"Take me, O king," the gray bird said.  
"A sad and lonely life I've led,  
Singing with not a soul to hear,  
Pining for but one word of cheer."

"Thou!" cried the king, half in surprise,  
"A sudden anger in his eyes—  
Thou insignificant, nameless bird!  
Thou ninny! Hast thou never heard  
Of my grand palace and my throne  
Of pearl and gold and precious stone?  
Thou gray, sad-eyed, presumptuous thing!  
Thou entertain a court and king!  
Begone! say not another word;  
My cage must hold a royal bird."

There came a silken sound of wings  
Above the brooklet's murmurings;  
The wind fell still upon the grass  
To watch the gray bird upward pass;  
The sunlight milder, softer grew;  
The leaves took on a tender hue—  
As if all nature, gently stirred,  
Bade farewell to the going bird.

The monarch stood with lips compressed,  
Regret and choler in his breast,  
While from the sky, well sent and strong,  
Came back a fairian shaft of song.

Lippincott for September.

### Church and Stage Music.

For some years past, any one may have observed that a certain change had taken place in musical composition, in so far that musicians, finding it impossible to get grand theatrical music performed, and not choosing—some of them, at any rate—to descend to writing pieces of buffoonery and comic operettas, however profitable such works might prove, have turned to religious music. The public have followed them, and may have been beheld eagerly flocking in crowds to wherever works of this description were to be heard. When the impetus had once been given, the grand models, the masterpieces bequeathed by the true masters, were exclaimed; they were interpreted with all requisite care, and the public did not fall on their part. The public may while away their leisure moments as they choose with light productions, but they always appreciate what is grand and beautiful. It is thus that we have seen young composers write hymns, masses and oratorios; it is thus we have been enabled to hear a mastery work of Handel, to which there has now been added one no less admirable by Bach. What could composers do better, when discouraged

by the difficulty of ever beholding their works played at one or other of our two great musical theaters, which were generally kept open with old stock pieces? Ought they to have gone with the stream; ought they, deserting true music, to have thought only of their pecuniary interest and have written for the small theaters? Some have followed this course; there are even some who have done so to advantage. But whither did it lead? To an ephemeral popularity and a money success; both highly tempting, it is true, and it is meritorious to know how to resist them.

Religious music, however, had a right to this kind of reparation. We must not forget that all the great masters have paid tribute to it, and that it was by sacred compositions that the majority of them began. Run through the biographies of celebrated composers; read the catalogue of the works they left. You will always find, together with chamber music and theatrical scores, many and many religious works, such as motets, hymns, psalms, miscerens, stabs, requiems, masses, oratorios, etc. There are some masters, notably among the Italians, who especially cultivated this branch of the art. Such as Marcello, Palestrina, Martini, etc. Scarcely any composers have attempted the stage before first rendering themselves known by something remarkable in the way of sacred music. They were going back to the origin of music. Who does not know that musical notes were named by a monk, Guido d'Arezzo, after the initial syllables of a canticle? Who does not know that, in Italy, the cradle and temple of music, composers retained, up to the middle of the present century, the name of *chapel masters*, even when they no longer wrote for aught but the stage? It is a strange circumstance, too, that composers not professing the Roman Catholic faith, should, like those who did profess it, be seen paying their tribute to art, by writing, for a church which was not their own, pages of sacred music, and even masses! People are not generally acquainted—I am now speaking of the public properly so-called—with anything more than some few works which have remained celebrated, and are performed pretty often. To cite one or two, we may mention the *Stabat* of Pergolesi, the *Requiem* of Mozart, the *Messe du Sacre* of Cherubini, the *Miserere* of Palestrina, oratorios by Mendelssohn, etc., and more recently, Rossini's *Stabat Mass*, and three sacred choruses, with names borrowed from the three theological virtues. But the number of fine sacred musical composition is very considerable. We repeat it purposely: it is rare for a composer not to have one such work among his musical luggage; it is rare for him not to have essayed the sacred branch of his art. Take the *Dictionnaire des musiciens* by Fetis. You will mark one peculiarity in it. The majority of masters who have left a name justly celebrated were initiated in musical art by organists, and sketched out their first compositions on the projecting shelf of an organ case. The reason is simple. Great cities do not enjoy the exclusive privilege of giving birth to musicians; some musicians have been born in an out-of-the-way village. The only master in the place is the organist; he perceives in the child great aptitude, almost a vocation; he teaches him the principles of his art. The child, on

growing up to be a youth, writes some essays in the form of sacred music; later, when he is a man, he leaves the church for the stage, as he left the village for the city. This is the history of Verdi, and it is that of a great number of other composers, especially in Italy.

Later, before the return towards it was apparent, sacred music was somewhat neglected. In Paris more particularly, where, as in all great capitals, the necessities of material existence inevitably triumph over noble aspirations, young composers asked themselves whether it was not more profitable to write for the stage than for the altar. At the theater, success promised them renown, popularity, and perhaps—for who knows—celebrity, if the success were repeated; more than this, it promised them substantial artists' rights, that is to say, certain material means of existence, easy circumstances, or absolutely a fortune! In the church, on the contrary, they were merely sacrificed to art; people would speak of them for a day or two, and then came oblivion. And no pecuniary profit. The most fortunate could scarcely hope to derive some slight advantage from the sale of their works to a publisher courageous enough to bring them out. Even then the works must be really remarkable, while the slightest trifle for the stage would certainly bring the musician in so much per cent, on the sale. These considerations, which are not without weight, drove young musicians from the church and directed them toward the stage. Hence the dearth of new works of sacred music. The most conscientious wrote a few specimens in this style, if only for the satisfaction of their professors; but they did so, as we say, "in the silence of their study," and the work remained sterile; when once completed, it was put away in a pigeon-hole of the author's desk, whence it never emerged.

There must, however, be a certain sentiment of satisfaction in treating this style of composition, because we have seen not only pious men, like Mozart and Pergolesi, write, during the last moments of their lives, the one his imperishable *Stabat*, and the other his no less celebrated *Requiem*, but composers with very little zeal in religious matters return to this style, towards the close of their existence, as if to finish their career where they commenced it, and at the same time draw near to God. To cite only a single example from among thousands, it was thus that Rossini, after having laid down his fertile pen for years, resumed it to write his fine *Stabat*, his sacred choruses, his little mass, and many other sacred efforts, which we shall know some day, as his intimate friends know now. It is, thus, also, that, after writing so many masterpieces, and when he was believed to be thinking of repose, Verdi composed the grand mass for Manzoni, which was solemnly executed at Milan on the 22d of May.

We can only applaud his return, which has been apparent in France for the last few years, towards sacred music, and exhort young musicians not to desert a class of writing which, though not affording, it is true, the *positive* satisfaction offered by theatrical music, possesses the advantage of elevating the soul, and causing it to resist the temptations of another and very futile class of compositions, that of little *buffo* music. We know very well that



we must have some of this little music: it enlivens and amuses us; but we must not have too much of it, and, at this moment especially, it is invading us in such force as to imperil what is grand—*Art Musical*.

### A Hartford Amateur Performance.

\* \* \* THESE parlor ballads being comparatively a new feature of social entertainment, a resume of the programme may be of interest. Promising that in these performances the piano is concealed from the audience, and that on this occasion it accompanied a soprano voice of rare sweetness and clearness of enunciation, and that the characters in costume go through in pantomime the story of the song as its words rise and fall upon the ears of the audience, we will raise the curtain upon the first representation, that of "Mistoleto Bough," which is the modern name of the sweet and sad old story of Geneva. At the rise of the curtain the blooming young bride and Lovell stand in the center of the stage at the back, with the baron and baroness on their left, while the stage is crowded with a brilliant array of knee-breeched gentlemen and ladies with powdered hair and brilliant costumes of the older day, who are going through the last figures of a cotillon.

"The mistoleto hung in the castle hall,  
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;  
And the baron's retainers were the first to sing  
And keep their Christmas holiday."

At a pause in the dance young Lovell leads his bride to the baron, her father, who salutes her with paternal pride, and the dance goes on till the bride again comes forward with her lover.

"I'm weary of dancing, now," she cried;  
"I've tarry a moment. I'll hide, I'll hide!  
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt the first to trace  
The clew to my secret lurking place."

And, pointing over her shoulder, she runs off to the right, tossing a kiss to Lovell as she disappears. The dancers go out, one by one, and a sad expression comes over Lovell's face as the music sinks into a lower key and the lights burn dim, while the air seems filled with a presage of gloom, as the curtain drops.

In the second scene, an old garret, the bride enters hastily, and after seeking one or two hiding places, draws a chair up to a heavy old oaken chest, and raising the lid with difficulty, steps in and very gracefully draws her veil and wedding drapery about her, and then, as the chorus is heard singing in the distance, announcing the approach of the seekers she lets the lid fall heavily with a thud, that sounds like the knell of despair. The dancers enter, close followed by Lovell, and search everywhere but in the dusty old chest, that is firmly fastened by its spring lock, and then retire with downcast faces. In the third scene a group of children are playing "thread the needle" in the old garret, when Lovell, now an old man, enters, crosses the stage heavily, sits down and bursts into tears as one of the children climbs into his lap, which (though it was not "in the will") lends the little one to genuine tears of sympathy as she sees the old man's grief, while the rest sing:—

"See, the old man weeps for his fairy bride,  
Of the mistoleto bough!"

The children resume their game, when one of them strays off to the old chest and punches in the decaying lid. A cry of surprise brings the other children to the spot, when the old man rises and crosses to the chest, starts back with horror, then inserts his hands, and with trembling fingers, holds up the faded bridal wreath that lies by the side of the mouldering skeleton, and falls on the ruin of the chest as the song dies out:—

"O! sad was her fate! in sportive jest  
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest;  
It closed with a spring! and her bridal boom  
Lay withering there in a living tomb.  
O! the mistoleto bough!"

That the audience might have a more cheery picture to look upon, the next presentation was of "Ignorance is Bliss," a French peasant scene.

THE MAGIC FLUTE.—Mozart is said to have been drunk when he wrote "The Magic Flute," and it is known that he wrote it to please those who were not judges of good music. Consequently it is at intervals absurd, unintelligible, dull and dreary—but for all that it has divine melody. It was produced here, by German singers, in 1835; in 1849 at Drury Lane, also by Germans; in 1851, Grisi and Mario being *Pamina* and *Zamino* and since then on very frequent occasions. We had it on Saturday night at Drury Lane, in splendid "form," with Tietjens as *Pamina*, Trebelli-Bettini, Risaroli, and Marie Roye as the three ladies of the *Queen of Night*, Singelli as the *Queen*, and Bentham as *Zamino*. It was wonderful.

### The Germ of the "Marseillaise."

SOME very fine phrases have been uttered concerning the spontaneous origin of the "Marseillaise," in the midst of the revolutionary ferment, and the page which Lamarline consecrated to the subject cannot but read with emotion.

But, artistically, a man belongs to his own age; he is indebted to it for genuine inspiration, and, even though he be really and truly a genius, he always appropriates some idea, some form, or some combination, which he requires, and transforms it after his own manner, without giving a thought as to whence it came. Where should we seek for the musical origin of the "Marseillaise," if not in the circumstances of the author's own country and time? With a view of finding traces of it even in Germany, an elaborate comparison was instituted between the "Marseillaise" and other productions; but the comparison, though interesting and ingenious, is sterile, in so far as it exhibits the post-musical intent on compiling old dances and old motets till he discovers in them the necessary means for stimulating his own imagination.

A man comes across immediate and familiar sources of inspiration, without, so to speak, being aware of the fact; he commences by assimilating them, and then, under certain given circumstances, his imagination soars boldly upwards, and rises to a height which leaves far beneath it the incentives which first inspired him.

Has the reader ever attentively gone through the lyrico-dramatic repertory of the end of the 18th century, and above all, the scores, then all the fashion, of *Nina, Cendrillon, Alexis, Galathee* and twenty others, from the light and easy pen of Dalayrac? Is the reader acquainted with the opera of *Roulet de Cœur*, performed for the first time, at the Italiens, Paris, the 13th of October, 1789? The origin of the "Marseillaise" is clearly apparent in it, as regards both the words and the music.

Save for the difference of key, Roulet de Lisle appropriates note for note the concluding bars of *Roulet de Cœur*. In the dialogued motives which follow it is easy to recognize certain elements that helped to form the rest of the French revolutionary hymn; thus we may cite among other things, the modulations on the words, "Frappez ces perfides soldats," which leads up to a general outburst. We have the same harmonic process ending in the same result.

Lastly, there is the cry, "Aux armes!" set in the one case, to a long chord on the tonic, and in the other, to a similar harmony followed by the dominant.

An imitative movement crops up in both themes: "Marchons!" says the quartet, with the reply, from the chorus, "C'est l'ennemi." "Marchons," says in its turn, the national hymn of France, repeating in canon the same subject.

The peroration offers only distant analogies. Dalayrac winds up with repetitions of phrases, according to the fashion of the day. Roulet de Lisle, having reached the apogee of lyrical expression, ends energetically and iconoclastically with four bars. With regard to the words, they are marked, like those of the "Marseillaise," with an openly seditious character; they consist, moreover, of eight syllables with alternate rhymes; and contain three words absolutely identical: "Marchon!" "Aux Armes," and "Sang."

Here are the two texts:

Protégez sa faible innocence,  
Loin de ces lieux quittez ces pas;  
Puis, libres dans notre vengeance,  
Frappez ces perfides soldats.

MARCHONS, avançons, AUX ARMES!  
Vengeons tous, amis  
Le SANG des Français.

Allons, enfants de la patrie,  
Le jour de la gloire est arrivé;  
Contre nous de la tyrannie  
L'étendard sang ant est levé.

AUX ARMES, citoyens,  
Formez vos bataillons!  
MARCHONS, qu'un SANG impur  
Avec nous se mêle!

I said that *Roulet de Cœur* dates from 1789. The "Marseillaise" was born from 1793. There is, consequently, only a difference of three years. Roulet de Lisle certainly heard Dalayrac's opera several times, and, perhaps, it was in 1792 in the repertory of the Theater at Strasburg, where the poet-musician then resided.

An imperceptible atom, a small germ, I repeat, absorbed unconsciously or involuntarily in the mind, suffices to give life to a masterpiece.

Every one who investigates the subject will share our opinion that it was Dalayrac who involuntarily supplied the inspiration for the immortal patriotic song of France.—*Cor. London Mus. World.*

### The Oldest American Pipe Organ.

JAMES HAMER, of Cookstown, Fayette county, Pa., writes to the editor of the *Cincinnati Times*: "Lately I saw a statement in the daily *Times* to this effect: That there was a pipe organ in Boston, owned by the Universalists, and that it was the oldest organ made in the United States. I think there is a mistake in that statement, as I will proceed to show:

"A young man by the name of Joseph Downer came from Boston about or before the commencement of the Revolution, and resided for a short time in Elizabethtown, Allegheny county, Pa., then left that place, which is on the banks of the Monongahela river, and came to this place (Cookstown), which also borders on the same river, in Fayette county, Pa., and after a short time he purchased property and commenced to erect a cotton manufacturing establishment, a small one, to be sure, but considered a grand concern in those days; the first, I think, that was built west of the Allegheny mountains, and it commanded the notice and admiration of the people who came to see it from far and near. I saw the same establishment, it may be fifty times, before it went out of existence, for as time progressed other factories began to be erected, and left this one somewhat in the rear. I am residing within one-half mile of the place at the present time. I also purchased a small piece of land from said Joseph Downer, on the 1st of January, 1888, and he died on the 14th of February, the following month, and was interred in the public burying ground of this place. I was in the graveyard to-day to see his age at his death. A granite slab covers his remains. He was seventy-one years of age at his death. His wife survived him fourteen years, and both were interred under the same slab, side by side. He is the person that made the first pipe organ that the people of western Pennsylvania have any knowledge of being made at or about that time. He commenced to make his organ some time after he was married, and when finished it was a wonder to the people, for they came from far and near to hear the organ played upon. And just here I will relate an anecdote: It is said at one time some persons had come some fifteen or twenty miles to hear the organ played upon; warming-pans appeared to have been common in those days (but the writer never saw one), and one was hanging by the wall; so the strangers inquired if that was the organ, and they were told that it was the identical organ.

"Well," they said, "we have come a long way to hear it."

"Well," said Mr. Downer, "I am somewhat timid or bashful in playing the organ before the people, but I will take it into the next room, and there play it for you."

"So he took the warming instrument into the other room and played a few tunes on the organ, then brought the thing back and hung it up in its proper place. The strangers were highly delighted, but were filled with wonder and amazement (that so small a thing could make so much and so beautiful a noise. But after the laugh was over, he took the strangers into the other room and showed them the real organ, and played and sang to their entire satisfaction.

"I have heard it perhaps a hundred times; have sung with it sometimes, and can see the identical instrument any time in five minutes walk. The aforesaid Joseph Downer was a genius, otherwise he would never have undertaken to build a pipe organ some seven or eight feet high, by six or seven broad; and we, the people in this neighborhood, think he is entitled to the credit of making the first organ that was made after independence."

### Ole Bull as a Violinist.

AMONG living violinists, Ole Bull represents the bizarre type of which Paganini was an exemplar, without, however, possessing the supreme power that dignified even the eccentricities of that artist. Yet he is a man of unquestionable genius, and has trodden closely in the footsteps of the wizard whom he sold his last shirt to hear in his youthful days. His career has been a long romance, such as no novelist would dare depict for fear of being charged with improbability. Born in Norway, in the winter of sixty-four years ago (1810), he has the ardent temperament of the sunny south. His early artistic aspirations were thwarted by family and friends, and, even the great violinist, Spohr, with whom he wished to study, gave him such a chilling reception that in a moment of despondency he gave up music for the law. Returning to his first love, an unfortunate duel, in which he mortally wounded his antagonist, compelled him to leave the country. In Paris, where he next went, poor and unknown, he was reduced to great extremities, and, at last, being robbed of every-

thing he possessed, including his violin, he attempted suicide by jumping into the Seine. Rescued from a watery grave, his condition excited the sympathy of an old lady, widow of Comte Faye, who recognized in his features a striking resemblance to her dead son. Taking him into her house, she assisted him so liberally that he was enabled to make his first appearance in public as a violinist, and the romance was completed by his marriage to her daughter. The most brilliant successes soon awaited him in Italy, where he recalled Paganini, and was embraced by Malibran on the stage at Naples. He afterward made frequent and successful professional tours through Europe, and had an enthusiastic reception in this country. These musical expeditions were varied by a sojourn in Algeria against the Kabyles, and the establishment of a theatre in his native Bergen. He cherished plans for the advanced culture of his countrymen, and among them endeavored to establish a school of literature and art, but his prospects were blighted by the introduction of political sentiments into the performances at his theatre that brought him into collision with the police. These troubles resulted in serious losses, which, together with the death of his wife, led to his revisiting this country in 1852, and forming in Pennsylvania the Norwegian colony whose failure again sent the unfortunate artist into the world to repair his shattered fortunes. He met with great success in his concerts, out in an hour leased, in 1854, the New York Academy of Music, and undertook the management of Italian opera. The disastrous result of this enterprise caused him to return to Europe, where he acquired enough to enable him to settle down in this country, where he has passed some of the most eventful years of his life. Among the testimonials which he has received during his long career, one of the most interesting is a violin which he exhibited at a *convergence* of the Musical Society of London, in January, 1862. This celebrated instrument was made by Gaspar di Salo, the most distinguished of early makers, with carvatures by Benvenuto Cellini, carved by order of Cardinal Aldobrandini, who presented it to the museum of Innsbruck. When the city was plundered by the French in 1800, the museum was abandoned, and the violin carried to Vienna, where the Councilor Rhezhak placed this unique gem in his collection of ancient musical instruments, refusing to sell it at any price. He left it, by will in 1812, to Ole Bull, who was the first to test its powers. The distinguished Norwegian has another violin by this maker which is his favorite instrument.—*Lippincott's for September.*

#### Queen Isabella's Piano.

WHEN Serrano was Regent of Spain, among the *odds* that passed current was the following: Madame Serrano, as wife of the regent, occupied the apartments in the royal palace of the ex-queen, and no doubt she was well pleased with her residence, for the rooms were most luxuriously furnished. But soon after the regent's occupancy of the palace, Isabella demanded the restitution of such of her private property as it contained, and the Spanish nation was in no wise disposed to withhold any thing from her that she could justly lay claim to; all was to be forwarded to her, to the very last article.

Load after load of boxes and bales was carted to the depot, to be forwarded to Isabella by rail, and among the articles sent there were not a few that the new occupants of the palace were very sorry to be deprived of. After a time the ex-queen made a demand for several things that were wanting, especially for a piano that a musical association, of which she had been the patroness, had presented her with.

The instrument was very richly ornamented with gold, and bore on the front side a beautiful oval set with diamonds. It was, said Isabella, when she left Madrid for a watering-place near the French line, in her private apartments. But Madame Serrano knew nothing of—had not seen it—and the whole palace was ransacked for the lost piano, yet it was nowhere to be found. The dethroned queen, however, insisted that the "valued souvenir" should be restored to her. The consequence was, that the situation became embarrassing for Serrano *vis-à-vis* of his afore-time patroness, and all the more so as it was said that the piano was in the late queen's apartments when the Serrano family moved into them. Serrano, even hunted through the palace himself for the lost instrument, and, although Madame Serrano assured him that it was not in her rooms, he included them in his search, being haunted by a dim recollection that he had seen it somewhere. Finally his threats and entreaties drew from his consort the humiliating confession that she, in a

momentary pecuniary embarrassment, had sold the piano. The scene that followed in the Serrano household is said to have been much more animated than edifying; but the regent knew now, at least, where to look for the missing "souvenir," which was a great point gained.

He immediately sent a confidential agent to the purchaser, in order to buy it back again; but—O monstrous!—the instrument had already become so demoralized, so plebeian, as to be the inmate of a coffee-house, after having been robbed of its costly ornamentation of gold and diamonds, which had been disposed of to a jeweler. What was to be done? The *chronique scandaleuse* of Madrid had already taken up the subject, and therefore there was no time to be lost. Serrano's agent repaired to the coffee-house and offered double the sum for the piano that was paid for it; but the cunning landlord declared that he could not do without it, and consented to part with it only when five times the sum he had paid was offered him.

Now the jeweler was hunted up, and he was found to have as sharp an eye to business as the coffee-house man. He expressed a thousand regrets that he had already melted up the gold and disposed of the diamonds; he added, however, that it would be possible to reproduce the ornamentation even to the smallest detail, as, on account of the beauty of its design, he had made a careful sketch of it. This statement looked rather improbable; but the piano must be forthcoming, cost what it would, and that, too, exactly in its original dress, in order to avoid the threatened scandal. The jeweler's demands were acceded to, and in a remarkably short space of time the instrument, carefully packed, was returned to the palace, where it is said to have been finally discovered in an out-of-the-way corner, together with other of the ex-queen's personal belongings.

When the fearfully mistuned piano, that had cost the regent so much money and had made him so much trouble, was finally forwarded to its owner, he felt greatly relieved. And the piano, however much out of tune it was, probably found its wonted harmony sooner than did the little domestic circle in which it had caused such an unharmonious *intermezzo*.—*Appleton's Journal.*

#### Biography in Brief.

THE following points in the lives of eminent composers and musical artists may be acceptable to many readers who are interested in the old masters.

John Sebastian Bach was born in 1685, at Eisenach, and died in 1750.

Ludwig Von Beethoven was born in 1770, at Bonn, on the Rhine, and died in 1827.

Meyerbeer was born in 1794, at Berlin.

Franz Schubert was born 1797, near Vienna, and died in 1828.

Geo. Frederick Handel was born in 1684, at Halle, and died in 1759.

Francis Joseph Haydn was born in 1732, at Rohrau, near Vienna, and died in 1810.

Robert Schuman was born in 1810, at Zwickau, in Saxony, and died in 1856.

Franz Liszt was born in 1811, at Raeding, in Hungary.

John Strauss, the elder, was born in 1804, at Vienna, and died in 1849.

Giovanni Paisiello was born in 1741, at Tarento, and died in 1816.

Bartholdy Felix Mendelssohn was born in 1809, at Hamburg, and died in 1847.

Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart was born in 1756, at Salzburg, and died in 1791.

Christopher Gluck was born in 1714, at Werdnawanger, in upper Palatinate, and died in 1787.

Gioacchino Rossini was born in 1792, at Pesaro, on the Gulf of Venice.

Gaetano Donizetti was born in 1790, at Bergamo, and died about 1850.

Vincent Bellini was born in 1802, at Catania, and died in 1835.

Ignaz Pleyel was born in 1757, near Vienna, and died in 1831.

Carl Maria Von Weber was born in 1786, at Eutin, in Holstein, and died in 1826.

Henry Purcell was born in 1658, at London, and died in 1695.

Nicolo Paganini was born in 1784, at Genoa, and died in 1840.

Ole Bull (Bornemann) was born in 1810, at Bergen, Norway.

Madame Malibran was born in 1804, at Paris, and died in 1836.

"SACRED" SONG.—A common-sense listener thus describes the performance of some of our popular church music, and the effect produced upon his mind: "The solemn worship of God was introduced by a solo, 'Consider the Lilies,' performed by the leading singer of the choir, and gracefully accompanied by the organ. So far as the music was concerned, it was beautifully and faultlessly rendered. The effect upon my own mind, however, was anything but devotional. The singer commenced, 'Consider the lilies of the field,' etc., and when she came to the application, it ran thus: 'And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory—was not arrayed like these—was not arrayed like these—was not arrayed (interlude by the organ)—was not arrayed (interlude by the organ) like one of these.' And then she went back again, and asseverated, in the most emphatic manner, 'I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed—was not arrayed—was not arrayed' (pause) until I began to despair for poor Solomon, lest he should never get the very first of his garments on. There was yet another piece of church—not sacred—music, in which the soprano led off with the announcement, 'I will wash; and then came in the contralto, 'I will wash;' and then the tenor, 'I will wash;' and then from the profoundest depths comes—the guttural of the basso, saying also, 'I will wash;' and last of it they strike in together, crying out in concert, 'I will wash.' No one could imagine that in this singular and oft-repeated announcement of an intended ablution was rendered a sacred song for the spiritual edification of a Christian congregation of those solemn words of the Psalmist, 'I will wash mine hands in innocency; so will I compass thine altar, O Lord!'

**DIFFICULTIES ON THE OPERATIC STAGE.**—Musical critics would be less exacting were they to consider well the difficulties to be overcome in making success on the lyric stage. They might also bear in mind how very few first-class singers there are in the world who are great actors as well. Indeed it is claimed by those capable of judging, that the operatic drama is, in some respects, the highest form of dramatic art. A dramatic tragedian, when he has learned the words of his part, is left to his own discretion as to the tones of voice, the pauses, emphasis, and inflections to be employed. The operatic tragedian, on the other hand, must not only learn the words of his part, but must commit to memory a prodigious number of notes; must, in the very whirlwind of his passion, remember not only those notes, but the notes of other performers with whom he sings in concerted music; must watch the conductor's baton and regulate his utterances by his beat; must count the bars and fractions of bars during "rests," and remember "cues" to be given by various instruments in the orchestra. The mental effort in the latter case is evidently doubled, and the operatic tragedian who, under these disadvantages, can display the highest dramatic qualities, may fairly boast himself the superior of the purely dramatic tragedian. That such instances have existed cannot be disputed. No tragic acting since the world began has ever surpassed the *Morino Furlero* of Lablache, or the *Norma* of Grisi, and, although these may be rare instances, they are not the only ones.—*Buffalo Express.*

**THE HUMBLE ORIGIN OF SOME SWEET MUSIC.**—Samuel Woodworth Cozens, in "Three Years in Arizona and Mexico, speaks of the mission church of San Xavier del Bac and says: "In the evening I attended service, and was surprised and delighted by the music; it was novel and charming. When the priest reached a certain portion of the service the air seemed suddenly filled with the warbling of ten thousand birds, whose melodious notes rustled and fell and swelled and lingered through the arched passages of the church, now dying away, as in the distance, and again approaching near and nearer, until the very air seemed resonant with the notes of the sweetest feathered songsters. Again I heard it, but so, exquisitely soft and low that its cadences more resembled the wailings of an Æolian harp than music created by human agency. Once more it swelled into grand and lofty peans of praise, until it seemed that such exquisite music must be created by a celestial choir. As soon as we could withdraw from the service we ascended the gallery of the church, and here we found, lying flat on their faces upon the floor, a dozen or more youths, before each one of whom stood a small cup of water, in which was inserted one end of a split reed of different sizes, the other end of the reed being held in their mouths, and blowing through it they produced the sweet sounds which so enchanted us. It seemed impossible that such delicious music could be produced by such simple instruments."



# The Song Journal.

WM. P. FULLER, Editor.

DETROIT, OCTOBER, 1874.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."  
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,  
 stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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## The Opera of Alcester.

THE story of the origin of the opera of "Alcester," like that of the *Marsellaise*, comes from the domain of romance; and a novel, recently published, purports to give the authentic narration. The score of the opera was burned in the conflagration of the opera-house at Dresden a few years ago, and the score of the opera and the opera-house went out of existence together.

Joaquin Dorioz, the composer of "Alcester," was the son of a French lady who was noted for her literary and musical accomplishments, and a German baron who loved music for the pleasure it gave him. He intended, after his young wife died, to give Joaquin, the only child, a musical education, but to keep him in the ranks of the amateurs and never permit him to dishonor the family by making art his profession. But the baron, too, died; and Joaquin was taken to the great family mansion, where there were high-born aunts who were terrified at his fancy for his violin, and deprived him of his instrument. The poor boy, with neither love nor sympathy to console him, grew wretched, and decided to run away from his uncomfortable home, and run away he did, going to Dresden.

On reaching Dresden he most naturally drifted in to the company of the musicians who swarmed in the city, and his friendless condition soon becoming known to them, they took him under their patronage and shared with him the best they had of shelter, food, instruction and work. He came finally to a place in the court choir at Dresden, under the instruction of the famous Adolphus Haas, the popular composer of Saxony, the capellmeister of Dresden and a great authority in music. It was here that he met with Liza Vaara, a tall, dreamy beauty, and—the old, old story,—they were soon terribly in love with each other. They lived with kind people, who helped them and loved them; they worked hard, lived simply, sang daily in the choir. While all this was in progress, Joaquin made rapid progress on his violin. Indeed, that progress was such that he soon received appointment as chamber musician to the Count Lichtenberg, a musical fanatic of the town. He lived in the Count's family, was admired and petted, and, as a matter of course, fell in love with the Count's daughter Cecile. This event gave him but little trouble, for he still loved Liza. For her his love was calm and constant; for Cecile his passion was so great that it shook his very life.

The Count's secretary was a monk, who, like Joa-

quin, was a lover of art, and of music and of literary pursuits. So they read and sang and played together; and it was from the classics in which they delved that they unearthed the story of Alcester. The monk proposed that they should together make an opera of the theme; he writing the libretto and Joaquin the music. To this they gave themselves, so that the libretto was finished and the music begun, when the siege of the city commenced and the Count carried his musician away, first to Italy, and then to Vienna. At the Austrian capital Joaquin was flattered, and was artistically successful. But he longed for Dresden again, for the good old capellmeister and his vivacious wife; yea, even for Liza, whom he called his sister, and whose glorious voice and admirable training had made her, in his absence, the favorite singer of Dresden. His life in Vienna was not profitable to him. He had no lack of applauds for his public performances, but he had no sympathies and no intimacies with his hearers. Flattery palled upon him, honest praise no longer brought pleasurable sensations and he was even beginning to tire of his once loved profession, when he chanced to hear the "Orfeo" of Gluck, who was then the idol of Europe, and his inspiration and ardor and love for his vocation were all renewed.

Finally, he hastened back to Dresden, arriving on the last night of the season of opera. Liza was the shining star of the performance. She was as beautiful as ever, and her voice was richer than before. Besides, he found that she was as good as she was gifted, and in the repose of her nature, the turbulence of his own found peace. They renewed their old work, and Joaquin, encouraged by Liza, established popular concerts in the little theatres of the suburbs, and the gardens. Liza sometimes sang, and her brilliant voice made her hearers' pulses thrill. The crowd at the concerts was dingy and smoky, but there was music in it, and at once an understanding sprang up between the young violinist and his hearers. Week after week he played to them—at first familiar airs, and then led them up to Handel, Bach and Haydn, and they followed enthusiastically. Gradually other listeners came, artists and amateurs from the world of fashion, and this polite element increased at every concert. His success was assured, and his life was happy, when the destroyer came again. The Count had returned to Dresden and brought Cecile with him. Joaquin was again her slave, and Liza, with womanly instinct, soon divined the secret of their hearts, and finding this, discovered for the first time the secret of her own. There was trouble here, of course. In anguish Joaquin finished his opera of Alcester. It met with the approval of the capellmeister's wife—his steadfast friend, but the capellmeister withheld his praise, until one day Gluck came to Dresden, examined the score, and made Joaquin proud and happy with his earnest commendation. Thus endorsed, Joaquin and Liza were anxious for its performance. But the new court director loved Liza and had wooed her, and in vain. Madly jealous of Joaquin, he rejected the opera, and used his influence at Vienna so that it was also rejected there, where it had been in rehearsal and was brought to the verge of public performance, so that the insult and disappointment were all the more crushing to the composer.

At this point tragedy appears. The young composer, worn by work and anxiety and disappointment, gave way, and was dying. He did not love Liza as she loved him; really, he did not know how she loved him. He only knew that on her great, true heart he rested and found peace. She knew how his life was bound up in his work; she knew his power; she knew that success would make his last days joyous, and perhaps prolong his life. So she resolved to sacrifice herself for his sake, and the opera was performed on condition that Liza became the director's wife. Joaquin drank deep of artistic triumph, and was proud of his work and of Liza,

who interpreted so faithfully the ideal of his play. She left the stage with this performance, never to return to it, and Joaquin was hurried away to softer skies, never to see Liza again. Not until he left Dresden was her sacrifice made known, and her friends kept faith with her and never told Joaquin. She would not have a knowledge of it cloud the happiness of his waning life, and in ignorance of the sublime offering of his dearest earthly friend, he died.

This is the story of the opera "Alcester," and it would seem most appropriate that a work which came into existence at the cost of so much misery and anguish should meet its fate amid the war of flames and crash of walls upon the very spot which gave it birth.

## The Orchestra in the Theatre.

THE New York Times lifts up its voice against the orchestra in the theatre. The long waits between the acts it admits are a great nuisance, but this nuisance, it declares, is not mitigated by noisy wind instruments or big drums. In the boxes, it is competent to fill up the dreary time by conversation, but the theatre is not a good place in which to converse and the majority of the audience must sit quiet because talking is out of the question. It admits further that the music may be liked by many persons, especially by the gods, who are partial to music and are often only to be kept quiet by its means.

We shall be obliged to take issue with the New York Times or any other advocate of the abolition of the orchestra in the theatre. It has its place there, and if it sometimes oversteps the proper limits, the fault is that of the manager, and not that of the man of the baton. He never summons his fiddlers to duty during the progress of a scene, unless he is directed to do so by the playwright or the manager. That they frequently direct him to interpolate music where it no more belongs than a living coal belongs in a barrel of gunpowder, all theater-goers will agree. *Camille* upon the stage dies to the tremulous notes of a violin, and the subdued moans of a violoncello; it probably never happened in real life, that a band of musicians were summoned to her bedside as she breathed her last. The red handed villain of the play goes into the lonely wood and waylays his victim to the drumming and strumming of a dozen or two of fiddle strings; but the red handed villain of real life, when he goes out to kill his man, leaves his musicians at home. As it is the mission of the stage to hold the mirror up to nature, of course we need no music to aid in the effect of death and murder. In this respect, music is out of place in a theater; but though it is a custom more to be honored in the breach than in the observance, it has been so long a tradition of the stage that it would not be easy to dispose of it.

But the orchestra, we must contend, is a legitimate adjunct of the theater, both before and during a play. The audience cannot appear simultaneously, and be seated in an instant. There is half an hour of bustle and confusion, and the mind is naturally more or less disturbed by it and unfitted for the thorough enjoyment of the play that is so soon to come. Then when quiet is beginning to settle down upon the house, the musicians take their places, and when their concourse of sweet sounds is ended and the bell rings and the curtain rumbles upward, the hearer is placid and serene in mind, ready for the entertainment that is to follow.

Between the acts, the orchestra is no less useful. Back of the curtain which shuts the real world out of the mimic, there are castles to be built, forests to be grown, and statues to be placed. The orchestra then has double duty to perform; partly to please those who are partial to music, and partly to drown the sound of the saws and hammers employed in placing the castles and forests and statues ready for the ensuing scene of the play. Further, as the *Times*

declares, "the theater is no place to talk, and the majority of the audience *must* sit quiet because talking is out of the question." This being the case, is not music the most sensible, as well as the most pleasing and grateful occupation of the tiresome interval? We grow impatient of looking at the landscape on the curtain which we have studied a hundred times already, of inspecting the back hair of the neighbor in front, and of dodging, in the vain endeavor of seeing beyond the fearfully constructed and altitudinous hats of the ladies, which obstruct our view in all directions; but it is a delight and a pleasure to follow the sounds which rise from the orchestra and fill the house with melody. We could have a theater without an orchestra of course, and so we could have the play of Hamlet without a Hamlet; but so played, who would receive the ghost, craze Ophelia, and question the grave-digger?

If there has been any doubt as to whether Albani was really to become a member of the Straksch company this season, that doubt may be dispelled, for the illustrated papers have commenced to give her portrait and her history. From these we gather some facts with which to refresh the recollections of our readers who, now that they are to hear her, will be glad to know all about her. Miss Emma la Jeunesse, for that is the rightful name of Mlle. Albani, is the descendant of an ancient Acadian family celebrated in Mr. Longfellow's "Evangeline." Her father was an excellent musician, and, recognizing her talents when she was yet young, decided to give her a thorough musical education. For some years she attended the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Montreal, and then, by the advice of his friends as well as from his own desire, her father sent her to study music in Europe. For two years she remained under the tuition of the celebrated Duprez, at Paris, at the conclusion of which time she was placed under the instruction of the old maestro Lamperti, at Milan, who predicted for her a brilliant future provided she would choose the operatic stage as the means of winning it. She had some girlish scruples in regard to the matter, which were finally overcome, and in 1870 she made her *debut* at Messina. So successful was she that she was immediately engaged to appear at Malta, where she was heartily welcomed and greatly appreciated. Her fame soon spread to England and induced the director of the Royal Italian Opera to secure the new attraction for his institution. She did not immediately appear before an English audience, but resumed her studies at Milan, and sang last winter in the theatre of La Pergola, at Florence. The press of Italy was loud in its praises of the young artist, and whenever she sang the stage of La Pergola was carpeted with flowers. As *Mignon* she made a success of Ambrose Thomas' opera, which had been condemned four times by the jealous Italians. In England she was almost worshipped when she sang there before the most crowded and fashionable houses.

S. BRAINARD'S SONS, the music publishers of Cleveland, send us a book of 150 pages called "The Sunbeam." The preface says:

The endeavor has been to present from a practical standpoint the theory of musical notation in plainness and in simplicity. An important feature is that the practice and the theory, the art and the science, move together, leading the student through the consecutive steps of elementary discipline. The studies are written in plain counter-point, not in common-place harmony, and the melodies are constructed with reference to musical form, to subject and answer, to the grammar and the logic of song. The hymn-tunes, sentences and anthems will be found useful studies for schools, classes and conventions; appropriate for concerts, and also adapted to all occasions of public worship."

This book can be obtained of our publishers, C. J. Whitney & Co., 197 Jefferson avenue, Detroit, as can any of the following pieces of music, also sent by the Messrs. Brainard

"Mary, the Fairest," song by M. L. W.; "A Lady's

No." song by U. C. Burnap; "Right Jolly Tars are We," song by the same; a series of nine tenor songs by Burnap, as follows: "A Farewell," "The Soldier's Wife," "My Own," "Love's Land," "The Winds," "My Birdie," "Only You," "Now You Know," and "The Wayfarers;" "Love in Youth," in "The Gems of English Song," by Farnie; "Farewell to the Forest," a march by C. Kuppe; and "Sweet Little Birdie, Come Meet Me," song by C. H. Irving.

THERE was a great deal of trouble over Mr. Toole a few months ago. Managers tore their hair because he wouldn't come to America. Then they were in high glee because he would come. Then they were in deep despair because he wouldn't. Then they bounded to the summit of bliss because he would. And he did come, he is here, and what is the result? The papers are either solemnly non-committal as to his merits, or decidedly hostile to his claims. Scarcely a voice is raised in his behalf. The disappointment is thorough and complete. It is a dull Toole, and nobody cares now whether he goes or stays. Our stage is flooded with better laugh-makers than he is, and the wonder is how we ever came to be so worked upon by the alternating news of his visit to America. But Toole, like many another importation, has in the business of the stage been a living manifestation of the old couplet, that the cat doth play and after slay; for the list of those who have harassed us as to this probability of their anxiously awaited visit, and disappointed us when they came—for of course they did come—is a lengthened one.

EAST SAGINAW is getting interested in musical matters. She has decided to have music taught in the public schools, and Mr. W. L. Smith, late principal of the musical department of the schools in Chillicothe, O., has been elected to take charge of the same. Tyler Brothers & Co. have commenced a quarterly musical advertising publication called the *Arion*. From this we copy the following:

"Mr. Tibbitts intends bringing out the opera of *Il Trovatore* sometime in November, and the leading roles are ascribed to the following of our well known singers: Miss Krenkel, our favorite soprano, with a voice of exceeding purity, which is seldom equaled by amateurs, as *Leonora*; Miss Ida Moore has a contralto voice of marvelous depth and compass, and is well adapted to the wild and thrilling part of the Gypsy, *Azuena*; Andrew Ickler, late with the Maretzke Opera Company, now a resident of this city, a tenor of decided ability, sings high C easily, as *Manrico*; Mr. Tibbitts will assume the part well adapted to his style and voice, *Count de Luna*. The minor parts and chorus will be selected from our best singers. We have no doubt but that success will attend the labors of our friend Tibbitts; we hope so at least."

A FEW Sabbaths ago, Miss Mary Hulbert, daughter of the Rev. Victor Hulbert, of the Reformed Dutch Church, of Stone Ridge, N. Y., was singing in the choir, of which she was a favorite member, and closed a duet, the last notes of which were very high, in an unusually clear and strong voice. As the last note rang out triumphant, the singer fell toward her brother and threw her arms around his neck. She remained conscious, though blind, for three-quarters of an hour, and then became insensible. An hour afterwards she was dead, and a post-mortem examination revealed the fact that the execution in singing had broken a blood vessel in the brain. This sad incident is not without precedent. In New York, about fifteen years ago, Mr. Thomas Ingalls, from Cincinnati, who had become well known in New York and throughout New England from several years experience as a tenor concert singer, fell upon the stage after an ambitious flight towards the high C, and died in an hour, from a ruptured vessel in the brain.

THEY have the "Sphinx" at Union Square Theater, New York, but Clara Morris does not achieve the horrors of the death scene that have made Mlle Croizette such a marvel in Paris.

WM. HENRY BETTY died in England lately, aged 82. When 12 years old he went upon the stage as a tragedian, and before he was 16 retired with great fame and fortune, won in the principal cities of Great Britain. He was known everywhere as "The Child Roscius." At the age of 20 Master Betty reappeared, after four years of absence, and made a comparative failure—illustrating Dr. Johnson's saying that precocity is useless, since it must always be outgrown and then ceases to be remarkable. When it begins with early success, however, it is difficult for the subject to relinquish his hold upon the popular favor. We once knew a boy who made a national reputation as "Master Smith, the Young American Bugler, only ten years old," and his physique helped the illusion so that he continued to give concerts as "the Great American Bugler only ten years old," until he grew bald headed and couldn't read music without spectacles. Then he dropped the prefix Master and became Mr. like the rest of us old fellows.

WAGNER has found a prize tenor voice in the throat of a rich young lawyer of Pesth, and has engaged him. It is fortunate that a singer has been found who is wealthy, as the chances are that he will be more manageable than those who have reached the highest round of the ladder of lyric fame after starting from the cabman's perch, or coming barefooted, bareheaded and dirty from the streets. These arrogant individuals show in many ways that prosperity is too much for them, and they are not generally to be relied upon, except to disappoint the public and to harass the managers. A convenient cord, or a severe fit of I won't on the part of a petted prima donna or a lovely tenor, has sent many an audience home with its back up at the imposition of inferior artists in an entertainment for which they had paid for superior singers. Probably in no other undertaking, except the opera, would the public pay for first-class tickets and ride in the second-class cars; but they do it frequently in opera.

OLIVE LOGAN appeared at the Walnut street theater, in Philadelphia, on the first week in September, in the leading role of a new play of her own construction. There has been a great deal of mischief episode to the beautiful sex ever since the apple chased in Eden. One of the minor offenses which followed in the wake of that misstep was the stealing of the plots for plays; and this it is charged is what Olive has done with "The Woman Who Talks," the original being the well-known play of "Gossip." It is said that the work has not been improved by warning it over and serving it up under another name; but Olive's toilettes in the play are tremendous, and it is thought that the dressings and settings of the piece will keep it alive for a short season.

OUR Detroit musical associations are beginning to get into harness for the winter. The regular rehearsals of the Detroit Musical Society began September 14th, at Merrill Hall, which has been renovated and newly frescoed for their use and is now one of the most elegant rooms in the city, and, from its convenience to all lines of street cars, the most desirable for entertainments. The vacation had been availed of to procure new music, and many works by the best masters are ready for the use of the society. The Harmonie Society have decided to give a concert at the Opera House in October. On the day after their concert they will lay the cornerstone of their new hall. Emil Schober has been elected President of the society, in place of Mr. Doeltz, who resigned.

SIGNOR A. BARILI, a half brother of Adelina and Carlotta Patti, who has been a resident of Washington for many years, has gone to Europe, where he will probably remain. He has taken with him an opera which is to be brought out at Paris, Adelina Patti taking part in it. Competent judges say the opera is sure to make Barili famous.



LOUISVILLE is going into opera with a local society for its foundation, and with professionals from abroad to build up with. The leading artistes are Madame Lichtman, formerly of the leading operas of Europe and during the last four seasons prima donna of the German opera of New York; Miss Lehman, of New York, and a lady of great vocal powers; Miss Lang, of New York; Messrs. Carl Beck, tenor; Adolph Franosch, basso; Humbser, tenor; Hermann, tenor; and Vierling, baritone. A full chorus has been secured, and the Moebius Orchestra, in its full strength, will be engaged. The programme includes a wide range of composers, but Wagner is the main reliance.

SINCE Madam La Baronne Vigier, of Nice, once known as Fraulein Sophie Cruvelli, the prima donna of Her Majesty's Theater and the Grand Opera in Paris, has received the Golden Rose this year from the Pope, an honor hitherto confined to royal personages, the *Athenæum* thinks that perhaps after thus recognizing one of the queens of songs, His Holiness may go so far as to comply with the request so strongly urged by Rossini, and withdraw the prohibition against the voices of females being heard in the chorus at church services.

THE recent destruction by fire of the store of Oliver Ditson, the great music publisher, in Boston, has given rise to an entertaining question for the insurance adjusters, as to how far sheet music of the nature of comic and political songs, which are written for the day, deteriorates in value with time. C. A. B. Shepard, of the firm of Lee & Shepard, of Boston, and Elias Howe, Jr., the committee to whom was left the disputed question, have held 300 meetings, and finally awarded the firm \$37,000, the original claim being for nearly \$100,000.

MARETZKY'S Italian opera season for 1874-5 commenced at New York, September 23, with the new prima donna M'le Heilbron as the attraction. The critics say she is petit, pretty and graceful, with a fresh, pure voice, which she uses skillfully and tastefully, while her talent as an actress is decided. A good word is also spoken for Bonfratelli, the new tenor, who is a good actor as well as singer, though he does not tear himself all to pieces in his bow-making, like Capoul.

THE Boston *Advertiser* is getting to be very particular about the proprieties, now it is growing old. It complains that "the eternal fitness of things is destroyed in an amusing style in Barnum's Congress of Nations, when the Pope of Rome indulges in a comfortable end of fine-cut tobacco, and Napoleon the First, in a fit of abstraction, wipes his nose with the back of his hand."

CATHERINE FIELD has laid her dramatizing hand upon "The Scarlet Letter," and will wear the stigmatizing initial upon the stage herself. She will make her debut upon a Chicago stage November 2d. Having an old grudge against that town, she goes there to practice and perfect herself before she presents herself to the critical public of New York and Detroit. 'Tis well!

JUST before McKee Rankin went out as *Rip Van Winkle* on the Jersey City Theater stage, the other night, he was arrested as an absconding debtor by a man named Elliott, of St. Louis. There was hurrying to and fro, but bail was promptly furnished and the play went on with none of the audience the wiser for the little episode behind the scenes.

NOTWITHSTANDING Boucicault's strong assertion that he had stolen the story of his new American drama from no other play and from no book whatever, some sharp-eyed critic claims to have discovered that the incidents, if not the whole plot, are derived from an American novel, published since the war, called "Tried and True."

RONALDSON HUNT, of this city, where he has gained an enviable reputation as an amateur German character actor and singer, is going to Philadelphia, and we shall not again hear his sweet voice in "Gibble, Gobble," and other pathetic strains, unless we go to Philadelphia after it.

A NEW YORK paper announces that an entire French opera company, now in Paris, will be one of the features of our present season. M. Victor Maurel, the baritone, late of the Strakosk organization, is a prominent member. Grau is credited with the enterprise of bringing them here.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., has organized a new musical society in which the "first families" of the city will take active interest. They have secured George E. Whiting, the Boston organist and composer, as organist, and it is proposed to call the association the Parepa-Rosa Society.

NILSSON writes to the manager of the Imperial Opera at Vienna that she will do him the favor to request at \$1,000 a night, with half the gross receipts of the house above \$3,000. She couldn't work as cheap as that, only that she expects that about a peck of diamonds will be thrown nightly from the royal boxes.

JENNIE JUNE, in a recent dramatic letter, says: "Toole, as yet, has only appeared in Wig and Gown." The chances are that this cool October weather will instigate him to a material reinforcement of this scanty costume.

THE *Evening News* says Mrs. Holman, of the Holman opera troupe, plays the score of forty operas on the piano without consulting the music sheets—an instance of musical memory almost unparalleled within the century.

No less than 65 prima donnas appeared during the recently ended season at the Royal Italian Opera, in London. Some of them will content themselves with the glory they have already gained and will never appear as prima donnas again.

THERE has been so much said about the probability of a visit from Liszt to this country, that we are glad to be able to definitely announce on the authority of the *Song Messenger*, who has it direct from Liszt himself, that he is not coming.

THE *Amphion* is the name of a new musical monthly which made its appearance in this city September 1st. Whittemore & Stephens are the publishers.

ELIZA O'CONNOR, the emotional actress who ran away with the rich Ira Couch, of Chicago, has not run away from him yet, and she has been married to him nearly three months.

LUMBAGE, the late Danish composer, leaves over 500 pieces of dance music. He commenced his career as a common trumpeter in the mounted body-guard of the King.

MANAGERS are getting into the way of placing the names of the ladies first in the announcements of the cast. Right! Make way for the ladies!

MISS KELLOGG has declined an offer of \$30,000 and expenses for ten nights of English opera in California.

CHICAGO opens the operatic bawl in America this season, with the Kellogg troupe, on the 5th inst.

MUSICAL MATTERS AT FLINT.—Gardner's band appears to be a great favorite at Flint, its public concerts being very popular, and its music of the highest order. Mr. Goodenew, of the Flint *Globe*, thinks there are 300 pianos in the city, besides the usual assortment of other musical instruments common to all communities. August 25, W. B. Colson, Jr., of Akron, O., gave an organ recital at St. Paul's Episcopal church in Flint, at which he was assisted by

Miss Clara French and St. Paul's choir. The following programme will bear testimony to the superior character of the entertainment:

# PROGRAMME.

- 1 Selection,..... Rink.
- 2 Eglirinis Chorus,..... From Tannhauser.
- 3 March,..... Schubert.
- 4 Oh, Give Me a Home by the Sea,..... Hosmer.
- 5 Miss Clara French.
- 6 Traumerl,..... Schumann.
- 7 Protect Us,..... Curschman.
- 8 St. Paul's Choir.
- 9 Offertoire, D Minor,..... Batiste.
- 10 Amethyst,..... Louis XIII.
- 11 Yo Merry Birds,..... Gumbert.
- 12 Miss Clara French.
- 13 Overture, Poet and Peasant,..... Suppe.
- 14 Home, sweet Home,..... Buck.

THE RUSSIAN LADY SINGERS.—Of the company of eight Russian lady singers now performing in London, the *Graphic* says: "This accomplished party of vocalists, concerning whom we have already spoken in terms of high commendation, are now performing on three afternoons and evenings of the week at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Considering how short a time they have been in this country, they have achieved a remarkable reputation; and they made an especial hit at Lady Holland's garden-party last week, when the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, among other distinguished personages, were present. These ladies are worth going to see, if only for their quaint and pretty appearance; for, in their blue and white national costume, they look like a bevy of bridesmaids. But, besides this, there is something very striking and original about their singing. Not only are their voices very sweet, but they keep time with marvelous precision, and the spirit with which they render Strauss's chorally-arranged waltzes seems to convey to the listener an entirely new conception of that species of music. During the intervals of breathing time accorded to the Russian singers, the audience are entertained with a very skillful performance on the violin, mandolin, and guitar, by Messrs. Celli, Barbiere, and Semplice; and by a violin duet by a pair of flax-haired young ladies, the sisters Armeni and Lilly."

THE ANCIENT MUSIC.—The Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn, with three or four holes in it, and their harp or lyre had only three strings. The Grecian lyre had only seven strings, and was very small, being held in one hand. The Jewish trumpets that made the walls of Jericho fall down were only ram's horns; their flute was the same as the Egyptian; they had no other instrumental music but by percussion, of which the greatest boast was made of the psaltery—a small triangular harp or lyre with wire strings, and struck with an iron needle or stick; their sackbut was something like a bag-pipe; the timbrel was a tambourine, and the dulcimer a horizontal harp, with wire strings, and struck with a stick like the psaltery. They had no written music and scarcely a vowel in their language—and yet, according to Josephus, had two hundred thousand musicians playing at the dedication of the Temple of Solomon. Listening to such a concert, Mozart would doubtless have died in the greatest of agonies.

OLE BULL AND THE INFANT PRODIGY.—Ole Bull in 1830 spent several months in Trieste, and one day visited the house of M. Jaell, the conductor of the orchestra. Little Alfred, then only a few weeks old, listened with rapt attention to the wonderful tones he produced, and when he ceased playing at once set up a cry for the violin, and he would have it; and so it was given him, and as improbable as it seems, at the age of three, he executed many of Ole Bull's most astonishing feats. At six he could play perfectly the concertos of Rohe, Beriot, and Mayser, and at the age of eight, without an hour's instruction, he appeared in public as a solo pianist. Before he was sixteen he had given concerts in every considerable city in Europe, and Liszt, who heard him at that age, is reported as saying, "His playing is full of fire, elegance, expression and genius."—*The Galaxy for August.*

A TRAGEDIAN'S LIFE IN DANGER.—Yesterday Mr. John McCullough, the tragedian, Mr. Harry Palmer, the manager, and Colonel George H. Butler, visited Coney Island to take a surf bath. The surf was heavy, and the undertow took Mr. McCullough off his feet and plunged his head into the sand. Colonel Butler rushed to the rescue, and Mr. Palmer screamed from a sand hill, "A thousand dollars to any one who will save McCullough's life!" By the assistance of Colonel Butler, Mr. McCullough got himself right end up, and reached the beach and the open arms of the distressed Palmer and the Hon. Michael Norton. The manager telegraphed to Mr. Dion Boucicault the details of the accident and the rescue. The distinguished playwright sent back the words: "God is good to the Irish."—*N. Y. Sun, August 17.*





# DREAM - LAND

Sung by Mdme. PAREPA ROSA.

*Andante con moto.* By CLARIBEL.

PIANO. *p*

The piano introduction is in B-flat major, 2/4 time. It consists of four measures. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

1. I see my home in the twi - light dim, In the pur - ple, shadowy  
 2. I dream of the spring - time long a - go, Its birds and its flow'rs I  
 3. I hear the lin - net from out the elm, And the bees from the mig - nio -

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are: "1. I see my home in the twi - light dim, In the pur - ple, shadowy".

light; And many a thought of by - gone years Comes o - ver my mind to -  
 see, And fai - ry show'rs of rose and white, Come down from the ap - ple  
 nette, And the sight and sounds of the old spring - time Seem to ho - ver and haunt me

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "light; And many a thought of by - gone years Comes o - ver my mind to - see, And fai - ry show'rs of rose and white, Come down from the ap - ple nette, And the sight and sounds of the old spring - time Seem to ho - ver and haunt me".

night. - - I hear the sound of the dis - tant bells,  
 tree. - - I hear the voice - es of oth - er days, And the  
 yet. - - Dear voice - es that I nev - er hear, To

Ringing in sil - ver tone; - - - For thoughts come and go as they  
 tears fall one by one; - - - For thoughts, &c.  
 all but mem' - ry gone; - - - But thoughts, &c.

will to - night, As I dream by my fire a - lone; - - - For



thoughts come and go as they will to-night, As I dream by my fire a-

lone. - - -

*mp*

1 & 2. *f*

3.

2d. I  
3d. I

1 & 2. *D. S.* *f*

3.

*p*

FINE.

Dream-Land.

504-3

J. M. ARMSTRONG, Music Typographer, 120 S. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

# Southern Life Galop,

OR

BURLESQUE.

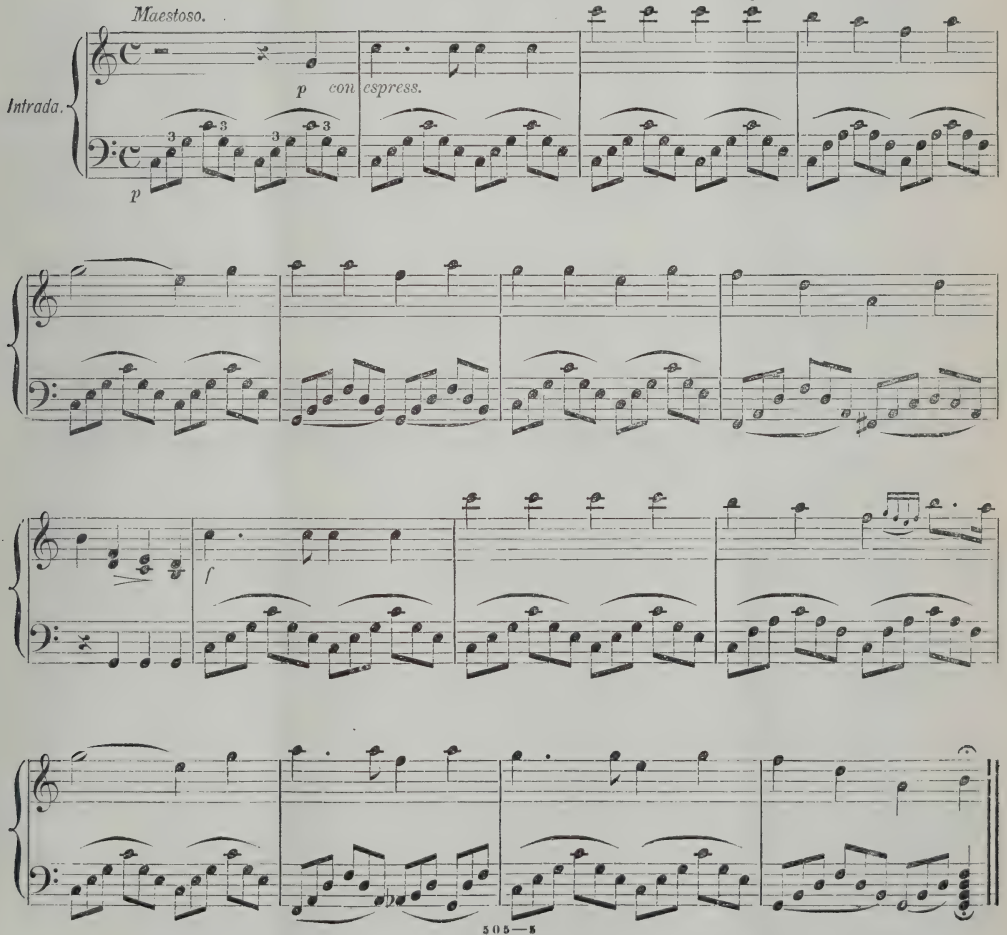


JAMES CASSIDY.

*Maestoso.*

*Intrada.*

*p* *con cspres.*



505-5



*GALOP.* ( $\hat{e}$ )

*p*

*mf*

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic marking. The bass clef staff features a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The treble staff has several measures with accented chords (marked with a 'v') and a melodic line that includes a trill.

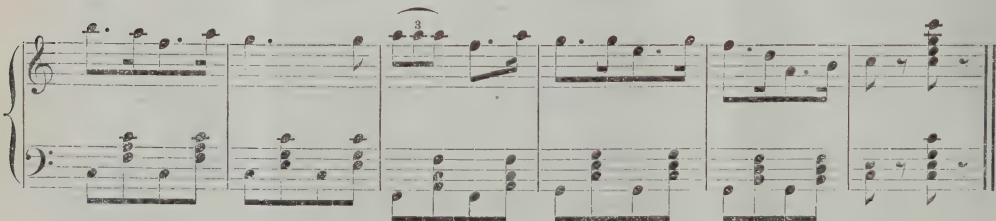
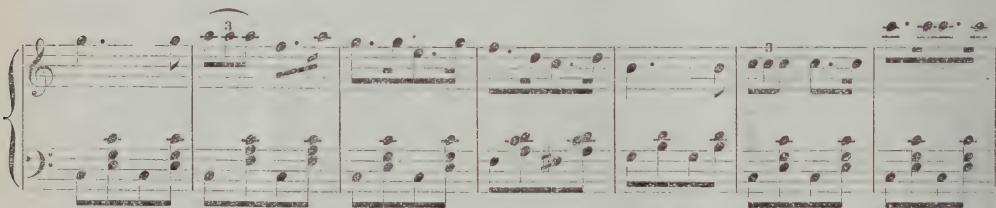
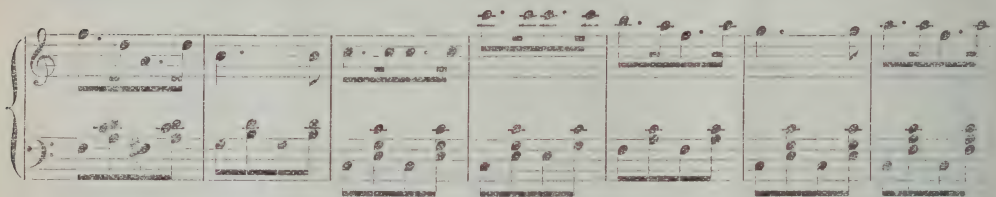
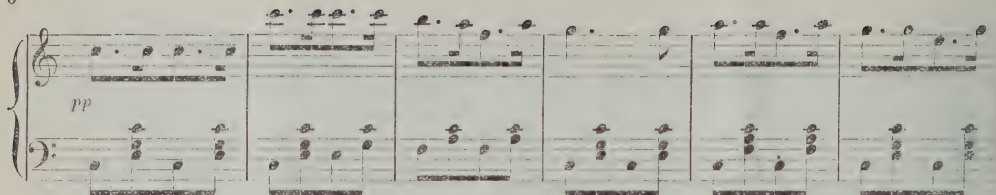
Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues with accented chords and a melodic line. The bass staff maintains the eighth-note accompaniment. The system concludes with a trill in the treble staff.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with eighth-note runs and accented chords. The bass staff continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with eighth-note runs and accented chords. The bass staff continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with eighth-note runs and accented chords. The bass staff continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. The system concludes with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking in the treble staff.





# FINALE.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a triplet of eighth notes. The third system continues the piano texture. The fourth system features a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic and a *Presto* tempo marking. The fifth system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The notation includes treble and bass staves, various note values, rests, and dynamic markings.



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In F  
*Dykes' Morning, Communion, and Evening Service.*..... In F  
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Communion Service.  
*Eldon's Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis.*.....  
In C  
*Garrett's Morning, Communion, and Evening Service.*..... In F  
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Glossa.  
Hymn, Kyrie, Nicene Creed, Sanctus, and Gloria.  
Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis.  
*Goss' Union Service.*..... In A  
Or Singly: Te Deum and Benedictus.  
Do, Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis.  
*Goss' Morning and Evening Service.*..... In A,  
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Do, Small Score.... For Voices only  
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*Goss' Morning and Evening Service.*..... In A,  
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*Jackson's Cantate and Deus Misericordiamus.*..... In E  
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Do, Jubilate..... In C  
Do, Cantate..... In C  
Do, Deus Misericordia..... In C

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Littletton's Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis..... In Simple Chant Form  
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Kyrie, Nicene Creed, Sanctus, and Gloria.  
Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis.  
*Macfarren's Simple Morning and Evening Service.*..... In A,  
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Sanctus and Nunc Dimittis.  
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 Or Singly: To Deum. . . . .  
 Kyrie, Elision, and Gloria Tibi  
 Domine, Nicene Creed, Sustinu  
 Corda, Sanctus, Gloria in Ex-  
 celso. . . . .  
 Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis. . . . .  
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 Nunc Dimittis. . . . .  
 Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis. . . . .

## CATHOLIC MUSIC, MASSES, Etc.

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| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 60      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 4, In C, 4 Voices.  |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 5, In C, 4 Voices.  |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 6, In C, 4 Voices.  |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 7, In C, 4 Voices.  |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 8, In C, 4 Voices.  |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 9, In C, 4 Voices.  |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 10, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 11, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 12, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 13, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 14, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 15, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 16, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 17, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 18, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 19, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 20, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 21, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 22, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 23, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 24, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 25, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 26, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 27, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 28, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 29, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 30, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 31, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 32, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 33, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 34, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 35, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 36, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 37, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 38, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 39, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 40, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 41, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 42, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 43, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 44, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 45, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 46, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 47, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 48, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 49, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 50, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 51, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 52, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 53, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 54, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 55, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 56, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 57, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 58, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 59, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 60, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 61, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 62, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 63, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 64, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 65, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 66, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 67, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 68, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 69, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 70, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 71, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 72, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 73, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 74, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 75, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 76, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 77, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 78, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
| Quarto.                                | Paper   |
| The Same, Folio.                       | 65      |
| " Separate Vocal Parts.                |         |
| " Orchestra Parts (String.)            |         |
| " (Wind.)                              |         |
| " Full Score.                          |         |
| Mozart's Mass, No. 79, In C, 4 Voices. |         |
|                                        |         |

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## No. 1. KIPTA (Maid of the Bell).

"And all day long she sang her song,  
Or rang her tiny golden bell."

G. min. .... 2 ..... 35

It opens with an airy, graceful melody, rising and falling in the prettiest way imaginable. In a sudden transposition of the key the tinkle of the "golden bell" is heard, which, after a cunning modulation, fades away and gives place to the melody first introduced. Although of the most unpretentious character, this number will probably become the most popular one of the series.

## No. 2. BOLICK (The Jester).

"The funniest fellow ever seen,  
And always dressed in bottled green."

G. min. .... 4 ..... 35

The entire catalogue of "musical jokes" may be examined, and none will be found more filled with genuine jollity than this composition. If you desire to form the acquaintance of an old-fashioned jester, send for No. 2. Play exactly in the tempo designated and strictly follow the phrasing.

## No. 3. POMPON (The Chamberlain).

"And though he promised fair and true,  
None knew what he designed to do."

\* ..... 3 ..... 35

The first two measures contain the motive. The character to be portrayed is a plausible, crafty, uncertain one; so if the student well versed in sequent forms and harmonies intuitively reaches ahead by the customary avenues, he need not be surprised to find the crafty old chamberlain has doubled on him and dodged over and around harmonies in quite an unexpected manner.

## No. 4. QUILP (The Harlequin).

"He'd mask, and wand, and funny name,  
And played his pranks on all who came."

F. min. .... 3 ..... 35

Those who are acquainted with the peculiar movements of the harlequin of the pantomime cannot fail to recognize him in this composition. He makes his entry with a rush, dances mysteriously through the scenes, makes signals for sudden transformations, and conducts himself in every way like the veritable harlequin. The dynamic marks should be strictly observed.

## No. 5. FAYLINE (The Princess).

"Winsome and sweet at toil or play,  
The fairies call her 'Little Fay.'"

A♭ ..... 4 ..... 35

This number is a perfect marvel of sweetness. The harmonic treatment is good, although not of an elaborate nature. As in every number of the series, the *personal* embodied in the opening movement is strictly adhered to throughout the entire composition. This number is also sure of becoming a universal favorite.

## No. 6. PRIMSELLE (The Duenna).

"A comely being, grave and fair,  
Full worthy of a princess' care."

G. .... 3 ..... 35

The sentiment contained in this number is one of difficult expression, and although no technical difficulties are presented, still it will require careful study to render it well. Pay special attention to expression marks and phrasing.

## No. 7. SAFTOR (Keeper of the Jewels).

"A cautious fellow, dressed in gray,  
Who watched his treasures day by day."

E♭ ..... 3 ..... 35

This, like No. 6, contains a sentiment difficult to embody in notes. Still the author has been quite successful in the attempt, and the composition will not be found wanting individually.

## No. 8. SUNAMEE (The Maid of Honor).

"Sweet and bright as morning's beam,  
She sang her love-song to the dream."

D♭ ..... 5 ..... 35

Little fairy Sunamee is surely in love. Every note she sings proclaims it, and from beginning to end her song glows with the genuine fervor of love. The third strain contains an exquisite bit of modulation. The entire composition cannot be classed as belonging to any particular school, yet it possesses uncommon merit.

## No. 9. OLON (The Fairy King).

"Now peal the bells and form the ring,  
For here comes Olon—Fairy King."

A. .... 4 ..... 35

Here is heard the mimic clang of bells, and fancy can picture the noisy, mirthful gathering of the fairies to welcome the coming of their king. The subject is wrought up in the most simple manner, but when well executed the effect is brilliant.

## No. 10. ELDINA (The Fairy Queen).

"Or sad or gay, yet still her mien  
Proclaims Eldina Fairy Queen."

F. .... 3 ..... 35

The first movement is diaphonic, the second is polyphonic. The sentiment embodied in the poetical couplet pervades the entire composition. It abounds in grace and quiet dignity.

## No. 11. DOXSPAR (The Court Physician).

"First here, then there, with jest so droll,  
Would Doxspar all his drugs extol."

F. .... 4 ..... 35

At first the music bubbles and froths like some fussy old doctor, and is suggestive of the ancient apothecary, saddle-bags and all. We confess we can't translate the ideas embodied in the following *andante*. To us it seems introduced simply to fill out the sheet, and although taken separately it is carefully written, yet we cannot connect it with the subject. Can you?

## No. 12. FLEETWING (The Messenger).

"Through field, and flood, and tangled wood,  
He bore the message of the king."

E♭ ..... 5 ..... 35

This description is probably the most vivid of any of the series. Fleetwing is commanded to appear before the king; he obeys; is ordered to bear a message to the Gnomes. The steed is brought forth; Fleetwing mounts and gallops away. One may follow the clatter of the steed as the pace becomes swifter and more furious, or is almost lost in the distance. Although the most difficult of the series, yet it will richly repay earnest study. Be sure and work it up to the requisite speed.

## No. 13. BLUNOSE (The Steward).

"A pompous, fat and solemn elf,  
Who makes a wine cask of himself."

A. min. .... 4 ..... 35

Drunk all the way through.

## No. 14. DIMON (The Prince).

"All hail the prince, through wood and wold,  
When peals his magic horn of gold."

E♭ ..... 4 ..... 35

There is a brave, glad ring about it that is perfectly refreshing. This number is especially recommended as a most charming study to develop the muscles of the wrist.

## No. 15. ROCKOLD (Master of the Swords).

"Strong and brave, with iron hand,  
The truest knight in fairy-land."

C. .... 2 ..... 35

Of the whole series, this is the author's favorite. It opens firm and true, and drives with a square front through the first movement. In the second movement the *tema* is transferred to the left hand. A good technique is needed to execute this number with the exactness demanded by the author.

## No. 16. BLUSTER (The General).

"With bravest front he led the van,  
But when the battle raged, he ran."

F. .... 3 ..... 35

The pompous entrance of the General is finely expressed. By and by comes the attack; then the flight of the General, followed by a battle scene of considerable length. At the end Bluster swaggers home, boasting of having achieved a most glorious victory.



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La Dame aux Camelias.

I think that the play;  
The house was packed from pit to dome  
With the gallant and the gay,  
Who had come to see the tragedy,  
And while the hours away.

There was the ruined Spendthrift,  
And Beauty in her prime;  
There was the grave Historian,  
And there the man of rhyme,  
And the surly Critic, front to front,  
To see the play of crime.

And there was pompous Ignorance,  
And Vice in flowers and lace;  
Sir Croesus and Sir Pandarus,  
And the music played apace,  
But of all that crowd I only saw  
A single, single face.

That of a girl whom I had known  
In the summers long ago,  
When her breath was like the new-mown hay,  
Or the sweetest flowers that grow;  
When her heart was light, and her soul was white  
As the winter's driven snow.

And there she sat with her great brown eyes,  
They were a troubled look;  
And I read the history of her life  
As it were an open book;  
And as if her soul, like a slimy thing  
In the bottom of a brook.

There she sat in her rustling silk,  
With diamonds on her wrist,  
And on her brow a gleaming thread  
Of pearl and amethyst.

"A cheat, a gilded grief!" I said,  
And my eyes were filled with mist.

I could not see the players play:  
I heard the music moan;  
It moaned like a dismal autumn wind,  
That dies in the woods alone;  
And when it stopped I heard it still—  
The mournful monotone!

What if the Count were true or false?  
I do not care, nor I;  
What if Camille for Armand died?  
I did not see her die.

There sat a woman opposite  
With a piteous lip and eye.

The great green curtain fell on all,  
On laugh, and wine, and woe,  
Just as death some day will fall  
"Twixt us and life, I know!"  
The play was done, the bitter play,  
And the people turned to go.

And did they see the tragedy?  
They saw the painted scene;  
They saw Armand, the jealous fool,  
And the sick Parisian queen;  
But they did not see the tragedy—  
The one I saw, I mean!

They did not see that cold-cut face,  
That furtive look of care;  
Or, seeing her jewels, only said,  
"The lady's rich and fair."  
But I tell you, 'twas the Play of Life,  
And that woman played despair!

A Wizard of the Stage.

ONE of the most adroit jugglers of the present age was Robert Houdin, a Frenchman, who for many years gave fashionable entertainments in Paris. Houdin wrote an autobiography, and related many curious feats performed by him in the course of his professional career. On one occasion he was invited to display his art before King Louis Philippe and his

court at the chateau of St. Cloud. Houdin invented a trick especially for this royal and noble assemblage, and received unbounded applause for his success. He borrowed from the King and his courtiers six handkerchiefs, which he made into a parcel and laid on the table. Then at his request different persons wrote on cards the names of places whither they desired their handkerchiefs to be invisibly transported. When this was done he begged the King to take three of the cards at hazard, and choose from them the place he might consider the most suitable. "Let me see," said Louis Philippe, "what this one says, 'I desire the handkerchiefs to be found beneath one of the candelabra on the mantelpiece.' Ah! that is too easy for a sorcerer, so we will pass on to the next card: 'The handkerchiefs are to be transported to the dome of the Invalides.' That would suit us, but it is much too far—not for the handkerchiefs, but for us. Ah, ah!" the King added, as he looked at the last card, "I am afraid, Monsieur Robert Houdin, I am about to embarrass you. Do you know what this card proposes?" Houdin, with a respectful bow, declared that he did not. "Well," responded his Majesty, "it is desired that you send the handkerchiefs to a spot beneath the roots of the last orange tree on the right of the Avenue of St. Cloud." Houdin affected the utmost nonchalance. "Only that, sire," he said. "Deign to order, and I will obey." The King gave certain directions in a low voice, and immediately a number of his attendants hurried off to the orange tree to watch it. He then said, "I select the orange tree." Houdin's first business now was to send the handkerchiefs on their travels. So he placed them beneath a bell of opaque glass, and taking his wand ordered them to fly to the spot the King had chosen. He raised the bell, the little parcel was no longer there, and a white turtle dove had taken its place. The King then walked quickly to the door, whence he looked in the direction of the orange tree to assure himself that the guards were there, and when this was done he began to smile and shrug his shoulders. "Ah! Monsieur Robert Houdin," he said, ironically, "I fear much for the virtue of your magic staff." Then he added, as he returned to the end of the room where several servants were standing, "Tell William to dig immediately below the last tree at the end of the avenue and bring me carefully what he finds there—if he does find anything." The attendant proceeded to the orange tree. The earth at the side of the tree was carefully removed, and down among the roots, after much groping, a small iron box eaten with rust was found. It bore every appearance of having been in the ground many years. This curious "find" was cleansed from its mould and brought in and placed by the side of the King. The greatest excitement and impatience prevailed on all sides. Houdin brought, perched on his finger, the dove to the King, and around its neck His Majesty discovered a little rusty key. At the desire of the conjurer he unloosed it and opened the box. The first object that met his eye was a time-discolored piece of parchment upon which he read: "This day, the 6th June, 1768, this iron box, containing six handkerchiefs, was placed among the roots of an orange tree by me, Balsamo, Count of Cagliostro, to serve in performing an act of magic, which will be executed on the same day

sixty years hence before Louis Philippe of Orleans and his family." "There is certainly witchcraft about this," cried the King, and then he looked again and found in the bottom of the box a parcel sealed with the well-known seal of the famous Cagliostro. He broke it and opened the parcel, and there were the six handkerchiefs which but five minutes before were lying on the conjurer's table. Was not this trick as remarkable as the producing of "Katie King" from a dark cabinet? \*

Houdin was employed by the French Government to go to Algeria on a novel mission. The Marabout priests exercised great influence over the natives, because they were able to perform certain feats of jugglery, which they pretended proved their divine power. These Marabouts were enemies of the French and encouraged turbulence among the Arabs. The government thought that it might be a good stroke of policy to send Houdin through the colony performing his miracles and demonstrating to the natives that a French sorcerer was greater than an Arab sorcerer. Accordingly Houdin appeared before large audiences, beginning in the city of Algeria. At the first of these performances he introduced a box which became heavy or light at his order. This box was brought by him to the footlights and while holding it in his hands he declared to his hearers that he possessed the power to deprive the most powerful man of his strength and restore it at will. He invited any one who thought himself strong enough to come on the stage. An Arab of middle height, but well built and muscular, came to his side with great assurance. "Are you strong?" asked Houdin, measuring him from head to foot. "Oh, yes," he replied carelessly. "Are you sure that you will always remain so?" "Quite sure." "You are mistaken," said Houdin, "for in an instant I will rob you of your strength, and you shall become as a little child." The Arab smiled disdainfully. Houdin told him to lift the box. He stooped and lifted it without any effort, and said coldly, "Is that all?" With an imposing gesture Houdin solemnly pronounced the words, "Behold you are weaker than a woman; now lift the box." The young Hercules grabbed the box quite confidently, but to his amazement it would not budge. He attacked it vigorously over and over again, while his countrymen sat looking on in silent wonder, but it resisted. He vainly expended on this box a strength which would have raised an enormous weight, until at length, panting, exhausted, and red with anger, he buried his face in his burnous and retired from the stage. Houdin does not explain the secret of this strange trick by which he made bodies heavy or light at will, and without apparently touching them, but it was a favorite of his, and often exhibited to his fashionable Parisian audiences.

Swallowing a Music Box.

When Mr. Chubb, the elder, returned from Europe, he brought with him from Geneva a miniature musical box, long and very narrow, and altogether of hardly greater dimensions, say, than a large pocket-knife. The instrument played four cheerful little tunes for the benefit of the Chubb family, and they enjoyed it. Young Henry Chubb enjoyed it to such



an extent that one day, just after the machine had been wound up ready for action, he got to sneezing the end of it, and a moment of inadvertence it slipped, and he swallowed it. The only immediate consequence of the accident was that a harmonic stomach-ache was organized upon the interior of Henry Chubb, and he experienced a restlessness which he well knew would defy peppermint and paretoric.

Henry Chubb kept his secret in his own soul, and in his stomach also, determined to hide his misery from his father, and spare the rod to the spoiled child—spoiled, at any rate, so far as his digestive apparatus was concerned.

But that evening, at the supper table, Henry had eaten but one mouthful of bread, when strains of wild, mysterious music were suddenly wafted from under the table. The family immediately made an effort to discover from whence the sounds came, although Henry Chubb sat there, filled with agony and remorse and bread and tunes, and desperately asserting his belief that the music came from the cellar, where the servant girl was concealed with a harp. He well knew that Mary Ann was unfamiliar with the harp, but he was frantic with anxiety to hide his guilt. Thus it is that one crime leads to another.

But he could not disguise the truth forever, and that very night, while the family was at prayers, Henry all at once began to hicough, and the music box started off without warning with "Way Down Upon the Swance River," with variations. Whereupon, the paternalism that arose from his knees and grasped Henry kindly, but finally, by his hair, and shook him up and inquired what he meant by such conduct. And Henry asserted that he was practicing something for a Sunday School celebration, which old Chubb intimated was rather a thin explanation. Then they tried to get up that music box, and every time they would seize Henry by the legs and shake him over the sofa cushion, or would pour some fresh variety of emetic down his throat, the instrument within would give a fresh spurt, and joyously grind out, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," or "Thou'lt Never Cease to Love."

At last they were compelled to permit that musical box to remain within the sepulchral recesses of Henry Chubb. To say that the unfortunate victim of the disaster was made miserable by his condition would be to express in the feeblest manner the unfortunate state of his mind. The more music there was in his stomach the wilder and more completely chaotic became the discord in his soul. As likely as not it would occur that while he lay asleep in the middle of the night, the works would begin to revolve, and would play "Home, Sweet Home," for two or three hours, unless the peg happened to slip, when the cylinder would switch back again to "Way Down Upon the Swance River, and would rattle out that tune, with variations and fragments of the scales, until Henry's brother would kick him out of bed in wild despair, and sit on him in a vain effort to subdue the serenade, which, however, invariably proceeded with fresh vigor when subjected to the usual pressure.

And when Henry Chubb went to church, it frequently occurred that in the very midst of the most solemn portion of the sermon, he would feel a gentle disturbance under the lower button of his jacket; and presently, when everything was hushed, the undigested engine would give a preliminary buzz, and then reel off "Listen to the Mocking Bird," and "Thou'lt Never Cease to Love," and scales and exercises, until the clergyman would stop and glare at Henry over his spectacles, and whisper to one of the deacons. Then the sexton would suddenly tack up his aisle and chide the unhappy Mr. Chubb by the collar and scold down the aisle again to the accompaniment of "Home, Sweet Home," and then incarcerate Henry in the upper portion of the steeple until after church.

But the end came at last, and the miserable boy found peace. One day, while he was sitting in school endeavoring to learn his multiplication table to the tune of "Thou'lt Never Cease to Love," his gastric juice triumphed. Something or other in the music box gave way all at once, the springs were unrolled with alarming force, and Henry Chubb, as he felt the fragments of the instrument hurled right and left among his vitals, tumbled over on the floor and expired. At the post-mortem examination, they found several pieces of "Home, Sweet Home" in his liver, while one of his lungs was severely torn by a fragment of "Way Down Upon the Swance River." Small particles of "Listen to the Mocking Bird" were removed from his heart and breast-bone and three brass pegs of "Thou'lt Never Cease to Love" were found firmly driven into his rib. They had no music at the funeral. They sifted the machinery out of him and buried him quietly in the cemetery. Whenever the Chubbs buy musical boxes now, they get them as large as a piano, and chain them to the wall. —*Maz Adler.*

### The Operatic Revolution.

Heretofore in the Old World, and to some extent in the New, the opera has been the diversion and luxury of a class, depending little for its support on the culture of the people. Adopted as a plant of exotic growth, it has been maintained in the factitious sunshine of royal and aristocratic circles, and watered with golden showers from those who cared more for its conventional associations than for any appeals it might make to art. Without government subsidies and the subscriptions of titled personages and leaders of fashion, where to-day would be its firm root and fair flowering in Paris, London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and other European capitals?

In America, the social conditions under which opera has to be produced are vastly different. We have no court nor nobility with which it is a point of pride and duty to lead the fashions and bestow lofty condescension on art and learning. Our government votes no supplies to the opera. It is true we have a considerable class of the wealthy and fashionable, who are tolerably anxious to adopt the ways of the corresponding classes in foreign parts. But they have proved thus far neither numerous nor opulent enough to support the opera in foreign styles and methods. They have comparatively but little following. American society is too heterogeneous, too diffuse for the application of foreign rules of leadership. Titles here are too common for any one of our native sovereigns to make the fame and fortune of an actor by his presence. But, as we have intimated, foreign traditions have largely governed the management of our operatic ventures. The calculation of the *impresario* has been more for a success of curiosity than for any solid appreciation of art. The sanction of foreign aristocratic circles has counted for more than excellence, however positive, but unrecognized. A star or two of dazzling brilliance in the midst of orbs of no magnitude, constituted the requisite furnishing of the operatic heavens. Every one must see the star, on pain of being considered out of the world, and the lesser lights were endured in a spirit of fatalistic resignation as no more than a just penalty for the enjoyment of so much brightness. Given a luminary of the kind, a sufficient beaming of torches announcing its coming, an ample display of royal and imperial operatic endorsement, the success of the venture was assured. What live American could resist, especially if he had not lived abroad? Americans have the keenest curiosity for new things, of all nations in the world. But this trait, while it makes them such ready victims to the star-system, tends with equal certainty to take them out of the sphere of its influence. The results of travel, novelty hunting, and familiarity with the best, have given, at last, a large number of them an appreciation for true art, and an impatience with the shams of artistic charlatany.

It is in recognition, unwitting or unwitting, of this state of things that Mr. Strakosch has organized his present opera. The step means, sooner or later, a complete revolution of the old methods. It involves the taking of the institution from its traditional aristocratic basis and placing it on a democratic one. It means more of art and less of artificiality. It may result, but not necessarily, in less satin-gloss in the boxes, but it certainly will develop a more polished and consummate art on the stage. The opera may cease to be a favorite rendezvous for the exchange of social amenities by those to whom the noise of their own parley is more pleasing than any music; but their place will be more than filled by those who find their exceeding great reward in the perfections of art. Wagner's opera music may be as ephemeral as that of his enemies, but his idea that art is the sole sovereign of the stage, and must dethrone the absurd frivolities that have so long usurped a part of its domain, is a bold and healthy idea. The novelists, the poets, the painters, the dramatists, the actors, looking the scene with apathy in the very climax of a fitting complement to prattling coeries in the auditorium. A *prima donna* exchanging greetings with the occupants of the boxes, while her champion at her side is giving wage of battle to deliver her from a deadly foe, is a consistent feature of an opera which exist distinctively as an appanage of royalty and its titled favorites. Signor Muzio and Herr Behrens, in their presentation of "Lohengrin" and "Aida" last season, began a reform, the logical developments of which they perhaps scarcely suspected, and the conclusions of which, the first step taken, there is no avoiding. The abolition of the *prima donna* and the *tenor solo*, the marking approval of the public which met the movement, indicate it as the impulse of a revolution, the beginning of a new era. And fortunate will it be for the managers, as well as for the public, if they see the new direction clearly, and follow it with promptness and courage. Let Mr. Strakosch and his supporters not fear, from this time, to cut loose from the traditions of European conventionalities, and trust themselves to the more

solid basis of art and the more certain responses which the taste of a free and intelligent people must ever give to that appeal.—*The Home Journal.*

**NOBILITY ON THE STAGE.**—A romance in very high life has just been brought to its last act. One of the most noted of the South German nobles was the Prince of Thurn and Taxis. He had been minister to the late King of Bavaria, and his son was aide-camp to the present king. It is his son who is the hero of the German romance. Long ago the Lord of Burleigh chose his wife from the peasantry and King Cophetua swore a royal oath that a beggar maid should be his bride; but neither of these traditional lovers went so far as the young Bavarian prince of our own days. It was an obscure actress who fascinated him, and for whom he was content to sacrifice everything. These conventional words meant a great deal in this case. The marriage actually was solemnized, but it was made subject to conditions of a very rigorous character, which were imposed upon the bridegroom as a condition of the family assent. He was to renounce all his paternal rights, and even his name. He was to be no longer the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, but a plain bourgeois, and was to receive an annual allowance of 5,000 florins. It might seem that such conditions would be impossible. The only answer is that they were exacted, that the marriage did occur, and that the prince descended into plain M. de Fels. He had, however, a very fine tenor voice, and a very beautiful bride, and he made his debut a short time ago at the theatre at Zurich. The story so far reminds one of Mario's history, who was Marquis of Candia in his own right; but here the resemblance ceases. The Swiss are not an imaginative people, and care very little for romantic sacrifices. M. de Fels was hipped off the stage at Zurich, and retired into private life. It was easy to descend from rank and position; it was difficult to reacquire them. The young prince was brother-in-law of the Duchess of Bavaria, nephew of the Majordomo of the Court of Prince Oettingen, so great efforts were made to restore the would-be tenor within the princely circle. At last a way was found to achieve the end. On the Lake of Chiem King Ludwig has an estate known as Herreninsel, and there it has been the custom to give great water parties and nautical fêtes. A theatre is to be built there, of which the artists are to consist almost exclusively of the aristocracy. Scenes out of Wagner's operas are to be represented, and Offenbach and Hervé are also to appear on the bills. But for this distinguished theatre a dignified manager has to be provided, and the Grand Duchess of Bavaria, who has taken the directorship, has thus found the means of introducing her nephew within the ring fence of his native aristocracy. The name of Paul de Fels, which appeared on the Zurich playbill, will be heard of no longer, and the Prince of Thurn and Taxis will be known in future as Marshal of the Royal Palace, and Master of the Revels to the young King of Bavaria.—*London Globe.*

**THE NOVEL AND THE DRAMA.**—The difference between the drama and the novel lies not merely in their outward form; not merely in the circumstances that the personages of the one are made to speak, while those of the other commonly have their history narrated for them. But in the novel it is chiefly sentiments and events that are exhibited; in the drama it is characters and deeds. The novel must go slowly forward; and the sentiments of the hero must, by some means or other, restrain the tendency of the whole to conclude. The drama, on the other hand, must hasten, and the character of the hero must press forward to the end—it does not restrain, but is restrained. The novel must be narrative, at least, he must not be active to a high degree; in the dramatic one we look for activity and deeds.—*Goethe.*

**A ROTHSCHILD AS A COMPOSER.**—About one of the daughters of the deceased Anselm Rothschild, the *Israelite* has the following interesting note: "It may be of interest to many musical friends to learn that Baroness Mathilde Rothschild, second daughter of the deceased, the wife of Baron Wilhelm von Rothschild, of Frankfurt, renowned for his piety, benevolence, and talmudical lore, is an ardent friend of music, and a composer of considerable success. To the patrons of Patti's performances, the lovely song, 'Si vous n'avez rien a me dire' is well known, and it is composed by Baroness Rothschild. With a second composition, Miss Gabrielle Krauss made a furor in private circles in Paris. Another of her compositions is the celebrated song by Schubert, 'Leise flehen die Wälder, leise durch die Nacht zu zieh.' And that wealthy lady and renowned composer is a Jewess in the truest and strictest sense of the name."



## Music and the Drama.

HERR CARL FORMES has been singing at Wiesbaden.

The present is the thirty-second dramatic season at the Boston Museum.

BARNUM's receipts during the twelve days he was in Baltimore were \$100,000.

WILL not some philanthropist invent a substitute for the sheet-iron thunder of the stage?

LAWRENCE BARRETT was presented with a gold-headed cane at Bloomington, Ill., lately.

CLARA MORRIS is said to make a disgusting object of herself in the last scene of "The Sphinx."

GOUNOD has decided definitely to leave England, and again to take up his residence in France.

It is probable that Dion Boucicault's new Irish drama will be the season novelty at Wallack's.

The wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of California comes to the front with a translation of a French play.

"The Field of the Cloth of Gold" has been performed at the Strand Theatre, London, more than 400 times.

HERR RATTAPLAN, who plays upon 16 drums at the same time, is giving exhibitions of his skill in Cincinnati.

THEY have a minister in Mound City, Kan., who attracts people to his prayer meeting by the music of a brass band.

AN orchestra of first-class musicians is to be organized in Philadelphia for the centennial, at an expense of \$10,000.

MR. BARTLEY CAMPBELL has returned to Chicago and resumed relations with Hooley's Theatre, with which he was formerly long connected.

AN actress in California, a Miss Kinlin, lately married a professional named Wood, and her stage name is now hyphenated into Mme. Kinlin-Wood.

"THE Deluge" still holds the stage at Niblo's. There is talk of introducing Noah and the Ark if the stage can be enlarged to hold all the beasts.

MR. THOMAS J. WILLIAMS, the writer of the well-known farce, "Ici on Parle Français," died at his residence in the Fulham Road, London, a fortnight ago.

"UNDER the Gaslight" and the "Lady of Lyons" are playing at Wood's New York Museum. The management do not like violent contrasts in style or merit.

IN the hall of the Scala Theatre, at Milan, a statue to Donizetti has been erected. He holds a song in his hand, in which is inscribed "Spirito gentil."

SEVERAL of the leading business men of Philadelphia have agreed to erect a theater in that village—"a theater that will eclipse all others in the United States!"

A SIXTY City deacon asked a stranger to start a hymn, and when the stranger struck into "Mollie, Darling," they tried to drown him out with "Old Hundred."

Mlle. DE MURSKA was Mlle. Di Murska last year; but the new spelling is by her own direction, and we suppose a lady has as good a right to change her name as her mind.

BRET HARTE has invited the services of Mr. Boucicault as a collaborator in his forthcoming play. Mr. Harte will supply the facts, and Mr. Boucicault hurl in the originality.

TWO thousand dollars' worth of "Royal Marionettes" paraphernalia were sold at auction in Lancaster, Pa., recently, for \$101, to satisfy a hotel keeper's demands.

A NEW thematic and chronological catalogue of all the compositions of Schubert is shortly to appear, the compiler and editor being the always trustworthy Nottebohm.

"I'm going—I know I am," said a dying Mississippiian, and "I believe I'd go easy if Jim would get down the fiddle and play the 'Arkansas Traveler' once more." Jim did.

MR. BOUCICAULT is a dramatist and an actor. When we see his plays, we wish he was only an actor. When we see him act, we wish he was only a dramatist. *The Arcadian.*

Since "The Woman Who Talks" has been put on the stage there's scarcely a married man going who doesn't think he has a natural, great actress in his family.—*St. Louis Journal.*

A SERENADING party at Dubuque were invited in, furnished with a lunch duly seasoned with jalap and other drugs, and the voice of the midnight song hasn't been heard in the land since.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS has translated and adapted the Italian play of "Samson," and Mr. Charles Pope will act the leading part, in St. Louis. This is one dramatic result of the visit of Signor Salvini.

A NEW York State Quaker was found in a patch of grass behind a fence, looking at a circus procession, and he turned it off by saying: "Friend, has thee seen the king-bolt of my wagon around here?"

PATRICK SARFIELD GILMORE keeps up his reputation in New York. He has just closed a series of six concerts at the Central Park Garden, following the exit of Theodore Thomas, and with great success.

STONE, the great bare-back rider, has retired from the public arena, but occasionally indulges in a little entertainment for himself and friends in a small circus that he has constructed on his farm near Pater-son, N. J.

TWO new theaters in Toronto have been opened lately. Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera House, on Adelaide street, will accommodate 1500 spectators; the Royal Opera House, on King street, will seat 1,450 persons.

DANIEL SIMPSON, the veteran drummer of the Ancient and Honorable artillery of Boston, celebrated his 84th birthday September 28, and the anniversary was attended by his sisters, aged respectively 96, 80 and 79.

"THE Sphinx" has already been given in St. Louis and Chicago. In St. Louis they think *Blanche* is a woman "who lives as it were in a powder magazine and is continually striking a light to assure herself of her safety."

THE revival of "Venice Preserved" at Booth's Theatre was not a success. The new English dress, Miss Fannie Brough, was so much displeased with adverse criticisms on her acting as *Belshazzar* that she will return to England at once. Day-day!

THE new Museum in Portland, Me., was opened on the 28th ult. Rev. C. W. Buck (Unitarian) delivered an address. Miss Alice Witham read verses. The performance consisted of "Sarah's Young Man" and "The Bohemian Girl."

ALL the world of connoisseurs is speaking about a young daughter of the late Sigismund Thalberg, a phenomenon. It is asserted by those who have heard her, that she is said to be a great deal better than Adelina Patti *en herbe*. It is said that Mr. Gye has engaged her for the Royal Italian Opera.

WE learn from the *Irish Times* that a National Opera Company has been playing at Sligo. "The Legend of Castle," "The Girl of Erabra," "The Duke of Meiningen," "The Bohemian Girl," "Maritana," and "La Sonnambula," have been successfully performed.

A NEW distinction—the order of the Lyre—for persons eminent in the musical and dramatic professions, was created in Germany. The Duke of Meiningen is also about to give a gold medal for distinguished services in the causes of science and art.

WHILE dressing for the stage Fanny Ellsler was subject to the deepest melancholy, which disappeared, as though by magic, at the sound of the music. When dancing, she was, as it were, electrified by feverish delight, which sometimes became actually convulsive.

THE loss occasioned last week by the blowing down of the theater in course of erection at Charleston, South Carolina, was \$20,000, but work on it was not delayed the day after the gale, the contractor even making a joke about old Boreas having been the first to "bring down the house."

A NOVELTY in a church is that of having a bulletin to show the numbers of hymns to be sung. The church of the Redeemer in New Haven has one at the side of the pulpit, and one at the singer's gallery, on which they are put in large figures, so that they can be seen by any one in the audience.

MAX MARETZKE appears to have withdrawn from the field of Italian opera, for he is now advertised as one of the Directors of the New York Conservatory of Music. Max is to have charge of the amateur music to be given by the pupils of the Conservatory during the ensuing season.

EVIDENCES of civilization among the Chinese are crowding in on us thick and fast. The last is the case of a villainous heathen named Ah Chung, who has been forging admission tickets to his native opera house in San Francisco, and selling them on the street at less than the regular price.

A CALIFORNIA man has patented a device for the purpose of effecting on the stages of theatres the rising, sinking, rolling, and pitching motions of vessels at sea. So perfect is the imitation that in connection with sheet-iron thunder, saltpetre lightning, and bellows wind, the actors are made seasick.

PRIVATE letters from Mme. Ristori convey the gratifying intelligence that this distinguished tragedienne is learning the play of "Macbeth," in English. She gave the sleep-walking scene in that language before London audiences some time ago, but she never attempted to learn the entire play until now.

JOIGNERY, the strong man of Hippodrome fame, is lifting horses at the Bowery Theatre and the boys in the galleries are lifting the dome—with cheers. One does not know which to admire most—Joignery's strength, or the manner in which the horse stiffens his legs when he feels himself being lifted from the ground.

OUR correspondent being imbued with the fascinating whirl of society at a puring-bee in the country, writes—"We are in the midst of parties, dancing, mirth and festivity. The rosin'd hair of the horse galls merrily over the intestines of the agile cat; extracting music to which the impatient feet trip gaily upon the floor."

AMONGST new operas to be heard in Italy are "Matina Corvino," by signor Pinsuti, of London, who set Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice" for Bologna; "Lia e Selvaggia," by signor Schira, the composer of the cantata, "The Lord of Burleigh," for the last Birmingham Festival; and "Il Solitario," by signor Muscone.

AN American recently appeared in the parquet of a London theater whose clothes were much torn and so disarranged that people at once jumped to the conclusion that he had been sitting on the ragged edge of despair; but he had only been fighting with the doorkeeper about leaving his overcoat in the lobby, as is customary in that town.

BAUDRY, the decorator of the new opera house in Paris, was sadly bothered for an idea by which to represent the "music of England" emblematically on his frescoes. He painted finally three little genii. One carried the Irish harp, the other the Scotch bagpipes, and the third paid the two first for playing, and tried to look as if he understood the music.

THE most distinguishing feature of the opera as rendered in Perugia is the extraordinary orchestral music. The orchestra is composed of more than seven professors. The fourth flute is the first at one of the large theatres. In short, the director has picked out the best performers from every theatre in Italy, and has taught them himself for a long time. The effect is wonderful.

THE new Beethoven hall at 413 Washington street Boston, was opened on Monday evening, October 5. The inaugural address—a poem—was written by Nathaniel Childs of the *Traveler*, and read by Charlotte Cushman. Two or three well-known musical organizations were present, and among the notable events of the evening were a performance by Camilla Urso and the debut of Sophia Dowland, the English vocalist.

INDIFFERENT TO THE MUSIC.—Sutherland Edwards, in his recent book on "The Germans in France," tells the following pleasant anecdote of the armed propagation of the Wagner idea: "The morning after my arrival in Rouen, I was awakened by the sound of such music as under ordinary circumstances would never have been heard in France. A selection from 'Lohengrin' was being played by the band of an East Prussian regiment just in front of the hotel. Here, then, was conquest symbolized in music. Nothing but a successful invasion could have brought Richard Wagner to the native city of Boildieu; beneath whose statue the unfamiliar sounds were, at that moment, being produced. The sarcasm, however, met with very little notice from the inhabitants. Street-boys, whose curiosity and love of novelty are stronger everywhere than their patriotism, held the music-sheets for their enemies; but the adult passers-by paid no more attention to the doubtful strains than did the orchestral dog who had dragged the big drum after him, from somewhere near Königsburg, to the capital of Normandy, and who now, like a dog that had seen the world, lay down on the pavement, and calmly slept without once disturbing the general effect of the music by the unexpected *rinforzando* of a snore. It was freezing hard, and the brass instruments, pinched by the cold, were terribly hoarse. What, however, was the frost to East Prussians?—one of whom, when a shivering Frenchman complained that the thermometer marked ten degrees below freezing-point, is said to have replied: 'Ten degrees? Why, in East Prussia, at ten degrees, it thaws!'"



# The Song Journal.

WM. P. FULLER, Editor.

DETROIT, NOVEMBER, 1874.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."  
"The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,  
stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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## A Word About Ourselves.

As we have said so many pleasant things about others during the current year, will our friends excuse us if we now speak a few words for ourselves? Our intercourse with our readers and exchanges has been of the pleasantest character, and this condition of good-fellowship we desire to retain, to use the words ascribed to President Taylor, with all the world and the rest of mankind.

With this and the December number, the fourth volume of the SONG JOURNAL closes, and all indications lead us to expect a larger constituency in 1875, than we have ever before addressed. Our exchanges, both musical and "secular," have given us many words of high praise, which we herewith gratefully acknowledge; and the success which has attended our endeavors to serve our friends and patrons acceptably being thus encouraged, those endeavors will be continued in the future with greater energy and earnestness, if possible, than in the past. To show our appreciation of the good-will which has been so liberally extended towards the JOURNAL, we have determined to meet its friends half way, and thus increase, if such a thing may be, their interest in their favorite music magazine.

The new postal law requires that postage on all publications shall be prepaid by the publishers, who are to remunerate themselves by collecting it of their subscribers. We shall comply with the requirement of that law so far as prepayment of the postage is concerned, but with and after the January number, so long as this law is in operation, we shall send

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## Premiums and Commissions.

Until this world is constituted very differently from its present construction, we cannot expect its

people to exert themselves for others unless they see some clear way of remuneration therefor. Recognizing this condition of affairs, we accept the situation, and make the following offer as inducements for any one to increase our list. Persons obtaining subscriptions for the SONG JOURNAL may reserve the percentage indicated by the following figures, the subscribers, in all cases, to receive their magazine free of postage, and with one dollar's worth of music from our own publications:

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Which hundreds of young ladies and gentlemen might improve among their friends with advantage to themselves and pleasure and profit to all concerned. It is not in every community that subscribers can be obtained by the hundred, but the communities are few, at this time, where from one to twenty-five, or from twenty-five to fifty cannot be obtained with little effort.

## Review the Attractions!

Remember that subscribers to the SONG JOURNAL for 1875 get their magazine free of postage, with one dollar's worth of choice music, of our own publication, as a premium; that the JOURNAL itself contains, in addition, from \$12 to \$15 worth of fine music yearly; and that those who commence at once, get the November and December numbers gratis. A more liberal offer than this was never before made by a publisher.

## The Song Journal Itself.

We need not describe the SONG JOURNAL to those who have been its readers hitherto; but for the information of those who intend to start with us the coming year, we will say that the SONG JOURNAL is very accurately described by its title. It is a JOURNAL, or record, of everything of importance or interest in the Musical or Dramatic World. Professedly a musical publication, it regards music and the drama as twin sisters, each having a mission similar to the other, and working in fields where "thin partitions do their bounds divide." Thus every musical or dramatic product of note, and every musical or dramatic artist of repute, is promptly put on record in its pages. The little incidents of the stage, the public and private histories of the player men and women, the news and the gossip of the stage, all find a mention here, fresh, and we hope, attractive. It is the only publication which rigidly excludes from its columns all matters foreign to these subjects, and from the first line to the last, treats only of them. The music in each number is worth, many times over, the cost of the work, and letters from all quarters come to hand expressing the pleasure of the writers at some particular piece which has pleased them greatly.

With the December number we shall give a title page and index for the volume which will close therewith; and this we will continue regularly hereafter. This is a feature we have seen in none of our musical exchanges, and we believe it will be not only a new idea in musical journalism, but one which our readers will be glad to have us carry out. Then, each year's SONG JOURNAL, indexed, paged and bound, will make a handsome and convenient volume, full of good music and musical literature, worth many, many times the trifle it will cost.

## A Question Arises.

The Harvard Musical Association, of Boston, is in trouble up to its ears. The members uphold the severely classical in music, and consequently find themselves annoyed with losing seasons and the growing disfavor of the community. This cuts their severely classical souls to the quick, and they

appeal to the public to turn a beaming countenance Harvard-ward. They review their ill-luck of last winter, cast the horoscope of the coming season, and finally conclude that they must return to the plan of a guarantee fund. They confess that Theodore Thomas' concerts have been, and still are, formidable rivals of their own, and believe he has demoralized the public taste with Wagner and his heresies, and with the productions of Liszt and other lesser lights of the new school. The question now directly upon the Harvard Association is, whether they shall continue their concerts, or permit the community to run after the false gods of the later days and become musically lost forever. It protests that its selections are not confined to a narrow circle, and declare that they have given forty-four different symphonies, fifty-two overtures, twenty miscellaneous musical works of importance, forty-five concertos, more classical concert arias with orchestra than were ever before given in this country, choice songs fresh and full of genius, and instrumental solos really too numerous to mention. They have introduced, for the first time in Boston, fifteen symphonies, twenty-five overtures, twenty-eight concertos, not to mention many affairs of minor importance. The sympathetic audiences which has submitted to all this the association desires to retain. They want to give concerts at stated intervals, they say, "and not a series crowded into one week," which may be considered as a dig in the ribs of the Handel and Haydn Society. They yet hope to retain the old guard of musicians who have stood by them through thick and thin, even with the innovation which they contemplate shall be thrown as a sop to the Cerberus of the day, the introduction of a chorus of mixed voices in such works as Schuman's "Paradise and the Peri," Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Nights," and so forth. This is a curious appeal to come from a Boston musical association of the standing, capability and talent of the Harvard. It only shows that traditions are powerful, and interfere with the progress of organizations like the Harvard as barnacles retard the sailing of the ship. The vessel is a magnificent craft, and the barnacles mere parasites; but they are no less a hindrance to the progress of the ship to which they cling. Let the Harvard Association recollect that the world moves, and make preparations to keep abreast of it. Need they ride from Boston to Albany in a lumber wagon, taking a week in the passage, because that was the way the journey was made half a century ago? or will they go, like the progressive world of to-day, on the cars which fly over the route in eight short hours?

But the complaint of the Harvard Association brings up a point which commands attention. It is fashionable now-a-days to speak of the good service which Theodore Thomas has done in educating us up to a proper appreciation of the best music; but here is the Harvard Association claiming that its patrons and supporters of the past are giving way to the light and frivolous attractions of Theodore Thomas and his orchestra. If the Harvard Association takes the right view of the matter, the question whether Theodore Thomas has been educating us up or down is a fair one. Let us look to this.

## The Musical Societies of Detroit.

Detroit is not favored with a great many singing societies, though there are as many as in most cities of its size. The taste for choral music seems to be growing as the appreciation of really good music certainly is. The ability of the societies here for the handling of the higher styles of composition is not excelled anywhere, and their performances in public will bear comparison with those of larger and more pretentious organizations. Of the societies now in operation, the first in size and importance is the "Detroit Musical Society," now entering upon its fourth season with increasing numbers and strength.

It counts about 140 active members, the parts being well balanced, and it is especially strong in fine soprano and contralto voices. Their aim has been rather in the direction of classical works, with liberal selections from Italian composers, and issuing tickets only to honorary members, of whom they have about 350, they are always sure of an appreciative audience. They are now rehearsing Gade's setting of "Erl King's Daughter" and portions of "Ernani" and "Martha," for the first of the four concerts to be given during the season. Their musical director is Prof. F. Abel.

The "Orpheus," a society composed entirely of male voices, and organized with special reference to the singing of madrigals, part songs, etc., has been in operation now about a year, and numbers nearly 40 singers, under the leadership of Mr. E. Gore. The field of music in this direction has not been extensively occupied in this city. It is very rich in English and German songs, ballads, glees, etc., that constitute excellent practice, and with their pleasant and sometimes rather quaint harmony and arrangement, appeal strongly to the social and home feelings of the hearer. There is great scope for the expressive rendering of such songs, and the "Orpheus," in their public appearances, so far, have given evidence of earnest effort for improvement.

A large and flourishing society, and much the oldest in the State is the German "Harmonic." Their history has been recently brought to notice by the ceremonies attending the laying of the corner stone of their large and elegant building now being erected on the corner of Lafayette and Beaubien streets for their use. Their chorus is *mixed*, with much the greater strength in male voices. The music practiced by them is, of course, strictly of the German school. They have given acceptably, at different times, opera in costume, and will probably produce another during the winter. They rehearse twice a week, and have a large list of active and subscribing members. They are also under the direction of Prof. Abel.

The "Concordia" is a German society, of moderate size, but most excellent ability, and the "Lyra," a reorganization of a "singing section," has commenced real work lately with good prospects.

Various associations for the practice of music are in existence in the city, but as they are of a social rather than public character, do not come within the scope of this article.

An organization similar to the "Harvard Musical Society," of Boston, is in embryo, and with good prospects of successful completion. It will be strictly devoted to instrumental music of classical style. The city possesses many fine amateur and professional players, and an orchestra of forty or fifty performers is quite feasible. The initial concert is in progress of preparation. Subscribers enough have already applied to insure success, and rehearsals have been begun under the direction of Prof. Abel. The value of such an association to our city is self-evident; while it cannot be expected that the perfection of Thomas' orchestra can be attained by any body of players not in constant practice together, very much can be done to incite our professionals to a greater interest in fine classical works, and improve the style of performances. Any effort in this regard should receive the warmest encouragement from every lover of the divine art.

WILKES' *Spirit* indulges in denunciation of the benefit system as a nuisance—a relic of the old times when actors were persecuted, and the best of them were so poorly paid that benefits were necessary to eke out a livelihood for them. To-day, it remarks, the stock actors of a good theatre get better salaries than clerks or one-half the people who are called upon so many times during the season to make up a sum to enable a stock actor to swell it during the summer season at Long Branch or elsewhere. The salaries of these actors range from \$25 to \$150 a week, and Wilkes thinks if they lived less extrava-

gantly they could support themselves comfortably without these begging calls of the benefit nights. Perhaps all the objections which the *Spirit* urges against the system are valid, but there is one point which the complainer leaves out of the case, and that is, that there is no law, human or divine, which compels the public to attend these benefits. If there were such mandates from any quarter, it would be worth while to consider the benefit system as a nuisance. If people do not desire to attend a benefit performance they can stay away; but the truth is, that the general public goes to one of these just as it goes to any other, because of the attractions offered. The destination of the money which it pays is a matter of indifference to the general public. It cares little whether its dollars go into the pocket of Shakspeare Siddons, the Great American Actor, or into the treasury of Brown & White, the Enterprising Managers of the Theatre Magnifique. "The play's the thing!"

THE English opera season for America was inaugurated at Chicago, October 5, by the Kellogg troupe, with "Lucia." The company proves to be a very good one, the orchestra being strengthened and disciplined, and the chorus full and well trained. Miss Kellogg wins the unanimous praise of the critics for an improvement in her acting, which surprises them all. If our favorite American prima donna was liable to any criticism, it was because of her faulty dramatic action at times. Her old mannerisms and angular graces have been improved away during the summer vacation, and she is now one of the best dramatic as well as one of the best lyric artists on the English operatic stage. The personnel of her company we have already announced. The troupe finished their season October 24th. Their triumph was complete. For twenty performances they took \$36,177.25, an average of over \$1,800 a night. The receipts were \$3,130 for a night of "Mignon;" "Martha" brought \$3,118.50; the "Marriage of Figaro" brought \$2,756.50; "Lucia," \$2,448.75; "Faust," \$1,960.75; "Don Giovanni," \$1,900; "Trovatore," \$1,483.50; the "Bohemian Girl," \$1,066.25; "Maritana," \$1,550.75; "Fra Diavolo," \$1,525.25.

A MUSICAL paper of Milan, Italy, sounds the alarm on the subject of female encroachments on the domain hitherto occupied by men in music. In addition to the great number of excellent violinists, female orchestras are being formed all over Europe, two in Vienna, one in Berlin, one in Pesth, one in Paris, and another in Brussels. Both Sweden and Russia are sending out choral octettes of ladies, who will shortly travel through Europe. Several philharmonic organizations are being formed, too, to give nothing but the works of lady composers. The same authority tells us that, in Scotland, the violin is taking the place of the piano as an instrument for young ladies. If this kind of thing goes on, we may expect female brass bands to follow in due season. We think we should admire a female band at the head of a procession, one of the women pouring her whole soul into a trombone, and another driving a bass drum in front of her!

MARCIETTI's new opera of "Ruy Blas" was brought out by the Strakosch troupe in New York last month. Marchetti is among the younger of the Italian composers, and is little known outside his own country. His present work has not been performed out of Italy, though it was announced in Paris last year, and would have been given but that Victor Hugo objected to an operatic representation of his play. It is considered as the composer's best work. The *libretto* affords many opportunities for effective scenery and mounting, and its music is of a kind that appeals to every taste, as, while supplying plenty of tunes for the uneducated, the melodic beauty and originality of many of the phrases

must commend themselves to every musician. The day after its production, the New York *Graphic* printed the music of most of the principal airs of the opera, and its criticism could be tested by the music itself, which was thus placed before the reader.

ALL the great actors in Paris turned out to take part in the grand testimonial to Mademoiselle Dejazet, the veteran Parisian actress, in October. She is seventy-seven years old, and of that period, seventy-two years have been passed upon the stage. She has made money enough in her career to be rich; but she was liberal, and gave it away as fast as she earned it, so that old age came upon her and found her poor. She undertook to prevent the knowledge of her distress from gaining publicity, but her friends found it out, and arranged for the benefit performance. And a benefit it was. The leading Parisians hastened to do her honor, seats were at high premium, and \$25,000 for Dejazet was the result of their friendly competition.

On the 8th of October performances by dramatic and operatic volunteers, were given at Booth's and Wallack's theatres, for the benefit of the family of the late Mark Smith, and resulted in over \$3,000 to comfort the widow and the fatherless. Shortly before this, Ben De Bar, the St. Louis manager, engineered a benefit performance at his theatre for the same charitable purpose. The net results were about \$700, of which Mr. De Bar, it is said, retained something like \$525 in payment of a loan he made Mr. Smith some years ago. If this is true, we should like to know whether the St. Louis entertainment was really given for the benefit of the family of the late Mark Smith, or for the benefit of the present Ben De Bar.

ALBANI made her first appearance in opera in this country at the New York Academy, October 20, in "Sonnambula." The occasion was one of an undoubted triumph for our American prima donna. Of the quality of her voice, of the style of her execution, and of the propriety of her dramatic action, the audience was so fully persuaded that the enthusiasm, which commenced before she had finished her first aria, increased in heartiness to the last, when she was called out five times to receive the homage of her hearers.

LONG runs have certainly become established facts in Paris. Thus, a short time since, "Les Deux Orphelins" was given at Theatre du Chatelet for the two hundred and third time; "Mignon," at the Opera Comique, for the three hundred and thirty-sixth; "Les Huguenots," at the Grand Opera, for the five hundred and forty-first; "Orpheus aux Enfers," at the Gaité, for the seven hundred and eighty-second; and, finally, "Le Pied de Mouton," at the Theatre de la Porte St.-Martin, for the twelve hundred and tenth!

AFTER all, we had rather wait for a good, deliberately wrought biography of Beethoven than to take up with one that has been dashed off on the spur of the moment. Therefore, we desire to subscribe to Thayer's history of the great composer. This author commenced to write a four-volume biography in 1850, and has already completed the second. There are to be only two more volumes to finish the work, which may be expected entire twenty-five years hence. But then fifty years isn't too much time to spend on the life of so great a man as Beethoven was!

Mrs. OATES' opera company has commenced its winter's work, and we see it announced that "Mr. Charles H. Drew is again the leading tenor of the company." Then it must be that leading tenors are scarce indeed!



ANTOINETTE STERLING is one of the American girls in Europe from whose musical studies the greatest expectations are indulged. A London letter says she possesses a contralto voice such as has not been heard there since the days of Albani, full, rich and sympathetic. One evening recently, when she gave the first notes of Mendelssohn's "Athalie," in the Royal Albert Hall, some persons present thought it was the notes of the grand organ, so deep and rich was her voice, filling the immense hall, where only a few of the singers in all London can make themselves heard.

At the performance for the benefit of the family of Mark Smith, in New York, October 10th, Miss Violetta Colville made her debut in the United States, in a fragment of the opera of "Lucia." She was enthusiastically received by the audience, but the critics treat her rather coolly. Miss Colville has sung in several of the Italian opera houses to the acceptance of Italian audiences, and it is possible that she will yet make a mark in her native country in spite of the critics.

One of the brightest looking of our exchanges is the *Olio and Music Folio*, of which Messrs. R. and A. B. Brown are editors. The current number is No. 1 of the second volume, and has some very sensible remarks and suggestions concerning musical affairs. It is published simultaneously at Olivet, Mich., and Leavenworth, Kansas. Each number will contain music and general literature, and the price is one dollar for the college year of ten months. Address *The Olio and Music Folio*, Olivet.

FOURTEEN brass bands, aggregating 255 instruments, held a festival at Framingham, Mass., October 3d, D. W. Reeves, of the American Brass Band, Providence, being director. There was continuous playing by the separate bands morning and afternoon until four o'clock, when the fourteen bands made the rather hazardous experiment of playing several marches, polkas, quicksteps, etc., together. They did it, however, and lived through it.

MISS CRANCH, who is singing at Theodore Thomas' concerts, repeats the song for which she gains encore. Why this sensible course is not pursued by all performers, vocal or instrumental, is a mystery. If the audience approves the singing of a certain piece, and, approving, so applauds as to demand a repetition, what is the sense of responding to that demand with an entirely different production? We pause for a reply.

TOM TRUMB and his troupe have just made a three years' tour around the world, during which they traveled 55,487 miles, 31,216 by sea, and gave 1,471 entertainments in 578 different cities and towns in the four quarters of the globe. During the trip they did not meet with a single accident, nor lose a single appointment by sickness. They are now giving entertainments in Boston.

THE *Folio* having spoken of the high C which Patti, Murska and Leutner reach without an effort, a correspondent reminds it that Mrs. H. M. Smith, of Boston, has been frequently heard to sing up to G and A above, with a compass of three and one-half octaves. That is a very flattering statement for Mrs. Smith, but it must be a source of fatigue and discouragement to Patti and the others.

We send the SONG JOURNAL free of postage; and as we give the subscriber a dollar's worth of music of our own publication for the dollar that he sends us for the JOURNAL, do we not also send him the JOURNAL free? Yes!

One dollar's worth of music of our own publication, fourteen numbers of the SONG JOURNAL if you subscribe at once, all free of postage for one dollar.

Our remark, a few months ago, that some of the music of "Martha" and other operas was, were it not for its association, worthy of sacred themes, is endorsed by a composer of anthems and other church music, who says that he regards a great deal of the opera of "Martha" as very ecclesiastical in character. Praise from Sir Hubert!

FOURTEEN numbers of the SONG JOURNAL—the November and December numbers of 1874, and the entire volume for 1875, with one dollar's worth of music from our own publication, free of postage for ONLY ONE DOLLAR. We could not do better than this, unless we gave you the JOURNAL and the music, and paid you something to take it!

LET any young lady undertake among her friends, and she will be surprised to find how readily subscriptions can be obtained for the SONG JOURNAL. The large return to the subscriber in the way of music and musical literature, for the paltry sum of one dollar per year, is an irresistible attraction when you call the attention of the musically-minded to it.

WE expect to stand up against any ordinary kind of competition, but when a music journal takes the field and declares that "anonymous communications, unless accompanied by the real name, will be rejected," we feel that it would be advisable to retire from the contest. Otherwise it might consign us with a dozen others to solitary confinement in one cell.

PHILADELPHIA proposes to raise \$100,000 for a memorial to Joseph Hopkinson, author of "Hail, Columbia." It was originally written for a poor young singer's benefit in the summer of 1798, when there was a prospect of a war with France, and the song became instantly popular.

THE New York *Tribune* thinks people are no longer content with the music over which one gently smiles. They look for more stimulating entertainments—tears, madness, agony, and heroism at the opera house, and the heartiest sort of farce on less pretentious stages.

REPORTED, that Sims Reeves is to have \$1,150 a night for one hundred nights of concert in America. We would give more for the money that is put into that speculation than for the money that will be taken out of it by anybody, except Sims Reeves, at those figures.

ONLY one dollar for one dollar's worth of music of our own publication, and fourteen numbers of the SONG JOURNAL which in a year gives from \$12 to \$15 worth of music additional, and a complete record of current musical and dramatic news, free of postage!

Two old stories are to reappear in musical garb. Mr. Cowen, an English composer, is to make an opera of "The Lady of Lyons," and Plumptre, another musician of London, is to make an oratorio of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

SAVE your SONG JOURNALS, and when a year's numbers are indexed and bound, you will have a cheap, attractive and valuable collection of music in musical and dramatic information, in a compact, convenient form.

EVERY new thing of note in the musical and dramatic world is promptly recorded in the SONG JOURNAL. All other literature is rigidly excluded from its columns. This is a feature peculiar to the SONG JOURNAL.

THERE'S nothing in this life so sweet as love's young dream, says the poet. But the music which the SONG JOURNAL gives every year for one dollar is as sweet as love's young dream—and how much cheaper!

STEINHART, of New Haven, owns a Cremona violin, for which he paid \$600. For that money he could have subscribed for the SONG JOURNAL for 600 years, at one dollar a year. Improvident Steinhart!

PATTI wants to sing *Maritana* in Wallace's beautiful opera, but the original dialect is not up to her standard, and she is having an Italian libretto built for her. This is one of the most foolish of foolishnesses.

CARL ROSA commenced another season of English opera at Liverpool on the 21st of September. We do not find the name of his prima donna, but it was not Hersee.

CLARA MORRIS, having thoroughly done the society drama, is said to have designs on serious matters, on tragedy itself, yea, even on *Lady Macbeth*.

If it is true that Mr. Toole came upon banco's ghost at Niagara Falls, and contributed \$1,000 to the support of the uneasy spirit, then he had better confine his gambling to the stage.

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CAMPBELL, the favorite English opera singer, is lying dangerously sick at Chicago, and has not been able to take part in the performances of the Kellogg troupe, to which he belongs, this season.

MR. BELO, the animal trainer accompanying Forepaugh's menagerie, was bitten in the leg by a refractory tiger recently. So we see that beasts, as well as man, want little here, Belo.

WILL HAYS, the song-writer, of Louisville, has gone into the printing business. From being a composer he becomes a compositor.

ALL the girls are running after "That Young Man Across the Way," a recently published song of Willet's.

UP to October 1, J. Estey & Co. had manufactured 50,001 cottage organs, or enough, if placed in a straight line, to have measured over fifty miles.

A WRITER in the New York *World* declares that Anna Louise Carey is the foremost contralto of the stage, either in the old world or the new.

It is waggishly remarked that Boucicault is going to rewrite "Macbeth" for Charlotte Cushman, and "Hamlet" for Edwin Booth.

NIBLO's ballet corps is just now winning applause in "A Fly Dance." Of course those who engage in it take to the wings as soon as it is over.

THE *London Musical World* speaks of Capoul as "the hyper-sentimental tenor," and enjoys an equal contempt both of his voice and his acting.

It is believed that the woodchuck is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils, for the reason that he has no music in his hole.

LUCCA has been engaged for a season of German opera, in New York, next winter.

## The City and the State.

### The City.

The season opens finely with varied amusements. We have had, during the month, Mrs. Lander, Theodore Thomas, Rip Van Winkle Jefferson, the Richings-Bernard troupe, Humpty Dumpty Fox, the Harmonic Concert, and several less important attractions. Hough's Theatre is among the things that were, and, *sic transit!* from its ashes the Detroit Varieties arises. The Harmonic Society has celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary by the laying of the corner stone of their new hall. Altogether, we have started off most cheerily.

The Howard Dramatic Club will give a performance in December for the benefit of the Protestant Orphan Asylum.

One October evening, Mrs. Susan Saunders, the accomplished music teacher, held a musical reunion of her pupils and their friends at the residence of H. E. Bostwick, Esq. It was a most pleasurable occasion, and resulted in exhibiting at once the abilities of the teacher and the aptness of the pupils. The performers were generally but a short distance in their 'teens, but they attacked with confidence and success the selections set apart for the evening. In order to show the character of those selections we append the programme:

#### PART I.

|                 |                  |                                |
|-----------------|------------------|--------------------------------|
| Duet.....       | Grand Valse..... | Mattie C. Hayes and H. Slater. |
| Mazurka.....    | Bo Major.....    | Chopin Katie Godfrey.          |
| Meditation..... | Last Hope.....   | Gottschalk Hattie Slater.      |
| Fantasia.....   | Traveller.....   | Melotte K. Armstrong.          |
| Longing.....    | .....            | Jungmann Fannie Eddy.          |

#### PART II.

|                        |                       |                                         |
|------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| Romance.....           | In the Forest.....    | Raff Mary Scott.                        |
| Fantasia.....          | Bohemian Girl.....    | Melotte Louise Hastings.                |
| Floridiana Valse.....  | .....                 | Lange Katie Godfrey.                    |
| Home, Sweet Home.....  | .....                 | Thalberg Frank Bostwick.                |
| Polka de la Reine..... | .....                 | Raff Clara Hayes.                       |
| Duet.....              | March de Concert..... | Wollenhaupt H. Slater and K. Armstrong. |

This event was in all respects, musically and socially, a success so decided, that it is to be a regular feature with the pupils of Mrs. Saunders for the season; and it was so obviously attractive and beneficial, that it would be strange if the idea is not acted upon by music teachers generally.

### THE STATE.

**Jackson.**—Jackson has a musical prodigy in the person of Miss Nellie Ransom, daughter of H. C. Ransom, who, though only fourteen or fifteen years old, is a fine pianiste and a promising violinist, and has even taken to writing music, having composed for publication a collection of easy teaching pieces which she calls the "Musical Grotto."—Mrs. Deland, of Jackson, who is pursuing her musical studies in Berlin, is the only one in the class of fifty whose voice compasses the high F.

**Grand Rapids.**—Hulbert and Powers have organized the Opera House Band.—Mrs. D. Watson, of Grand Rapids, formerly of Detroit, is gaining great reputation as a pianist; she played Weber's concerto in F minor at Theodore Thomas' concert there, and later, on a visit to Chicago, she was complimented by a musical party given in her honor by Miss Ella White, of that city.—Theodore Thomas made \$500 by his two nights' concerts at Grand Rapids.—The principal of the schools, Mr. E. A. Strong, reports that the experiment of incorporating music in the course of study, now over a year old, has proved a wise one.—The Grand Rapids Knight Templar band and orchestra has projected a series of promenade socials for the coming winter. The orchestra has lately been reinforced by three new members from abroad and two resident musicians of scientific musical education, and will contain fifteen pieces.

**Adrian.**—Prof. T. R. Watts, of Adrian, has been appointed superintendent of vocal music in the pub-

lic schools of New Orleans.—Adrian has a grand orchestra—the best ever organized in the city. It consists of Miss Della Purinton and Miss Hattie Buck, pianists; W. C. Hullett, director and flute; Dr. Laird, flute; George F. Hoyt, cornet; Louis Hoefler, first violin; O. Hunt, second violin; Mr. Mansfield, bass viol.

**Lansing.**—The Lansing Musical Society expects to give a concert every month during the winter.—The Philharmonic Society gave its first concert for the season, about the middle of October, at the Opera House. Among the solo singers were Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Devinney, and Mrs. Lee. About 700 were present. The society includes a pretty strong chorus, and will give a series of concerts in quick succession. They will bring out some set pieces, some operettas, perhaps even opera itself.

**East Saginaw.**—Roney's conservatory of music was opened about the 20th of October. It is located over Wheat's music store. Misses Krenkell and Jones, and Messrs. Smith and Emmons, assisted in the musical exercises of the inauguration.—The city contributed \$500 to the well-being of Humpty Dumpty Fox.—Prof. Keinath is about to open an instrumental school among the boys of the Germania Society. These youths, to the number of twenty-four, are to be instructed for two years in the use of the violin, and afterwards will take up other orchestral instruments.—The Saginaw *Republican* has a first rate musical column, and most of these items, concerning Saginaw, have been maliciously and feloniously abstracted therefrom.—Miss Rosa Tuttle, aged fourteen years, has been playing the organ at the Methodist church, and Miss Alma Jones, of about the same age, has presided at the instrument in the Congregational church.—The German-Lyra are steadily rehearsing an opera for public presentation on Thanksgiving week.—Organ socials are to be held at the residences of friends of St. Paul's church, at stated intervals, this winter—the first at A. McLean's.—Mr. Tibbitts has been engaged to conduct the music at St. John's church at Saginaw City, and has entered upon his duties.—The Conservatory Glee Club, though not yet fully organized, promises to be one of the leading musical organizations of the Valley.

**At Large.**—The Lombard ballad troupe is now traveling through the State, as are also the Alleghian Swiss Bell Ringers.—Mr. H. W. Fairbanks has charge of the music in the public schools of Flint.—Prof. Havermann, a graduate of Göttingen, has charge of the musical interests of Albion College.—Oxford has organized a musical association, with Mrs. S. B. Titterington for director.

### Estey in Our Church.

Not the good Deacon himself, but his favorite child, no doubt, if what it does for us should recommend it to him. Its exquisite symmetry of form and perfection of workmanship feast the eye, while its deep pedal bass, wealth of solo effects, its orchestral variations, and its grandeur of full combination, satisfy the ear. We longed for a pipe organ, and refused to be comforted by the promise of any other; but the voice of the wonderful Estey quiets us, and we listen delighted, and rest in peace. It has a various language for every sentiment in the human breast; it dance and sports for the joyous mood; to the heart pulsating with hope it sings a "flattering tale"; to the soul in sorrow it speaks in tones of tender consolation; and it "glides into our darker musings" with a feeling, with a sympathy, that proves it worthy of its designation, "*The Instrument with a Soul*," and prominently fitted for the place it occupies, the leader of song in the temple of God.

Many thanks to the enterprising and generous firm of C. J. Whitney & Co., of Detroit, general agents, for assisting us in its procurement, not only by liberal discount, but by personal subscription.—*Orchestral Music Folio.*

Who invented the *crescendo*? The effect has been generally ascribed to Rossini, but there are other claimants whose pretensions have been put forward in the Italian journals, namely, Mosca, who introduced it in his opera "I Pretendenti Delusi," besides General and Manfroce. But precedence is now assigned to Simon Mayr, who, in his opera "Lodi-oska," brought out in Venice in 1796, made remarkable use of the *crescendo*, which created such a sensation that the audience rose to cheer the composer vociferously. Rossini not the less turned it to the best account.

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| 8. Millbank Waltz.....       | 30     |
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# THE BRIDGE.

Words by Longfellow.

Music by Lady Carew.

I stood on the bridge at mid - night, As the clocks were striking the hour, And the

moon rose o'er the ci - ty, Be - hind the dark church tow'r. A -

mong the long black raf - ters, The wav' - ring shadows lay, And the

current that came from the o-cean, Seem'd to lift and bear them a-way.

*f*  
As sweep - ing, eddy - ing through them, Rose the belat - ed tide, And

*accel.*  
stream - ing in - to the moon - light, The sea - weed float - ed wide; And

*rall.*  
like those wa - ters rushing, A-mong the wooden piers, A  
*rall.*



flood of thoughts came o'er me, That filled my eyes with

tears. How oft - en! O, how oft - en! In the days that had gone

by, I had stood on that bridge at mid - - - night, And gazed on that wave and

sky. How oft - en! O, how oft - en! I had wished that the ebbing

tide, Would bear me away on its bosom, O'er the o - cean wild and wide.

*Agitato.*

For my heart was hot and restless, And my life was full of care, And the

*accel.*

*al lib.*

bur - den laid up - on me, Seem'd greater than I could bear.

*A*

*p a tempo.*

But now it has fal - len from me, It lies buried in the sea, And

*p*



on - ly the sor - row of others Throws a shadow o - ver me, And I

think how man - y thousands, Of care encumber'd men, Each

bear - ing his bur - den of sorrows, Have crossed the bridge since then.

For - ev - er and for - ever, As long as the river flows, As

*rall.* *a tempo.*

long as the heart has passions, As long as life has woes, The moon and its broken re-

*rall.*

flection, And its shadows shall ap - pear As the sym - bol of love in

Heaven, And its wav' - ring im - age here.



Inscribed to Miss ELLA F. LARKIN, Washington, D. C.

# THE OZARK POLKA.

O. A. BERDAN.

*Moderato.*

INTRO.

*crescendo.*

*Sca.....*

*Sca.....*

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by C. J. WHITNEY & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

## POLKA. S

First system of musical notation for 'The Ozark Polka'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The first measure contains a quarter note G4, followed by a triplet of eighth notes (A4, B4, C5) in the treble, and a half note G3 in the bass. The second measure continues the triplet in the treble and has a half note F3 in the bass. The third measure has a quarter note D5 in the treble and a half note E3 in the bass. The fourth measure has a quarter note C5 in the treble and a half note D3 in the bass. The fifth measure has a quarter note B4 in the treble and a half note C3 in the bass. The sixth measure has a quarter note A4 in the treble and a half note B2 in the bass. The seventh measure has a quarter note G4 in the treble and a half note A2 in the bass. The eighth measure has a quarter note F4 in the treble and a half note G2 in the bass. The ninth measure has a quarter note E4 in the treble and a half note F2 in the bass. The tenth measure has a quarter note D4 in the treble and a half note E2 in the bass. The eleventh measure has a quarter note C4 in the treble and a half note D2 in the bass. The twelfth measure has a quarter note B3 in the treble and a half note C2 in the bass. The thirteenth measure has a quarter note A3 in the treble and a half note B1 in the bass. The fourteenth measure has a quarter note G3 in the treble and a half note A1 in the bass. The fifteenth measure has a quarter note F3 in the treble and a half note G1 in the bass. The sixteenth measure has a quarter note E3 in the treble and a half note F1 in the bass. The system ends with a double bar line.

Second system of musical notation for 'The Ozark Polka'. It continues the piece with similar rhythmic patterns. The treble staff features various eighth and sixteenth note figures, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with half notes. The system concludes with a measure marked 'Srd...' (Sordano), indicating a change in the piece's character.

Third system of musical notation for 'The Ozark Polka'. This system introduces more complex melodic lines in the treble staff, including sixteenth-note runs. The bass staff continues with a consistent accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

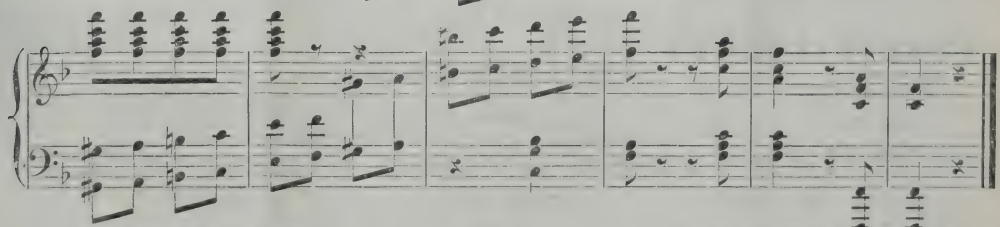
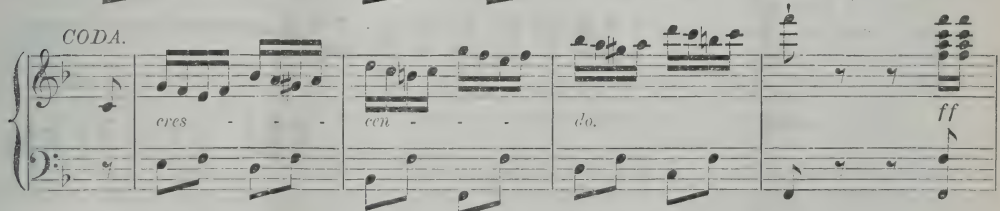
Fourth system of musical notation for 'The Ozark Polka'. The treble staff features a series of beamed sixteenth notes, creating a lively melody. The bass staff maintains the accompaniment with half notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

Fifth system of musical notation for 'The Ozark Polka'. This system shows a continuation of the melodic and accompanimental themes. The treble staff has a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff uses half notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

Sixth system of musical notation for 'The Ozark Polka'. The final system of the piece, it concludes with a series of sixteenth-note runs in the treble staff and a final accompaniment in the bass. The system ends with a double bar line.









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VOLUME IV.

DETROIT, DECEMBER, 1874.

NUMBER XII.

### A Battle with Billingsgate.

SUGGESTED BY THAT OF BLENHEIM.

It was the Christmas Holidays,  
And seated in the pit,  
A father saw the new Burlesque,  
That was so full of wit.  
And by him sat—in Slane unskilled—  
His pretty little girl, Clotilde.  
She heard some "ladies" on the stage  
Say they would cut their sticks!  
And one in male attire declare  
That she'd go it like bricks.  
She asked her father what were bricks?  
And what they meant by cut their sticks?  
The father heard the audience laugh,  
As at some witty stroke;  
And the old man he scratched his head,  
For he couldn't see the joke.  
I don't know what they mean, said he,  
But sure 'tis some facetiae.  
And then she heard one, nearly nude,  
Say something else about  
How your fond mother said her mangle?  
And does she know you're out?  
And when the people laughed, cried she,  
Oh, pa! there's more facetiae!  
And then the little maiden said,  
Now tell me why, papa,  
That lady asked him if the mangle  
Was sold by his mamma?  
I can't tell why, my dear, said he,  
Though, of course, 'tis some facetiae  
But when she saw the lady's fingers  
Unto her nose applied,  
Why, 'tis a very vulgar thing!  
The little maiden cried,  
The papers all my child, agree,  
'Tis brimful of facetiae!  
And everybody says the piece  
With brilliant wit is filled;  
And what is wit, my dear papa?  
Quoth innocent Clotilde,  
Why, that I cannot say, quoth he,  
But wit is not—vulgarity.

### The Cantatrice.

I have never found it possible to approach one of these queens of song and rulers of the stage without being struck by the anomalies and the breadth of her existence. What an exciting life is theirs! How many people gather round them! What attentions! What homage! What interests are at stake! What passions! What other woman—what idol, I ought to say—ever saw so many fervent devotees at her feet? But on the other hand, what hard work! What emotions! What unceasingly renewed fatigue! The public which never cares for aught save results, little suspects what efforts, continually renewed, what assiduous labor, what intelligence, what patience, what reflection, is required even from the cantatrice who has attained the apogee of her talent and her reputation, to keep the position she has achieved, to nurse her voice, on which everything depends for her, to preserve her strength, to learn the secret of constantly varying her natural capabilities, and of actively interpreting the innumerable different parts in which she must successively excite admiration. If to all this we add the fact that she has to learn her parts, frequently very long and bristling with difficulties; that she must attend rehearsals; that she cannot withdraw

from the world; that people quarrel and almost come to fistuicuffs for her society; that, in one season, she sometimes sings more than thirty times elsewhere than at the theatre; that she must be always ready, always well up to the mark (*bien entrainée*), and never inferior to herself; that she has not even the time to be ill; and that, in this life of struggles, in which everything must excite and enervate her, a neglected cold, by destroying the marvellous instrument which she possesses within herself, and to perfect which she has devoted twenty years, is sufficient to ruin her whole future, we may form some notion of her strange destiny.

Well! It is the very fragility of such an existence which sets loose so many passions—I might say, excites such acts of madness—around her. The public know that the voice which, with its divine accents, sends them into ecstasies, hangs on a thread. They know that at any moment they may be deprived of it for ever. This is what renders them so prodigal of their applause. This is what works them up to indulge in so many recalls. This is what suggests the enthusiastic hurrahs, the crowns of flowers, the serenades, the unharnessing of horses from carriages, the princely presents, and the homage of sovereigns, nay, of women themselves—virginitous ovations, which the cantatrice at last cannot do without, to which she becomes accustomed, and which cause her to traverse the entire globe at the risk of encountering unknown fatigue, and all sorts of perils; braving shipwreck and pestilence. The world calls her, the world wants to see and hear her, to revel in her song and in her beauty. Think of the appalling satisfaction of *amour propre* in the existence of a Malibran, a Sontag, a Jenny Lind, a Grisi, a Patti, or a Nilsson, and tell me whether, having everything in their favor, youth, beauty, fortune, talent, burning affection, and universal homage, these happy fair ones are not really the queens of the world, and if they do not exhaust everything adorable and profound in life. Tell me, moreover, whether a man of genius, as a reward for an entire existence of severe study, of study soaring into the highest spheres of intelligence, and, as its results, raising the moral level of humanity, tell me, I repeat, whether such a man ever received from his contemporaries the like marks of esteem and tenderness? After this, speak of justice, if you dare.

I have just shown you one side of the existence of the cantatrice. Now look at the other, all you, who, in your secret hearts, envy her this life of rapture. For the very reason that the position of a woman, and almost the only one which allows her to hold a distinguished place on the stage of the world, how many women dream of it! how many women are ambitious to possess it! To what ardent rivalry does this give rise? to what wars of savages? How many ambushes have to be avoided? how much hypocrisy must be borne, how much treason must be feared, and how many mistakes must be dreaded? The fury of a mother, whose infant has just been torn from her breast, is nothing compared to that of the artist, old and worn out, when a younger rival, gifted with superior powers, comes to take her place. The latter must keep good watch and ward. For a long time she will live in an enemy's country.

"In my dressing-room, in which you see me," said one of them to me, with closed doors, "I should not dare to confide anything important to you, even in a whisper. The walls do not possess ears, but I am always surrounded by spies. I am bound to suspect all those about me, my dresser, my hair-dresser, my own maid, my fellow artists, my manager, and even the man who pays court to me! \* \* \* They want to know what I think; what I propose doing with my holiday; whether I shall renew my engagement; and if so, on what terms; if I feel well; if I am ill; whether I am in love, alas! \* \* and, above all, whom I am in love with, for, as you saw on the occasion of Cruvelli's marriage, and Patti's, we are not allowed to choose a husband to suit our own taste." Another said to me: "Would you believe it? I never dare traverse, without trembling, the long dark corridors which separate my dressing-room from the stage. I feel that I am so beloved here that I always fear a trap will open beneath my feet, and that I shall be precipitated, with all my bones broken, into the vault below."

A third lady—she was a *danseuse*, by the way—told me one day that she had nearly trodden on some fragments of glass, scattered about her dressing-room. Who had put them there? The object in view was to lame her.

Be well assured of one thing; the leading lady, the *diva* of every large lyric theatre, merely to maintain her position, to keep up her friendships, and to disconcert her foes, must employ with her manager, her fellow artists, with authors, with composers, with pressmen, with members of the fashionable world, and with persons holding office, a thousand times more astuteness, political cleverness, tact, and prudence, than a constitutional sovereign—if he entertains the surreptitious idea of governing—in his dealings with his people and his ministers. To render her quite complete, she ought to have the soul of a Richelieu with the exterior of a fairy and the voice of a syren. Everything depends on the last; everything is in the voice. The voice is the key of the arch in the fragile edifice of the cantatrice. The brutal and ungrateful public, who constitute her strength, pitilessly discharge her the instant her voice becomes frayed. Nothing is then left to the queen of song but the cruel recollection of her sovereignty.

One more characteristic fact. Endowed with such seductive power, these ladies—these *stars* as they are called, and the figure is well chosen, for how many satellites gravitate around them—excite extraordinary devotion, poodle-like attachment, and also, ardent passion. But such passion, even when satisfied, is not happy. Every queen is a slave. Each moment, the whole life of these queens is engrossed by art. If they are mothers, they can scarcely find leisure to look after their children; if they are wives, they are intuitively acquainted with the sentiments which they portray and which entrance us, but they have not time to feel them. It is not with them that a lover can give himself up, of an evening, to long sweet chit-chat, by the domestic hearth, when everything is hushed in repose and when the fire glows a ruddy glow; when a couple feel so happy alone; when thought unbooms itself without effort, and when emency flows from the lips as from a



spring full of freshness and purity! Similarly, the lover of one of these fair stars can scarcely reckon on enjoying the chaste pleasure of a poetic and silent walk, on the hill covered with sombre forests, when Nature lies as though stupefied with sleep, and when the speakers surprise themselves talking in a whisper. The poet gives only a part of himself to the public.

The cantatrice gives them everything; her time, her soul, her beauty! He loves her home, when she plays Juliet; Edgar, when she plays Lucia; Faust, when she plays Gretchen; and Othello, when she plays Desdemona. Even in the tenderest outpourings of the soul, if once or twice in her life, by some extraordinary exceptional chance, she finds the leisure necessary for indulging in them, she is anxious and pre-occupied. Her soul is not given up to them. Her soul belongs to art, infinite in its forms, and varied in its means; to art, that pitiless sphinx, who devours all whom her enigmas confuse and render incapable of guessing the answers. Thus when she is playing, the *diva* does not belong to herself, and, in her very rare moments of rest, she vegetates, but no longer lives. She experiences the profound ennui, the same nostalgia which seizes one, in the absence of any passion, when one has the misfortune to possess an ardent disposition. What she then beholds, in her imagination during the day, and in her dreams at night, is the rough flooring of the stage, the gloomy corridors, and the uninteresting pipes whence issue a row of flaming jets. The odors she breathes are not those of the balmy grass, rising upwards beneath the pale light of the stars, but the mephitic smell of gas. The sound, also, to which she listens with pensive brow, is not the song which murmurs at the bottom of every soul, but the tumultuous uproar of frantic clapping of hands. For her there is no reverie, no voluptuous idleness. Every time she is about to sink down exhausted, an inward voice cries: "Up, soldier!" She must sing, even unto death, spite of grief and lassitude; she must smother her hate, and she must restrain her tears. Oh! how that smile, that eternal smile, which is so becoming, must torture her! The truth is that the slightest imperfection might cost her dear. We who gain admission by payment into the theatre, do not understand being deprived of our pleasures. But if any sorrow, annoyance, or the slightest of those accidents which occur so naturally in every one's existence, should happen to paralyze the powers of the cantatrice, the public are directly ill-natured.

"What is the matter with her this evening?" "The whole theatre is thus agitated. Meanwhile, at the back of a box there is a man who sees this, and feels his soul devoured by the torments of hell. What a subject for a romance, of a romance full of rage, hatred, ecstasy, and frightful jealousy could be written on 'The Lover of a Cantatrice.'"—*The Guide Musical*.

### The Force of Musical Sound,

One of the stock attractions at a so-called spiritual seance is music by unseen hands. If the sitters have no singing accompaniment, more or less correct, is generally thrummed out on the every-ready violin or guitar. When this happens in the dark, trickery is almost always possible. There are, however, perfectly authenticated cases, in which a medium, playing upon the piano, has been accompanied by notes struck on different musical instruments which either lie upon the piano or are suspended in different parts of the room. This has occurred many times in broad daylight. It has hitherto been unexplainable.

Some unpublished experiments by Prof. Tyndall and other scientific men, seem to supply a satisfactory solution for this problem on purely natural grounds. Prof. Tyndall placed a wooden rod on the sounding-board of a piano, concealing it with the top of the instrument. Then, when a violin was placed upon the top, a tune played upon the piano was accompanied by the violin. The Fox Sisters produced some remarkable results by making a guitar, brought to their seances by an investigator, accompany their performances on the piano. When however, the owner of the guitar secretly fastened its rod with a wire, and so interrupted the vibrations from below, the spirits could not play. Human hands were more successful. In both these experiments the accompaniment was defective in that a whole octave was frequently missed. Now this is precisely the fact of "spirit" made music. In experimenting on instruments which were hung in the room at points remote from the one played by the investigator, it has been discovered that by reinforcing the vibrations caused by the latter, the former can be made to play an accompaniment. So powerful are the vibrations thus created that a heavy timber suspended from one end can be made to sway back and forth until it requires great momentum by

simply striking it with waves of sound. Still more wonderful results can be attained. Whether or not every building has its key-note, and can be thrown into dangerous vibration by the constant striking of that note, there are instances which seem to bear out the theory. The well-known case of King's College Chapel, at Cambridge, Eng., is one in point. It is said, we believe on good authority, that the "Dead March from Saul" cannot be played in it without danger. The massive walls and the stone roof sway under its influence so seriously that the performance of the march has been prohibited. When the Hallelujah Chorus is played in the Boston Music Hall, the window-glass accompanies it sonorously. Every church-organist knows that there are apt to be some globes in the auditorium which will always hum a response to a particular tone on the organ. Prof. Lovering, of Hartford, is responsible for the story that a strolling musician in Germany fiddled down a bridge in revenge for the refusal of some trifling favor by the men employed in building it. It is evident that the power of musical vibration is but imperfectly understood. It is possible that honest mediums deceive themselves, as well as their circles, and the sound, not spirit, produces, in the absence of trickery, all the so-called spirit-music.

THE THRILLING DEBUT OF LABLACHE.—Lablache's debut was marked by an adventure which might have ended fatally, and indeed his salvation so impressed the greatest of basso singers as being absolutely supernatural and miraculous that he made public offerings to a shrine of a popular Madonna, which is still shown in Naples. His first appearance on any stage occurred just after the Congress of Leybach and the King of Naples had but then returned to his dominions after an absence of some years. Magnificent fetes were organized in his honor, and amongst others a pageant was arranged for the 8th of October, 1831, which young Lablache was to appear as Jupiter, a part for which he was well fitted, both on account of his fine presence and rich and powerful basso voice. He was to descend from Olympus on a bank of clouds supporting the throne on which he was seated, holding an ivory sceptre in his hand and wearing a golden diadem in his splendid and flowing black hair. Thunder announced his coming, and flashes of lightning preceded him. But suddenly a frightful screaming was heard, the King rose in horror, the Queen fainted, ladies cried out in terror, and men rushed upon the stage to avert if possible, the appalling accident which menaced the new singer. The clouds had not descended ten feet ere the machinery gave way, and Jupiter fell through. Fortunately, however, a strong iron wire or rope caught his cloak and his weight made it uncoil, so that it let him down by degrees uninjured to the ground. But the most awful spectacle greeted him all the while he was descending. One of the workmen had also fallen through when the accident took place, and he fell upon a strong iron spike which supported the scenery, and which pierced him straight through the body. Now it so happened that the wire which saved Lablache in some way or other got entangled at the feet of this poor wretch, so that every movement made by Lablache told upon the unhappy creature on the spike, and he was driven down right under him, howling and screaming in the most appalling manner, with his blood squirting all over the great basso. When the two did reach land, Lablache's hair (a fact) was perfectly white, and the workman dead. They had taken between ten and fifteen minutes to get down; the audience, meanwhile, looked on in a state of terror easier imagined than described. The King of Naples, imitating Sixtus V. on a similar occasion, had the courage at a very early period of the adventure to cry out, "If I hear any one scream or shout again, I'll mark that person and have him shot." This order silenced the people, and of course prevented the singer from losing his presence of mind. Once safe Lablache knelt down and prayed, and at last greatly admiring by the audience, which pressed round and left the theatre. Lablache's hair remained white, and the contrast between his youthful face and venerable looking hair was as charming as it was singular.

A PATENT FIFTH ACT.—Now our idea of a red hot fifth act for a red-hot society play—and Mr. Daly can use it without paying us a cent for it—is about as follows: The heroine has a misunderstanding with the hero, they part in anger, he goes to Baden and she goes to bad. This gives an opportunity for a display of prurient passion and will make the ladies weep buckets of tears. In the first scene of the last act the heroine goes out riding, and is thrown from her horse and breaks her leg. (Realistic runaway scene, the horse knocking down stuffed apple woman and practicable lamp-posts, and the comic police-

man turning on the fire-alarm.) She refuses to have it amputated, and gangrene sets in. Last scene: The stage set as a medical college operating room, students throwing peanuts at the porter and giving catcalls. The heroine is chloroformed and laid on the operating table. (This brings in the leg business, which can be made a good deal of.) The eminent surgeon (it would add to the realistic effect to have the leading surgeons of the city appear in turns) trifles with his knife, and at last makes an incision in the plump member, followed by a spurt of blood and a scream. A handsome young student in a mask leaps upon the stage and scatters them right and left. "Butchers, beware; that is the wrong leg!" Confusion. The student, like one inspired, presents his theory how, by stimulating the osmic nerves with saturated binoxide of hydrocephalus, amputation would not be necessary. The eminent surgeon says: "Young man, Ashley Cooper was a ass to you. Gentlemen, Galen has come to earth; he is our superior." The unamputated woman awakes. "That—voice! Who spoke? I—thought I heard—" "Aye, Fantinette; 'tis I, Armand," shouts the student, tearing off his mask. "Spring up, my young man, grow there." "Fantinette!" "Armand!" "The hidgis past is forgotten, and we twain—in in the sunrise, my life, my wife. If this play wouldn't run till the night before the day of judgment, we are very much mistaken."—*St. Louis Globe*.

RACHEL.—The most marked trait of the great Rachel, as well as of her entire family, was penurioseness. Rachel would sacrifice her best friend to the sordid love of gain that possessed her whole soul, and innumerable instances are related in her history of the ingratitude which this meanness betrayed her into. In the end, her own life paid the forfeit of this gripping avarice. While Rachel was playing in America, M. Felix engaged for her performances the Walnut Street Theater, in Philadelphia, under a contract that obliged him to incur the expense of warming and lighting it. The night of the first representation was bitterly cold, but M. Felix was too niggardly to heat the building for the comfort of the audience, and permitted a fire to be built only in Mlle Rachel's dressing room. Before the play was over the ladies in the house were shivering in the chilly air, notwithstanding they sat muffled in wraps and furs, and many of them were afflicted with serious colds in consequence. One young lady of the number is known to have lost her life from this exposure, the cold which settled on her lungs terminating in quick consumption. The great tragedienne herself also, did not escape the same fatal result. The change in her light Roman attire (the play was "Les Horaces") from the warm atmosphere of her dressing room to the cold air of the stage was too extreme, and the next morning she was prostrate with an attack of congestion of the lungs, from which she never recovered. All the more persistent the cough, and the more the fever, which she rose from that sick bed, and how soon it carried her to a grave in Cimetière, whither she had gone in the vain hope of shaking it off in that sunny climate.

THE CARILLON.—The "Carillonus" was at one time a common style of church music, particularly in Holland, before the introduction of the organ. The Carillon consisted of a great number of bells, hung in the church belfry; forming a complete series or scale of tones and semi-tones. The Carillonist, or performer worked hard. There were pedals communicating with the bells upon which he played with his feet, while the hands performed upon the upper species of keys, which were formed by projecting sticks, wide enough apart to be struck with violence and velocity by either of the hands edgewise, without being liable to hit the adjoining keys or pins. The performer had a thick leather covering for the little finger of each hand, else he could not endure the pain caused by the percussion to the naked hand. The Carillon is now out of use, the nearest approach to it being the modern chime of bells.

MEDICINABLE MUSIC.—The latest additions to the doctor's store are bones and banjo. A young Philadelphia girl who had, since childhood, been prevented from walking by a nervous spine, suddenly manifested, two years ago, a frantic liking for negro minstrel entertainments. Physicians long had been in vain, and the wretched maiden in despair turned to the weird and mounded beauty of these performers for relief. Every evening for those two years she listened to the bounding freshness of the jokes, the soft pathos of the bones, and as time wore on, grew stronger and stronger. She is now perfectly well, and her friends attribute this pleasant change altogether to the minstrelsy.—*New York Tribune*.



**A NEW SENSATION IN PARIS.**—All Paris is talking of the new actress, Mlle. Tallandiera, who appeared two nights ago at the Gymnase, and asking whether another Rachel has been discovered in this somewhat rude, uncultivated, and terribly passionate woman. "To me," says the correspondent, under date of Oct. 16, "she seems more like Menken than like Rachel, but the majority of voices give her higher praise. This woman was born at Tunis; her mother was an Arab, her father was a Frenchman. When she was a child she was brought to Paris, and was made to earn her living in an humble shop, where she was known as Marie Dubreuil. When she grew old enough she ran away from her father, and began life for herself, taking the name of Mlle. Tallandiera, a name, by the way, which she seems to have invented out of her own head, as no one ever heard of it before. It is not a French name, and it can scarcely be an Arabic name. However, that goes for nothing. Her adventures seem to have been numerous, and she has always been in a scrape of some kind or other. Her first lover took her to Russia, where she once nearly drowned in the Neva, and was wounded by a pistol in a fight in the Newski Prospect. Then she went to Brussels, and there, too, her passion led her into a combat, in which she was stabbed. Sometimes she fought with her nails, sometimes with a dagger. Not long ago, being on one of her visits to Paris, she had a happy thought. She would go on the stage, and become a great actress. She bullied Regnier to give her a few lessons. He taught her how to moderate her action and to temper her transports a little.

**A LUCKY ESCAPE.**—Ben G. Rogers, the Buffalo comedian, played at the opening night of a Rochester theater, years ago, the play being "Kory O'More," with Ben as *Rory*. On the day preceding the presentation of this piece, the new property man was given a list of what he was to provide, and among other things was *one keg of gunpowder*. On the following evening, when *Rory* was confined in the cave by the robbers, he was expected to terrify them and procure their release by igniting, or threatening to ignite a keg of gunpowder (*i. e.* powdered charcoal) which was to be on hand. True, to his part in deed and in spirit, seized his flaming brand, flourished it before the horrified faces of the brigands, and started for the keg. Grasping a hatchet, he tried to pry off the top; it wouldn't pry, neither could it be split open, and the spigot absolutely refused to budge an inch. *Rory* was frantic as well as his captors, and in his double agony of mind he tried to set the old keg on fire with his torch, but the insignificant imitation of a barrel refused to burn, and he was contemptuously kicked into the wings. At rehearsal the next morning Ben found the keg, and in a spirit of obstinacy and determination to get it open anyway, he went deliberately at work and forced it apart. Imagine his surprise and horror at finding real gunpowder inside! Where would have been the theater, the audience, and Ben, had he succeeded in blowing the robbers up?

**A PREHISTORIC MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.**—In a French cave which M. E. Piette discovered in 1871, he has found a prehistoric musical instrument, which he describes as "une flûte néolithique." It is formed of bone, and pierced with two well-made holes; and was discovered in a layer of charcoal and cinders in the cavern of Gourdan (Haute-Garonne), associated with flint implements of neolithic types. Evidences have before been obtained of the existence of the arts of engraving and sculpture among the stone-using folk of Gaul, but this is the first testimony that has transpired to show that they were sensible to the divine influence of melody. One can easily construct a moving romance out of this crude bone-flute, upon which some enamoured lover may have serenaded his savage sweetheart by the light of tender moons.

**HOW THEY GET RID OF DEAD-HEADS IN FRANCE.**—The dead-head is evidently not extinct in France. An editor whom he had importuned for theatre tickets recently gave him the following letter to the business manager of one of the principal theatres: "My Dear Friend: I send to you a lunatic who has tormented me two hours for tickets; but beware of him, for he is very dangerous. His family usually keep him in charge of a faithful attendant, but to-day he has managed to escape. I think he is armed. Yours, &c." The unsuspecting D. H. presented this note at the theatre, and was astonished to find the manager brandish a chair, order him to be off, and roar for the fireman to bring the hose and give him a dousing. The victim went down stairs four steps at a time, and has ever since been profoundly amazed at the reception he met with.

## Music and the Drama.

JANATSCHKEK is known in private life as Mrs. Fred. Pillot.

THERE are more students of music in Boston than in any other American city.

AMÉE's "real" name is disclosed as Marie Jorchon.

ITALIAN opera has some time this year reached its 380th birthday.

THE Mulder-Fabbri troupe have been giving "high-art" concerts at San Francisco.

MADAME Bertuccia Marcetzek is playing the harp in Strakosch's orchestra.

MADAME CELESTE recently appeared for the 2,331st time, in "The Green Bushes."

AN opera has been composed in Vienna on the "Pericles" of Shakespeare.

WHEN a female child is born in Wisconsin the unhappy father begins to save money to buy a piano.

MR. HEYWOOD, an American, is singing soprano parts in opera at Berlin. He has had great success as Leonora in "Trovatore."

THE London *Athenaeum* holds that Sothern's acting "has past wholly outside the limits of art, even as applied to caricature."

DR. KOCH, a "*fanciuto per la musica*," has bequeathed to Frankfort, his native city, the large sum of 1,720,000 francs, to found a school of music.

A DRAMATIC feuilletonist says that Offenbach's forthcoming *opera bouffe* will present many novelties.

MISS CUSHMAN's last engagement in New York cleared from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a night after all expenses paid.

Mlle. PAULINE CANISSA has married Mr. Fischer, but will not abandon the profession of which she has been such a shining ornament.

THE Montreal clergy have been preaching earnestly against the introduction of the "Black Crook" into that city. Crowded houses have been the result of course.

REV. DR. BENT of Baltimore, reports that when he went to church in Boston, he heard music that made him wonder how he got in without a complimentary ticket.

THE directors of the Alexandra Palace Company, London, England, have decided to open the new palace with a grand musical performance, on Saturday, May 1, 1875.

THE New York *Commercial* thinks that the sneaky thief who is obtaining access to houses in Newark by representing that he is sent to tune the piano, must be one of the forte thieves.

CARL FORMES has several scrap-books containing newspaper articles, and now he can add to the collection another volume filled with touching obituaries of himself.

Mrs. SCOTT SIDDONS is going on a "farewell tour" through India, China, Japan, and the United States, and it will take her two years to bid everybody adieu.

THE management of the Boverly announce a play called "Just in Time, or Life in New York," which is to be the medium of introducing both champion light-weights and champion wrestlers.

MISS MARIA VON ELSNER, a young lady of Cleveland, who has attained a fluttering local celebrity as a singer, now goes abroad to study for the stage, under the direction of Sir Julius Benedict.

In Paris, where all educated people care about the theatre, a new experiment in criticism is about to be tried. M. Henry de Lapommeraye will lecture, every Monday evening, on the pieces of the preceding week.

SEVEN members of the clergy of Philadelphia refused recently to bury the remains of J. F. Constance, because he was an actor. Rev. Samuel Durbarrow furnished the "Little Church Around the Corner" for the occasion.

MME. RISTORI has received signal honors in Peru. On the occasion of her farewell appearance a grand reception was given by the president, and a medal of gold was struck for the occasion and given to her.

JOACHIM, Rubinstein, Wieniawski and Planete, the latter a distinguished pianist, are announced to take part in the Brussels popular concerts during the ensuing winter. There appears to be much uncertainty as to whether Mme. Lucrez will appear at the Theatre de la Monnaie.

In northern and central Italy you seldom see or hear a hand-organ, but go to Naples and you find those large ones drawn through the streets by horses, and indeed they give you pleasant music.

Mlle. HORTENSE SCHNEIDER, the Parisian queen of the opera bouffe, was in her youth a working girl, and the daughter of an humble tailor of Bordeaux. She is now, at about forty years of age, living in the style of a sultana.

FAURE and the Paris manager, Halanzier, have made up their difficulty, and Faure remains. Reconciliation was brought about by the intercession of M. Legonol, Ambroise Thomas and Camille Doucet.

R. S. MELDRUM, the leading man at the theatre in Little Rock, Ark., which was recently opened, was found dead in his room October 21st from apoplexy of the heart. He was a native of Boston, Mass., and he had been an actor for many years.

THERE has not been so great a rush to secure tickets to any entertainment since Dickens was there, as was witnessed in New York when the sale opened, the other day, for tickets to Theodore Thomas' symphony concerts.

An attachment was levied one evening last week on the drop-curtain of the Fall River (Massachusetts) "Novelties Theatre," stopping the entertainment midway. The unruly audience fell to and smashed chairs, windows, footlights and scenery, and ruined a valuable piano.

GEORGE VANDENHOFF, who has been performing Macbeth at Booth's Theatre to the Lady Macbeth of Miss Cushman, played the same character with her in London in 1854. He also played it at the old Park Theatre, in 1843, and at the Astor-place Opera House in 1850.

"WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young," she would have been startled, says the London *Echo*, if not absolutely frightened from the world, could she have foreseen the terrible prices her votaries would have to pay to hear the warbling of her delicious strains.

A LYRIC troupe of Americans is about to give a series of representations at Stamboul, of an operetta in Turkish, entitled "Aarif Ayba," and of a translation of Lecoq's "Fleur de The," in which several of the choruses will be sung in a Chinese dialect, to give "the piece" local coloring.

THE death of the Norwegian composer and pianist, M. Tellefsen, in Paris, where he was long a resident, is announced. A Russian violoncellist, B. A. Kogligriwof, who did much to promote art in his country, is also dead. He, jointly with Anton Rubinstein, was mainly the founder of the conservatories of St. Petersburg and Moscow.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from London, says of the theatrical bill-posting in that city: "Mr. Willing, the 'Bill Poster,' is the great gun here, and rules everything and everybody who desires to advertise in London. It is the biggest monopoly in England, and if you don't have Willing he can ruin you so far as wall-posting is concerned."

WHEN Adelina Patti was recently singing, in Liverpool, a waltz in response to an encore, the Duke of Edinburgh jumped on to the stage, and, taking both the cantatrice's hands in his, shook them heavily in the presence of the whole audience, which was of course transported "beyond the present," and shouted with delight.

THE venerable Henry Nathan, one of the few persons to be found now who were connected with the first Italian opera in New York city, was buried November 2d. He belonged in business capacities to the various opera companies up to the season when the father of Adelina Patti figured in opera in Astor-place, the year before the Forrest and Macready riot.

THE chorister of a colored choir learned that a white acquaintance was a member of the Handel and Haydn Society. The next time they met, the chorister made several inquiries respecting the society, and finally said: "Spouse Handel and Haydn are both dead?" "Yes," replied his friend, a little surprised. "Must have been a heavy blow to the society." The effect can be better imagined than described.—*Boston Traveler*.

A RECENT traveler says: "What always impresses me more than anything else in Egypt and Palestine has been the entire absence of cheerful and invigorating music, especially from the children. You never hear them singing in the huts. I never heard a song that deserves the name in the streets or houses of Jerusalem. One heavy burden of voiceless sadness rests upon the forsaken land. The daughters of music have been brought low. The mirth of the labor ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth; the joy of the harp ceaseth!"



# The Song Journal.

WM. P. FULLER, Editor.

DETROIT, DECEMBER, 1874.

"Music is the only art which cannot corrupt the mind."  
 "The man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons,  
 stratagems and spoils: Let no such man be trusted."

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## Charlotte Cushman and Her Farewells.

On the evening of November 7th, Charlotte Cushman, the queen of tragedy, took formal farewell of the New York stage at Booth's Theatre. The event was regarded by art and literary circles, as one worthy of special observance, to be celebrated accordingly. Therefore the leaders in literature and art in the great city, gave their presence to the occasion, and the magnificent play-house was packed with the beauty and intellect of the metropolis. Men high in official station in city and State, men whose cash bags are plethoric with millions, men celebrated as the heroes of great battles both by sea and by land, men who represented the brilliant talent of the bench and bar, and men who are high in all learned professions, hastened to do honor to Her Abdicating Majesty. Her fellow artists were also there, and the Arcadian, the Manhattan, the Palette, and the Army and Navy Clubs took leading part in the bestowal of the honors. Outside the theatre there were evergreen festoons, the sky was chafed with rockets, the streets were ablaze with fireworks, and the air was filled with music. The play was "Macbeth" with George Vandenhoff as Macbeth, and Miss Cushman as Lady Macbeth. Inspired by the surroundings, the players were at their best, and the tragedy came to an end amidst the most tumultuous applause. During these enthusiastic plaudits, the members of the clubs already named filed out upon the stage while Miss Cushman and the other members of the profession advanced to meet them. Then the applause increased in volume, deafening and prolonged; and when it ended, Prof. Roberts, of the New York College, read an ode by Stoddard; then William Cullen Bryant, the patriarch of our poets, advanced and with many a merited compliment bestowed a laurel crown upon the gifted actress. To this address Miss Cushman responded feelingly and appropriately; and closed her farewell phrases with the declaration that she had reserved the right, in these closing scenes, to appear again hereafter, at the reading desk.

This declaration, after all the enthusiastic demonstrations of the night, must have fallen like a saturated blanket on the scene. The farewell, with its tender mournfulness of such occasions was, then, no farewell at all! Charlotte was going, but she would return! Pale the lights, with the wreaths, silence the music! After all the tearfulness of the parting comes the joy of the reunion; after the terrors of the tragedy come the frolics of the farce!

We have the highest appreciation of the genius and dramatic success of Charlotte Cushman, but we

dislike in her, as we dislike in her fellow artists, this tendency to repeated farewells. The public heart never should be wrung but once in taking leave of an idol; otherwise the public heart may get used to wringing, as eels get used to skinning, and refuse to respond when the idol gets on its things to go. The annual farewell tour of some well known artists has become a hissing and a by-word. Miss Cushman, with this, her fifth farewell, places herself in a position, by repeated leave-takings, to become as one of these. Which Heaven forbid!

## Ourselves Again.

In our November number we set forth our intentions for the coming year so fully that perhaps it is unnecessary for us to repeat the announcements; but we cannot refrain from expressing our surprise and gratification at so prompt and extensive a response as the public has already made to our liberal offer.

For a liberal offer it is, beyond all that was ever before presented by a similar publication. The SONG JOURNAL, for one dollar, gives in a single year music worth from \$12 to \$15, and a complete record of musical and dramatic events as they arise; to this we have now added one dollar's worth of new music, to be selected from our own publications, and all sent free of postage. Our terms for clubs are most attractive, and our friends can do a good thing for us as well as for themselves, by examining the detailed statement in another column, and going to work in accordance with its suggestions. It is but little trouble to gather a club list of subscribers to the SONG JOURNAL, which gives so very much for so very little.

What the SONG JOURNAL will be for the coming year, we have already set forth in its columns. We intend to carry out that programme strictly, and thus continue to deserve the expressions of good will from press and people which have been so liberally bestowed upon us heretofore. As a sample of the many compliments which the SONG JOURNAL is constantly receiving, we select, at random, the following from the *Williamston Enterprise*, as a fair representative of them all. The *Enterprise* says:

The SONG JOURNAL, published by C. J. Whitney & Co., at Detroit, is just the periodical, exactly, that is needed by every musician. Besides several beautiful pieces of music, it contains, each month, some of the most interesting literature, and discusses the musical topics of the day. The price of this magazine, which is published monthly, is but one dollar per annum. For this comparatively small sum, you are continually kept in the latest musical compositions of the day, and have a portfolio of choice literature.

Those who send in their subscriptions for 1875 at once, will receive the November and December numbers, of 1874, free, making fourteen numbers of the magazine, with its music and its miscellany, and one dollar's worth of music of our own publication, free of postage, for one dollar. Read our prospectus in another column for our terms to clubs.

STRAKOSCH is giving operas, complete, in New York, on Sundays. He has, among others, given "Faust" and "Traviata"—two works which perhaps are as far from sacred exercises as could be selected this side of the French repertoire. These performances are as fully attended as they would be if the day was not the one which from the creation of the world has been set apart as the Lord's hal-lowed day, and an animated newspaper discussion is in progress over this new departure of Strakosch's. The *Arcadian* defends the enterprise as a legitimate method of entertainment for the people. It believes the Sabbath was made for man—not man for the Sabbath. So it believes that operas and picnics and processions and parades are not only proper but necessary. "A large number of our own citizens" says the *Arcadian* "are either of foreign birth or of foreign extraction, and see no sin, no wrong, in pursuing such a course; why, in

the name of common sense, should they be prevented from enjoying themselves because other persons do not agree with them?" Why, indeed! And if it should ever come to pass that a colony from Fiji should take up their abode with us, and should see no wrong in roasting and eating babies, as is the custom in their own country, why in the name of common sense should they be prevented from enjoying themselves because other persons do not agree with them?

NOVELLO, EWER & Co., the London music publishers, have undertaken the feat of giving a concert at Royal Albert Hall, every week night of the year. Monday nights are to be devoted to songs, ballads, madrigals, and orchestral pieces. Tuesday nights will be given to English orchestral and miscellaneous productions. Wednesday nights to classic orchestral and vocal music. Thursday evenings to oratorio. Friday nights to music of Wagner, and his kind. And Saturday's to ballet and waltz music, songs, and light music generally. The Royal Albert choral society and an orchestra of seventy performers, with Pollitzer as leader, are the working force, while Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Edith Wynne, Johanna Levier, Mme. Patey, Antoinette Sterling, Sims Reeves, Cummings, M. W. Whitney, and others of distinction as vocal soloists; Mme. Essipoff, Marie Krebs, Hans Von Bulow, Dannreuther, and Willem Coenen, and many more pianists; Wilhelmj, the violinist, besides eminent solo performers on various instruments, have been engaged. Dan Godfrey will conduct the military music, and Sir Julius Benedict, J. F. Barnett, Randegger and Dannreuther will share the conduct of the concerts. Mlle. Levier, a young soprano with continental reputation, and Whitney, the Boston basso, are specially "starred" by the management. The tickets for amphitheatre stalls will cost \$1.25; arena stalls \$1; balcony 62½ cents; general admission 25 cents. This is a formidable undertaking, and it will be interesting to note its progress.

TOOLE, the comedian, played before the lunatics in the insane department of the Philadelphia Hospital, a few days ago, the auditors coming in dressed in such fantastic garb as they believed was befitting their station—if they could get it. Thus, one poor old fellow, who imagined himself to be the Pope, was bedizened with flowers and ribbons, and wore a tiara of pasteboard. Another middle-aged gentleman, who labors under the delusion that he is Adrienne Lecocqeur, was arrayed in a white talar-tan dress, embroidered in red and blue flowers, and cut *decollete*, silk stockings, sash, and kid slippers. Notwithstanding the motley character of his audience, however, Mr. Toole managed to retain his self-possession, although his equanimity must have been sorely tried by the discordant shouts that burst from the assemblage at the most inopportune moments. During some of the most pathetic passages the audience was seized with fits of laughter, and in the humorous situations some of the lunatics, appreciating the state of affairs, indulged in discordant shouts, expressive of approbation, while others clapped their hands and stamped on the floor with an energy and vivacity which somewhat alarmed the performers. The enthusiasm culminated, however, when *Harry Coke* and his wife began to throw the crockery and furniture about. This part of the performance seemed to find favor with all classes of the audience, and, indeed, roused the most excitable of the lunatics into a sort of hysteria.

THAT demonstrative female, Miss Catherine Field, undertook the drama, at New York, one evening in November, and it is rare that a debutante ever made so successful a failure. She belongs in New York, and as a newspaper writer, of a rather loudish character, has gained some repute in that sacred circle of mutual admirationists who belong to the newspaper guild in that city. Here, therefore, if anywhere, she

would find friendly criticism; but the fact is that a debutante scarcely ever was subjected to so severe a dressing down as was Catherine Field. The *Times*, after saying that she showed but few of the elements that go to make a successful actress, says that "unhappily Miss Kate Field is neither young nor handsome; her voice is inexpressive, and the frailty of her physique makes the acquisition of power in the future at least improbable. Her personation, to sum it up, had the excellences of a first-rate amateur effort, which are equivalent to those of a fourth-rate professional essay." The *Arcadian* says "the truth is, that Miss Field is deficient in certain qualities without which she can never hope to become a favorite with the public. These are youth, personal appearance, experience, and real dramatic power. Experience she may gain, but the others are either beyond her reach or are lost to her forever." These criticisms may be, and we think are, just; but they are none the less cruel.

BALFE composed twenty-eight operas, but no other of them made anything like the impression produced by "The Bohemian Girl." While this, with its beautiful melodies, is always before the public, which never tires of it, the others, with the exception of "Enchantress," "The Rose of Castile," and "Satanella," which occasionally come out, and the posthumous "Talisman," which has just been brought out, are no longer heard, and, to the opera-goer of to-day, are wholly unknown. The following is a chronological list of all of Balfe's operas, with their places of nativity: I Rinaldi dei se stessi, Palermo, 1829; Un Avvertimento di Gelosi, Pavia, 1830; Enrico IV, al passo della Masna, Milan, 1831; Siege of Rochelle, London, 1836; Maid of Artois, London, 1836; Catharine Grey, London, 1837; Joan of Arc, London, 1837; Diadeste, London, 1838; Falstaff, London, 1838; Cleoanthe, London, 1841; Le Puits d'Amour, Paris, 1843; Bohemian Girl, London, 1843; Daughter of St. Marc, London, 1844; Les Quatre fils Aymon, Paris, 1844; Enchantress, London, 1845; L'Étoile de Seville, Paris, 1845; Bondman, London, 1846; The Devil's in It (Letty), London, 1847; Maid of Honor, London, 1847; Sicilian Bride, London, 1852; Pittore a Duca, Trieste, 1856; Rose of Castile, London, 1857; Satanella, London, 1858; Bianca, London, 1860; Blanche de Nevers, London, 1860; Puritan's Daughter, London, 1861; Armorer of Nantes, London, 1863; Talisman (posthumous), London, 1874.

A BOSTON letter to the *Song Messenger* gives some interesting facts relative to the price paid choir singers in that city. The soprano voice is the highest in price as well as in quality, and Julia Houston West, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Clara Doria, Miss Clara Nickels and others get \$1,000 or \$1,200 per annum. George L. Osgood, L. P. Thatcher and other well known tenors are paid from \$750 to \$1,000. The price of a contralto voice is about \$700, and H. C. Barnabee, J. F. Rudolphson and other basses get in the vicinity of \$1,000 for their services. M. W. Whitney was omitted from the list because, at the time of writing, he had no regular engagement. His last position was in Christ Church, New York, going there from Boston every week at a salary of \$3,000 and expenses. The music of that church was then supported by the liberality of Rufus Hatch, Esq., who is generally understood to have contributed \$10,000 annually. Among the organists, Dudley Buck leads all others in point of remuneration, and, even with his reputation, he only gets a salary of \$1,500, while J. K. Paine, B. J. Long, Eugene Thayer and others, equally skillful, get but \$1,000 a year.

THE year 1873 was by no means neglected by the musical and dramatic playwrights of Italy and France. Italy produced twenty-four new operas, of

which only four are likely to survive, namely, "Caligola," by Signor Braga, the violoncellist, now with the Di Murska troupe in this country, brought out at the San Carlos, in Lisbon; "Il Mercante di Venezia," by Signor Piusuti; "I Goti," by Signor Gobatti, both given at the Teatro Comunale, in Bologna, and "Morovico," by Signor Dominicetti, now playing at the Dal Verme, in Milan. This is a very good showing, however, for, in 1872, fifty-six operas were produced, of which only one survived. In 1873, Paris produced one grand opera, "La Coupe du Roi de Thule," twenty-one comic operas, forty-three operas bouffes, four dramas, sixty-two comedies, forty-nine vaudevilles, besides fantaisies, bluettes, reviews, and so forth, making a grand total of three hundred and eight works. One theatre mounted as many as nineteen new pieces, others sixteen, fourteen, and so on. There are now in Paris fifty-six theatres and one hundred and four cafes concert. Seven theatres were opened during the year, and ten failed. In the way of production, the preponderance of light works will be remarked—sixty-four light operas to "La Coupe du Roi de Thule," only four dramas to hundreds of comedies and farces, and not a single tragedy; but then Paris decides the question, "Do Amusements Amuse?" in the affirmative.

PERHAPS there is no more motley crew in the world than a chorus of an Italian opera company. The chorus of Strakosch's present company, consisting of seventy persons, is composed of Germans, French, Italians, Spaniards, English, American, Dutch, Scotch, and Cubans. The men have been soldiers, tradesmen, peddlers, commissionaires, valets, barbers, image makers, tavern keepers, guides, interpreters, and donkey drivers. The women have been seamstresses, cooks, milliners, music teachers, bar maids, grape gatherers, laundresses, servants, ballet girls, supernumeraries, book binders, and sardine preparers. Many of them have travelled all over Europe, and over a good part of Asia and Africa. Several of the male chorus have sung in the principal cities of the United States, also in Edinburgh, Dublin, Lisbon, Madrid, Havana, Paris, Genoa, Naples, Rome, Venice, Dresden, Geneva, Amsterdam, Vienna, Warsaw, St. Petersburg, Palermo, Malta, and Cairo. The experiences and adventures of the chorus have been very singular and romantic, although they do not suspect it, and if they were carefully written out and arranged, would make exceedingly interesting narratives. The personal appearance of a chorus would indicate that the world had been ransacked, and that every nationality, except Circassian, had been drawn upon for its female singers.

ONE of the musical strong points of Chicago is her minstrel halls, and one of the strong points of her minstrel halls is Billy Manning. The other evening Clara Louise Kellogg took a box at the Grand Opera House, in which Manning was a leading light; and Mrs. Manning, to do honor to the event, and to celebrate, somewhat, the attendance of the great prima donna, sent a superb bouquet to the stage to dim its glories by the side of Manning's shining face. Manning was in a peculiar mood, and at once conceived the fancy that the bouquet was a present from Miss Kellogg; he accordingly rose, and, with as many smirks and grins as he could call up, bowed his acknowledgments. He then broke out into a wild speech, expressing his admiration for his sister professional, and his happiness at the discovery that his humble efforts had not been overlooked by so charming a lady. This wild harangue continued for a few minutes further, to the pain and mortification of Miss Kellogg; still the uproarious mirth of the audience convinced her that they took in the situation, and she became reconciled to the episode. But after the performance, Mr. Manning and the manager had an interview, at the end of which Mr. Manning was open to an engagement elsewhere.

THE habit of extravagant dressing in vogue among the actresses of the present day had its origin in the theatrical displays at Compiegne during the sojourn of Napoleon and Eugenie. Actresses summoned to play before the Imperial audiences were required to wear as rich and elegant habiliments, while theatrical countesses and queens, as the ladies wore whose state and dignity they imitated in the mimic life upon the stage. The Lord Chamberlain once banished an actress from Compiegne for wearing mock pearls in a play in which she was a duchess. Two years ago, the Parisian pets, Parquell, Bernhardt, Desclees, and others, undertook to crush out this extravagance in costume, but the managers triumphed, and the beautiful rebels were suppressed. It is easy enough to educate a theatre-going community up to the point of gorgeous costuming, but very difficult to educate it back to calico and check aprons. The managers know this, and will not submit to any backward step. To them, as to the actresses, it is, though in a different way, a matter of dollars and cents.

LEROY has made a funny little play on the subject of "The Mormon in Paris," which is having a great run at the Paris Varieties. The story of the play is, that Albert Savarin, a young Parisian, converted during a residence at Salt Lake City to the Mormon faith, takes suddenly to flight, leaving behind him his wives and his convictions. Returning to Paris, he espouses, on the very day of his arrival, a young lady, without, as may be supposed, informing her of his previous ties. When in his wife's attendant he discovers one of those who had been sealed to him, and when, subsequently, he discovers that the whole of his former wives have followed him to France, his position becomes sufficiently uncomfortable. The air of "John Brown's Body," so intimately associated with memories of the American struggle, is introduced in the piece, and is already a favorite in the streets of Paris.

A CHINESE theatre has recently been opened in California. The actors, just from China, number over one hundred, and are all men, because, the manager says, women make so much trouble in a company that they are not wanted. The theatre has a good patronage, its receipts averaging about \$1,000 a night. The stage clothing of the actors is made of silk of the finest texture, on which various figures, representing animals and scenery, are worked in gold and silver thread and vari-colored silk. Each garment is made so as to be worn either side out, thus combining two in one. The female characters are played by young men, who make up so well and imitate the female voice so closely, that a person not knowing this fact would believe that a woman personated these parts.

DURING the last month the Emily Soldene Troupe arrived, and entered upon their season of opera bouffe, at New York. They came, they saw, but they did not conquer. Instead, they proved to be but another imported disappointment. Some of the singers had fine voices, but were not good dramatically; and others were good actors, but could not do much as singers. Furthermore, they undertook to introduce gags directed at local events, and this, as any one can see, was ridiculous. Fancy, if you can, Genevieve de Brabant tossing off a joke about Beecher-Tilton; or the Grand Duchess de Gerolstein hurling puns and conundrums at Barnum's museum!

FOR over fifty years the present organist has performed services at Westminster Abbey. During his official career he has been present at the coronation of three of England's sovereigns: George the Fourth, William the Fourth, and Victoria. The earliest service of historic importance at which he officiated, as organist and choir master in the Abbey, was at the burial of the Marquis of Londonderry, in 1822.



THE "Black Crook" has developed into even unusual magnificence at the Grand Opera House, in New York, and one of the papers calls it a gigantic centipede running about the stage on two hundred beautiful legs. In order to give to the clergy, who denounce it for its immoralities, an opportunity to see for themselves that it has no immoral element about it, the managers have sent a circular to every minister, priest and rabbi in the city, urging their attendance at one of the performances, including permission to visit the stage. The clergy have not yet flocked to the Opera House in such numbers as to exclude the general public, even with these additional privileges over the common herd.

A PIANO manufacturer, at Harrisburg, killed himself, the other day, because he hadn't certificates from Lucca, Kellogg, Nilsson, Thalberg, Patti, Rubinstein, Gottschalk, etc., declaring that his pianos were the best they had ever seen. He left a note saying that he was, with one or two exceptions, the only piano maker in the country who has not a set of their certificates, and he could not, therefore, consent to live longer.

THE Buffalo Advertiser says the reason there are so few who play upon the harp is, that the instruments are expensive, ranging in price from \$250 to \$1,000, the lowest priced ones being single action instruments. Besides, it scarcely pays to learn to play on it, for though the sound is pretty for a while, it soon becomes monotonous. There is very little first rate music written for it, and the chief use to which it can be put is its picturesque adornment of a room.

A MEETING was held at the New England Conservatory of Music recently, for the purpose of reviving the famous Boston Chorus. Circulars were sent to 3,500 members of the old organization, and over 1,000 signified their willingness to become active members of the reconstructed chorus. A committee was instructed to secure a conductor, and a proper place for rehearsals, so there is no doubt that this noted association will soon be in the field again.

JOHN BROUGHAM has issued his proclamation, forbidding the performance of his plays by any unauthorized parties, under penalty of the law. He has, hitherto, good naturedly permitted various parties to make use of his productions with only a promise of future reward, indefinite both as to time and amount, and has suffered consequently. Hence the old Brougham will sweep clean.

It is announced that "Miss Olive Logan, owing to the constant demand by proprietors of halls and lecture bureaus, has consented to devote a brief portion of the current season to a lecture series." It will be recollected, no doubt! that the competition between the lecture bureaus for the engagement of Olive Logan's services has often amounted, positively, to a riot.

THE Worcester Spy remarks, with an air of pride, that Mr. Emanuel Crupi, who made such a hit at the musical festival, has opened a snug little barber shop in the Exchange buildings. Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast; but this is the first intimation we have had that it causes a civilized individual to relapse into barbarism.

A FEW nights ago, while Miss Rose Eytinge was performing at the Chestnut street theatre, Philadelphia, she suddenly lost her voice on the stage, and, of course, was obliged to relinquish her engagement. The theatre was temporarily closed.

A PRAISE service is held, Sunday evenings, at Dr. Stone's Church, in San Francisco. There is a full choir and horn quartette with the organ, and no sermons. This is better than Sunday night concerts!

BOSTON heard Mendelssohn's setting of Goethe's Walpurgis Night, November 19, the St. Cecilia Society assisting the Harvard Musical Association in its production. This was the second time "Walpurgis Night" was ever heard in the United States; the first time of its appearance here was also in Boston, May 3d, 1862.

BESSIE DARLING is playing in the eastern cities in "Her Face Her Fortune." Perhaps the title of her play is also an expression of the sentiment she entertains towards herself, that Her Face is Her Fortune, for she advertises her appearance in a three-column picture of herself in the papers.

SOTHERN took the Misses Dietz and Walton to London with him, for Dunderary purposes, and the London papers speak of them as "two American actresses, as beautiful as pictures, and whose fresh, bright, intelligent faces, backed by talent and genius, it is a pleasure to look upon." Thank you.

CLARA MORRIS has fulfilled her threat, and attacked *Lady Macbeth*. With poetic justice, Lady Macbeth was slaughtered by the actress. Neither physically nor intellectually is there any *Lady Macbeth* about her. Thus saith the critic.

The managers at Booth's theatre are not satisfied with the present Rip Van Winkle season. Jefferson does not draw as was his wont—may we also say that he does not play as was his wont? That was our suspicion during his recent visit here.

EVEN the Di Murska troupe, with its undeniable attractions, fails to draw large houses. The character of its entertainments is very high, and so are its tickets; in fact, the tickets are a little too altitudinous to find favor with the populace.

FECHTER, the disappointment we imported four years ago, refused, in those days, to play in St. Louis for \$500 a night. He plays now for very much less money. Of all the plays that a man can play, the most unprofitable play is to play out.

OUR readers will regret to hear that Sherwood A. Coan, known to the English operatic stage as S. C. Campbell, died at Chicago, November 26th, aged forty-four. He was one of the greatest favorites of the lyric stage in America.

PATTI, even, is not omnipotent. There is concurrent testimony that her *Valentine* in "The Huguenots" at Paris, was a failure. This will be sad news for Nilsson, who also failed, in London, in the same part.

WILL our friends of *Benham's Musical Review* please accept our thanks for some fine photographs of Whitney, the famous bass singer, who is now in England?

COL. JOHN W. OVERALL has taken to dramatic enterprises, in St. Louis. If we are to have Overalls on the stage, some of them ought to get an engagement with the Lydia Thompson Troupe.

PATTI sung in the "Huguenots," in Paris, November 11th, for the benefit of the Alsace-Lorraine fund; and in order to give everybody a chance to hear her, the price of tickets was put down to eight dollars.

SPECULATORS got hold of the house on the farewell night of Charlotte Cushman, at New York, last month, and "consumers" were obliged to pay from \$5 to \$25 for tickets.

NEW YORK managers talk of reducing the prices of admission to sensible figures, and Niblo leads off at the old-fashioned fifty cent standard.

## The City and the State.

### The City.

THE ORPHEUS SOCIETY is rehearsing glees, operatic choruses, etc., for its second season. They have elected, for president, James H. Muir; for vice-president, L. H. Thomas; secretary, J. Irvine; treasurer, F. J. Thomas; librarian, H. B. Baxter; directors, Julius Lohman, Benj. Briscoe, and J. F. Hill. Mr. E. C. Gore is musical director.

The Lyra Society was organized lately, with F. Schlatter for director, Fritz Myll for president, and E. Eichler, secretary.

Manager Hough has again changed the name of his theatre. It is now the Adelphi.

The Detroit opera house orchestra subscription concerts will commence this month.

Mons. S. Mazurette is about to organize a class for instruction in operatic and sacred choruses, to be known as the Mazurette choral union.

Mr. Charles Thompson, the tenor, is to leave Detroit to sing at Theodore Thomas' concerts.

The first symphony concert was given at Merrill Hall, November 11th; the orchestra numbered thirty-three pieces, with Wm. Luderer at the head of the violins, and such well-known artists as the Spiel brothers, Bishop, Fenton, Strassburg and others among the players. Several fine amateurs volunteered, and the whole make up of the orchestra was excellent. Prof. Abel was the conductor, and the following was the programme:

| PART I.                         |           |
|---------------------------------|-----------|
| Symphony No. 1.....Opus 21..... | Beethoven |
| a) Allegro Con Brio.            |           |
| b) Andante Cantabile.           |           |
| c) Menuetto.                    |           |
| d) Allegro Molto.               |           |

| PART II.                                           |                            |
|----------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Piano Solo.....                                    | Scherzo Opus 31.....Chopin |
| Eranz Apel.                                        |                            |
| Aria.....(Tenor) from St. Paul.....                | Mendelssohn                |
| Chas. Thompson.                                    |                            |
| Overture.....from the Opera "William Tell".....    | Rossini                    |
| Aria.....(Soprano) Scene and Prayer from the Opera |                            |
| "Freischutz".....                                  | Weber                      |
| Mrs. F. Folsom.                                    |                            |
| Coronation March.....From the Opera "The Pro-      |                            |
| phet".....                                         | Meyerbeer                  |

The performance was deemed gratifyingly successful.

On November 19, The Detroit Musical Society gave its eleventh concert, at the Opera House, to the following

| PROGRAMME.                                      |         |
|-------------------------------------------------|---------|
| The Er-King's Daughter.....                     | D. Gade |
| For solos, chorus and orchestra.                |         |
| Overture....."William Tell" (by request).....   | Rossini |
| Orchestra.                                      |         |
| Selections.....from the Opera "Ernani".....     | Verdi   |
| a) Terzette for soprano, tenor and bass.        |         |
| b) Finale, solos and chorus.                    |         |
| Selections.....from the Opera "Martha".....     | Flotow  |
| 1. Chorus for ladies' voices. 2. Duet—Lady and  |         |
| Nancy. 3. Chorus of Huntresses. 4. Solo (Tenor) |         |
| "Like a Dream." 5. Romance (Soprano) "Here in   |         |
| Deepest Forest" 6. Quintet Finale, "Heaven may  |         |
| forgive you kindly."                            |         |

The chorus numbered over 100 and, with the orchestra, was admirably handled by Prof. Abel in his quiet, firm manner, which inspired confidence, and gave assurance that there could be no failure at any point. As a whole, the concert was one of the most creditable efforts ever made by the society.

### THE STATE.

At Large.—Prof. Ogden is organizing music classes at Jonesville, and hopes to have a convention one of these days.—The Romeo Cornet Band is getting up a musical and dramatic entertainment.—The First Congregational Church, of Kalamazoo, is talking of congregational singing.—The Grand Haven

Philharmonic is rehearsing for a concert, and a full orchestra has been formed by the gentlemen of the society.—Albion College has purchased two \$625 pianos.—The Methodist Church, at Deerfield, has abolished the choir, and adopted congregational singing.—The *Chronicle* refuses to be comforted until there is a musical professorship in the University.—The Three Rivers cornet band is arranging a theatrical benefit entertainment.—The Y. M. C. A. orchestra of Grand Rapids is now fully organized, and does valiant execution in the Sunday evening services at the opera house.—Prof. A. L. Forbes, formerly of Lapeer, has been engaged by the Midland city cornet band, as leader and teacher, for one year.—The Lumbard Ballad Troupe, after a very successful tour of the State, winning, everywhere, the golden opinions of the people and unanimous approval of the press, have gone into winter quarters. They will resume active operations early in the spring, when they will visit the principal towns in Michigan.

*Soprano*.—The choir of the Jefferson street M. E. church has been reorganized, with Mr. Chas. Norris, organist; Mr. W. L. Smith, leader and tenor; Mr. E. Saunders, basso; Miss Mary Abel and Miss Emmons, sopranos; and Miss Carrie Elsworth, alto.

*Flint*.—Not only has H. W. Fairbanks done fine things in the way of composing, but he did better still this last month. He went and got married, Miss Hattie Van Wriper, of Dexter, being the party of the other part.—The Flint band hop netted \$40.—The *Globe* says the Presbyterian society pays \$200 per annum for organist; the St. Paul's church pays \$250 to organist; the Garland street M. E. church, \$175 to organist and director; the Court street M. E. church, \$100 to organist; the Congregational, \$100 to organist, and \$50 to organist; the Baptist, \$300 to organist.—Gardner's band was announced for a concert, November 25, to be assisted by Miss Mary Moross, one of the best piano performers in East Saginaw, Miss Libbie Jackson, of Grand Rapids, a very sweet parlor singer, the celebrated Pontiac quartette vocalists, and Conrad Hoffman, violin soloist.

*Jackson*.—The Philharmonic Society is free from debt, with \$50 worth of music on hand. W. H. Wood has been elected president; S. M. Isbell, vice-president; F. S. Clark, secretary; A. J. Gould, treasurer; and George McCurdy, librarian.—The *Berbers* are rambling through Virginia. Ettie Berger and Clarence Bennett, both of Jackson, have been married. Benedicite!—The Adelaide Philipps opera troupe pleased the Jacksonians immensely.—An Irish cornet band has been organized under the lead of Prof. Titus.—Mr. Morris, agent of the Michigan state prison, has procured instruments and organized an orchestra from the convicts. The orchestra consists of two violins, a cello, clarinet, piccolo and guitar. The players have all had experience, and two of them, the first violin and the clarinet, are much better than the average, and have quite a musical talent.

*Lansing*.—The amateur musical society meets once in two weeks, at private houses, and elects officers quarterly. A concert or review is given on the evening of the change of officers. At the last review, held October 28, at the residence of E. Longyear, Esq., Mrs. E. H. Porter was elected president, and Mr. E. H. Porter, secretary. On this occasion the programme consisted of operatic, and other selections of a similar character, and those who participated were Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Knight, the Misses Crosby, Bryant, Talman, Pratt, Baker, and Barnard, Messrs Crossman, Greene, Daly and Turner, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Earl, Mrs. Shanks, Mrs. Pratt, Messrs. Miller and W. and A. Bement, Mrs. De Viney, and Professor Lighton.—The Philharmonic Union was organized last June. The membership fee is \$2 a year, which entitles the holder to admission to all rehearsals. The director is Prof. Lighton, formerly of Williamsport, Pa. The average attendance at rehearsals is from forty to fifty. The higher grade of music is to be given. The Union gave a concert in October which, for a society only four months old, was a great success. The chorus numbered about forty, and there were several good solo singers. The programme was made up of song and operatic and oratorio selections, and Miss Gould, Miss Dyson, Mrs. Woodcock, and Mr. Nelson Brown were among those whose names appeared in leading parts. The total receipts of the concert were \$80, of which about \$35 went to the treasury. Another concert

will be given during the winter, and the Union is now rehearsing the "Creative," and selections from other oratorios, with a view to future public entertainment.—A correspondent of the *Republican* thinks the city ought to endow the Lansing Cornet Band with about \$1000 a year, in order to keep up with other cities in musical matters.

**THE FIRST ENGLISH SONG.**—The following old English poem is said to have been the first English song ever set to music. It was written about the year 1300, and first discovered in one of the Harcian manuscripts, now in the British Museum:

#### APPROACH OF SUMMER.

Summer is i-come in,  
Lauds sing cuckoo;  
Growth fed, and bloweth meed,  
And springeth the wild nu.  
Sing cuckoo.  
Awe bleeth after lomb,  
Lhouth after calve can;  
Bullis sterteth, hake vereth;  
Mre's sing, cuckoo;  
Cuccu, cucku;  
Wei singes thu cucku;  
Ne swik thou nower nu.  
Sing cucku nu,  
Sing cucku.

The following is a literal modern prose version: Summer is coming. Loudly sing cuckoo! Growth fed, and bloweth meed, and springeth the wood now. Awe bleeth after lamb, bloweth cow after calf, bullock starteth, huck vereth—*i. e.* llo! llo! among the ferns; merrily sing cuckoo! Well, singest thou, cuckoo. Nor cease to sing now. Sing cuckoo, now, sing cuckoo!

**SNUFFERS AT THE THEATRE.**—*Appropos* to the chandelier for the new opera house at Paris, a gossip recalls the time when four candles, held together by sticks and twine, formed the chandelier for the first theater in Paris; and a couple of candles on each side of the prompter's box formed all the footlights. During the acts, the chandelier used to be lowered by the twines, and a servant of the theater snuffed the candles, whilst another servant performed the same service for those on the stage. These "gentlemen-snuffers" were quite personages in the theater; and their art was not so easy as it may appear, for, stimulated by the impatience of the public, they were compelled to be alert, and they gave a little movement to the twine, which sent the chandelier turning, then as each candle passed, they snuffed it, without stopping the movement. The public watched the operation with interest—if it succeeded, the "snuffers" received a round of applause, and, as they frequently played little parts on the stage, they were received with honors due to great actors. Cuckoo, it may be remembered, revealed a having to write parts for "snuffers of candles."

**DANCED INTO HER GRAVE.**—A favorite dancer at the Chatelet, having been the recipient of bouquets and *billets doux* for half the season, was fairly spoiled by her triumphs. On a certain evening she was to dance a *pas deux* with an Italian girl, a new member of the troupe, who had not shown any particular chorographic skill. On that occasion the Italian seemed inspired. She danced like a sprite, actually gaining more applause than the French girl, who was so overwhelmed with notification at unexpected defeat in the midst of her triumphs, that toward the close of the ballet she burst into tears, and suddenly left the stage. The next afternoon the discomfited danseuse was found dead in her bed, and the odor of charcoal, when the door of her lodgings was burst open, told the tragic tale. The French woman, it appears, had won away the lover of the Italian, who had resolved to avenge herself by outdancing her successful rival. She had taken private lessons, and practiced for weeks, until she felt confident of victory. Her confidence was well based. She danced the pretty Parisian into her grave.

**A MELODIOUS TOY.**—Something new is the musical tree. It is owned by a resident of Murray Hill, who purchased it in Europe, and is quite positive it is the only thing of the kind in America. It is an artificial tree or bush about five feet high, set in a large square tub of Russia leather. It looks very natural and beautiful, every leaf, sprig and twig being absolutely perfect. Touch a knob on one side of the tub and instantly the tree is literally filled with small birds of every imaginable hue and color, including those represented in the rainbow. Each and every bird begins to sing, and very sweetly too, their soft notes blending beautifully in harmony. Touch the knob again and the birds disappear mysteriously, to reappear whenever summoned by pressure of the little gold knob.

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# The Wife's Appeal.

## SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by E. M. STURTEVANT.

*Moderato.*

Musical notation for the piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

Musical notation for the first system of the song and chorus, featuring a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

1. Charley, dear Charley, stay home to-night, Don't go to the bar-room, I pray; We will  
 2. Wicked men wait for you there, I fear, To lead you to ru - in and shame; They will  
 3. Now, I won't say an - y more, my dear, But drive all my sorrow a - way; We will

Musical notation for the second system of the song and chorus, featuring a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

play the old games, and sing the old songs, So the ev'n - ing will quick pass a - way.  
 gamble and drink, and lead you a - long, Till lost are your friends and good name.  
 play the old games, and sing the old songs, Yes, dar - ling, I see you will stay.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by C. J. WHITNEY & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Happy the hearts that are beating so light, In bosoms of old and of young,

Gath'ring a-round the home-cir-cle so bright, With laugh-ter and song on each tongue.

### CHORUS.

*Soprano.* Oh, Char-ley, stay home to-night, Don't go to the bar-room, I  
*Alto.* Dear Char-ley, stay home to-night, Don't go to the bar-room, I  
*Tenor.* Dear Char-ley, stay home to-night, Don't go to the bar-room, I  
*Bass.* Dear Char-ley, stay home to-night, Don't go to the bar-room, I  
*Piano.*



pray, - - We will play the old games, and sing the old songs, So the

pray, don't go. We will play the old games, and sing the old songs, So the

pray, don't go. We will play the old games, and sing the old songs, So the

*Rit.*

ev'n - ing will quick pass a - way.

ev'n - ing will quick pass a - way.

ev'n - ing will quick pass a - way.

*Rit.*

# THE OZARK ESSENCE.

BY O. F. BERDAN.

*Introduction.*

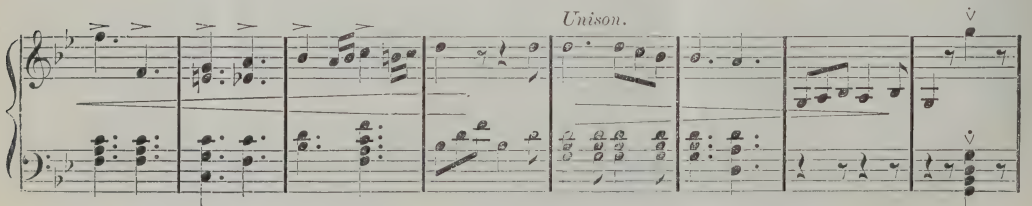
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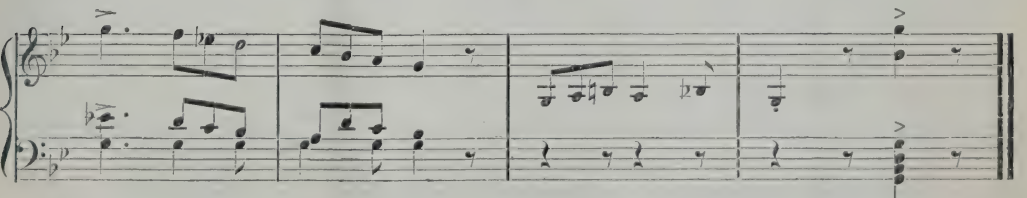
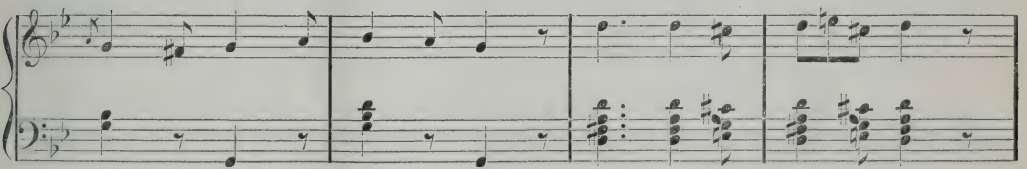
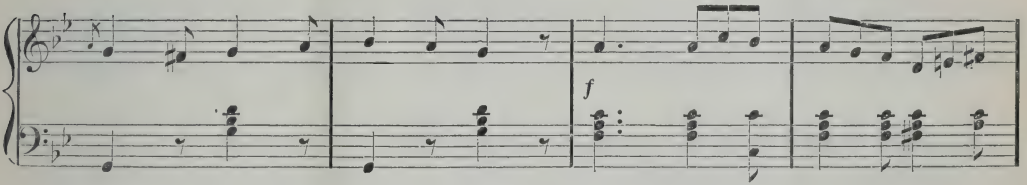
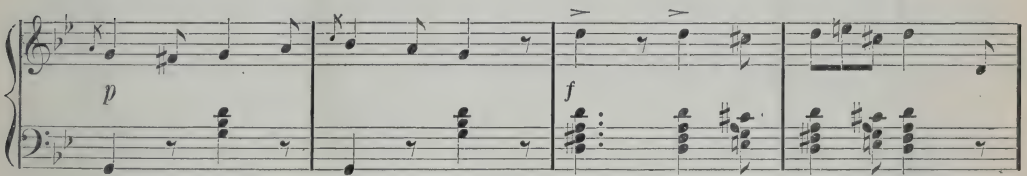
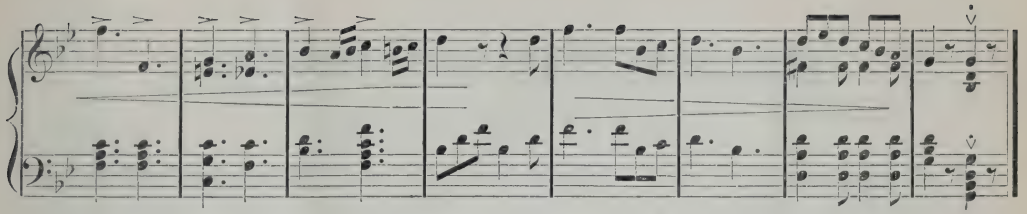
*Moderato.*

The musical score is presented in four systems, each containing a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The first system is labeled 'Introduction.' and 'Moderato.' The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 2/4. The music features a simple melody in the treble clef and a supporting bass line in the bass clef. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass line consists of chords and single notes. The score is written in a clear, legible style with standard musical notation.

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*Con gusto.**Unison.*





## LE MARDI GRAS AUX ENFERS.

## QUADRILLE FANTASTIQUE.

LA DESCENTE DE LA COURTILLE.

**CAMILLE SCHUBERT. Op. 79.**

No. 1.  
PANTALON.

**No. 1.**  
**PANTALON.**

*f* *gaiment.* *ff* *marcato il basso.* *f* *Sra...* *ff con animata.* *p* *Sra.* *Sra...* *ff* *p* *ff*

# L'ARRIVEE AUX ENFERS.

No. 2.  
ETE.

*ff risoluto ed marcantissimo.*

*grazioso alarantissimo.*  
*p*

*Spi.....*

*ff D. C.*

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, featuring a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of five systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a forte (ff) dynamic and a tempo/style marking of 'risoluto ed marcantissimo'. The second system introduces a 'grazioso alarantissimo' section with a piano (p) dynamic. The third system continues the piece with various melodic and harmonic developments. The fourth system includes a 'Spi.....' (Spirito) marking. The fifth system concludes with a 'ff D. C.' (fortissimo Da Capo) instruction. The notation includes numerous chords, arpeggios, and melodic lines with slurs and accents.



# LES GALANTRIES DE LUCIFER.

No. 3.  
POULE.

*Grazioso.*

*p con espress.*

The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 6/8. The music begins with a treble clef and a key signature change to two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is marked *Grazioso.* and *p con espress.* The bass line features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature remains two flats. The melody is marked *p* and *con espress.* The bass line continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The third system of musical notation includes a *CODA.* section. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature remains two flats. The melody is marked *ff* and *p*. The bass line continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature remains two flats. The melody is marked *p cantabile.* The bass line continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The fifth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature remains two flats. The melody is marked *cres.* The bass line continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

ff

*p un poco agitato.*

tr

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in two systems. The first system contains measures 1 through 6, and the second system contains measures 7 through 12. The music is written for a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the vocal line.



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*Trompettes infernales.*

No. 5.  
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